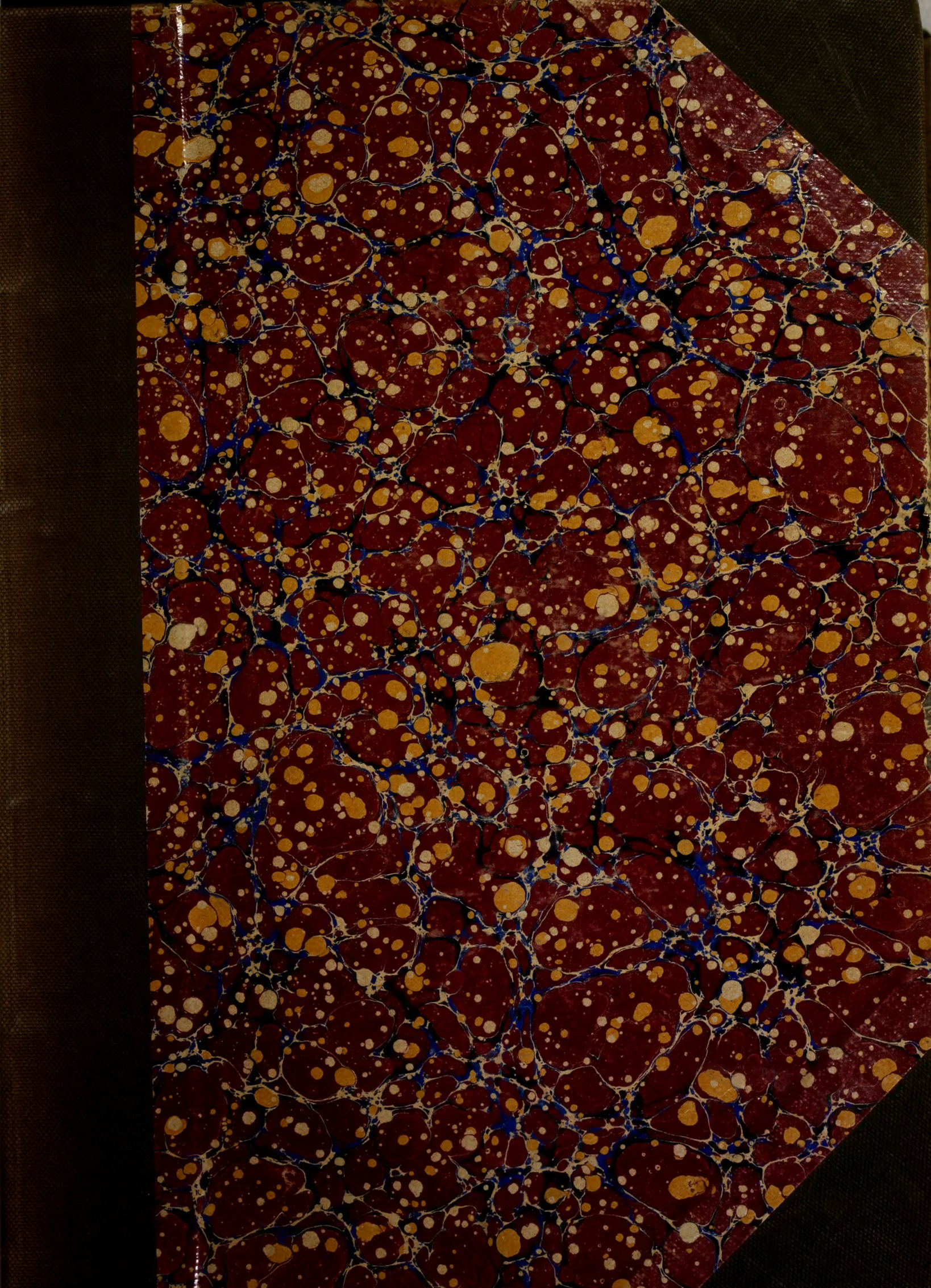

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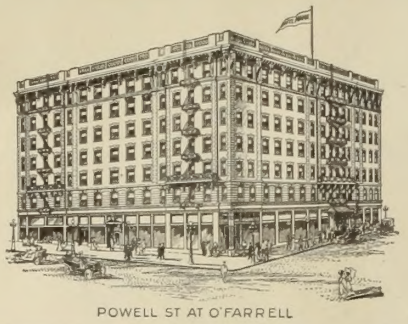

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, October 2, 1909. No 892.

THE TYPE THAT FATHER CROWLEY RESCUES

Being a poster by Virgil Nahl to be auctioned at the entertainment for the benefit of the Youths' Directory, Saturday night at the St. Francis.

TOWN TALK

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Democracy and Personal Liberty

At the recent Saratoga conference held by prominent New York politicians for the purpose of reorganizing the Democracy it was decided to return to first principles. Therefore a declaration was made in favor of "no interference with the personal liberty of any citizen except such as is essential to secure the equal rights of all citizens." This is certainly true democratic dogma. It is in harmony with the fundamentals of the democracy enunciated in this country in the days of Jefferson, but like many other democratic principles it is a fiction. Democracy must always end in something opposed to that to which theoretically it leads. The theory of doctrinaire democrats is that democracy increases the whole sum of liberty, but the result as we are privileged to see in this country is to diminish all liberty; for when the masses rule individual liberty is identified with caprice and becomes the toy of hypocrisy. In the days of Jefferson it was the maxim of democracy that to be governed stringently was to be governed badly, but of the soundness of that sentiment we have long since become insensible; we have drifted back to the tyranny of the Blue Laws. Here in California, or at any rate in San Francisco, we do not appreciate how little personal liberty there is left in the country. To apprehend the revolution that has been wrought it is necessary to go into States where it is a crime for a host to offer a guest a glass of wine, where theatrical performances and ball games are prohibited on Sunday, and where the gift of a cigarette is one of the unholiest of misdemeanors which no conscientious policeman will tolerate.

"A Soldier of the Public Good"

Of the late Governor Johnson it has been said by one of his panegyrists that he was "a soldier of the common good" and that "he worked for the people, not for himself." This it must be admitted is a pretty fine encomium. The man that works for the people and not for himself in this sordid age is one open to divine illumination and possessed of divine grace. In him survive those nobler instincts of human nature which, pessimists tell us, are grown so rare that the memory of them is kept alive only by tradition. Perhaps the pessimist is not far from the truth. This suggestion we make though sensible of the presence in this country of innumerable reformers who cumber themselves with fruitless pains to remedy remote evils. Notwithstanding that these zealous patriots, consumed ostensibly with love of country and an irritable anxiety for the good of others, profess to be sincere champions of the people and altogether unselfish they do not incite us to ear-splitting applause. This restraint on our part is due to several causes; we know how difficult it is to say how much of their fiery vehemence is public spirit and how much is a passionate concern for their own interests; we know also how difficult it is for the shrewdest of men to be sure that he is right when championing any particular reform; and knowing these things we are inclined to be impatient of men who are forever whangdoodling in advocacy of some new wrinkle in politics and attributing mean motives to everybody that dissents from their judgments. There is nothing more difficult than to know when the interests of mankind are being advanced; many of the so-called reforms frequently celebrated that mark epochs in the world's history are now regarded as among the most mischievous of happenings; but the passionate politician who is above all things the people's friend is never in doubt even about the most abstruse and profound questions of public policy. He always knows he is right, and what is worse he always knows that everybody who does not agree with him is a rogue. A tolerant placidity has been altogether denied him. Abstracted in one thought, vertiginous from the whirl of one idea, he is enraged at the incorrigibility of everybody that shares not his enthusiasm. Now who shall say that this passionate reformer is never devoted to the calculation of self-interest? Of course there are exceptions to this class of public spirited citizens. Governor Johnson, perhaps, was one. Doubtless he deserves the encomium which we have quoted. But with respect to the majority of professedly unselfish politicians, we regret to say the thread of calculation that runs through their performances is more easily discernible than the principle of disinterested action. The aim of most of these men apparently is to win the confidence of the people. This in itself is commendable if the motive be to serve the people, but in a world where the reputation of a wise man depends on the judgment of fools we are justified in being sceptical of the pretensions of those men who are forever striving for popular acclaim; for to be the darling of the multitude it is almost imperative that one should do things inconsistent with fidelity to a sound conscience. The honest politician should worship nothing but reason and justice, but the politician who does this and succeeds to the extent of becoming the Governor of a State achieves a miracle.

Taft Pleads For Less Acrimony

That President Taft has been giving some thought to matters touched upon in the foregoing paragraph we learn from the sentiments expressed by him in his address to the Mormons last Sunday. It was an address that breathed the spirit of charity and brotherly love, and that should be read and digested by some of the leading citizens of this feud-stricken city. The President gently reprehended the mean spirit of vindictiveness and the practice of attributing bad motives to those who differ from us. "I am urging," he said, "less acrimony in public discussion, more charity with respect to each other as to what moves each man to do what he does and not to charge dishonesty and corruption until you have a real reason for doing so." In view of the fact that the President is on his way to this city it becomes especially interesting to note his allusion to the practice of assuming that men against whom there is no evidence are guilty of crime. "It is one thing," he said, "to prosecute a criminal when you have evidence, and it is another thing to ascribe motives to the act of a man when you haven't any evidence."

An Astronomical Controversy

Nothing argues more cogently the want of imagination than the dogmatizing of our learned scientists of Mount Hamilton with reference to conditions on Mars. These gentlemen are so commonplace and so essentially without imagination that they cannot conceive of the habitation of an uninhabitable region of the universe. To them the pardoxical is impossible. They have scrutinized Mars from a mountain top, and they have found no evidence of the things that we regard as

essential to life, and straightway they conclude that the face of the planet is as dead as a door nail. It is beyond their mental capacity to appreciate the fact that their negative testimony is of no value. They have absolute faith in logic, and anything which to them is illogical is untrue. How remarkable this is we come to realize when we reflect that these scientists spend a lot of time peering into the infinite, a region absolutely inhospitable to the mind of man, incongruous with his powers, evading the most cunning meshes woven by his intellect. Is it not indeed remarkable that egotism should survive in these men with their minds constantly uplifted into infinite space? Assuredly one would naturally suppose that they would be disinclined to be dogmatic about anything pertaining to the overwhelming complexity of the cosmos. True they have ascertained that in the abysses of space there is no chaos; as far as they have been able to penetrate they have found the same superhuman fixedness of law displayed in terrestrial matter; as far as they have been able to observe the heavens confirm their observations of the earth, but which one of them can answer the question of Lucretius, "Speed an arrow from the limits of the world—will it fall into nothing, into nihility?" Astronomers know the laws of reason, but do they know what it is in us that reasons? Have they yet determined whether space is matter or spirit? Notwithstanding the great progress that has been made by astronomical science since the days of the Chaldean shepherds, there is still vastly more in the solar system than is dreamt of in the profound philosophy of the star gazers of either Mount Lowe or Mount Hamilton. According to one set of scientists there is no life on Mars because that planet contains none of the elements which man in his little wisdom deems essential to human life. Voltaire once asked, "Is it not easy to imagine a two legged animal without feathers, having intelligence without our shape or the use of speech?" Anybody who is not hopelessly prosaic will admit that it is. And it is as easy to imagine a people on Mars existing without the conditions which are deemed essential to life on this planet; which is easy enough to anybody in whom the stars awaken reverence and who sees in the flowers of the field a reflection of the wisdom and omnipotence of a supreme intelligence.

Vulnerability of the Republic

Whatever may be the truth with reference to the possibility and probability of the military occupation of the Pacific Coast by the forces of Japan, it is certain that after reading General Homer Lea on the subject anyone who is not himself an authority will at least come to the conclusion that there is abundant reason for taking the question seriously. To what extent General Lea is qualified to discuss this perennial topic we do not know, but we have been impressed by his arguments, by his analysis of conditions existing in the Pacific and by the facts which he presents to demonstrate the vulnerability of the United States to armed invasion and to persuade us that Japan's paramount policy is the military conquest of the ocean in which she has achieved her greatest triumphs. He is discussing the subject in a series of articles which are now running in Harper's Weekly. In the first of these he addresses himself to the importance to Japan of dominating the Pacific and to the question of the relative strength of Japan and the United States. He maintains that the future of Japan depends basically upon the possession of a sufficient number of strategic positions in the Pacific to enable her to command all trade routes to and from the East and West. These positions are now in possession of this Republic. The most important of them is the Philippine group which commands all ship routes from Europe to the Far East. The possession of these islands is of more value to Japan than either Korea or Manchuria. Only three days' steaming from the main naval bases in Japan, her possession of the Philippines would complete her chain of island fortresses from the Peninsula of Kamchatka to the Indian Ocean. For other reasons of a strategic nature which General Lea recites it is essential to the carrying out of Japan's maritime policy that she should be in possession of the harbor of Pago-Pago in the island of Tutuila of the Samoan group and also the Hawaiian Islands, but of more intrinsic value to Japan than any other American possession is the territory of Alaska on account of its vast coal fields. As in ancient times the possession of timber-bearing provinces was essential to naval supremacy, so the command of bordering coal fields is imperative to the nation that would extend its dominion over the Pacific. It is not news to us that were Japan to become the owner of these American possessions she would become well nigh invulnerable in the Pacific, but General Lea does not deal altogether in commonplaces. The opinion is prevalent in this country that Japan is inferior to us in naval strength. According to General Lea this is a delusion. From statistical tables we learn that the navy of the United States ranks third in vessels and tonnage and that Japan's navy ranks fifth. These tables are misleading; for while our battleships outnumber those of Japan the new type of battleship that has been added to the Mikado's navy enables the Japanese war vessels to carry nearly forty per cent more big guns. Nor is it only in equipment that we are inferior to Japan. The principles upon which our navy is governed are such as to render it inferior to that of our Oriental rival. For example under our system captains are not commissioned until they reach the age of fifty-six, while in Japan the average age of such officers is thirty-eight, a difference of nearly twenty years. This is not all. While captains in the American navy have only four and a half years in this grade the Japanese have eight, giving them twice as much experience though they are twenty years younger. The point of all this is that age has much to do with the efficiency of men in command of big battleships. Their

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duties put a great strain on them; and their faculties endure only so long as their vigor is unimpaired. "As the success of armies depends primarily on the abilities of general officers," says General Lea, "so is the great naval engagements of the future where fleets instead of single vessels will engage in battle, success will depend upon the ability, vigor and experience of seagoing flag officers." In the American navy rear-admirals are not commissioned until they reach the advanced age of sixty, while in Japan officers are elevated to this rank at forty-four. In America seagoing flag-officers pass only one and a half years in this grade, while in Japan such officers are on duty for eleven years. Another important point that General Lea makes is that whereas in Japan the army and navy are placed above and beyond the reach of politics, changes in the Cabinet never affecting the Ministers of War or Navy, in this country not only is there no continuity in naval development but no freedom from political circumspection. Certainly the deduction is obvious that the Japanese system is superior to ours, for the proposition is unanswerable that the nation which possesses a flexible naval system will be able to adjust its naval policy to new conditions much quicker than the one whose naval department is the shuttlecock of contending political factions. The situation as described by General Lea would be bad enough were our disadvantages merely those to which we have called attention. He further observes that from the standpoint of strategic position we are at a great disadvantage because the entire Japanese naval power, not alone her fleets but her navy-yards, docks, arsenals, people and resources are in what he terms "the strategic centre" of the Pacific, while the naval bases and naval resources of the United States are in the Atlantic, seventeen thousand miles from the scene of the "approaching struggle." What naval bases we have in our Pacific possessions are but in an embryonic state. Surely it is to be hoped that there are some few factors in our favor to offset the advantages discussed by General Lea; that up our sleeve, so to speak, we have a little of the raw material of victory of which the wily Japanese are as profoundly ignorant as the learned General.

In the Public Eye

The Education Question, sir,
Will never down, I say—and why
Despite all dust, there ever must
Be pupils in the public eye.

—Harry Cowell.

Perspective Impressions

Dr. Leland says he is opposed to the sacrifice of civic honor for civic peace. But is he willing to sacrifice both for the job?

Who knows but that the Cook-Peary controversy was prearranged for the profits to accrue from the lecture and magazine fields?

"Republicans are pulling together," says the Call. Is Republican John D. Spreckels pulling for the Republican candidate for District Attorney?

There is so much of direful prophecy and terrifying scientific speculation these days that peace of mind is to be had only in absolute freedom from credulity.

The Hon. Francis J. Heney has petitioned the Supreme Court for a writ of mandate. When did Heney come to the conclusion that justice is to be obtained in the Supreme Court?

Rev. C. R. Brown of Oakland has expressed the opinion that Christian Scientists are humbugs. Does any Christian Scientist care to express an opinion of Rev. C. R. Brown?

Professor Zueblin of Boston, on a brief visit to San Francisco familiarized himself with all our needs and proceeded to lecture us on our duties, our obligations and shortcomings. How characteristic of the New Englander! Was there ever a time in the history of this country when New England did not feel qualified to solve the political questions that agitated every other section?

What women, the dear creatures, would do with the ballot is always an interesting subject of consideration to the thoughtful mind. Much new light has been thrown upon it by the organization of the Women's Heney Club under the guidance of the Hon. James D. Phelan whose exemplification of faith in the dignity of womanhood is the inexhaustible source of gratifying inspiration to his enemies.

PAINTING THE LILY

—New York World.

REMINISCENT

—Washington Herald.

Halley's Comet

The Recurring Phenomenon Which Was Anciently Regarded as a Portent of Evil and Against Which Pope Calixtus III Was Supposed to Have Launched the Thunders of the Church, is Eagerly Awaited by Scientists Armed With Telescopes, Spectroscopes and Cameras

By Francis West

Centuries agone, on the plain of Shinar, the Chaldean sage, gazing on the heavens and working out the motions of the stars, was startled by the sudden flashing of a silver spear across the celestial dome. From century to century other star-gazers have looked with awed wonder on the same phenomenon. But there are no records of the appearance of that brilliant silver spear before the year of grace 451. Thence onward that recurring light in the heavens became a portent, a harbinger of evil, a celestial sign of terrestrial disturbances so dreaded that when the fiction grew that a Roman Pontiff had launched the thunders of excommunication against it, there were none to challenge the story.

Halley's comet—that is the scientific designation for this portent of the olden times. The charting of the heavens has robbed it of some of its terrors, so that when next it flashes into our ken, it will not be regarded as the forerunner of war or pestilence or rapine. But even the men of today, never so happy as when they are scornfully crying down the superstitions of the past, feel something like a vague unrest when they contemplate the onward sweep of this celestial pendulum.

EDMUND HALLEY

Halley's comet pays a visit to earth once every seventy-five years. It came last in 1835 and it is now streaming through the heavens in a path of light which will be visible to the naked eye in April or May of 1910. Meanwhile it has already advanced within sight of the telescope. More than a week ago it was seen far in the Orion region, out beyond the track of Jupiter, 300 millions of miles away.

Halley's comet takes its name from the son of a London soapboiler. Born in the odor of kitchen fat in 1656, Edmund Halley was educated at St. Paul's school and at Oxford. At the age of twenty he published a treatise on the planetary orbits and argued the sun's axial rotation. Thenceforward his was a well-filled career. In 1698 he was appointed to the command of a king's ship for a cruise of observation and discovery in the Pacific, but his crew mutinied and he had to turn back. Next year he tried again with results which have ever since been recognized as of the greatest scientific importance. Thereafter he occupied the Savilian chair of geometry at Oxford, succeeded Sir Hans Sloane as secretary of the Royal Society and in 1721 became Astronomer Royal.

Halley saw the comet which was to bear his name in 1682 and the result of his brilliant researches convinced him to a mathematical certainty that the seemingly erratic wanderer of the skies had traveled the same circuit as the comets of 1531 and 1607. From the establishment of that fact to the identification of the comet as a recurring visitor to the ken of earth was an easy step for a man of Halley's boldness of deduction; and the first prediction of the coming of a comet followed. "If it should return," he wrote, "according to our predictions, about the year 1758, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." Halley died in 1742, seventeen years before the comet returned with a brilliancy surpassed only once before; but his words were remembered and the visitor has been known ever since as Halley's comet.

Verified records of the coming of Halley's comet are scattered through the pages of history and it must be

The Comet in the Middle Ages
(From an old wood cut)

admitted that coincident happenings fully justified the superstitious dread with which its appearance was regarded. The comet blazed in the sky in the year 451 when Attila, the Scourge of God, swept with his hordes out of Hungary and spread destruction in a bloody path that brought him to the gates of Rome. The comet came again in 1066 and when William the Conqueror led his Norman hosts across the English Channel to subdue Saxon England on the field of Hastings, a rude age connected the comet and the seeming calamity. In 1378 the comet was visible for six weeks, a sign to the times of the decay of faith and the scandal which rent the Papacy in twain with rival sees at Rome and Avignon.

The next appearance of the comet, in 1456, was the most famous of all. Hunyadi was making the last stand for Christendom against the Turks and although the unbelievers were beaten back at Belgrade, Athens fell and the Crescent replaced the Cross on the Acropolis. For nearly five hundred years it was believed that Pope Calixtus III had launched a solemn bull against this comet and had ordered the church bells to be rung to affright the theatening monster. Although this story was long denied by ecclesiastical authorities, it was ac-

(Continued on Page 34.)

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Laric, the Stage Driver

By Leopold Aubert (From the French)

Laric, stagedriver of Saint-Maurice, is a good natured man, whose beard is just turning gray.

For twenty years he drove the stage from Orange to Saint-Maurice, and by his constant good humor, his punctuality and honesty, succeeded in acquiring the esteem of all the inhabitants of that region. "Laric?" the people used to say, "you can travel with him without fear, he has never had an upset yet."

When, whip snapping and bells jingling, he arrives, enveloped in a cloud of dust, at the entrance of a village, he is always received with shouts of welcome.

Arrived at the inn, the stage stops and becomes the center of a group of curious spectators, and when the horses have been stopped, Laric distributes the different parcels: "Your trunk? It has not come yet. Here are the three yards of blue cloth. You? Oh, it's the watch you entrusted me to have repaired by M. Dubois—here it is."

And holding pieces of money between his teeth, he pays out, receives and makes change, having good news for some and bad for others. Then he whistles to his horses and the coach moves on, along the highway which runs between fields of green flooded with sunlight, while Laric, singing the while, with his whip cuts leaves here and there from the bordering trees.

For some time, however, Laric's happiness has vanished, and there is a reason for it. Had not M. Martel, who was born in this country, but had lived a long time in one of the great cities, conceived the idea of returning to Saint-Maurice and establishing an automobile service between that town and Orange, with the object of supplanting the old-fashioned stage-coach?

Laric's anxiety was fully justified; the new vehicle accomplished the entire distance in one hour and a half, including stops, while the stage-coach could not do it in less than three. As soon as the new machine arrives at a place it is ready to start away without a moment's delay; its horses do not have to be rubbed down nor rest. As for its food, that is quickly provided, it devours that as it does the miles.

At first the peasants hesitated, but were finally won over to the new invention, notwithstanding all that Laric could say or do. Travelers crowded into the machine, for, besides the question of time, the owner of the automobile only charged a franc instead of a franc and a half.

Laric, in order not to be beaten, lowered his price. Then, M. Martel did the same. From one franc they respectively dropped to ninety centimes, to eighty, to sixty, to fifty; here they stopped. A few of the older inhabitants still stood by Laric, but everyone knew that he could not make enough to pay his expenses. M. Martel asked him one day if he would sell out; he would pay him something handsome to abandon his coach. Laric refused. M. Martel then informed him that, besides the fact that he would not hesitate to put the fare still lower, he was going to make two trips a day and establish an express service for trunks and merchandise, which hitherto had been left entirely to the stage-coach.

One night the stage-coach returned empty, without a traveler, without a package.

Laric had been obstinate, and he is ruined. Sorrowfully he was making the last trip. He had not been willing to bow before the logical consequences of the eternal struggle between routine and progress. He looked sadly at the heavy clouds that were rolling up from the horizon. He has just received the final blow: M. Martel has taken away from him the mail contract. It is the end. Good-bye to the exquisite landscape that used to pass before his eyes like a panorama, good-bye to the views of far horizons bordered by the majestic, glittering Alps that dominate the country of Ventoux.

The heat is suffocating. Little by little nightfall and the storm come closer.

Suddenly there rises a cold wind which sweeps up the dust in front of the horses.

Above him roll and writhe sinister looking clouds, gray, green and black; the light becomes livid; and the fields seem to shiver, while the frightened birds dart hither and thither, fleeing before the storm. Suddenly there is a blinding flash of lightning immediately followed by a tremendous explosion, and then down comes the rain, pouring like a cataract. Laric, his face whipped by the sharp gusts of wind and the rain drops, his eyes dazed by the lightning, thinks of the automobile which is behind him; he remembers that it will overtake him as usual at Croisiere, although it left Orange an hour after he did. Oh, could the lightning only strike it, and annihilate it!

Beyond, in the dark, there is the bridge of Jourmont; the rising of the water must be high now, for the river is transformed into a torrent after an ordinary shower, and a storm so violent as this rarely occurs.

Suddenly the horses of Laric rear up and will not advance, notwithstanding his words and the snapping of his whip; impatient, he descends from his box and, taking one of the side lanterns, goes ahead to see what may be the cause of their strange action.

Horror! Before him lies a yawning gulf. The bridge has been carried away by the rising flood.

With an expression of satanic joy, Laric remounts the box and, turning his horses, gallops away along a side road which runs parallel with the river and leads to Ville Maune, where there is a bridge, which, though it was built by the Romans, must still be standing, and which will lead him to Saint-Maurice. It is true that he will not pass through Jourmont, but what difference does that make? This is his last trip.

Laric, laughing horribly, threw these words to the furious wind: "We will see now, old Martel, whether your horses will have sense enough to avoid the danger."

Notwithstanding its two acetylene lamps, it is almost impossible for the chauffeur of the automobile to see more than twenty feet ahead of him. The weather is certainly frightful; it is a storm which will long be remembered and talked of by the peasants in these valleys. Notwithstanding the rumbling of the thunder and the whistling of the winds, one could hear the regular stroke of the pistons. All is well. In the car there are nine people, who have the pleasure of witnessing this storm without being incommoded by it. But just behind the automobile, and trying to keep up with it, is a bicyclist, peddling furiously. At every flash of lightning the people in the car can see his face wet with perspiration and rain, and his lips are curved in physical anguish.

And now suddenly, there is nothing! All gone, automobile and bicycle rider! In the howling of the tempest no one heard the crash.

Soon thereafter the wind went down, the rain stopped and from behind the fast receding clouds there rose the moon, pure and brilliant, in the dark blue vault of the heavens.

The next day, at dawn, Laric, returned to the place of the catastrophe, irresistibly attracted by that psychological necessity which urges the criminal to return to the scene of his crime, and he quietly began to assist in the search for the corpses.

He was received in silence and with many side glances, for so pale and haggard was he that the people believed

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that "he knew." Suddenly his eyes became fixed in horror, as he saw a corpse drawn out of the mud by two peasants. The body was dressed in the blue uniform of the rural postal service. He recognized his son, who was postman at Jourmont, and the single traveler in the automobile, who had been saved almost by a miracle, said: "Ah, yes, that is the postman who was following the auto on a bicycle."

It seems that before the storm he had been sent to carry a special message to Donzac.

The traveler did not finish. Laric had fallen dead on the body of his son.

Anesthetics Fifty Years Ago

An Account of the Wonder With Which the Use of Chloroform and Ether Was Regarded—Potions Used by the Ancients to Produce Insensibility—Mesmerism in India and Europe

By Robert McTavish

Medicine and surgery are always in a transitory state, new discoveries made year by year bringing about a constant change in treatment and method. At present the joining of severed arteries is being accomplished, legs from one animal having been grafted to where the leg had been on another; which gives rise to the belief that within a decade or so the grafting of human limbs may be done with complete certainty. In half a century from now the magazine articles that are being written regarding these attempts will be read with more or less amusement, and we will be looked upon as rather a benighted people, amateurs in the curing of physical ills.

So it is that with more or less amusement one reads now of the wonder with which anesthetics were regarded fifty years ago. The Westminster Review for January, 1859, devoted many pages to the use of chloroform and ether, telling of the success that had attended operations performed on patients under its influence. The first man to submit to ether, according to the Review, was one Eben H. Frost, who had a tooth pulled by Dr. W. G. T. Morgan, of Boston. This was on September 30, 1846. Dr. Morton and others had been experimenting with ether, having been led to investigate it through experimenting with gas, which had been pronounced a failure. Morton was told by Dr. Charles Jackson that ether had the same effect as gas. He courageously tried it on himself, with the result that he was totally unconscious for several minutes. Enthusiastic over his success, he sent messengers out into the streets of Boston, commissioning them to pay five dollars for subjects. They sought all day in vain. At last Frost was found. He was suffering the pangs of hunger and the anguish of an aching tooth. Evidently thinking that he might as well be dead as living under the double affliction, he submitted to the ether. The pulling of the tooth was a complete success, Frost knowing nothing of it until he recovered consciousness.

Following this experiment, many successful operations were performed, and the news quickly spread to England, where ether met with great favor. In fact, Morton and Jackson were more honored abroad than at home. Medical papers in this country heaped all sorts of abuse on them. The New York Medical Journal announced that "the last special wonder has already arrived at the natural term of its existence. It has descended to the bottom of that great abyss which has already engulphed so many of its predecessor novelties, but which continues also to gape for more until a humbug yet more prime shall be thrown into it." The New Orleans Medical Journal exclaimed: "That the leading surgeons of Boston could be captivated by such an invention as this excites our amazement." A leading medical periodical in Philadelphia thus expressed its skepticism: "We should not consider it entitled to the least notice, but that we perceive, by a Boston Journal, that prominent members of the profession have been caught in its meshes." It was fully persuaded that "the surgeons of Philadephia would not be seduced from the high professional path of dutv into the quagmire of quackery by this Will-o'-the-wisp." The British journals took the other view. Ether was taken up by one English physician after another, and was hailed as one of the greatest boons of mankind.

Then in 1847 M. Flourens related to the French Academy the results of experiments on animals that had inhaled the fumes of pure chloroform, which had been known since 1831, when an American chemist produced it by a distillation of a mixture of chloride of lime and alcohol. Flourens reported that chloroform induced complete insensibility for a considerable time. But he did not believe it a safe agent. However, it was used by Professor Simpson several months later in a case of childbirth. From this time on both ether and chloroform were employed in operations, each anesthetic having its defenders as the most safe. In some place the use of either or both were forbidden as dangerous to human life. Also, many physicians refused for a long time to use them, giving various reasons, among the most curious of which was that pain being a natural element any abolition of it was wrong—a sort of flying in the face of Providence. In fact, ether and chloroform were the subjects of many disputes for years after their introduction. For that matter, complaint is made today that physicians are not sufficiently familiar with their properties. Sir Augustus Waller, a prominent English physician now lecturing at the University of California, stated last week that many patients die in Europe while under the influence of chloroform, and that in numerous cases death is caused by ignorance on the part of the physicians using the anesthetic.

Although chloroform and ether were not used until half a century ago, for many centuries various potions had been given for the alleviation of pain. The Greeks and Romans used the roots of the mandrake steeped in wine. According to Pliny this decoction was given "for injuries inflicted by serpents and before incisions and punctures made in the body, in order to insure insensibility to pain. Indeed, for this last purpose, by some persons, the odour of it is quite sufficient to induce sleep." Apuleius states in reference to mandrake: "If one is to have a limb mutilated, burnt, or sawn, he may drink half an ounce, with wine, and while he sleeps the member may be cut off without any pain or sense."

From a work by Theodoric, a pupil of Dominicus Hugo, who lived in Italy during the last half of the thirteenth century, the following extract is taken:

"The making of a flavor for performing surgical operations according to Dominicus Hugo. It is thus made: Take of opium, of the juice of the unripe mulberry, of hyocyamus, of the juice of hemlock, of the juice of the leaves of mandragora (mandrake), of the juice of the wood ivy, of the juice of the forest mulberry, of the seeds of lettuce, of the seeds of the dock which has a large round apple (cicuta), each an ounce; mix all these in a brazen vessel, and then place in it a new sponge; let the whole boil, as long as the sun lasts on the dog-days, until the sponge consumes it all and it is

(Continued on Page 34.)

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The Spectator

Rev. David Evans, Versesmith

I do not think it is generally known that Rev. David J. Evans, pastor of Grace church, takes an occasional canter over the fields of asphodel on the back of that treacherous steed called Pegasus. If this be news to a world ever ready to hail another climber of the Parnassian steeps, let mine be the pleasing task of introducing Dr. Evans who twangs Apollo's lyre but wears the discreet and decent soutane in place of the lyric god's scanty draperies. I was not aware that the rector of fashionable Grace Church flirted with the muse until a copy of the Grace Church Pastoral, the parish leaflet, came to my hands. There, over the modest initials, "D. J. E.", I read the following:

> Down Market Street the serried thousands strode
> Of Labor's sons in brawny regiments,
> And at their head a demagogue there rode
> Personifying blatant consequence.
> Banners and emblems heralded each Trade,
> While music filled the air from pipe and tabor,
> But sweetly clear amid the great parade,
> I heard, "Come unto me, all ye that labor."

At the metrical quality of these lines I am not going to cavil. I have long suspected, merely from casual contact with Dr. Evans, that his reverence wooed the elusive sprite of poesy, but I know not how long he has toiled over the hard road of metre where so many have stumbled. It may be that Dr. Evans is a tyro at versesmithing. His meter is unruffled, his rhymes carefully matched and there is a hint of imaginative warmth, not to say of poetic frenzy in the lines; witness the introduction of pipes and tabors into the ranks that followed the personification of blatant consequence. The allusion I suspect is to the Hon. P. H. McCarthy. The language is strong and from a clergyman rather surprising. A poet, no doubt, may infer the qualities of the mind from the mere exterior, but is a rector justified in exercising this poetic license? The poet of Grace Church ends his versicles with one of the sweetest lines from Holy Writ, doubtless to obtain the effect of strong contrast, much sought by bards; for it is a long leap from the bitterness of the third and fourth lines to the comfort of the concluding verse. Perhaps Dr. Evans, like other budding versesmiths, was wafted away from charity by the divine afflatus.

Braves and Their Breakfast

From a period so remote that the eldest of us can scarcely remember when they were not, annual bull's-head breakfasts have been occurring under the glorious auspices of the Iroquois Club, the most venerable, if not the most venerated, of all California political organizations consecrated to the conservation of the interests of estimable job-chasers. By a happy and altogether unpremeditated coincidence these annual bovine feasts of reason and streamings of soul invariably synchronize with the cavortings of candidates for public office. A felicitous coincidence this because otherwise some of the choicest cuts of the bull's head would go to waste. It is only when the sap of ambition is bounding beneath the skin of your amiable job-chaser that he hungers for the meat of the bull and exults at the prospect of foregathering beneath the sun with the solemn braves of the Iroquois Club and attesting his devotion to the principles upheld by them through the medium of that elective franchise which makes of each of us a king. This year's breakfast occurred last Sunday at Fairfax, and it was attended by some notable persons; also by every member of the Iroquois Club expectant of a job, which means that there was a full attendance, for every Iroquois brave is either actually engaged in taxeating or hungering for the fodder that is dispensed at the public crib.

A Gumshoe Moralist

Perhaps the most notable guest of the club at this year's breakfast was the Hon. William J. Burns, the Corentin of the present dispensation. This distinguished gumshoe artist and celebrated spy was introduced as the feature of the occasion, the event of the breakfast, somewhat more important than the bull's head itself. As it was the first time in the history of the club that a human bloodhound was deemed sufficiently palatable to serve as a side dish at an Iroquois breakfast, Mr. Burns, as may be easily imagined, occasioned no small flutter of interest. The celebrated spy, be it known, was not introduced merely as a lay figure. As such he would have been sufficiently diverting, but he was invited to heighten the moral ecstasy of the occasion, and this he did by explaining the importance to San Francisco of the election of Mr. Heney. It was evident that he spoke from his heart which bleeds for the unuplifted and will continue to do so while the Spreckels leg remains accessible and retains its elasticity. The election of Mr. Heney means much to Mr. Burns, and he discussed it with a rich and mellow eloquence touching responsive chords in the hearts of many of his enraptured hearers, for the Iroquois Club is full of prophets of public righteousness who are heartily in sympathy with everybody engaged in the exploitation of a good thing.

Back to Life

The Iroquois breakfast was a success from every conceivable standpoint. Gastronomically it was all that the most fastidious epicure could expect; as a symposium it was edifying; the intellect was refreshed, the heart was elevated. No wonder that Max Popper, the great chief of the tribe, beamed with gratification on his bravelets. Max was the toastmaster of the occasion. He introduced with grace a succession of unbridled speeches seasoned with references to the glorious democracy, and himself indulged in one of his characteristic dizzy flights of eloquence. In this day and generation the Popper does not flourish as formerly in the affections of the people, not that he no longer merits the meed of their esteem, but that he has survived the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Like "Whiskers" Joe O'Connor the Popper comes down to us from that memorable epoch that was marked by the triumphs of Chris. Buckley, of whom he was a pampered protege, and in the light of whose genius for converting public trusts into private snaps he basked and prospered. Through the kindness of Buckley the Popper battened on several profitable public contracts, and when after many fat years came

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the lean the great Iroquois brave folded his bespangled tent and silently stole away to Europe to enjoy the leisure he had so richly earned. In the days of his political activity the Popper was the valiant champion of the people's cause, his partnership with the odious Buckley to the contrary notwithstanding. He hated grafters as he hates them now, with an unquenchable hatred, but once upon a time when he had the street sweeping contract he was obliged to assume a tolerant attitude toward certain vulgar persons who were animated by vicious principles. As a consequence the stalwart reformer involved himself in a scandal. He was summoned before the Grand Jury and questioned about certain rumors of bribery, and tradition has it that he was suddenly struck dumb. Tradition also has it that on that occasion the valiant Popper availed himself of a certain statute which safeguards the citizen against self-incrimination. How unfortunate there were no immunity baths in those days! Was Popper held up? I do not think so, for he is a man of good taste and as the victim of a hold-up he would not have introduced the Hon. Francis J. Heney last Sunday as "the best example of an honest, courageous citizen."

Why Journalists Are Cynical

I have been frequently charged with cynicism. I hope the charge is unfounded, but were I to be convicted of it I should plead in mitigation of judgment that for many years I have been on more or less intimate terms with reformers. There is Governor Pardee, for example, as ardent a reformer as Max Popper or Francis J. Heney. With the record of Pardee I am as familiar as with the record of Heney; with what has been published of it and with much that has not; and consequently I view the activities of Pardee in the guise of a reformer, with a somewhat cynical air. Last Sunday my contemporary, the Knave of the Oakland Tribune, contributed to the written history of latter day politics a story of the Santa Cruz convention. The story is about a delegate whose vote Pardee obtained by promising to get his son out of San Quentin, one of the few promises that he kept. The story is an old one, but it was given to the public for the first time last Sunday. Suppose that such stories were as accessible to the public as they are to journalists, how many cynics would there be in the world?

"Are you certain you can cook well?"

"Madam, I worked two years for the world's greatest tenor. At the last dinner he gave I was applauded after each course, and at the end of the dinner I was recalled three times."

Alfred Douglas' Sonnets

Lord Alfred Douglas, at present editor of the Academy, a weekly paper of London which has been ranked with the Saturday Review, but more widely notorious as that son of the Marquis of Queensbury who was infamously implicated in the Oscar Wilde debacle, has just issued a little volume of sonnets. This, of course, is not Douglas' first literary venture. His previous activities have ranged from the translation into English of Salome (which, with some assistance from Marcel Schwob, Wilde wrote in French for Sarah Bernhardt), to the inditing of the Pongo Papers, a series of anemic humorous poems. Those who recall the revelations which clustered about the trial of Wilde will remember that Douglas, at that early age, was no mean master of sonnet technique although the content of those curious effusions placed them beyond the pale of criticism. But all that belongs to a miserable past, and British reviewers show a willingness to appraise the new book on its intrinsic merit. That Douglas was not too confident of this when he published is indicated by a note appended to the sonnets in which he anticipates for his latest work "homage given grudgingly from cautious mouths" or no homage at all. His anticipation has not been realized. London reviewers declare that there is no man living able to produce a book of sonnets quite so flawless in their grace and music.

The Note of Self Pity

Criticism, however, cannot overlook the insistence of Douglas upon his past sufferings. There is a strain of querulousness in the book that spoils some of the best of the sonnets, a strain of querulousness which may or may not be forgiven in a man who admits that he has "fought with beasts and wrestled with despair." Certainly it must be deplored for the poetry's sake, even aside from all question of good taste. Douglas is least happy when he becomes most personal. As one of Douglas's critics has pointed out, the personal note is difficult to strike with the unerring precision that is required to send it home to the ear and to the mind in the true fulness of its appeal. In a sonnet it is impossible to separate content and expression. If the content is crude; or if, even though it be sincere, it appears on the face of it to lack sincerity, the sonnet is hopelessly marred. When Douglas says:

> I have enticed and merited distress
> By this, that I have never bowed the knee
> Before the shrine of wise hypocrisy,
> Nor worn self-righteous anger like a dress—

he betrays an artificiality which exacts its penalty in self-contradiction. To repudiate self-righteousness in poetic numbers is to invite the charge, if not of self-righteousness, then of something even less poetic, namely, self-pity. And that is what Douglas has done.

Teddy's Hunting Library

When President Eliot of Harvard bestirred himself, with a blare of advertising trumpets, to the selection of the books essential for liberal culture, he managed to compress his chosen volumes into a few feet of library space. And when one of our greatest men was asked what books he would take along if he faced shipwreck on a desert island, he replied that he would be content with the Bible and Shakespeare. But when our strenuous ex-president hied him to Africa for a few months' hunting, the demands of a voracious literary appetite would not be satisfied with less than fifty volumes, covering pretty nearly every department of artistic expression. With that charming weakness for publicity which the great Bwana Tumbo has never tried to overcome, he has seen fit to publish the titles of his hunting library, whether impelled thereto by jealousy of the notoriety which has been bestowed upon Eliot or for the diffusion of culture, must remain an open question.

From Homer to Huckleberry Finn

The crassly ignorant who have imagined that the strenuosity of a hunting trip undertaken not merely for sport's sake but also for the enrichment of science, would leave little time for reading of a purely literary kind, must now acknowledge their mistake. After a day spent in the jungle the indefatigable Teddy returns to

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camp with sufficient energy, not only to pen an editorial for Dr. Abbott's paper and a few thousand words for Scribner's, but also to enjoy the zest of the Faerie Queene, the Federalist, the Bigelow Papers, Dante, Milton and Euripides. When these well-thumbed tomes have been devoured he finds the stimulus of a literary nightcap in Huckleberry Finn or the Biblical Apocrypha; and for the wakeful moments of his couch, if there are any, there is the Nibelungenlied quite handy or the night light may shed its pale gleam over Marlowe or George Borrow or Mahan's Sea Power. It is true the ex-president has explained that some of the books are Kermit's selections, but may we not surmise that that young nimrod, if he finds time for literary diversion, confines himself to Bret Harte or Poe or the great Sir Walter? Certainly it would be a safe bet that he has not dallied long under the African sky with the Faerie Queene; but then I have my doubts whether his esteemed father has ever gone beyond the description of Una and the "gentil knighte."

A Shocking Breach of Faith

Frequently have we been told that Clarence Mackey is the son of his father, a man of fine instincts and above everything that is sordid and mean. If this appraisement of him is correct a decision rendered recently by the Federal Court of Appeals must have overwhelmed him with shame and humiliation. For young Mackey is head and front of the Postal Telegraph Company, and that corporation has just been convicted of very dishonorable practices. From the decision of the Court of Appeals it must be inferred that Mr. Mackey has surrounded himself with men who have no very keen sense of honor or decency. The decision was rendered in a suit instituted by the Postal Telegraph Company for $300,000. This sum the company demanded as a salvage bonus for getting the steamship Manchuria off Makapu reef in the Hawaiian Islands in August, 1906. When that disaster occurred several vessels went to the assistance of the Manchuria, but the Restorer was not one of them though she was lying idle in the harbor of Honolulu. Though summoned to the aid of the stranded ship the captain of the Restorer refused to go, whereupon Mr. E. H. Harriman was communicated with in New York, and he immediately called on Mr. Mackey who consented that the Restorer should be put at the service of the Pacific Mail. A message was sent to Honolulu over the Postal Cable instructing the representatives of the Underwriters to employ the Restorer, and it was clear from this message that the ship was to be employed not on a salvage basis but for reasonable compensation based on actual cost incurred in rendering service. Mr. Harriman had said in one of his despatches that the Postal company was under obligations to the Pacific Mail, and it was evident that he had the impression that Mackey and his associates were doing him a friendly turn. Some months later there came a rude awakening; the Postal Telegraph Company demanded a salvage bonus of $300,000, computed of course on a salvage basis. The claim was repudiated and the suit quickly followed. The officers of the Pacific Mail and the Underwriters regarded the conduct of the Postal Telegraph Company as contemptible, but not till the trial of the case did they form an adequate conception of the meanness of the Mackey corporation.

Mercenary Tactics

During the trial the defendants succeeded in bringing to light a large number of despatches that were sent from the New York office of the Postal company to the captain of the Restorer at the time the Manchuria was on the reef. From these despatches it appeared that from the beginning the Postal Telegraph Company secretly contemplated exacting a salvage bonus. Conscious the while that the owners of the Manchuria and the Underwriters believed that the Restorer was employed on a basis of actual cost of services, the mercenary officers of the Postal company were taking every precaution necessary to give strength and validity to a claim for bonus. The captain of the Restorer was instructed from New York to be careful in every way to enhance the value of his services on a salvage basis and to hire the best admiralty lawyer in Honolulu in order to safeguard his position as a salvor. The captain of the Restorer, eager to gratify his employers, tried to persuade Captain Metcalfe who was in charge of the work of saving the Manchuria, to permit him to pull her off the reef long before the arrival of the wrecking gear. He even insisted on doing so, and threatened to withdraw if not permitted. He said he was willing to take a chance, which meant that he was willing to have the Manchuria

HERMANN GENSS

President of the California Conservatory of Music which is now giving a series of chamber music concerts.

lightened, the inevitable result of which in the event of failure, according to Captain Metcalfe, would have been the further embarrassment of the stranded vessel. The haste of the Restorer's captain was of course inspired by the desire to save the Manchuria without any assistance. He wished to be justified in claiming the whole bonus. By the trial court the plaintiff was given judgment for $60,000, just $240,000 less than the sum demanded, and now comes the Court of Appeals with a judgment for only $30,000.

Stinging Words of Reproach

Quite as painful perhaps as the reduction of the sum awarded was the language employed by Judge Ross in

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the opinion of the court. This is an excerpt from the opinion:

"There was not only this bad faith on the part of the libelant, but its action throughout was not only calculated and mercenary in the extreme, but was entirely lacking in those elements which often induce courts of admiralty to make awards at times greatly exceeding the expenses, losses and actual value of the salvor's services. A salvor, said the court in the case of The Howard, 12 Fed. Cas. 630, 633, 'who, regardless of personal considerations, gallantly rushes into dangers to preserve the lives and property of others when exposed to the horrors of shipwreck, or he who promptly goes forward and contributes his aid when he believes his services will be beneficial in preventing impending loss, without stopping to inquire what amount in dollars and cents his exertions will bring to his own pocket, will always receive that liberal reward for his services which it is the policy of the law to allow, and which courts feel pleasure in awarding to generous and manly conduct; while he who holds back and quietly looks on at approaching ruin until his own services become indispensable to the preservation of the property he sees exposed, with the expectation that his reward will thereby be increased in proportion to the increased dangers from which the property is ultimately rescued, will find that he is disappointed in the realization of his golden hopes, and that a display of avarice at such a time renders him an object of contumely and reproach.'"

What Mr. Clarence Mackey thinks of having his cable company thus judicially characterized I have not heard; but certainly he must realize that from the merely commercial standpoint a rather severe blow has been dealt the corporation that was founded by his distinguished father.

She—Papa doesn't want us to be married for ten years yet. But don't look so worried, George; you will still be young ten years from now.

He—Yes, darling; but I wasn't thinking of myself.

Colonel Pippy's Realistic Boosting

There exists in San Francisco a club known as the Rotary. It is composed of men in all lines of business, with the curious provision that no occupation shall have more than one representative. Thus, but one grocer, or one cigar dealer, or one contractor, can belong. The club has a dinner once a month at which each member is allowed to deliver a ten minute address telling of the excellence of his wares and why he should be patronized. Colonel George Pippy is the only milkman who belongs, and his eloquence in boosting his wares received a high tribute the other day. A member of the club rallied by a friend on his gloomy expression, in explanation said: "Well, I'm full of milk and cream—that is, I feel full of it, which is about the same thing. At the Rotary Club dinner today, Colonel Pippy put in ten minutes telling why we should buy his milk and cream. He was so realistic that I can feel it swashing all around inside of me. I'm a human churn, that's what I am, and all I need to do is to jump up and down a little to be full of butter."

Pyrotechnic Display Foiled

Had it not been for Fire Marshal Towe the display of electricity and fireworks at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Bohemian Club Building on Saturday night would have been one of the most elaborate and magnificent ever seen in San Francisco. The plans were prepared by Edward Duffy, who always has charge of such displays at the Bohemian Jinks in the redwoods. To Duffy there is nothing on earth that compares with the Bohemian Club, and as a consequence he could imagine nothing too good for the Saturday night's celebration. So Duffy went at his preparations with great enthusiasm, evolving, in addition to the electrical pieces, volcanoes, huge rockets, set pieces, pin wheels and blazers of huge proportions. In his mind's eye Duffy saw the slopes of Nob Hill in a blaze of light that would be a beacon to the country for many miles around. Having, with loving care, completed his plans, he took them to Fire Marshal Towe. That official, after looking them over, spoke in this wise: "Now, Duffy, these are mighty fine, and I do not doubt that the people on Mars would be able to see the blaze; and for that reason it would be a great contribution to science. But there is too much danger of fire. Understand, Duffy, I do not want to appear narrow-minded. I would not object to the burning up of a few blocks of houses. But really I can't allow you to destroy the city just as we have got it built up again." So Duffy, disconsolate, was obliged to modify his plans, with the consequence that to his distressed mind the display looked like an eighty-five cent family Fourth of July celebration on the front lawn.

Mrs. Atherton and the Examiner

When Lord Northcliffe was in town last week, he said many complimentary things about California writers, most of his laudatory comments finding their way into the papers. But there was one compliment which he paid to a California writer that has so far remained unpublished. Lord Northcliffe, being as much a newspaperman now as when his name was plain Alfred Harmsworth, read all that was written about himself and called attention to the fact that this particular compliment was not put into print; so the matter becomes one of interest, if not of importance. To the Examiner re-

Photo, Terkelson and Henry

LORD NORTHCLIFFE AT THE PRESS CLUB

The proprietor of the Thunderer spent two hours at the newspapermen's club house during his recent visit here. The steins indicate the character of the refreshments served. Lord Northcliffe is in the middle of the third row from the top of the picture.

porter who interviewed him on his arrival Lord Northcliffe stated that Gertrude Atherton was the American novelist most read in England, and he added some very flattering encomiums for the California writer. But not a line of this found its way into the Examiner; there wasn't a word to suggest that Lord Northcliffe had paid handsome tribute to the author of "Ancestors." Lord Northcliffe met Mrs. Atherton the next day and mentioned the circumstance to her as rather curious. I do not know whether Mrs. Atherton attempted any explanation of the omission, but I think I can supply one. It is simply this. Mrs. Atherton has little admiration for the Examiner or any of the Hearst papers; their methods do not accord with her conception of journalism. So she has never favored them with special articles, refusing repeatedly to accept tempting offers for contributions. When Mrs. Atherton has anything to say to the local newspaper public, you may have noticed that she uses another organ as her medium of expression. So the Examiner is sore and is exacting tit for tat by suppressing Lord Northcliffe's compliment.

The Exacting Northcliffe

In an interview given to a morning paper, Lord Northcliffe said that he would not have a reporter who could not speak French and write shorthand. The latter qualification he looked upon as absolutely necessary that accurate reports of speeches might be made. It is a good thing that his lordship did not learn of some of the methods of San Francisco reporters regarding the taking of speeches, else he would have been shocked out of his British imperturbability. For be it known that in this city when an experienced newspaperman goes to a political meeting he does not even take the trouble to make a longhand report of the addresses. He jots down a few notes, then when he gets back to the office writes a speech around them—and a whole lot better speech, as a rule, than the average politican can deliver. But the politician, on reading the paper the next morning, always believes that the words are his. An incident illustrating this occurred up in Willows once. Dr. W. A. Sehorn, editor of the Willows Journal, having been out of town on Admission Day did not hear the speech delivered at the celebration by a leading politican. He expected to see the speaker the next day and get from him a copy of his address, but failed to do so. As a consequence when noon-time came, with the paper almost ready for press, he was lacking the principal feature of the day—the spread-eagle address. While he was pondering the situation the San Francisco papers arrived. In them he found the speech delivered at San Jose the day before by D. M. Delmas. Sehorn did not hesitate an instant. Grabbing his faithful shears he clipped the Delmas oration, and it appeared in the Journal as the one delivered in Willows. Sehorn was approached the next day by the local politician, who thanked him fervently for printing his speech in full.

Cutler Reports Speech

A somewhat different experience once fell to the lot of Fletcher Cutler, attorney for the Regents of the State University. While Cutler was district attorney of Humboldt County he went out to a neighboring town, Ferndale, to deliver the Fourth of July oration. The next day he was passing the office of the local paper when he was summoned inside by the editor. "Look here, Cutler," said the man of type, "I'm too busy to write anything about your speech. Suppose you get me up an account of it." "Great chance," said Cutler. So he went at it with enthusiasm. He wrote nearly a column about the magnificent oratorical effort of Fletcher A. Cutler. When the editor had read it he said: "That's all right, as far as it goes, but you haven't got in anything about the peroration"—for the peroration of a Fourth of July speech is the supreme test in the country, and its fervor and word-painting make or mar the reputation of the speaker. So, admonished, Cutler went to work once more, and added to his story: "The peroration to Mr. Cutler's speech was one of the most glorious pieces of word-painting that has ever been heard in Humboldt County. With beautiful imagery, and in words that pulsated with the most ardent patriotism, Mr. Cutler fairly swept his hearers off their feet, and sustained his reputation as one of the most magnificent public speakers of the day." "There," said Cutler, when he had finished—"if you want more gush than that you will have to write it yourself." That perfervid column from the country weekly has an honored place in Cutler's scrap book—and not because of vanity, but by reason of his keen sense of humor.

Northcliffe is Democratic

To return to Lord Northcliffe—when he visited the Press Club on the last day of his stay in San Francisco, he revealed himself as one of the most democratic of peers. He came unattended, and he wore a rough business suit, a negligee shirt, and a battered slouch hat that must have cost about two and six. Some of the members had donned frock coats for the occasion, and one even sported a silk hat. But none of that for Northcliffe. He announced that he had come up to be one of the fellows, and he soon demonstrated his ability in that line. He drank beer with the greatest relish, told stories, listened appreciatively to the ones told him, made a speech, had his picture taken, was made an honorary member of the club—and altogether proved himself a good fellow. Physically Northcliffe is a fine type of British manhood—strong, sturdy, the picture of health. He radiates vigor of mind and body, and his ringing laugh could be heard all over the club rooms. He is but little more than forty years old, yet is the greatest newspaper publisher in the world. Moreover, he is entirely self-made, starting in as a reporter, then establishing a weekly paper, and gradually extending his operations until now he controls the London Times, Mail, Express, and a score of other publications. He was plain Alfred Harmsworth until some two or three years ago.

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when he was knighted. He has made the Mail one of the yellowest of British journals, but keeps the Times within the old traditions. His connection with it, however, has impaired its prestige. Several years ago, when the Mail had just assumed its saffron tinge, it offered $10,000 for the identification of an automobilist who had killed a child in the North of England while going through a village at terriffic speed. The offender was caught—and he turned out to be Harmsworth's brother. The reward was paid without a murmur.

From the Jaws of Death

The history of the case of William Buckley who has just emerged from the shadow of the gallows abounds in dramatic incidents. And like all history it is philosophy teaching by example, the lesson to be gleaned from it being that when human life is at stake the law cannot be too strictly construed in the interest of the person in jeopardy. William Buckley was tried for the murder of George W. Rice, a non-union man who was killed during the machinists' strike eight years ago. There is no doubt that he was at the scene of the murder or that he went there in the company of union men who joined in the attack on Rice. But he was not an ardent partisan, nor had he been taking an active part in the strike. According to his own story immediately after his arrest, a story which is now generally believed, he went to the scene of the murder with the expectation of seeing a fist fight. Rice was shot and Buckley, as was quite natural in the circumstances, took to his heels with the union men and their sympathizers. He told the police that he could prove that his story was true by the testimony of the men who accompanied him to the scene of the murder. Unhesitatingly he gave their names and they were at once arrested, and they were convicted without any other evidence than that which Buckley supplied. All were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Two of them, Thomas Moran and Edward Duncan, are now in the penitentiary, and the third, Charles Donnelly, is in a convict's grave at Folsom.

The Guilty Man Escaped

Behind the prosecution of Buckley there was powerful influence, and from the beginning it was apparent that there was a strong determination to send somebody to the gallows for the salutary effect that such an example of the implacability of the law might have. The Hon. Frank H. Dunne was the presiding judge of the Superior Court at that time, and he sent Buckley to his doom in the tribunal that is presided over by Judge William P. Lawlor. Buckley was prosecuted by special counsel and for the prosecution there were three witnesses who identified the defendant as the murderer. One of these witness was a boy of fifteen, another was a precocious school girl, the daughter of the third witness Walter J. Piatt. At the trial the Piatt girl was not produced. For some reason she was permitted to go to Mexico, but Judge Lawlor, despite the strenuous opposition of counsel for the defense, permitted the reading to the jury of the testimony which had been given by the girl at the preliminary examination. Counsel therefore had no opportunity to cross-examine her. Buckley was convicted February 7, 1902, and sentenced to death. As soon as the verdict was announced eyewitnesses to the murder, horror-stricken at the thought of an innocent man going to his death on the gallows, came forward and gave their testimony. It was then learned that the murderer was a man named Copeland, who disappeared immediately after the shooting. The police have never ben able to find him.

Murphy's Motion

On the strength of the newly discovered evidence Buckley's attorney, Frank J. Murphy, whose persistency in the long fight for his client's life is almost without parallel in the records of our criminal courts, presented to Judge Lawlor a large number of affidavits in support of a motion for a new trial. He was confident the motion would be granted, for it seemed to him incredible that in the light of the evidence before him Judge Lawlor would assume so grave a responsibility as that of resolving against a man on the road to the gallows what certainly appeared to be a reasonable doubt of his guilt. But Judge Lawlor is made of stern stuff. He has the courage of his convictions and he is proud that they far outnumber the acquittals that have occurred in his court. He denied the motion and Murphy collapsed from amazement.

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The "Weak Brother" Faltered

Attorney Murphy appealed the case to the Supreme Court, but the tribunal could not interfere because Judge Lawlor had resolved a question of fact against the defendant. Then followed a long series of maneuvers to delay the execution pending efforts to obtain commutation of sentence. Buckley was to be hanged November 16, 1904. On November 15 Murphy appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and he reached San Quentin with a certified copy of the stay of execution at dusk. The gallows had been constructed and preparations had been made to hang Buckley in the morning at 9 o'clock. Pending the appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States Governor Pardee was petitioned for commutation, but he was disinclined to incur the disfavor of the powerful organization that had paid the costs of the prosecution. This disinclination was strengthened by a letter from Judge Lawlor. Then followed the petition to Governor Gillett who examined all the records in the case and read the entire transcript of testimony. While engaged in this laborious work he received a letter from Justice Angellotti who had carefully examined the record in the case at the time of the appeal to the Supreme Court, and who was of the opinion that Buckley's guilt had not been established beyond a reasonable doubt. This letter strongly influenced Governor Gillett, as did also a conversation he had with Detective Thomas Ryan, one of the most conscientious members of the police department. Ryan handled the case for the prosecution, but after hearing the testimony offered in support of the motion for a new trial he concluded that Buckley was innocent; and of this he has been since absolutely convinced.

Boarder—I'll pay you very soon—I am going to be married.
Landlady—Oh, don't do that, sir, just on account of the few dollars you owe me.

Great Is de Grassi

In Town Talk of the week before last I gave you my word that Antonio de Grassi, the musicianly young violinist of Oakland, was worth crossing the bay to hear. Good as my word, I went, I heard, and was conquered—critic that I am. In consequence, I must needs take part in the performance myself, and none too subdued a part at that. I gave him a hand, which is the mead, if not the need, of the fine sympathetic artist. I heard de Grassi in the Max Bruch concerto of pleasant memory, and thereafter de Grassi heard me (turn about is fair play), but not individually, the ensemble work of the audience being too good for that. I had, however, not the least desire to play a solo part. First of all, I should have said, I heard him in the Grieg sonata, C minor, and then he, me; and last of all, but not least, in the beautiful Schubert Ave Maria—the fourth encore. Between times, I heard him in like manner in his own truly dreamlike "Im Traume." Throughout the well-balanced program he played his part to perfection; Fred Maurer, accompanist, his; I, mine. What more could the most critical ask? Not a few persons, gifted with kindly natures, but not with discernment, fancy that the present-day critic takes diabolical delight in roasting the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, and the other five servers of the Nine-in-one. Now, as a matter of fact, 'tis the very rarest of pleasures for the critic to praise. He hath no more pleasure in the death of him—more especially, her—that dieth than had that foremost critic, Jehovah of old. Beholding his mother tongue murdered, or the sinful waste of flawless marble, or the great dead such as Beethoven and Mendelssohn misinterpreted, is he in his official capacity to stand supinely smiling by? Is it the fault of the critic that criticizing a performance has come to be synonymous with speaking adversely of it? Great St. Beuve his ghost! Not so.

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Another Newspaper School

Although it might be supposed that Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York World, had plentifully provided for the needs of all young men entertaining the notion of a newspaper career when he gave Columbia University one million dollars with the promise of further assistance to establish a college of journalism, it must be inferred that his ambitious plans did not embrace metropolitan needs, for New York has just acquired another foundation where the journalistic profession will be reduced to academic rules. A department of journalism has been started by the New York University. Courses have been arranged to suit the convenience of the university students, without regard, apparently, to the desires of the great majority of newspapermen who are busiest from 8 until 10 in the evening when the lectures will be given. Every branch of newspaper work is covered, not excepting the law of libel with which most newspapermen of experience have at some time or other come into contact, and the law of copyright which has received new interpretation as the result of the current North Pole controversy. The instructors of the new course include men of practical experience in the newspaper profession, Hotchkiss of the Evening Sun, Atwood of the Press and Professor Lough, formerly of the Wall Street Journal being of the number.

Results Are Problematical

It will be for the editorial writers of the future (who may or may not be trained in colleges of journalism), to decide whether the newspaper profession is to be uplifted by the application of educational methods indispensable to the inculcation of law, medicine and engineering. It will be interesting, too, to learn whether the lecturers employed in the Pulitzer school will train a generation of newspapermen radically different from those who emerge from New York University armed with the precepts of a more reactionary class of journalists. Are we to have yellow newspapermen and conservative newspapermen definitely committed to their standards by the wording of their diplomas? It is doubtful whether many of today's successful newspapermen can be induced to wax enthusiastic over a college of journalism. This may be prejudice; but it is fortified by cunning arguments. Did not Lord Northcliffe, the most powerful newspaperman of the age, tell our Press Club how he became a reporter at fifteen because he had to? And was Joseph Pulitzer's induction into the craft a thing of premeditation strengthened by special instruction? What newspapermen unanimously regard as invaluable training for their work, and most regret the lack of in many instances, is a thoroughgoing knowledge of history, civics and political economy; and these are theoretically a part of every liberal education.

A Supplement Supplemented

A Sunday supplement, that is to say specifically, something miraculous added to a Sabbathic paper to supply its incalculable deficiencies, or correct its myriad egregious errors, has a picture, the most unkindest cut imaginable, of Modern Eve, two-sided, being made over for the fall. Mere man is moved to ask: Is making over necessary for that? The picture, however, is indubitably intended vividly to impress upon us martyrs to beauty the fact that expansion is once more to be the fashion; which moves the patriotic poet, the antonym of mere man, to exclaim:

> Now, Columbia, dear maid,
> The lean ghost has been laid,
> And therewith the sore need of your banting;
> When expanded and weighed
> In the balance of trade,
> I'll go bail that you'll not be found wanting.

Debtor—I hear its your birthday today, Mr. Jones. Many happy returns. May you live till I pay you.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks: The industrial stocks have been given special attention during the past week. United States Steel, Republic Steel and Iron, Central Leather and other industrials went to new high records on improved earnings and future prospects. The coming quarter will show sensational earnings of the United States Steel Corporation. The orders now on the company's books are the largest ever known and the cost of production has been greatly reduced. There seems no checking the upward trend of prices of steel common. I am told by reliable sources that the common shares will pass 100 shortly, also that the price will not stop going up until the common sells higher than the preferred. Bankers are now very friendly in the way of loaning freely on all steel securities giving them stability. The railway list would advance if the powers behind the market would permit. It is more than likely the banking interests will check any attempt to advance values until after December first. On January first over three hundred million dollars will be paid out in the way of dividends; this will necessitate the calling of loans in order to prepare for this emergency. It would be a great benefit to the market should a good decline in prices be experienced. I fully believe that sometime in December, railway and industrial securities will start upon an upward wave that will carry them to a level that will make present prices look cheap. In the meantime a good reaction should come. There is always a bargain day if patience is exercised. When it comes be prepared.

Local Securities: California securities continue to absorb world-wide attention and their position is becoming stronger each day. During the past week their trend, with one or two exceptions, has been toward higher levels and up to the present there is no sign of a letup. In fact, in my opinion, this is only the start of a lasting appreciation of the California security list. Pacific Gas and Electric stocks, especially the common, have been the local leaders as far as outside buying is concerned. The earnings of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company are increasing at a surprising rate and that fact together with the company's surplus of over 2¼ millions make these stocks the most desirable. Pacific Telephone and Telegraph stocks have shown an irregular tone. As I pointed out in last week's letter, the common stock of this company is high enough at present in view of the immediate situation and a recession was bound to occur. Telephone preferred is in quite a different position however, as it pays and will continue to pay 6 per cent on $100 par. This stock has been strongly in favor and has ranged higher. The buying movement that is taking place in California securities is gradually expanding and numerous of the other listed stocks are being taken hold of. Activity and advances have been noticed in Associated Oil, Alaska Packers, Spring Valley Water and City Electric Company. California bonds continue to display a firm tone, especially those representing the Southern California railway companies of which Pacific Electric Railway 5s have developed considerable strength. California Gas and Electric 5s, United Railroads 4s, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph 5s and Spring Valley Water 4s have also changed hands in large blocks. Seeing conditions improving so rapidly in this State, and handling, as I do, so many orders from the East both for information and for offerings of California stocks and bonds, I cannot help but foresee a very active winter for our local list. As far as the immediate trend of the market is concerned, I feel that purchases of Pacific Gas and Electric common and Alaska Packers will be most satisfactory and that Pacific Gas and Electric preferred and Pacific Telephone preferred are two of the cheapest investments in this country at their present quotations.

Cotton: Until his week the belief had been well nigh universal that when cotton began to move from the farms and selling was well in progress, much lower prices would ensue. The argument looked so logical and was so well founded in precedent that it gained wide acceptance, and even to those who were not entirely convinced it seemed plausible and worthy of consideration. It appeared a simple proposition in mathematics, the result being as sure as that the sum of two and two are four. For, was it not true that the farmer would sell rapidly at 12 to 12½ cents and would not his offerings in the usual course of events more than supply the needs of buyers who were holding back waiting these offerings to create a market in which the sellers were many? But although the logic of the situation was unimpeachable, it now appears that the element of supposition about buyers holding back until sellers were keen to trade has failed to materialize and that so far buyers have been almost as anxious as sellers, thus starting at the beginning of the season a keen competition for supplies and a strong spots market. The feature of the week is therefore easily the turn in sentiment reflecting the doubts which have arisen regarding the correctness of the bears' position and it is now believed to be possible that in view of the very small promise for an adequate crop spinners will buy on an advancing market and not wait for lower markets. This is the substantial basis for the rise in prices that has at the close of the week put values nearly $4.00 per bale over the highest of the year. The equinoctial storm, which struck the cotton belt on Monday, was of material aid to bulls and was made the immediate cause for the rapid advance. A tinge of the romantic and a dash of the spectacular was also added by the intelligence flashed over the wires that

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New York, 31-33-35 New Street

the late wheat king, James A. Patten, had arrived in New York, and would personally assume control of the market and direct the forces of the bulls. At once interest was aroused among the casual lookers on and the mediocre speculative element who are never so happy as when basking in the sunlight of a leader's glory. They live in a land of knight errantry and are always ready to attach themselves to the retinue of a new and promising sovereign or will follow an old and battered leader if he can get a new dress and a good mount. But it is at best an undesirable horde, and when large constitutes a constant menace to the market. If Mr. Patten sees fit to undertake a bull campaign and invites the public in directly or indirectly, he will get just such a following and at prices which have not been equaled since the Sully year. In fact, if he assumes the roll of major bull the case will be a parallel to the Sully year, with the exception that the grand advance did not begin that year until the onrush of the fall movement had about spent its force. This fact of the impending movement and the fear that with a high market it would be greatly accelerated has made many who are ultimate bulls hold off, and the saying has become current that it was at least a month too soon to begin a bull campaign. It is the brave man, however, who undertakes what the people declare is impossible, and if prices under skillful management are advanced from the present high level during the remainder of the month and during October, something in the way of a record will have been established. It is therefore up to Mr. Patten to make good. But that this is a favorable season for such an undertaking is beyond all question. The reasons have been so often set out and are so well known both to the trade and to the public, that a repetition here seems quite unnecessary. At the advance the feeling is still very bullish and there is a confident belief that barring temporary reactions, the level of prices will be further advanced the coming week.

Wheat: Wheat yielded to the pressure of large northwestern receipts after a sharp advance in the first half of the week. The advance was wholly due to the Armour interests which forced short covering and fearing heavy shipments from Duluth to Chicago tomorrow the manipulators backed away. The exceedingly high premium for No. 2 red winter wheat was helpful to the upward movement. The demand for this quality of wheat arises from the enforcement of the rule of the agricultural department that bleached flour be stamped as such. Millers have therefore been forced to pay fancy prices for the red variety. Considerable buying of winter wheat millers has developed in the cash market of Minneapolis. The situation continues strong, and does not indicate a serious price break. In the long run the large Canadian crop and our big shipping wheat production will have its effect in creating a lower market, but immediate trading should be confined to selling on all advances and in taking small profits.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8101, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PHILIP ARTHUR VIERHUS, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court duly given and made on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, S. TRAVIS KENYON, guardian of the person and estate of Philip Arthur Vierhus, a minor, will sell at private sale, subject to confirmation by the said Court, all of the right, title and interest of the said estate, described as follows:

A two-ninths interest in that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-five (175) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of "I" Stret; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of 12th Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the said Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Six Hundred and Sixty-two (662).

Said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1909; offers or bids to purchase the interest in said real estate or portions thereof, will be received by the undersigned, at room 508 in the Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Gold coin of the United States, cash.

Dated, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1909.

S. TRAVIS KENYON,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Philip Arthur Vierhus, a Minor.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK S. E. Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Streets
Paid-up Capital - - $750,000.00 Surplus - - $210,000.00
Conduct general banking business. Dealers in foreign exchange.
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OF CALIFORNIA
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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

The Gas Meter

The gas meter has been the subject of joke and anathema so long that it is hard to make the truth about it known. As a matter of fact it is one of the most accurate mechanical measuring devices in common use, and it positively cannot register gas consumption unless gas is passing through it.

It is true that a gas meter MAY become deranged and run fast or slow, but statistics prove that the average error is about the same as between the fast and slow apparatus. The great majority of meters are correct within the limits allowed by law—2 per cent fast or 2 per cent slow.

The grocer maintains one or two scales by which he weighs all products sold by weight. The gas company maintains an individual meter for every consumer, carefully checks the device before it is installed, inspects it to see that it is in good order and repairs it free if imperfections are discovered.

The chief principles of the gas meter have been in use since 1844. Hundreds of inventors have tried to improve upon them and have failed. If it were possible for the gas company to obtain meters absolutely accurate under all conditions, we would be the first to put in an order for a supply.

We contend that if a consumer reads and checks his meter frequently he will be able to analyze the increases or decreases in his bills and account for the differences by the more or less gas he uses.

San Francisco Gas and Electric Company

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Miss Bogue's French Leave

There is something about the personality of Miss Vergilia Bogue, the Portola queen, which seems to make her the center of an episode wherever she moves. Boasting no intimate understanding of the feminine mind, I shrink from the attempt to analyze the characteristics which constitute Miss Bogue the heroine of continuous adventure. I merely chronicle the fact that she is, as it were, a steel from which sparks of excitement are perpetually struck. Where other girls enter to illustrate the commonplace, she is the center of incident. There is a story wherever she moves; there is a never-ending something—romance or I know not what—in her every day life no less than in her book. That is why Miss

MRS. BALDWIN WOOD

One of the most charming and talented of the participants in the vaudeville entertainment for the benefit of the Free Room for the Blind.

Bogue is on everybody's tongue; the usual is out of her sphere. Certainly there was nothing extraordinary about a certain meeting of the clever women who planned and so successfully carried through the tag day for Father Crowley and the Youth's Directory; yet when Miss Bogue joined the group at the St. Francis, the atmosphere seemed charged with mysterious excitement. Miss Bogue came with the French chaperon who sometime accompanies her about town and for a while entered with enthusiasm into the dry business details of the meeting. Presently, however, she showed signs of fatigue and turning to her dame de garde, announced rather loudly and in French that she was bored with the affair. "Do not bother with these tedious details," answered the chaperon in her native tongue; "let us go somewhere else." French is not an unknown language at best and it happened that half a dozen of the ladies of the tag day committee spoke it excellently. So one after the other, with scrupulous politeness of tone and word, half a dozen of them turned to Miss Bogue and speaking in French, assured her that she was at liberty to withdraw. Miss Bogue and her dame de garde withdrew.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
REPRESENTED BY
MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE
INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
TEMPORARY OFFICE, GRANADA HOTEL TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 422

Her Singular Fund of Knowledge

At one of our aristocratic women's clubs where the intellects of the members are sharpened by discussion of abstract questions, sociological and literary, it was suggested the other day that apropos of the rumor that the junior Willie K. Vanderbilts are to be put asunder

Photo, Bruguiere and Eisen

MRS. F. McNEAR

One of the cleverest representatives of the local smart set—always a hit in society vaudeville.

by judicial process it might prove interesting to debate the question "Is the divorce germ hereditary?" This brilliant suggestion was made by a very young matron who prides herself on her Colonial ancestry and the broad scope of her knowledge of literature. She was quite enthusiastic over her novel idea. She reminded the ladies present that young Mrs. Vanderbilt's parents, the James G. Fairs, were divorced and likewise the parents of Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. Her recollections of family history were remarkable for one so young. She knew that the Charley Fairs were always on the point of getting a divorce; that Tessie Fair was a most uphappy wife and that she was separated from Herman Oelrichs; that one of Willie K. Vanderbilt's aunts was

divorced; that his sister, the Duchess of Marlborough who has been separated from her husband, has refrained from suing for a divorce only because of the earnest pleadings of her mother, who is now Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont, and who is actuated by concern for the social prestige which she derives from being the mother-in-law of a duke. Incidentally she disclosed her familiarity with the scandal attending the divorce of the senior Willie K. Vanderbilts, and when she finished she suddenly realized that the circumambient air was somewhat congealed. Frowning upon her from the edge of the groupe was one distinguished lady who has been twice divorced, another whose parents were divorced and another whose daughter was but recently divorced. "My," said the lady who herself has had experience of the divorce court, "one would think that your principal occupation was the gathering of scandalous gossip."

Art Comes High

Once more the Francis J. Carolans have discovered that the external evidences of culture come high, and once more a broad grin garnishes the countenance of Burlingame. The Carolans have had a dispute with Miss Elsie de Wolfe, a talented young woman with a keen sense of the artistic who is skilled in house decoration, something of a wizard in fact, for in the home of a vulgar millionaire she can successfully neutralize the effect of his personality on his environment. In the home of the Carolans she contrived an atmosphere that fairly reeked of culture, but when it came to paying the price there arose a difference of opinion that crystallized in a law suit. Fortunately the case will not come to trial. It has been settled out of court. Some years ago Mrs. Carolan developed an appetite for literature, and a persuasive eloquent book-agent happened along about that time with a whole library of editions de luxe. Catching Mrs. Carolan in the mood he had no difficulty in getting her signature to a contract, but collecting the bill was another matter. Of course the bill was settled. The book-agent was quite willing to compromise and so too was Mrs. Carolan.

He Caught Her Carnations

For more than a week now the tea tables have been aflutter over a little incident which happened when Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dean left with their daughter Helen for Boston. The Deans departed on Thursday, September 23. Philip Baker crossed the bay with the party and was particularly engrossed in taking his farewell of Miss Dean. In parting Miss Dean tossed him some of the carnations she was wearing and the young chap caught them with an alacrity and a look of intense appreciation that seemed to tell the old old story to onlookers. So friends are wondering whether the expected is going to be announced.

The "Orchid Lady" Coming

Beryl Whitney who, since the uphappy termination of her romantic marriage, has dropped the name of Graydon and prefers now to be called simply Mrs. Whitney, is coming to this city very soon with her parents. They will take apartments at the Fairmont and will stay through the winter season. Mrs. Beryl Whitney, during her recent stay in Paris, acquired the name of the "orchid lady" on account of her fondness for these expensive blooms. Her apartments, I am told by friends who visited her in the capital of the world, were massed everywhere with the rarests specimens. The former Mrs. Graydon is now with her parents at The Camp, as the Whitney summer place in Maine is called. They will come from Maine to California and we may soon expect to see the lobby of the hotel on the hill gleam with the splendor of Beryl Whitney's gowns, for she is a stunning dresser. Which reminds me that her sister-in-law, Mrs. Vincent Whitney caused something more than a stir recently by her startling red costume with Dutch neck and her huge hat to match. Those who saw her at the St. Francis and later at the Town and Country Club tea looked twice or thrice before they were prepared to comment.

ST. XAVIER APARTMENTS

2325 PACIFIC AVE., NEAR FILLMORE ST.

Most attractive and ideal location. Many new improvements made since the opening of this handsome building. Six and seven rooms furnished or unfurnished for housekeeping. Knickerbocker Grill in same block.

MRS. WAINWRIGHT, Housekeeper, on premises.

Is Miss Crocker Engaged?

Rumor has been over busy during the last few days joining the names of Miss Jennie Crocker and Dr. Tracy Russell of San Mateo. Is there an engagement there? is the question which interests Miss Crocker's friends more than any other topic at the present time, but there are no indications that curiosity is to be satisfied with an announcement. A certain innocent, unsophisticated and exceedingly courageous young lady of the newspaper profession is fully convinced on this point after a recent experience. This young lady was told to investigate the rumor of the engagement and with anticipations of a "scoop," she set forth to find Miss Crocker. But Miss Crocker does not like to be interviewed by newspaper writers and the young lady reporter was unsuccessful in all her attempts to meet her. Instead she was forced to confide her errand to a certain haughty unapproachable who immediately raised the temperature of the interview to boiling point and kept it there for a few sizzling minutes, after which the wilted young lady reporter went away, fully convinced that there was nothing in the rumor. Miss Crocker's friends, however, attach more importance to it.

MISS SADIE BULTMAN

A brilliant young pianiste who appeared with the Beringer Musical Club.

DR. MATILDA A. FEELEY

Is now located at 1700 Sutter Street. Diseases of women and children. Hours 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Heiress Going to London

Miss Crocker will soon leave for London to be the guest of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the Honorable and Mrs. John Warde, and Lord and Lady Granard. Speculation may now busy itself with the problem of how much nearer this visit will bring San Francisco society to British royalty. Mrs. Reid is the only woman from this part of the country whose charms of personality, added to the favors of fortune, gave her immediate admission to the most exclusive of London homes which really means the king's set. Lord Granard, of course, is very close to the throne, holding a post in the royal household, while his wife who was one of the Mills girls, has had no difficulty in making herself a personage among personages; her chic ways and busy brains have rendered her extremely popular. The Honorable John Warde, whose wife is a daughter of the Reids, is also part of this grandiose set; so we need not be surprised at any triumphs on the part of Miss Crocker which the cable may report.

No Hope for Heiress Hunters

Titled but impecunious heiress hunters who, during the past twelvemonth, have found the American preserves so exceedingly profitable, need not rejoice at the approaching visit of Miss Crocker, notwithstanding the fact that she is the wealthiest and most desirable heiress in California. Miss Crocker is not of those who pine to rehabilitate a ruined ancestral estate and she will not be tempted into an alliance which involves that process by the most brilliant title that goes back to Norman William. Miss Crocker is a thoroughgoing little American and she has the American faculty of seeing through sham, even a titled sham lacking the power to dazzle her keen eyes. No such mess as the Gould-Castellane-De-Sagan affair will ever play havoc with the Crocker millions. It is true that some of Miss Crocker's relatives have married into Debrett, but there have been no hints of mercenary intent to mar the romance of these particular unions. If anything Miss Crocker is hypersensitive on the subject of her wealth, having cultivated, by observation of others, a horror of being wooed for her money which is saved from monomania only by her exquisite poise and abiding good sense. The heiress hunter of London who hopes to mend a shattered fortune with the assistance of Miss Crocker is dwelling in a fool's paradise.

The Portola Luncheon

There was some grumbling over the menu of the Portola luncheon given at the California Club last Tuesday, due of course to the impossibility of acquiring an immediate taste for tortillas and chili con carne, but otherwise the affair was acclaimed an exquisite success. In its little details it was as artistically perfect as could be. The decorations were Spanish—flaming poppies, gay sunflowers, goldenrod and roses. All of the three hundred women present were garbed in the finery beloved of Castilian beauties. From unsuspected chests came the filmiest of lace mantillas, quaint old jewelry and other treasures reminiscent of the glad fine days before the gringo came. There was Mrs. Lovell White, and a handsomer grande dame never queened it over the aristocrats of Alta California, stately and erect, her eyes melting with merriment. Over her abundant snowy hair Mrs. White wore a lace shawl and red roses glowed against her black velvet gown.. Her long pendant ear rings of gold filigree were made in the long ago. And Mrs. White made a pretty little talk which charmed everybody. On one side of Mrs. White, at the head of the row of tables, sat Miss Vergilia Bogue, looking very much the queen of the fiesta. Mrs. Edward L. Baldwin, the president of the club, was so warmly applauded when she announced that the debt on the club house had been cleared that the members present were swept away with enthusiasm and subscribed a tidy sum toward the Portola fiesta. The program between courses was clever, Spanish music, dances and a burlesque on Don Gaspar de Portola, written by Mrs. Baldwin, set to music by Madame Caro Roma and sung by the best vocalists in the club.

MRS. FREDERICK V. STOTT
Matron of honor at the Wilson-Greer wedding.

She Knew Them by Sight

It was at a luncheon given, not long since, by a very prominent and wealthy lady to several members of the Burlingame Club and others of the ultra smart set. A well known matron whose husband is a millionaire several times over, surprised several of the ladies present by addressing them very distinctly by their names. As they had met this matron but once before, her accurate memory was commented on rather generally until one of the guests who is not a little proud of her

STOP GRAY HAIR

With Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON'S 4-DAY HAIR COLOR. It is the only entirely successful and satisfactory preparation for the purpose. Simple—Harmless—Certain. Sold for 20 years, recommended and used with satisfaction by thousands. Contains no lead, sulphur or other harmful ingredient. It never fails. $1.00. At druggists, or direct, charges paid. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

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family tree, disposed of the matter thus: "No doubt she knows some of us by sight very well. Surely in years gone by we have been pointed out to her on the street or at the theatre."

The Winter's Brilliant Promise

Most of the big events of the winter have been arranged for, now that both Mr. Greenway and Mrs. Alexander have announced the dates of their dances. Mr. Greenway who enters upon his thirtieth year in the management of the assemblies, will give four dances, the first on Saturday, November 19, the second during holiday week, another in January and the last just before Lent. Mrs. Alexander who will continue to manage the colonial series, plans to give but two balls, these to be at the Hotel St. Francis. The first is for Wednesday, December 1, and the second on Tuesday, February 8. Mrs. Alexander succeeded last winter in giving the prettiest balls of the year, excepting of course, the celebrated American Beauty ball of the Henry T. Scotts. The splendor of that function outdazzled all others. Besides these six big balls, there are to be several others for which arrangements are now under way. There will be a large ball at the Palace. It is said that Senator and Mrs. Francis Newlands who always entertain with true Western lavishness, will outdo their previous efforts this winter upon the completion of the new hotel. Then besides this, there are the concerts of the St. Francis Musical Art Society. During the brief time of last winter's experiment—for high class musical ventures are always an experiment as a social diversion—these charming affairs came to be considered in the same class as the big balls and other superior society functions. Shopping the other afternoon, I met a well known matron and her bud daughter, both equipping their wardrobes with gowns exclusively for use at these concerts.

Parisian Gowns at the Fairmont

Curious folk who wonder what becomes of the model gowns sent to this city from the houses of Worth, Callot, Paquin and others might have satisfied their curiosity had they been at the Fairmont last Saturday afternoon when Mrs. J. C. Meyerstein's guests entered Laurel Court, following the afternoon's matching of brains at the whist tables. There were probably eighty women in the party, all of them gowned in the new autumn modes, and a prettier group has not been assembled this fall. There was Mrs. Noble Eaton, blonde and peachy, looking as pretty as could be in one of those lacy gowns made of baby and "adult" Irish lace mixed, fashioned in a loose princess style, and a yellowish hat with swirling paradise plumes. Mrs. John Baker Jr., who is making her home at the Fairmont since her return from Europe, wore a gown of an odd greenish-blue satin made in the new draped style, with the tunic of jet beads draping the satin. Mrs. Frank Ames who is tall enough to carry the new draped effects, wore a gown that breathed of Paris. It was of peacock blue with an overdress of steel beads. One of the most picturesque gowns was worn by Mrs. John Martin. It was gold cloth embroidered with a silk of a darker shade. The hat was a big round affair with plumes shading from orange to pale yellow.

Mrs. Alexander to the Front

That the Colonial dances will be continued this winter has been decided after much speculation as to what would be the ultimate fate of these exclusive affairs which were begun with so much eclat last season. While the dances were a success from an artistic point of view and from the fact that they were thoroughly enjoyed by the younger set, there was constant friction from the start, and the evident desire on the part of the director to rival Greenway in the matter of social precedence was the cause of much annoyance to many of the patronesses who were personally in sympathy with the Czar, and who resented being the "rungs of ambition's ladder." The dances are to continue this season but without the moral support of the twenty-five patronesses who lent the prestige of their name to the affairs last season. Mrs. Alexander is to organize them on her own personal responsibility altogether as a business proposition over which as much social glamor as

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We select the very best pieces from the different factories making a specialty of COLONIAL REPRODUCTIONS.

To-day we feature them and say COLONIAL FURNITURE is our SPECIALTY and we can truthfully state most of what we offer is exclusively shown by us.

Mahogany Sideboards, Dining Room Tables, Chairs, Beds, Bureaus, Chiffoniers, Living-Room Tables, Book Cases and Desks.

FURNITURE of CHARACTER, with crotch mahogany treatment at prices more reasonable than the ordinary kind.

Geary and Stockton - - - Union Square

possible will be thrown. The dates set are December 1 and February 8, the last of which will be a Mardi Gras ball as was the one last year which ended so spectacularly with the loss of Jennie Crocker's pearls. That the personal rivalry between Mrs. Alexander and Greenway will be keener than ever this winter is predicted by all who know the fighting qualities of both.

The Wallace Petition

It was a shock to the friends of Mrs. William T. Wallace, wife of the late jurist, to hear that her sons, Ryland and Richard Wallace, had applied for letters of guardianship over their mother, on account of her old age and feebleness. Mrs. Wallace was formerly Romietta Burnett, daughter of the first governor of California, Peter H. Burnett, and a sister of John M. Burnett, the attorney, and of Mrs. C. T. Ryland of San Jose. Besides two sons there are two daughters, Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, (Isabel Wallace), whose first husband was James Mervyn Donahue, brother of Baroness von Schroeder, and Mrs. John F. Sheehan, (Addie Wallace), who has made her home with her parents for several years since her divorce. She has three children. Richard Wallace married several years ago but the match proved unhappy. Ryland Wallace married Miss Annie Bradley, daughter of the late George L. Bradley by whom he has one son, Bradley Wallace, now a student at Harvard. Mr. and Mrs. Ryland Wallace are separated. Mrs. Ryland Wallace is very wealthy in her own right and spends most of her time abroad but she will return to San Francisco this winter. She is still a pretty and interesting woman and is devoted to her only son. Her handsome home in Clay street has been rented for two or three years to C. N. Black of the United Railroads. Judge Wallace left property valued at about $200,000. The sudden deaths of Judge Wallace's two daughters, Miss Marguerite and Miss Romie Wallace, within a couple of years of each other, was a sad blow to the family. William T. Wallace Jr. died many years ago from hasty consumption.

Oakland Junior Assemblies

Invitations for the Junior Assemblies, the smartest functions of Oakland's exclusive set, have just been issued. The dates of the dances are October 29, November 26, December 29, January 28 and April 10, at Maple Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. William High (to whom acceptances must be sent), Mrs. N. A. Acker, Mrs. Frank Adams, Mrs. C. W. Armes Jr., Mrs. Samuel Breck, Mrs. Arthur Crellin, Mrs. L. L. Cockroff, Mrs. Prentiss Selby, Mrs. W. E. Sharon, Mrs. Edgar Stone, Mrs. J. R. Scupham and Mrs. Charles Wetmore.

Fete For Fabiola Hospital

An event of note will be the charity fete for the Fabiola Hospital which will take place at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Thursday, November 4. Society on both sides of the bay is deeply interested. On this occasion an operetta will be produced with a flower chorus in which many of the most prominent and attractive young society girls of Oakland's smart set will take part. Elaborate preparations are now being made and rehearsals are taking place.

Miss Ruth Kales Engaged

An engagement recently announced which caused a great deal of surprise both here and in Oakland was that of Miss Ruth Kales, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin W. Kales of Oakland, and Thomas Knowles. The news was told at a tea given at the handsome Kales home in the Lakeside district of Oakland during the week. The prospective groom is the son of Josiah Knowles, and comes from one of the pioneer families of the State. Both families belong to the exclusive set across the bay. No date has been as yet set for the wedding.

Ensign Theobald to Wed

A wedding of interest to California friends will take place today at New Castle, New Hampshire, when Miss Helen Reeves Berry, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John James Berry, will become the bride of Ensign Robert Alfred Theobald, attached to the U. S. S. Winconsin. Mr. Theobald is a California boy and a noted athelete. He belongs to a well known family here, being the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Theobald. The bride belongs to a well known New Hampshire family and is a brilliant linguist. The young couple will probably visit this city in the winter and will be entertained by a host of friends.

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A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
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ORIENTAL CREAM
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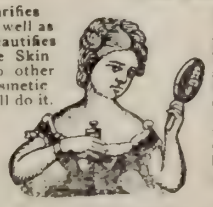
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-on (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.
GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
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Chamber Music Concert

The next chamber music concert of the California Conservatory will take place Friday evening of next week. These concerts are exciting much enthusiasm among music lovers. In the California Conservatory are associated some of the best artists that ever consecrated their talents to the heavenly maid in this city, and they are deserving of appreciation and encouragement. The program for their next concert is as follows: Trio for Piano, Clarinetto and Viola, E flat, (Mozart), Hermann Genss, Giannini, Giulio Minetti; Concerto for Violin and Cello, (Bach), Giulio Minetti, Arthur Weiss; Fantaiestucke for Clarinetto and Piano, opp. 73, (Schumann), Giannini, Hermann Genss; Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, op, 15, (Smetana), Hermann Genss, Giulio Minetti, Arthur Weiss.

Miss Weston's Brilliant Debut

Miss Carrie Goebel Weston took her place among the most brilliant of our young violinists when she made her debut last week at the musicale and hop given in Commandery Hall for the benefit of the new school of Star of the Sea parish. Miss Weston graduated last June in Notre Dame College, San Jose, and is now embarked on a musical career which promises to be unusually successful. Miss Weston rendered Wieniawski's Faust Fantasie, showing a vigor of tone and a masculinity of bowing remarkable at her years and a command of technical intricacies worthy of an experienced virtuoso. She chose a most difficult composition for her debut and it reflects credit not only upon her talent but also upon the teaching of the Notre Dame conservatory that she acquitted herself so well. Miss Weston will give a public recital in the beginning of the year to enable her to perfect her studies in Germany and her appearance will be eagerly awaited by music lovers.

Beringer Musical Club Concert

The Beringer Musical Club, under the direction of Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer, gave its twelfth piano and vocal recital at Century Hall last week, entertaining a very large audience. A well selected and varied program was offered and the excellent work of the performers elicited considerable applause. Compositions for both instrument and voice were chosen from a variety of composers including Schubert, d'Albert, Saint-Saens, Chopin and Lizst. Those who took part in the program were Miss Zdenka Buben, Miss Irene De Martin, Miss Estella McNeil, Miss Sadie Bultman, Miss Anita Morse, Miss Frances Westington, Miss Alta Yocom, Mr. Melton Mowbray and Mr. Harry Bultman.

Vaudeville for the Youths' Directory

The vaudeville entertainment for the benefit of the Youths' Directory which will take place tonight in the colonial ball room of the St. Francis will be an affair of more than usual artistic excellence. Among those who will take part in the varied program are A. Roncovieri, Miss Ellie Ewing in a reading, Mrs. L. Leon, Mrs. Mabel Tourny White, Miss Cecil Cowles, Miss Helen Grey, Reginald Travers and Miss May Sullivan in "A Pair of Lunatics," Miss Gertrude Proll, "Billy" Hynes and Miss Nevada Hefron. Artists from all the leading dalies have contributed posters which will be auctioned. The hotel has donated everything needed for the performance and the new stage curtain will be seen for the first time. Mrs. Margaret C. May has been particularly active in making the preparations for the benefit. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Edward Robeson Taylor, Mrs. Richard Tobin, Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, Mrs. J. C. Meyerstein, Mrs. John Baker Jr., Mrs. L. V. Merle, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. James McNab, Mrs. Prentice Cobb Hale, Mrs. Charles J. Heggerty, Mrs. Julius Kahn, and many others. Martin V. Merle, the young playwright, who intended to leave for New York, has postponed his departure in order to help in the staging of the entertainment.

In the Social Spotlight

There was an interesting conference on good roads at the Montara Inn, Montara, last Saturday. Harr Wagner presided and C. B. Smith acted as secretary. Speeches were made by Supervisor Casey, J. B. Rogers, chief engineer of the Ocean Shore, J. F. Weinke, William S. Barnes and M. B. Johnson.

Mrs. Edward G. Schmeidell and Mrs. Seward Bailey McNear will be the hostesses at a large "buffet bridge" party on Thursday, October 7, at the Lagunitas Club in Ross Valley.

Lawrence W. Harris and his bride, formerly Lucy King, will return this week from their honeymoon and occupy their flat at Washington and Devisadero streets.

Mrs. Francis Carolan, who was in town at the St. Francis for several days last week, entertained a number of friends at a very pretty informal luncheon Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Sadler was hostess at bridge last Wednesday afternoon at the St. Francis. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Mrs. Lewis Risdon Meade. Among those present were Miss Talbot, Mrs. Carl Schilling, Misses Mills, Mrs. Harold Law, Miss Wilson, Miss Marian Lally, Miss Elizabeth Stetson, Mrs. Alexander de Bretville, Miss Helen Grey, Mrs. Chas. Plum, Miss Mabel Gregory and Mrs. Walter Scott.

The "Service Set" of the Fairmont has been rejoicing in the presence of three admirals during the past week. Admiral R. C. Halliday who has been in the Orient inspecting the various naval stations returned on the Mongolia and is at the Fairmont. He is accompanied by Mrs. Holliday. Rear Admiral W. C. Wise and Mrs. Wise arrived at the Fairmont from the East and Read Admiral T. F. Jewell and Mrs. Jewell came up from Del Monte where they have been spending the summer. The Jewells are rejoicing at a visit of their son, Commander C. T. Jewell, who is out on leave. Other additions to the "Service Set" are I. J. Brice, U. S. N., Leo. D. Marier and wife, U. S. N., F. T. Chambers, U. S. N., and A. G. Berry, U. S. N.

The arrival of the great liners from across the Pacific always brings a number of delightful people to the Fairmont, whose coming is usually the signal for a series of entertainments during their visit. Among those who arrived on the Mongolia were the A. F. Judds of Honolulu, who are accompanied by Mrs. A. H. Judd and Robbins B. Anderson, Honolulu. Another passenger of note was Mrs. P. Ritter, wife of the Swiss consul, who arrived from Tokio. With Mrs. Ritter are Miss L. Ritter and Master Ritter.

Mrs. Mary Thompson Deedy who has been residing in New York for the past six years has returned to the city and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sutcliff. Mrs. Deedy is a member of a prominent Southern family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore (Edna Davis) who have been residing in Belvedere since their marriage will come to town for the winter.

Charles Templeton Crocker was host at a dinner Saturday evening in the Hotel St. Francis, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Virginia Jolliffe and Miss Jennie Crocker. The party later enjoyed several hours at the theatre.

Mrs. A. H.-R. Schmidt and her son Herbert will leave in the near future for New York, sailing immediately for Paris, where they will spend the next few months.

W. A. Clark is up from Los Angeles and stopping at the St. Francis.

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Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Hellman and a party of friends have arrived at the St. Francis for a brief visit in town.

Miss Anna Weller will make Miss Ila Sontag the motif of a large tea in the Laurel Court at the Fairmont on Saturday, October 9. Miss Sontag is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sontag.

A recent enjoyable event was the luncheon given by Mrs. C. Probert at the Cliff House when twenty-five guests were bidden in honor of Mrs. C. Hickox.

Mrs. Joseph Hooper gave a luncheon and bridge party on Thursday at her home in Ross Valley. Several guests from San Rafael were present.

Mr. Alexander Heynemann, the well known attorney, who was recently operated upon for appendicitis has been removed from the Lane Hospital and is now convelescent at his home, 2508 Fillmore street and expects to be about shortly.

Miss Bina Moseley, the attractive young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Moseley, was the hostess on Thursday at an elaborate bridge party at the residence of her parents in Oakland. Miss Moseley will be one of the debutantes of the coming winter.

Last Tuesday evening Donald Maclean gave his first musicale this season at his studio, 1613 Green street, with the assistance of several of his pupils. A varied and attractive program was given including a magnificent rendering of Wotan's Abschied by Mr. Maclean.

All the buds and beaux are deeply interested in the coming-out dance which Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alston Williams will give in the very near future in honor of their daughter Miss Florence.

Among the recent arrivals at The Tavern of Tamalpais were Capt. W. J. Russell, C. C. Prior, Mrs. C. C. Prior, W. J. Regan, Mrs. Carrie Regan, D. E. Hayes, B. S. Esperset, Caroline Sutherland, Mrs. A. C. Kingbury, Mr. Rendel and wife, James Dunn and wife, Mrs. Will Pardy, John Macaually Ponnett, A. R. M. Blackhall, J. C. Spear and wife.

An enjoyable bridge party took place on Thursday at the residence of Mrs. G. Inness in San Rafael. Dainty refreshments and exquisite prizes closed a pleasant afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. B. Coryell, with Mrs. George Weller, of Morristown, N. J., arrived at Del Monte recently. Mr. Coryell is a well-known banker of Morristown

G. H. Arnold of San Francisco, son of a former manager of Hotel Del Monte, and his bride came to Del Monte on the 23d on their honeymoon trip.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Dr. H. F. Carolan of San Francisco went to Del Monte recently and were welcomed by Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and other friends.

Rear-Admiral T. F. Jewell, U. S. N., retired, Mrs. Jewell, and Commander C. T. Jewell, U. S. N., retired, after a long stay at Del Monte have left for Washington, D. C.

A party consisting of Katherine McLaughlin of Berkeley, Kilbourn Gordon of Washington, D. C., Minerva Bussenius, Turbese Lummis and Carl O. Bong of Los Angeles, spent two or three days at Del Monte as the guests of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the theatre, attending receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions should carry in her purse a booklet of **Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves.** This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes. It removes dirt, soot and grease from the face, imparting a cool delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of Five Cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8100, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FRANK VIERHUS, an Incompetent Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court duly given and made on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, CLARENCE CLAUDE VIERHUS, guardian of the person and estate of Frank Vierhus, an incompetent minor, will sell, at private sale, subject to confirmation by the said Court, all of the right, title and interest of the said estate, described as follows:

A two-ninths interest in that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-five (175) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of "I" Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of 12th Avenue Twenty five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the said Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Six Hundred and Sixty-two (662).

Said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1909; offers or bids to purchase the interest in said real estate or portions thereof, will be received by the undersigned, at room 508 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Gold coin of the United States, cash.

Dated, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1909.

CLARENCE CLAUDE VIERHUS,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Frank Vierhus, an Incompetent Minor.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal) H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALOISE GLESS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and Testament of ALOISE GLESS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALOISE GLESS, deceased.

JULES P. GLESS,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Aloise Gless, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 11, 1909.

A. COMTE Jr., Attorney for Executor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-11-5

Stage

Corinne in "Mlle. Mischief"

When Sydney Rosenfeld translated and adapted "Mlle. Mischief" for the benefit of the American stage, he paid an unnecessarily extravagant compliment to foreign genius. Were it not that the superiority of the light music of the continent of Europe has become more of a superstition than ever since the tremendous vogue of "The Merry Widow," I do not think that Rosenfeld would have assumed the fatigue of adaptation where original composition would have been just as easy and certainly more satisfactory. This is not to say that this Viennese operetta in which the delightful and perennial Corinne returns to us is unworthy or disappointing; it is simply to question the wisdom and patriotism, if you will, of seeking inspiration for our light opera in the scores and books of foreigners when there are so many Americans who can do just as well. It would be interesting to calculate just how many ambitious youths are at this present moment marching upon New York, with their hearts thumping heavily against the typewritten pages of operettas as good, if not better, than "Mlle. Mischief." Occasionally one arrives, not in New York merely, but in the innermost office of a Broadway manager, and we pluck up a little more courage anent the future of American music. But meanwhile the continent of Europe, to the inflamed managerial eye, swarms with undiscovered Lehars and in the tumultuous search for another masterpiece, "Mlle. Mischief" and other works that are certainly not masterpieces, are brought home and acclimated. It is as light as a sunmote, as inconsequential as froth, as illogical as a woman's reason, but withal bright, laughable and alluring. Its plot which moves from an artist's studio to an Austrian barracks with the ease of an aeroplane, suggests farce comedy more than comic opera, for it is altogether too tenuous to bind the three acts into anything like coherence. But the laughs are scattered with profusion, the lines, never bad, sometimes scintillate unexpectedly and taken all in all, the operetta, with the reservations which I have made in favor of native workmanship, deserves considerable praise. If it were more completely the work of Sydney Rosenfeld, I am almost certain it would be a better book and I have no doubt that the music too would have lost nothing of piquancy and lilt by having been also a matter of home industry. For Corinne who is no stranger to the theatre-lovers of this city, there are no words but those of compliment. The smile plays just as fetchingly as ever over her gleaming teeth and her snapping eyes; her patter is as saucily delivered; her dancing step has lost none of its light grace; and I think she has banted. She makes the most of the songs which are allotted to her, a generous and satisfying number; and her rosy personality dominates the stage in a manner an older and more experienced star might envy. The stage pictures in "Mlle. Mischief" are very pretty; the dancing girls foot it with unusual agility and skill; and the whole company is one about which it would be ungracious to utter complaint.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Billie Burke at the Van Ness

Billie Burke comes to the Van Ness Theatre on Monday evening in "Love Watches." Miss Burke is now making her first transcontinental tour as a star. She was nearly that when she came here with John Drew in "My Wife." Miss Burke owes her rapid rise in her profession to the power of an unusually charming personality. She has histrionic ability, too, but it is her charm that in two brief seasons has won her a popularity that others have worked a lifetime to acquire. "Love Watches" is said to be just the play to exhibit this pleasant quality in full force. Written by two French playwrights. Mm. de Flers and de Caillavet, and adapted by Miss Gladys Unger, a California girl, the plays tells a pretty story of an impulsive, wayward little French maid who loves a young man, tells him so and marries him. Then, learning that he has been a flirt in his recent bachelor days, her jealousy is aroused and she threatens that if he flirts again she will follow his example. How she tries to make good her threat, when she thinks her husband has deceived her, and how she fails in her attempt and rushes back to her husband's arms, more in love with him than ever, is all told in a delightful way. Miss Burke's company includes Vernon Steel, Ernest Lawford, Maude Odell, Kate Meek, Muriel Ashwynne and Stanley Dark. She will stay two weeks at the Van Ness, giving matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Cohan Show at Garrick

A brass-band, an organized baseball club and a fully equipped fire department are some of the features that go to make up the Geo. M. Cohan rural musical success, "Fifty Miles from Boston" that starts its week's engagement at the Garrick Sunday afternoon. The usual midweek matinees on Thursday and Saturday will be given. Cohan's latest abounds in laughable episodes, sparkling dialogue, fascinating ensembles and charming song numbers of the true Cohan kind. The story deals with the robbery of a postoffice at Brookfield, the fastening of the blame upon the brother of the postmistress to force her into a marriage, the return of the baseball hero after winning an intercollegiate game for Harvard and village politics. The song hits include such well-known numbers as "My Small Town Gal," "Harrigan,"

GRACE KING

With "Fifty Miles from Boston" at the Garrick.

"Aint it Awful," "Jack and Jill" and "Boys Who Fight the Flames." The company is under Cohan management and is most competent. The benefit committee of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum have selected the Monday night performance of "Fifty Miles from Boston" as their benefit, and this worthy cause is expected to profit greatly by the result.

More of "Sweet Kitty"

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will be started on its second and last week in the Alcazar next Monday evening. That it would exceed the customary seven days' run was assured by the success of its initial presentation, for everyone who then witnessed it went forth to announce that it eclipsed its production last season in both acting and staging. In theatricals as in everything else nothing succeeds like success, and the best advertisers of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" are the folk who have seen it, for they are advising their friends to embrace the opportunity it affords to enjoy a dramatic treat such as is seldom offered. That is how the Alcazar came to be filled to capacity at every performance of the David Belasco play since last Monday evening and why no cessation of the clamor for admittance is yet in sight. White the wonderfully effective work of Evelyn Vaughan in the title role is more largely responsible than anything else for the success of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" the acting of the other principal people, the elaborate scenic effects, the beautiful costumes and the cleverly-drawn situations and bright lines of the play itself are no less important factors. No such lavishness in pecuniary outlay has ever been attempted by any other stock theatre management anywhere as Belasco and Mayer have invested in the production of this dramatic gem; seldom has San Francisco been visited by a "road show" presenting such perfection of histrionic and pictorial detail as is shown in the Alcazar's presentation of "Sweet Kitty."

Big Bill for the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill of acts that have been headliners wherever they have appeared. James Young, assisted by Lorayne Osborne and Robert Strauss, will present a one act college play called "When Love is Young," which is said to be a condensed version of Rita Johnson Young's comedy "Brown of Harvard." Some years ago Mr. Young was the youngest Shakespearean actor in this country, and of late he has been the principal male support of Viola Allen and other distinguished exponents of the classic drama. Miss Mary Norman will introduce her clever monologue, "Some Types of Woman." It presents incidents from the lives of several prominent actresses behind the scenes. The Boston school teacher and the society buds of New York, Chicago and San Francisco are cleverly, amusingly and faithfully caricatured by Miss Norman. Ed. F. Reynard, who is styled "The Ventriloquist with a production," will perform an entire play with the assistance of his automatons. Pilu is also on the bill. Pilu is the quaint name of an extraordinary dog brought to this country by Signor D. Ancillotti, a famous European animal trainer. Pilu will give his so-called demonstration of mind reading. While Ancillotti is in the auditorium receiving questions from those about him, this remarkable canine answers from the stage without any perceptible exchange of code or signal from his master. The Big City Quartette, the Myosotis Sisters, Henry Clive, and that inimitable comedienne and character actress, Edna Aug, will conclude their engagements with next week. A series of novel motion pictures will be the finale.

SCENE FROM "MLLE. MISCHIEF" AT THE VALENCIA.

MARY NORMAN
The famous society caricaturist and entertainer who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Return of the Philippine Band

It will be welcome news to all music-lovers that the Philippine Constabulary Band, which was received with such enthusiasm last February, will give four more concerts in the Dreamland Rink before sailing for Manila next Tuesday. Since playing at the Taft inauguration they have had great success in the principal cities of the east. The conductor, Captain Walter Howard Loving, is regarded as one of the great teachers and leaders of the country. The band will give concerts in the Dreamland Rink on Sunday, October 3, and Monday, October 4, at 3:30 and 8:15. For the Monday matinee, at which popular prices will prevail, the first part of the program will be given by the organization as a brass band and the second part by the same players acting as a symphony orchestra. Among the orchestral numbers that will be performed are Delibes' intermezzo "Naila" and Greig's "Peer Gynt Suite."

Louis Mann Comedy at Ye Liberty

Next week the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will offer one of the best rural comedies the stage has ever known in "All on Account of Eliza," the farcical play in which Louis Mann and his talented wife, Clara Lipman, starred for several seasons. It was written by Leo Dietrichstein, who gave us "Are You a Mason?", "Before and After" and several other successes. The scenes of the comedy are laid in a small New England town, it is peopled with character types and is filled with clean, wholesome, typical American humor. George Friend assumes the principal comedy role, an old German, the part played by Louis Mann, and Sydney Ayres will be congenially cast as his son, whose love affair with a pretty little school teacher from New York City forms the plot of the play. Although the piece is written mainly for laughing purposes, the love interest is delightfully interwoven and is strong enough to hold the interest till its happy conclusion. In addition to Mr. Ayres and Mr. Friend, Henry Shumer, Robert Harrison, George Webster, William Wolbert, Robert Lawler, May Clement, Laura Hudson, Edith Lyle, Mrs. Mina Gleason and the other Liberty favorites will assist in the fun making. After "All on Account of Eliza," the Bishop Players will give the first Oakland presentation of "The Halfbreed," a Western drama by Harry D. Cottrell and Oliver Morosco which has met with popular favor in all the stock houses throughout the country.

Distinguished Actor at Orpheum

James Young, who will be seen in a sketch at the Orpheum next week, is not only an interesting stage personality, but engages attention on account of his distinguished family connections. A native of Baltimore, his father is a State Senator of Maryland and one of the pillars of the old-school democracy the claims of which he supports as the editor and publisher of the Baltimore Telegram. This paper by the way was established by the great-grandfather of the vaudeville star. Young has supported Viola Allen, Richard Mansfield and other great actors and is considered a fine interpreter of Shakespearean character. He is the husband of Rida Johnson Young who wrote "Brown of Harvard," "The Boys of Company B" and the new comedy, "The Lottery."

Great Hit at Valencia

Corinne, with the New York production of "Mlle. Mischief," has made a great hit and large audiences are in evidence at the Valencia Theatre. The Shuberts have surrounded Corinne with a company of high capacity

BILLIE BURKE
In "Love Watches" at the Van Ness Theatre.

and the chorus is a capable gathering of singers and dancers, the girls being particularly good-looking and of good voices. The singing of the ensemble numbers shows splendid management and the production is a lavish one. There will be performances of "Mlle. Mischief" this Saturday afternoon and evening and all next week, including the Wednesday matinee, when there is a slight reduction in prices. On Sunday evening, October 11, George Fawcett will appear at the Valencia Theatre in "The Great John Ganton."

A New Tully Play

During Portola week Manager Harry W. Bishop will give the initial production at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, of a new play by Richard Walton Tully entitled "Cupid, the Cow-Punch." Tully is the California

DOWN THE CHUTES.

dramatist who gained considerable renown through "The Rose of the Rancho," in which he collaborated with David Belasco after it had been successfully produced at Ye Liberty in Oakland and the Majestic Theatre in this city under the title of "Juanita of San Juan"; and also through his college farce, "A Strenuous Life." His new play is based upon the novel of the same name by Eleanor Gates, his wife, which ran as a serial through the Saturday Evening Post and afterwards appeared in book form. "Cupid, the Cow-Punch" is essentially a Western play, but one entirely different from any previously seen, and its appearance will be awaited with interest by playgoers of both sides of the bay.

More Fun at the Chutes

New acrobatic acts, promenade concerts, novel fun devices, the popular free theatre with a complete change of program and many other features to be seen for the first time by patrons will constitute Sunday's offering at the New Chutes. The open-air entertainment will be headed by the Arnold troupe of Australian gymnasts and the De Valle trio of acrobats. They will perform afternoon and evening from the bandstand during the concert intermissions. One of the latest fads with Chutes patrons is the "North Pole Expedition." Hundreds have taken the trip during the past week and new features have been introduced on the ice-field route for the benefit of Sunday explorers. The latest songs of the day done into concerted arrangements will be the feature of the California State Band concerts. Four of the soloists will be heard afternoon and evening.

In the Limelight

There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees during the Billie Burke engagement at the Van Ness. The advance sale of seats for the first week is one of the largest of the season and ranks with that of "The Merry Widow."

Following Billie Burke at the Van Ness will be seen the great dramatic triumph, "The Third Degree," the work of Charles Klein, author of "The Lion and The Mouse."

Early attractions at the Van Ness are "The Third Degree," "The Traveling Salesman," Victor Moore in "The Talk of New York" and George M. Cohan in his latest work "The Yankee Prince."

DREAMLAND RINK
Steiner St., near Sutter

PHILIPPINES CONSTABULARY BAND

Sunday and Monday, October 3d and 4th
At 3:30 and 8:15 p. m.

Admission - - - - - - - - - 50 Cents
Reserved Seats - - - - - - 75 Cents and $1.00

Reserved Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's store

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove
Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgr.
Phone Market 500
Two Weeks Beginning Monday, October 4,
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Charles Frohman Presents
BILLIE BURKE
In an Exquisite Comedy
"LOVE WATCHES"
By R. de Flers and G. de Caillavet, Adapted by Gladys Unger.
As Played by Miss Burke for Six Months at the Lyceum Theatre, New York

VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, near Thirteenth
Phone Market 17
This Saturday Afternoon and Evening and All Next Week
Including Wednesday Matinee, Farewell Appearances
Sam. S. and Lee Shubert, (Inc.), Offer the Effervescent Musical Comedy Star
CORINNE, in the Rollicking and Tuneful Success
MLLE. MISCHIEF
Evening and Saturday Matinee Prices, $1.50 to 50c.
Wednesday Matinee, 25c to $1.00.
Monday, October 11—George Fawcett in "The Great John Ganton."

The Garrick (Former Orpheum) ELLIS AT FILLMORE PHONE - WEST 1194
One Week, Starting Matinee Tomorrow (Sunday)
Matinee Also on Thursday and Saturday.
Cohan and Harris's Comedians in Geo. M. Cohan's Convincing Play
FIFTY MILES FROM BOSTON
50 Players 50
Prices, 25c to $1.00. Seats Now on Sale.
Next "The Girl Question."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE Cor. Sutter and Steiner
Class "A" Building
Phone West 1400
BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Monday Evening, October 4, Starts the Second and Last Week of
David Belasco's Delightful Heart Comedy
SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS
Founded on Egerton Castle's Book, "The Bath Comedy"
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

NEW ORPHEUM O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
Phone Douglas 70
Saiest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE
JAMES YOUNG and Co. in the one act College Yell "When Love is Young"; MARY NORMAN in "Some Types of Woman"; ED. F. REYNARD, the Ventriloquist; PILU, the Mind Reading Dog introduced by Sig. D. Ancillotti; BIG CITY QUARTETTE; LES MYOSOTIS; HENRY CLIVE; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week of EDNA AUG, the Comedienne in "Types."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE Oakland, Cal.
Direction H. W. Bishop
Week of Monday, October 4th. Every Evening
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
BISHOP'S PLAYERS PRESENT
ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA
Louis Mann's Best Comedy Success.
Same Popular Prices: 25c and 50c. Entire House. All Performances.
Next "The Halfbreed."

NEW CHUTES Fillmore, Eddy, Turk and Webster
Open Morning, Afternoon and Night
SUNDAY AND ALL NEXT WEEK
TAMING THE UNTAMABLE WALLACE, Frank Hall, the Noted Lion Tamer Will Attempt to Subdue the King of the Old Chutes Zoo; Added Attraction, ARNOLDE TROUPE, Wonderful Australian Gymnasts; 12—Other Free Attractions—12; Band Concerts Every Afternoon and Night.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

Formal Attire

The Colonial frock or English walking coat is popular and economical, and will always remain so, owing to the fact that, provided the material be dark, this suit can be worn almost anywhere for semi-dress informal day affairs. The material suitable for such a suit is of a dark grey mixed cloth either plain or with some indistinct pattern in it. For formal day dress, however, the plain Oxford grey or black coat and vest and the striped trousers are the very proper thing. A great many prefer the entire suit made of the same cloth and at

FOR FORMAL DAY DRESS.

present it is considered the best form, besides giving one, with the aid of a light waistcoat and a striped pair of trousers, four changes:

1. The suit in its entirety.
2. Coat and trousers with light waistcoats.
3. Coat and waistcoat, dark, with striped trousers.
4. Coat, light waistcoat and striped trousers.

In England, as the plate will show, coat, waistcoat and trousers are the vogue. The really smart morning coat at the present time is often trimmed with braid. A silk hat should accompany such a suit for formal occasions. The coat should be cut rather long and gracefully rounded over the thighs. As seen in the illustration, it thus makes a smart appearance. The morning coat at present is more than a rival for the frock coat and can be worn for formal afternoon occasions of all kinds. San Franciscans have kept away from this modish suit to some extent, for the last three years, but since the city has come back to its own, more attention is being paid to proper attire and the demand for this suit has been very large this season.

Proper Overcoats

In the lead for dress is probably the Chesterfield, cut large with either full back or moderate shaped back. This coat can be worn in various lengths, from the knee down to 2 or 3 inches above the ankle. Various materials are used for this model, Banokburns, Donegal Tweeds, Vicunas and even Meltons. The fancy fabrics are more for promenade or street wear and the darker fabrics for formal or dress affairs. It is perfectly proper, however, to wear fancy fabrics over the dress suits. There are different models in Chesterfield overcoats, and the newest and by far the prettiest is the Through Chesterfield. This model differs from the ordinary Chesterfield in that it has no fly, but the button holes are cut through the front. It has a very small side belt which causes the folds to drop gracefully at back and side. This for a street coat is without doubt the handsomest model shown.

Chin Coats

Then comes the protector or chin coat, an illustration of which will be found below. This coat will be worn more this season, than during previous seasons on account of its practical sides. It can be used as a rain coat and protects the most vital

THE CHESTERFIELD.

part of the body, the chest, and prevents one from getting cold. If worn as a dress overcoat, it keeps the collar and shirt immaculate. It can also be used as an auto coat. This protector or chin coat is a great improvement on any coat heretofore shown. Then there is the double breasted chin coat which can be worn either open or closed. There are also shown in good shops a new English rain and auto coat called the Piccadilly. This coat is made of fine mohair outside and silk and rubber inside. It is made to button to the neck and is about the only garment for men's wear that the English can make better than Americans. In view of the fact that there are a great many functions within a short time, such as the Taft banquet, we shall in our next issue write on full dress and dinner attire.

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PHONE FRANKLIN 2810

BEECH-NUT BACON

Beech-Nut Bacon appeals to the housewife, because it can be used in such a variety of ways. The "Beech-Nut Brand" Bacon has a distinctive flavor, just the right proportion of fat and lean meat, and is sliced thinner and more uniform than you can do it by hand. When next ordering groceries include a jar.

35c each...$3.75 doz...3 for $1.00.

L. D. McLEAN CO.

IMPORTERS AND GROCERS

1158-1168 Sutter St. San Francisco

Halley's Comet

(Continued from Page 9.)

cepted until quite recently by secular historians on the strength of the following paragraph in Platina's Lives of the Pontiffs, published in Venice in 1479: "A hairy and fiery comet having then made its appearance for several days, as the mathematicians declared that there would follow a grievous pestilence, dearth, and some great calamity, Calixtus—to avert the wrath of God—ordered supplications, that if the evils were impending for the human race, He would turn all upon the Turks, the enemies of the Christian name. He likewise ordered, to move God by continual entreaty, that notice should be given by the bells to all the faithful at midday to aid by their prayers those engaged in battle with the Turk." From this statement there developed in the course of time the story of the bull of excommunication; but critical examination of the carefully preserved papal cartularies and of the records of the most ancient sees in Christendom has failed to supply any corroboration for the story, even in the modified form in which Platina first narrated it. The fulminations of the papal power have never been hurled at Halley's comet.

Although the comet pays its visits to the earth with mathematical regularity, it does not always blaze with the same brilliancy. There have been times when it stretched its flaming course halfway athwart the heavens; but at other visitations, it has been nothing but an arrow of feeble light. The visitation of 1456 was the most brilliant of which there are any records; it came then with a train of seventy degrees which gave it a brilliance thirty-five times as great as that of Orion's belt and it remained visible for one month. It is still to be ascertained just how much of an illumination the comet will favor us with this visit.

Science is waiting eagerly for its nearer approach. A satisfactory theory of the nature of comets remains to be evolved. Armed, not merely with the most powerful of telescopes, but also with the spectroscope and apparatus for taking celestial photographs, the astronomers of the world are prepared to record the coming of the comet as it has never been recorded before in the world's history. Its travels will be noted, its picture will be taken and its component parts will be analyzed. The fear and the trembling with which its approach was formerly heralded have given place to a scientific enthusiasm which assures the comet the heartiest of welcomes.

Anesthetics Fifty Years Ago

(Continued from Page 11.)

boiled away in it (the sponge). As oft as there shall be need of it, place this sponge in hot water for an hour, and let it be applied to the nostrils of him who is to be operated upon, until he has fallen asleep; and so let the surgery be performed."

All through the centuries, down to the time chloroform and ether were used, constant reference was made to anesthetics, but they seem to have been rarely employed—probably because they had proved fatal in many cases.

The Greeks and Romans were familiar with hemp, but only as a narcotic. But Hoa-tho, a Chinese physician who lived during the reign of Wei, about 230 B. C., used it as an anesthetic.

During the last century mesmerism was used as an anesthetic to a large extent in India and in some cases in England. In India the first recorded case occurred in 1845, and in a pamphlet published in 1852 Dr. Esdaile wrote an account of 261 operations that he had performed on patients while they were under the influence of mesmerism. The Indian government appointed a commission to investigate Dr. Esdaile's work, with the result that he was placed in charge of a hospital at Calcutta, that he might "extend his investigation as to the applicability of this alleged agency to all descriptions of cases, medical as well as surgical, and on all classes of patients, European as well as native." Later he was appointed a presidency-surgeon of Calcutta, and a mesmeric hospital, supported by public subscription, was placed under his superintendence.

At about the same time a number of successful experiments with mesmerism were made in Europe. But the practitioners found themselves broken in health by reason of this use of their powers. Dr. Esdaile had the same experience. At this time the use of various sorts of gases was begun with varying results. As was the case with chloroform, the United States was the scene of the first real experiments. Horace Wells, a surgeon-dentist of Hartford, Connecticut, heard a lecture in 1844 on the inhalation of gas and tried it on some of his patients, whose teeth were drawn without pain. Then he induced the faculty of the Boston Medical College to allow him to demostrate the efficacy of gas at their institution. The first patient on whom it was proposed to try it was a man who was to have his leg cut off; he lost his nerve, however, and refused to consent. This prejudiced the faculty against Dr. Well, but he was allowed to try the gas in the drawing of a tooth. The patient said that he felt some pain, whereupon Dr. Wells was overwhelmed with ridicule. He went back to home broken-hearted, gave up dentistry, took to taxidermy for a living, then engaged in various other pursuits until 1848, when, his mind becoming unsettled, he committed suicide. He died just as the world was beginning to realize the benefit of anesthetics that resulted from his experiments.

A Want Ad.—A cook, who desires to go to the country, can find an employer who would be glad to accompany her.

Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

This perfection is obtained only by owning our own plantation in Turkey—the careful watchfulness from the seeding to the finished article.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

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No better or more comfortable way than the

SUNSET ROUTE

Between San Francisco and New Orleans

Through the orange groves of Southern California---the cotton and rice fields of the balmy South

Drawing-room sleepers---berths---sections---drawing-rooms. Dining service unequaled. Observation car---open-air rotunda---ladies' parlor---gentlemen's cafe---library. Personally conducted tourist excursion parties to Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans and Washington every week.

Write for WAYSIDE NOTES ALONG THE SUNSET ROUTE---Tells in detail of the attractions of the Southern Route

SOUTHERN PACIFIC *Ticket Offices* FLOOD BUILDING MARKET STREET FERRY DEPOT 13th and FRANKLIN STS., OAKLAND

Auto Notes

Superior Judge Walter J. Trask of Los Angeles, who has been driving a Studebaker "40" for several months, has placed his order for another of these cars which he will use for pleasure only.

Mr. H. O. Cummins, the prominent mining engineer, accompanied by William Hale, of Redding, has just made a trip from that city in Cummins' Buick "White Streak," to the mining camp of Kennett. Upon arriving at their destination, after climbing over what were practically no roads at all, Cummins learned that his little Buick "White Streak" was the first automobile that ever succeeded in reaching the upper smelter town. About one month ago Harvey Sallee succeeded in going as far as Coram in his big touring car, but never before has an automobile been beheld by the citizens of Kennett upon their streets, and it is needless to say that no small amount of interest was manifested by them.

Dr. J. N. Chain, of Eureka, is again in the city after a tour of over 1500 miles through Northern California and

HOT SALT SPRING AT BYRON SPRINGS
The Mecca of Automobilists

Oregon in his Buick "White Streak." The worst road encountered on the entire trip was through Cow Creek Canyon between Grants Pass and Rossburg, Oregon, where for a distance of fifty miles very slow progress was made. From Crescent City, California, to Cummings, Dr. Chain reports splendid roads which are smooth and hard permitting fast time being made. From Cummings to Capello the roads are full of ruts which are covered with deep dust, thereby entirely eliminating the element of pleasure from touring between these points and rendering impossible any attempt at speed.

A. L. Garford, superintendent of the Studebaker-Garford factory, who has been visiting the coast for the past few days, left yesterday for Salt Lake City, his last stop out west. While here Garford stated that activity in the automobile industry was greater in the west than in any other part of the country and that San Francisco was the vortex of the activities.

The Pioneer Automobile Company is in receipt of the following telegram from the Hudson Motor Car Company: Detroit, Mich., Sept. 20, 1909. "Just received wire from Amos Pierce Auto Co., Syracuse, N. Y., as follows: 'Hanna driving Hudson demonstrator wins five mile event for cars selling twelve hundred and fifty dollars and under, in five-forty-five, from standing start, defeating two Maxwell specials, making best time in any five mile event except Oldfield in Benz. One twenty horsepower racer at Syracuse State Fair grounds, one mile circular track.'" Also of the following message, from Richmond, Va.: Ray driving Model K. Chalmers-Detroit wins city of Richmond cup in fifty mile free for all. Time 1:02:55. Also Lexington Hotel Cup for fastest mile. Time 1:12, breaking track record. Gordon Motor Co."

Several specially ordered cars of the Studebaker make are en route to the coast from the Studebaker-Garford factory, according to Chester N. Weaver, general manager of the local Studebaker branch now at South Bend, Ind. One of these is for the Hellman estate of Southern California. This last machine for the Hellmans makes the fifth that has been purchased by the members of that family during the past year. Finished in green and gold a Studebaker "30" is also en route to this city for Mrs. Emma Summers. No car has ever been finished in this style before by the Studebakers and it is expected that when this machine is delivered here it will attract considerable attention. It is of the roadster type and embodies all the latest improvements of the designer.

Jack Johnson, champion heavy weight pugilist, who owns and drives two Chalmers-Detroit cars, is having one of them overhauled and put in condition preparatory to entering the races next Saturday and Sunday at Santa Rosa. This car has already been run some ten thousand miles, but its owner knows it will give a good account of itself.

The Pioneer Automobile Company reports the sale during the last three days of Chalmers-Detroit and Hudson cars to the following: S. Y. Cockrun, Fresno; R. H. Phillips, Fresno; C. A. Day, H. Y. Maundrell, S. P. Stormer; Frank Cox, Westley, and Dr. Trueblood.

UNION LUMBER COMPANY

Redwood and Pine Lumber

Railroad Ties, Telegraph Poles, Shingles, Split Shakes, etc.

CROCKER BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Yards and Planing Mills—6th and Channel Streets

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Although a comparatively new product, Zerolene has been more severely tested under all conditions than many other lubricants, and, distinctly better than any of these, has triumphed in every test.

ZEROLENE

Auto Lubricating Oil

lubricated the winning Thomas car in the famous New York to Paris race, also the Protos and Zust cars which ran second and third. Zerolene proved its perfect lubricating and non-carbonizing qualities, and its zero-working ability in the most severe tests to which a lubricating oil has ever been put.

Zerolene is the only "all round" oil that serves all types of cylinders and bearings. There is only one kind of Zerolene, produced in only one place in the world. Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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Sold by dealers everywhere.

Write for booklet, "21,000 miles with Zerolene." Free.

PIONEER

Automobile Co.

Booking orders for early delivery on 1910 Model Hudson Runabouts, Chalmers-Detroit 30's and 40's and all types of Thomas Flyers. Sample Cars will be on exhibition at our salesrooms within three weeks from date.

901 GOLDEN GATE AVE., SAN FRANCISCO

188 Twelfth St., Oakland **1222 I Street, Fresno**

ORDER OF SALE OF CERTAN REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES HARRINGTON, Incompetent.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Mary Harrington, the guardian of the person and estate of JAMES HARRINGTON, incompetent, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said incompetent and that it is for the best interest of said incompetent and necessary that such real estate should be sold;

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said incompetent and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 11th day of October, 1909, at ten o'clock, at the Courtroom of this Court, in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for at least three successive weeks before the said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, September 2, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

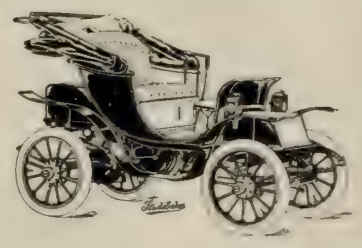
HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Guardian,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-11-4

Letters

Vivid Stage Story

Despite the number of novels dealing with stage life and all the biographies and autobiographies of stars and the deliberate exposures by stage managers of the tricks and illusions of their trade, there yet remained much to be said. In "The Bill Toppers" Andre Castaigne has given us an illuminating series of pictures of the seamy underside of the vaudeville stage and the making of "artistes"; and any stage-struck miss who, despising the warning fore finger of other monitors, reads "The Bill Toppers" and still persists in her desire will deserve whatever success she may attain, for if she has not genius she most certainly will have the industry that persists despite discouragement. Lily Clifton is the abiding figure in this story, the one whom we have always with us, but others appear and disappear and reappear as fortuitous circumstances direct, meeting for a moment and parting for years, carrying back and forth the gossip and chance stories picked up in London, in Berlin, in Sydney, in San Francisco, in Calcutta or Caracas or Santiago. Lily's father began his self-supporting career as a small clerk. He took up bicycling when the wheel was introduced, became a professional rider, invented and perfected a few tricks which he taught his wife, and imparted to their child as soon as she was old enough to make an appearance and then joined a circus. At four years of age Lily's earliest recollection was "I was sitting on Ma's shoulders and Ma on Pa's and Pa on the bike." At eight she had confused and jumbled recollections of New Zealand, Australia, India, the Strait Settlements, Cape Town, Natal and other ends of the earth, and at that age she was "the New Zealander on Wheels," with Ma retired, Pa acting as her manager, and herself, graduated from the circus to the music hall, the sole support of the Clifton family. Pa Clifton really believed his little daughter an infant phenomenon, and Ma was most pleased to be relieved from responsibility and exertion. Clifton thought his Lily needed but to be seen to be appreciated and that the whisper of her accomplishments would bring American, English and Continental managers to his door in supplication, and he set out to make his dreams accomplished facts. America was his first goal and San Francisco gave him his first back set, for instead of scanning his photographs and posters, the managers and agents demanded his birth certificate and quoted the law against infant performers. Mexico was more liberal, and he turned his back on our inhospitable shores. Up to this time he had been all kindness and admiration of his wonderful child, but down near the borderline he received the real blow to his vanity. The train halted at an out-door exhibition at which there appeared a trick bicyclist performing with ease stunts that Pa Clifton had never so much as dreamed of. He was forced to admit that his Lily knew nothing at all and her Pa no more, but he lost no time in coming to terms with "Trampy," who was to accompany them to Mexico and teach the child. Then began hard times. No longer was she the spoiled darling, but the victim of her father's ambition. Early in the morning she was waked with the call of "Come along Lily, to work," and in the middle of the forenoon, when Pa had exhausted himself with his coaching, the unfortunate mite was passed over to her trainer. Afternoon saw a renewal of the practice, and the plaintive wail, "Pa, I can't! Pa, I can't," was met with the buckle end of a belt and the rejoinder, "But you MUST, my little lady." In Denver Lily was permitted to perform her "childish tricks," nothing difficult or dangerous, of course not; and again in Chicago, Pittsburg, but New York again demanded birth certificates. London, and now we begin to see the real thing. Pa decided to take apprentices and manage a troupe, and the whole miserable business of securing the unfortunate little waifs, beating them into shape and defrauding them at every turn is put before us. The "Woolly Legs," the "New Zealanders on Wheels," though younger, are typical of the stage "families," "sisters," and "groups," virtually the property of their managers, often relatives who might be expected to show some consideration for their own flesh and blood. They are carefully enough guarded, never permitted to make acquaintances or intimacies, but the solicitude is not for their morals or manners—only a precaution lest they form attachments which will disintegrate combinations and reduce profits. It is a curious picture—on the one side the girls, mere children, permitting freedoms of speech and action which would horrify the outside world and on the other a lack of sophistication which would put a normal ten-year-old out of countenance. Girls earning literal fortunes for their elders but content to stitch their own cheap stage finery and ecstatic over a bit of six-penny tinsel jewelry; knowledge that should be withheld from them for years on the tips of their tongues, but comprehension of it beyond their understanding; and the boastings, the conquests, the contracts, the gifts, all built upon trivial occurrences or out of pure imagination; then the fears of competition, of stolen stunts, of new attractions, of idle weeks and spiteful stage managers and untrustworthy agents; the reckless extravagances and the heart-breaking economies, the superstitions, and above all the haunting specter of old-age overtaking one in a profession where only the young are at home or of disablement and pauperism. Lily Clifton was, on the whole rather a good sort. In a different environment, with rational care and consideration her natural instincts towards refinement would have developed her into a conventional if not a narrow-minded young lady. As it was, she saw the seamy side of life too closely, and the viciously vituperative tongue of Ma, afraid that her provider would be spirited away, and the ambition of Pa, who treated her more and more as a machine to be wound up to a certain pitch, together with her lack of sophistication, her absence of suspicion, led her to attempt to escape from one misery only to plunge into another—to run away from the brutality at home only to find herself domesticated with another variety of the same thing; and though she skates near enough to the brink of the abyss, she manages to clear it by a narrow margin, thanks to Jimmy, electrician on the boat by which she journeyed to England when she was "that high"—Jimmy, despised as a "Josser," but with the inventive brain and mechanical skill, who rises to be a "Bill Topper," and to place Lily at the top of all bill-toppers, a veritable star amongst the stars. No doubt there will be endless controversy as to the truth and fairness of Mr. Castaigne's pictures, but there is no question as to their vividness and convincingness to those who know the life from the front of the footlights only. No on who reads the story can fail to regard the vaudeville stars with greater consideration than before, and it is certainly a strong plea for the retirement of the infant phenomena. Illustrations are by the author. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

The Pacific Motor Car Company will exhibit at the Automobile Show two very attractive Electric Cars, one with a closed brome type and the other an open car. They will also exhibit a six-cylinder Chassis of their Stevens-Duryea Model. This same polished Chassis was exhibited at the New York Show.



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Victoria-Phaetons and Coupes for immediate delivery

Fremont at Mission

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,

vs.

JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

10-9-2

A Domestic Eye Remedy

Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Law. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes. It Soothes.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5577, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANASTASIA FEELEY, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ANASTASIA FEELEY, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Executor, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest and all other right, title or interest which said estate now has or may hereafter acquire in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet Westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Bryant Avenue, or Street, with the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Forty-seven (147).

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of October, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Eight Hundred and Fifty ($850.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, September 15, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sep. 15, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Wilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney at Law,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased—No.8259— Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Breen & Kelly, Attorneys at Law and Attorneys for said Administratrix, at their office, Rooms 1109-1110 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, deceased.

MARGARET M. NOLAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William H. Nolan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 31, 1909.

BREEN & KELLY, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, Deceased—No. 8189, Deptartment 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, deceased.

RICHARD GEORGE MORAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth Moran, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Administrator,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will of ELLEN HOGAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, R. F. Morgan, No. 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOGAN, deceased.

MARY E. HOGAN and WILLIAM A. HOGAN,
Executors of the Last Will of Ellen Hogan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

R. F. MORGAN, Attorney for Executors,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA DANERI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LAURA DANERI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

EUGENIA DANERI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Laura Daneri, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, Deceased—No. 8366, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Matthew H. McManus, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, 545 Mills Building, at the Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased.

MATTHEW H. McMANUS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Livermore, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executor,
Room 545 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-05-2

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4975, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PIERCE FEELEY, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Administrator of the Estate of PIERCE FEELEY, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Administrator, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest in the following described lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet Westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Bryant Avenue, or Street, with the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Forty-seven (147).

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of October, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Three Hundred and Fifty ($350.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, September 15, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sep. 15, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Wilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney at Law,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, 912 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
Administrator of the Estate of Louis Hirsch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES B. STETSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Harry N. Stetson, Executor of the Will of JAMES B. STETSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Deamer & Stetson, being said Executor and his attorney, at Room No. 926, Mills Building, at the northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. STETSON, deceased.

HARRY N. STETSON,
Executor of the Will of James B. Stetson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

WILLIAM W. DEAMER, Attorney for Executor,
926 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5950, N. S. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, (also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of CAROLINA DEMATTEI, administratrix of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell a part of the estate of said deceased in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or may accrue hereafter during the administration of said estate and that it will be to the best interest, advantage and benefit of said estate and of all the persons interested therein.

It is ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof in the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said County and State, on the 3rd day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all that part of the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein which said part of said parcel of real property is described as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street distant thereon Two Hundred (200) feet Northwesterly from the Northwesterly line of Silliman Street; running thence Northwesterly and along said Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street and the point of commencement.

Being part of Lot No. 1 in Block No. 37, University Homestead Association.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated, this 27th day of September, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 27, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS, Attorneys for Petitioner,
806 Bank of Italy Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8275, New Series, Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LILLIAN T. SCOTT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Lamasney and Mrs. C. M. Haley, Executrices of the last will and testament of the above named Lillian T. Scott, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of September, 1909), to the said Mary Lamasney and Mrs. C. M. Haley, executrices of the last will and testament of said Lillian T. Scott, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Lillian T. Scott, deceased.

MARY LAMASNEY,
MRS. C. M. HALEY,
Executrices of the Last Will and Testament of said Lillian T. Scott. Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 18, 1909.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, and JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorneys for said Executrices,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE RENEWED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased,

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and appear in this Court in Department 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, San Francisco, on Thursday, the 7th day of October, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have why the said Charles G. Lyman as such executor should not join with Edith A. E. Lyman, E. K. Clarke, also known as Edward K. Clarke, also known as Edward Kane Clarke, and Charlotte H. Wright, in making, executing and delivering to Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, a promissory note or notes in writing, in the sum of $40,422.27, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum, likewise joining the three said last named persons in making, executing and delivering to the said Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, a mortgage as security for said promissory note or notes, upon the following described real estate, situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street with the easterly line of Jones Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Jones Street sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles easterly and along the northerly line of Cottage Place seventy (70) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle westerly along said southerly line of Jones Street seventy (70) feet, six (6) inches to the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 223.

Reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein for further particulars.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in said City and County.

Dated this 30th day of August, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8276, New Series, Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM RYAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Thomas P. Ryan, executor of the last will and testament of the above named William Ryan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of September, 1909), to the said Thomas P. Ryan, executor of the last will and testament of said William Ryan, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said William Ryan, deceased.

THOMAS P. RYAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of William Ryan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 18, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT, and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for said Executor,
Flood Building, San Francisco, California. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Administrator of the Estate of Marie Emma La Faille, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 18, 1909.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Estate,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3762 N. S., Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MICHAEL DUFFY, Deceased.

JOSEPH A. STULZ, Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL DUFFY, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of said deceased, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth.

And such petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 5th day of October, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, San Francisco, this 25th day of August, A. D., 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 25, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Buildings, San Francisco, Cal. 9-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18016.

MARGARET J. GILMARTIN, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of MARGARET J. GILMARTIN, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NUMBER ONE

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Green Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventeen (117) feet and seven and one-fifth (7 1-5) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Franklin Street; running thence Easterly and along said Northerly line of Green Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel to Green Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the said Northerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 96.

PARCEL NUMBER TWO

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "C" Street, distant thereon thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth (25th) Avenue; running thence Westerly along said Northerly line of "C" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Land Block No. 356.

PARCEL NUMBER THREE

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Forty-fourth (44) Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of "T" Street; running thence Southerly along said Westerly line of Forty-fourth (44) Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Outside Land Block No. 1153.

PARCEL NUMBER FOUR

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twenty-first Avenue, distant two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet Southerly from the Southeasterly corner of "A" Street and Twenty-first Avenue; running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Twenty-first Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the place of beginning. The same being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Three Hundred and Three (303).

PARCEL NUMBER FIVE

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Larkin Street, distant thereon seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches Northerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Larkin Street with the Northerly line of Union Street, running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Larkin Street, twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Easterly sixty (60) feet to the Westerly line of Moore Street; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Moore Street twenty (20) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly sixty (60) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Fifty Vara Lot No. 1393.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property, and the whole thereof, in fee simple absolute; that her title to all said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, title, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of July A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 31st day of July, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, or any part thereof, adverse to plaintiff: None.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Rooms 1255-57 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-31-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7926, Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEHERTY, Deceased.

CECELIA GEHERTY, the Administratrix of the Will annexed of the Estate of JOHN GEHERTY, deceased, having heretofore presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an Order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain real property, in said petition particularly described, belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to the Court that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property in said petition described, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration and the family allowance, and that it is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of the estate and those interested therein that said real estate be sold:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before the above-entitled Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix with the Will annexed, for the sale of all said real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

FABIUS T. FINCH and PAUL F. FRATESSA, Attorneys for Petitioner,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

Louis Crepaux

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969. Rooms 517-518

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CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO. are now in their new store at 181 Post Street, near Grant Avenue.

Mr. Pickwick's Inn

The Leather Bottle Inn of Pickwick fame is still standing in the quaint old village of Cobham. Dickens spent several days and nights there before and after the writing of "Pickwick," and his visitors at Gads Hill were generally taken for a walk through the woods to be shown the picturesque inn.

Today it is a shrine for Dickens pilgrims who visit it in increasing numbers and leave their names in the well worn bulky visitors' books. Still the house remains a village inn of an older time, with low ceilings, oak panels, small windows and heavy furniture.

It is very much as it was when the immortal Boz spent his time there creating the scene which is at least as well known as any other in the story of Mr. Pickwick's feasts and fancies; but the Dickens room, the bar parlor and in fact the whole house is overflowing with prints and pictures and sketches of the famous novelist and the creations of his fertile mind.

It was in the churchyard across the road from the Leather Bottle—as it was then known, though now more often called the Pickwick Inn—that Mr. Pickwick reasoned long and earnestly with the despondent Tupman, who had fortified himself at the Leather Bottle for a premature departure from an unresponsive world.

The one street of the picturesque village of Cobham forms an avenue of neat cottages, with an atmosphere of contented old age characteristic of the county so famously described by Dickens as unapproachable for its "apples, cherries, hops and women." It is in one of the loveliest parts of Kent, about three miles from Rochester.

The Papal Cook

Stefano Inchiostro is the name of the Pope's cook. He has recently been relating his experience in the "Veneto," from which it is seen that his post is a veritable sinecure.

For twenty-seven years he was the cook in the seminary of the Patriarch of Venice, the dignity held by the Pope before his call to the chair of St. Peter, and consequently was well known to his Holiness. On June 22, 1903, Stefano received a summons from his old master to repair to the Vatican.

He went, and was conducted to the presence of the Pope, and it was only the geniality of the pontiff that placed the cook at his ease, for he was greatly moved.

The cook enables us to have a glimpse of the daily life of his venerable master, who is an example of Horace's "obiter" that change of place does not alter the man. After celebrating mass the pontiff takes a little coffee. Precisely at noon he lunches, in company of Mgr. Pescini and Mgr. Bresson. They are always served by a particular valet de chambre.

The repast is modest in the extreme. Some soup, a little meat from the soup, and rarely is there a roasted joint. At 9 at night the Pope takes his supper, more frugal, if possible, than the midday meal. Vegetables and a little meat is the night repast. In winter the Pope takes more soup than in summer, made from dried vegetables.

His Holiness is very fond of the "polentina" (soupe de mais), made as it was in the days past in Venice, and it is generally accompanied by some fish sent from Civita Vecchia or Venice.

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Pericles wedded Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and for thirty years afterward she maintained her reputation for undiminished beauty.

Cleopatra was over thirty when Antony fell under her spell.

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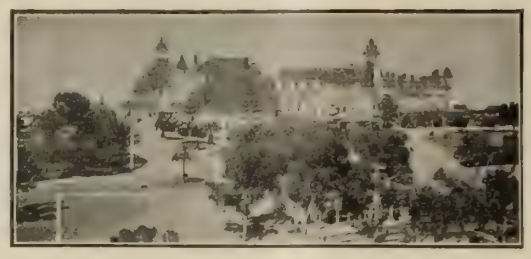

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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President Taft

Because of what too frequently happens on such occasions as that which absorbed our attention this week they have been described as "local casualties." This because they breed disaffections among ambitious individuals of local distinction and because it is never possible to foretell whether the foremost local personage will prove himself a loquacious fool of good intentions or a man of taste and judgment. Nevertheless a visit from the Chief Magistrate of the United States is a blessing. If it does nothing more it stimulates patriotism; and the sense of himself which it leaves is not to be reckoned as of minor importance if his individuality is wholesomely impressive. Happily Mr. Taft is a President about whom there is something more than sentimental glamor. He embodies all the characteristic qualities which have enabled epoch-making statesmen to effect wisely great changes in politics and in public opinion: a devotion to high principles, essential fairness and large compelling common sense. There is something delightful in his calm courageous probity, and it seems to have a charm for thoughtful men who employ their intellect in forming their judgment and are not to be carried away by their emotions. Not classical in his oratory, but forceful and forthright, he diffuses faith in his purposes. His talks give one the impression that according to his philosophy principles should accompany rather than serve as a substitute for morals. Of an amiable temperament, abounding in good nature, instinctively he arraigns principles in preference to men. His purpose is not to lacerate but to heal. Those people that can be fooled only part of the time will find enlightenment in his speeches; those that can be fooled all the time could do worse than to read them.

His Wholesome Influence

"Swinging round the circle," as it is somewhat contemptuously called, and establishing intimate relations with the people, President Taft is performing a great public service. In many respects the itinerant President is in the nature of a liberal education. He is doing much toward dissolving misapprehensions, and by his instructive utterances he is inculcating noble precepts and diffusing sane and lofty sentiments. Thanks to the Prophets of Unrest we have come to realize that "swinging round the circle" is one of the most important functions of the presidential office. For ever since he started on his journey the President has been employed in rendering negligible the misrepresentations of the muckrakers, counteracting the poisons incessantly and insidiously instilled by the half-baked philosophers of magazinedom and the paranoiacs of higher politics that attitudinize in the circle Chautauqua. These professional agitators would constitute a grave menace to the peace and stability of the State were their reckless assertions not to be contradicted, their sophistries not to be refuted by high and reliable authority. Constantly preoccupied with the instruction of others they have no leisure to instruct themselves. They are in absolute ignorance of the principle enunciated by Edmund Burke when he said that no man should dream of beginning the reformation of a State by its subversion, but should approach the defects of government as the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. These fomenters of popular prejudice would have us believe that Mammon in his devil wagon is joyriding us down, and that a recrudescence of Rooseveltism is essential to the salvation of the nation. Now we conceive that the better acquainted the people become with Mr. Taft the less likelihood will there be of success attending the efforts that are being made to foster mischievous delusions. The President has been doing much toward clarifying the atmosphere and putting the people in a receptive mood for the truth with reference to statesmen who have scorned the applause of the groundlings. And what is better he has been converting the people to a new attitude toward certain institutions of their country which have been falling into disfavor. How great is the service he is rendering we may judge from the panic into which he has thrown certain persons who would out-Roosevelt his predecessor and who have been shocked by sentiments that were once the watchwords of the most revered patriots in the history of our country.

A Test of Friendship

Mr. Roosevelt is still the tutelary god of the masses, their standard figure of perfection; a circumstance that proves the incredible durability of conceptions formed by the imagination and the amazing repugnance of the human biped to disenchantment. Far from the scene of his triumphs Mr. Roosevelt's figure fades not, his name persists, even in the retrospect he charms. Anything that savors of heterodoxy with reference to his dogma is anathema. Mr. Taft believes himself to be in sympathy with the teachings of Mr. Roosevelt. This is a case that illustrates strikingly the power of friendship. Our friends see not our faults. Mr. Taft is insensible of Mr. Roosevelt's. A warm personal friend of the ex-President he has ever believed in the sincerity of him and in the wisdom of his basic policies. Indeed so infatuated is he with Mr. Roosevelt, so passionately partial toward his former chief, that he has never perceived how far the latter came from squaring performance with profession. The mischief done by Roosevelt was not in the policies which he enunciated but in the sentiments which he diffused. The first to denounce muckrakers, the first to apply an epithet in describing them, in the end he became their chief source of inspiration. The professed enemy of demagogues, yet he devoted himself to the dissemination of the fatuous heresy that increase in the power of numbers was essential to the mitigation of the evils sown by a corrupt minority, urging the while the self-satisfied and stupid masses to strive for emancipation from the authority of the fundamental principles of our institutional form of government. Justice, the great standing policy of civil society, he conceived to be a matter not of principle but of personal viewpoint. Now it is the evil done by Roosevelt in his moments of fine frenzy that Mr. Taft is trying to eradicate, but apparently he is entirely unconscious of the fact that what is obnoxious to his sense of right is the result of precedents established by his erratic friend. Of course it is quite likely that he is under no misapprehension, but whatever may be the case, it is clear enough to intelligent persons that Mr. Taft can conscientiously adhere to Mr. Roosevelt's economic and governmental policies without employing Mr. Roosevelt's methods or indulging in rough rider tantrums. But of course he will not please the muckrakers unless, after the manner of Mr. Roosevelt, he supplies material with which to give color to their most extravagant and terrify-

ing pictures of the state of the nation. Apparently Mr. Taft is not intent upon meriting their approbation. He has given us confessions of his political faith and a sort of creed of his political morality, and we believe that it is his purpose to inspire respect for Constitutional principles. He believes there are many abuses that should be remedied, many reforms that should be instituted, but he has faith in the institutions of his country, and his character forbids him to attempt the showy displays and sensational exhibitions which win momentary popularity. Educated in the public service, possessed of a cultivated and judicial mind, better fitted by experience for the duties which he is discharging than any other statesman that ever entered upon the performance of the functions of his high office, his claim to the confidence of the people is an intellectual claim, and it is bound to prevail.

Education and Religion

The educational methods of American schools, colleges and universities are never long free from criticism. Unfortunately most of the criticism is of the destructive sort calculated to induce feelings of pessimistic indifference rather than of active concern for the eradication of the evils that are supposed to exist. Of this sort was the series of magazine articles recently published and widely discussed in which the fundamentals of college education were vigorously assaulted. Of this sort also was the declaration of a certain bishop who announced that he would as lief send a boy to Hell as to one of the large American colleges. And not long since the National Education Association, convened in Denver, contributed to the same kind of criticism by indorsing the statement that the colleges were failures to the extent at least that they exerted a ruinous influence on the secondary schools. This sort of criticism should be sparingly indulged and grudgingly accepted if the defects of American educational methods are to be remedied. Another sort of criticism, constructive in character, seeks to find the happy mean for our schools between the shifting social and educational needs of the people and the fixed standards and ideals which have always governed the inculcation of general culture. This is a herculean task and it is no disgrace to a body of sincere high-minded educators that they have not yet accomplished the compromise, for compromise it is, since it involves the acceptance of something less than the best that education has to offer. There is one aspect of the educational problem which many educators shrink from attacking but which is thrusting itself ever more insistently upon their notice and that is the combination of religious with secular education in our lower and higher public schools. Education which ignores religion is irreligious education and to irreligion with its corollary of materialism, our most profound thinkers attribute the rifeness of crime and sin in American life. If to educate means to develop the faculties of the soul, the religious faculties must be developed as well as the intellectual and moral. Here is a problem for all that American educators have of fortitude and delicacy. Let them ponder the apostolic dictum that "piety is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." And let them give heed to these words of Guizot: "In order to make proper education truly good and socially useful it must be fundamentally religious. It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observations should penetrate into all parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise, to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and our life."

Love Among Poets and Philosophers

That there is such a thing as psychic affinity between two persons is a theory which has received the endorsement of a Chicago professor who speaks from experience. A year ago he was a prosaic, respectable married man. In spite of a profound regard for the moral code he was "attracted," as iron to a loadstone, from the mother of his children to an unattached female. Thus was it demonstrated to his satisfaction that there are psychic influences that control our love affairs. This theory, so valuable for salving a sensitive conscience, is not of modern origin. Nay, it is as old as the hills. The immortal Goethe based a novel on it and called it "Elective Affinities." He argued that when two souls are united by an amorous affinity nothing can pull them apart. According to some of the ancient philosophers Love rules supreme over all elements and is not to be denied by human device or intention. They believed that manifestations of this ruling passion were to be noted even among inanimate things. They declared that it chained star to star, that it brought showers to the passionate earth, and they included all the chemical affinities of atoms and molecules as manifestations of love. "Just as man and woman attract on another," said an old dry-as-dust philosopher, "so oxygen attracts hydrogen and in loving union with it forms water, that mighty omnipresent element without which no life nor thought would be possible." Seriously and with no sense of poetry, another exclaimed: "Potassium and phosphorous entertain such a violent passion for oxygen that even under water they unite with their beloved object and burn." From this standpoint it is evident that the Chicago professor has abundant authority to support his theory. But if he were to consult biologists he would find that what he conceives to be psychical is in reality sensual. The biologists tell us there is a curious analogy between human and bird love, and that there are animals of a profligate disposition remarkable for their infidelities. There are Don Juans even among pigeons. The poets of

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course acquisce in the panerotic vagaries of the amorous philosophers, and in them our Chicago pedagogue may find much to justify him in the desertion of his wife. Shakespeare, for example, tells us of purple sails so perfumed that they exhaled a charm that made the winds love-sick with them. And Dante was positive that the power of love was irresistible. After seeing Beatrice for the first time, "love," he says, "quite governed my soul." Not only were her swet smiles the highest goal of his desires, but so powerful was the spell of her presence that he was obliged to avoid her. But Dante was a medieval lover who hyper-idealized his passion. When for the first time Beatrice denied him her smile, he went into a lonely place to bathe the ground with most bitter tears. The Chicago professor never had to do anything so foolish. His experience was uniformly that of an irresistible attraction which, in the fullness of his egotism, he has taken the pains to differentiate from the pornerastic passion that has its analogy among the beasts of the field.

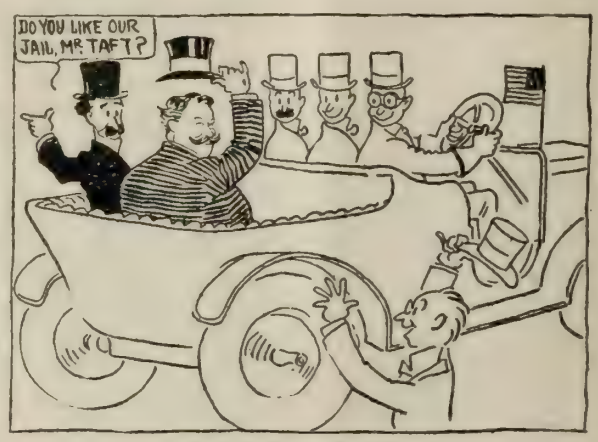
The Partners

He figured some in the office,
She figured some at the ball,
And so it was neither one figured
Where th' other one figured at all!

—Harry Cowell.

DOES MR. TAFT EVER GET TIRED?

"WELCOME TO OUR CITY, PRESIDENT TAFT!"



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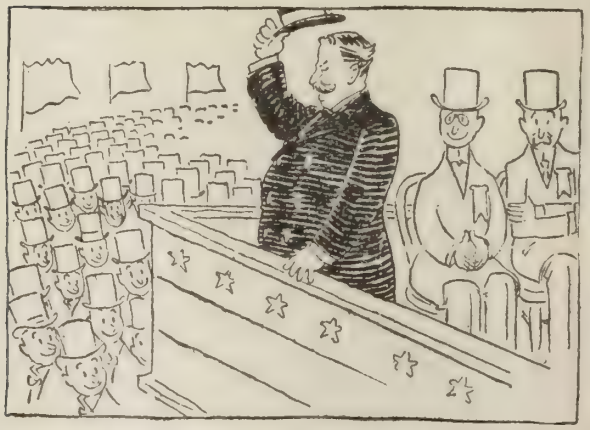
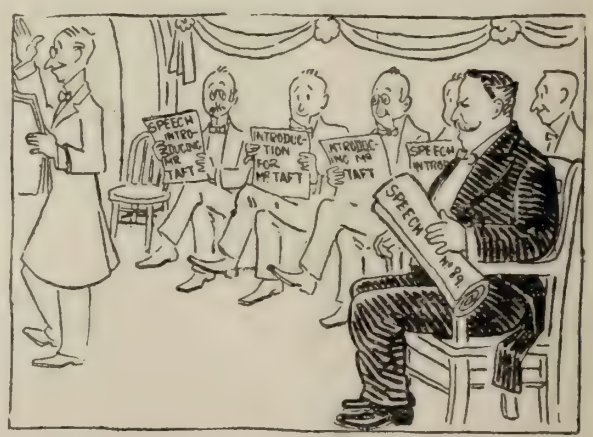
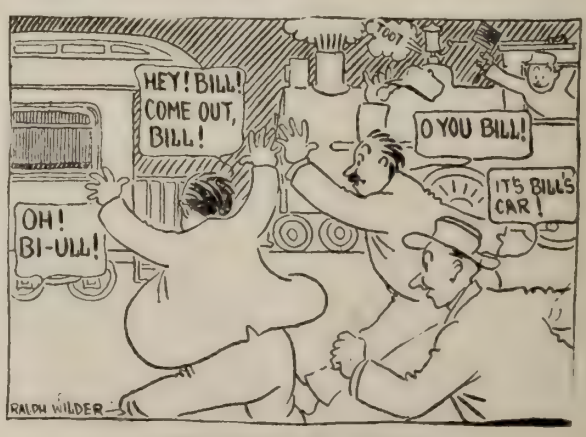


THE GRAND STAND (ONE HOUR AND A QUARTER).



'WE HAVE WITH US TO-NIGHT ONE WHO," ETC.

THE BANQUET.



THE PRESIDENT SLEEPS.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Poking Fun at Our Heroes

Showing How Foreigners, Particularly the English, Are Trying to Divert Attention from the Glory of the Achievements of Cook and Peary by Jocular and Satirical Articles Wherein Envy is Thinly Veiled Beneath Ill-humored Though Occasionally Witty Depreciation

By Francis West

Considering that even Americans have found much in the conduct of Cook and Peary since their return from the ice-fields that it has been difficult to stomach, it may be imagined that foreigners have exhausted their ingenuity in accentuating those points of the polar controversy which are calculated to cast discredit upon the two explorers and to dim the glory of an achievement which, no matter how the dispute may be decided, will belong exclusively to a citizen of the United States.

The newspapers throughout Europe have exercised their splenetic wit upon this subect ever since the first blast of the unfortunate controversy went sounding around the world. British journalists in particular have racked their brains for new forms of jocularity with which to treat the matter, displaying anything but that Anglo-Saxon fellow-feeling to which international oratory of the "hands across the sea" brand has made so many touching if unconvincing references. Probably one of the best natured and cleverest bits of English writing in this class appeared in a London evening paper which recently printed a communication from the "president of the Royal Eskimo Academy of Sciences," claiming the honor of the discovery of the North Pole for Ahwelsh and E-dun-a-bunk (a synonym of Etukishook), but admitting they were assisted by Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, and then dropped into this parody of a well known piece of verse:

Ah-gumdrop-welsh and E-dun-a-bunk were very great men, particular!
They used to climb up very steep bergs, exceedingly steep, perpendicular!
The bergs that they climbed were innumerable bergs, exceedingly so, multitudinous!
And every berg was a very high berg, exceedingly high, altitudinous!
And those very high bergs, those very steep bergs (which makes the thing more inexpressible),
Those uncountable bergs, those impossible bergs, were every one inaccessible!

Of course the mythical school child who writes a composition of naive humor and innocent satire has been pressed into service by the canny London humorists to satisfy the needs of the occasion. Here are some of the efforts which are quite seriously attributed to youngsters:

"There is now a lot of talk about the discovery of the North Pole," begins an unnamed girl of ten. "Dr. Cook was supposed to have reached it, but when he got there Capt. Peary came up over the side and told Mr. Cook the Pole belonged to him. They both became very angry, and waved the Stars and Stripes, but presently agreed to leave it in the hands of the President of America." Says another precocious child: "A lot of people have been trying to find the North Pole, but when they got there they died, and their bones were found by Dr. Cook and Capt. Peary. The reason why Dr. Cook and Capt. Peary did not die was because they were Americans." Again another essayist affirms that Capt. Peary reached the North Pole on a Dreadnought. He adds: "The reason why he went by sea was because it was cheaper than going by train. The discovery of the North Pole is a good thing, because it is the end of the world."

One does not ordinarily look to the scholarly Jewish World for playful humor, yet even this dignified publication has been stirred from its habitual gravity by the Cook-Peary controversy. This paper, after referring with pride to Dr. Cook's Jewish origin, says that the North Pole is the only place on earth, except the other Pole, where it is impossible for Jews to settle. Why? The Jew is commanded to turn his face to the east when he prays. How can he do it where there is no east? Then how can he say morning prayers every day when the polar night lasts six months? It would mean morning prayer once a year. Then what about the Omar? How can he count forty-nine evenings in the seven weeks between the second day of Passover and Pentecost when there is only one long evening in the whole of the polar year? He would not know when the Sabbath was in or out. "Suppose," the Jewish World concludes, "the long polar night began with a Sabbath evening. We should not be able to do work for months. Even that is not the worst. Suppose the long polar day began on a fast. How would you like a Yom Kippur or a Tishi B'Ab six months long?"

An establishment the name of which is a household word in England presents a spectacular piece, "The North Pole; a Tropical Illusion." The Parisians have a lighter touch. A revue is in course of preparation there at one of the most popular operetta theatres under the punning title of "Un Coup d'Epaule." The stars here are to be Mlle. Polaire and M. Polin. Parisians of course turn everything into fun, and so it is not surprising to find that a game called "Discovering the North Pole" is the feature of the present annual Paris toy show. This particular toy shows the top of the earth painted white, with an explorer on either side of the pole, one dressed in white bearskin and the other in black bearskin. They have the names Peary and Cook painted on them. The explorers each hold a large flag the staff of which has to sink into a socket representing the North Pole. By turning a handle behind the figures the flagstaffs move up and down until one of the two figures has succeeded in fixing the staff into the socket. The Germans are severely practical as ever. The name of "Dr. Cook brandy" has been given to a home distilled product which in accordance with the new law may not be described as "cognac brandy."

But to return to the English. Not all of their unfriendly criticism of our American explorers is couched in terms of badinage and light humor. It is not too much to say that the English would be thoroughly pleased if the verdict of science should cast discredit upon both explorers. Thus R. B. Cunninghame Graham, a great traveler and a consummate master of language, said in a recent article: "It has been reserved for Messrs. Peary, Cook and Co. to discover and make the North Pole ridiculous. No man of any other nationality could have done one-half they have done in the field of Arctic exploration. Hudson left us the legend, Franklin laid down his life, Nares, Rae, and Ross worked, dreamed, starved, sledged, trudged, wintered in the dark, and devoted their heroic lives to the great idea. None of them seem to have cared an atom about themselves. Not one of them thought about advertisement. Money never entered into their calculations. We do not hear that any one of them took a megaphone on any of his expeditions. They did not think of securing the exclusive right to any telegraphic system; above all they were not jealous of each other's fame. . . . Now, perhaps in order to pull down and bedaub with mud the last of our illusions, Messrs. Cook and Peary, with their bags of gum-drops for the Esquimaux, their cinematographs, advance agents, and "Old Glories," appear upon the scene and straight the whole thing turns to comedy." Cunninghame Graham contemptuously suggests that Cook and Peary had better form a company, set up a turnstile

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at the North Pole and charge a penny to go in and see the Great Nail.

Th British are credited with good memories, yet they seem to forget that just such another controversy as this Cook-Peary dispute raged in their own press between Burton and Speke about the discovery of the sources of the Nile. The two great English travelers exhibited a great deal more bitterness at that time than Cook and Peary have shown. It will be remembered that in his expedition of 1857-59 Speke claimed virtually to have discovered the source of the great river in Lake Victoria Nyanza, having pushed on to the lake alone, leaving Burton behind sick. Few believed Speke's narrative and Burton was not among them. In 1863 Speke and Grant discovered the source beyond dispute but still Burton denied the possibility. It was arranged that the rival explorers should hold a public disputation on the subject before the British Association at Bath in 1864; but on the morning of the meeting Speke was found dead in a ditch with a gun lying beside him. Considering the acrimony with which that historic dispute raged, even after Speke's death, the English should be just a little tolerant of our controversial excitement.

The Dead Calypso

A Revised Version by Louis A. Robertson

Editor's Note: Robertson was never satisfied with the form in which The Dead Calypso originally appeared and he has recently completed a new version which differs considerably from the old. The Dead Calypso was first published in Town Talk and the editor takes pleasure in placing the revised version before Robertson's admirers. Critical comment on the changes which the poet has made will be found in The Spectator.

Where be thy witcheries now, woman of wonderful beauty?
Priestess of pleasure and love, thy myrtle hath withered at last.
Sweet was the soul-searing cult taught by thy liberal kisses,
Sweeter the chalice of love formed by thy sensuous mouth,
Ripe as the rapturing grape, rich as the rose in its redness,
But unto them that did drink fatal as waters of death.
Left unto thee are the dregs, bitter and biting as wormwood,
Freezing the blood in thy veins, leaving thee rigid and cold.

Strange that these pale lethal lips, prodigal once with such passion,
Wreathe themselves into a smile chaste as a maiden's in sleep!
Ah, how they've changed since I first crushed their voluptuous vintage!
Shrunk is their soft silken skin, as when the tropical sun
Drinking the life of the grape, leaves it abandoned and shriveled,
Gibbeted on its own vine, swinging like felon forgot.

Mute is thy murmuring voice, silent its passionate pleading,
Which, like a song of the sea heard in a whispering shell,
Called me so softly to where, rising through ravishing roses,
Love's longed-for heaven appeared, fair as a rhapsodist's dream;
Misted with halos of gold, yet but a vanishing splendour
Miraged in exquisite grace over a desert of death.

Dead is the light in thine eyes, yet Recollection recalls them
Beaming with beauty like stars mirrored in slumbering seas,
Where through the darkness they dream till the warm kisses of Eos
Woo them away from the waves back to their home in the skies.

Oft when the roses of Love blushed with the poppies of Passion,
Crowning our cup of desire, hid in the draught was a charm,
Which when thy lips fell from mine, sighing and sated, would drug thee
Into a deep dreamless swoon where the bright violet beams
Faded away from thine eyes, which in the sensuous slumber
Shone 'neath their uplifted lids white as the Lilies of Death.
Moistened with ecstasy's tears were the rapt azures when turning
Into thy love laden brain, there Passion's secret to find;
Leaving their opaline orbs blind in the trance that enthralled them,
Till my lips, clinging to thine, coaxed the lost irises back.

Now under curtains of wax, lustreless crescents of whiteness,
Cold as the frost on the pane, hint of those glorious hours;
Where is their luminous beam which like the treacherous beacons
Lighted by wreckers to lure mariners on to their doom,
O'er Life's unpiloted sea shone with a balc and a beauty,
Till the bold credulous bark dashed on the rock of thy heart?

Springtide of Life when the Soul, hearing Love's wakening whisper,
Glows in the flame that desire lights in the blood to betray!
Summer that seethes in the veins, purpling Lust's grapes for the crushing,
Which in a wine-press of pain leave the black dregs of despair.

This I was taught when thy heart, drunk with delirious passion,
Changed to a charnel where lurked ghosts of thy deep-buried past,
Which from their sepulchre stole once in a still starless midnight,
Bearing a chalice, rose-wreathed, drugged with the lees of dead loves.
Draining the perilous draught, swift through my pulses the purple
Rushed while our wet mingling mouths crushed the rich raptures that curse;

Then learned I Lust's lurid lore, whispered by thee, whom I worshiped,
Whom I had deemed half divine, shrined as a saint in my heart.
Oh, how it leaped when thy lips, voicing the vows that enthralled me,
Sighed like a girl's whose pure love murmurs with virginal bliss!
Ah, how it bled when they turned, babbling in sleep that betrayed them,
Seeking mine own in the dark, breathing some lost lover's name!

Swiftly the meshes of silk spun into steel, but I lingered,
Fondling the fetters I feared, fearing to fling them away;
Lost to the lips I had loved, yet with the thirst of a drunkard
Draining the draught that enslaved e'en while the spirit recoiled.
Day after day, as the scales fell from mine eyes, I beheld thee
Garbed in the glamour of Lust rise from the ashes of Love.
Night after night, though my fears fled in thy fervid caresses,
Soon every kiss seemed a curse crowning my love with despair,
Driving me far from thy side, bearing a heart that was broken,
Oft in white alien arms seeking thy face to forget.

Then came the night when my soul wakened and heard a weird whisper,
Sweet as the Spring's vesper breeze, calling me back to thy breast;
Hitherward swiftly I came, baleful and black grew the shadows,
Hope, that had glowed in my heart, faded away as I stole
Silently here to thy side, finding thee steeped in Death's slumber,
Breathless, but beautiful still, clothed for thy couch in the clay.

Why should I bend over thee, cursing the fate that hath foiled me,
That hath stepped in to destroy all that I lived for and loved,
When I recall that thy heart hid in its depths the redeeming
Love that will lead me to thee when I am shrouded and cold.

Weeping, I lay on thy brow Love's lonely lips that betroth me
Ever to thee in the skies, where thou are waiting for me,
Where all the lapses of Life fade in a faith beatific,
Where the pure Lilies of Peace bloom ever fragrant and fair.

Long, long ago in the past, God's proud and white-pinioned angels
Found in the daughters of Earth all that their souls could desire;
Why should I wonder that thou, fairest of beautiful women,
Didst with thy sorceries snare the souls and the bodies of men?

Where are thy worshipers now, they who did pant to embrace thee?
Where is the homage they breathed deep in these death-deafened ears?
Where are the gems and the gold, offered with love, that could make thee
Faithless to him whose cold lips whisper of passionless peace?

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Monsieur Le Marqnis

By Isabelle Kaiser (From the French)

She was an actress. He was a marquis.

They did not love each other. They were not even acquainted. She shone upon the stage; he shone nowhere. She was a star at its zenith, hailed with acclamation every evening at the Theatre Lyrique; he was merely a sun that had set. No one noticed him as he passed, for his name, though inscribed in the heraldic records of France, was not written on his face. He was pale from want, and if his coat-of-arms bore gules with a bend or, his doublet showed threadbare, and his shoes and shirt-frill made sport for the wind through innumerable queer little holes.

She wore diamonds in the evening on her bare shoulders; men ruined themselves for her. He had ruined himself for others. But she after all was only the Demoiselle Ninon Duchene of the Theatre Lyrique, while he was always the Marquis Axel de Saint-Fleury, and if he had possessed a decent coat in which to present himself, the doors of the salons in the Boulevard Saint-Germain would have flown wide before him: doors through which the beauty and the diamonds of Demoiselle Duchene would never, never pass.

She knew it, by sufficient experience. She was tormented by ambition. Her name signified a tree, but it proved singularly cramping for the bird-like soul that dreamed of building its nest on a lofty bough.

The singing-woman lived in luxury, and the nobleman starved inch by inch. She heard people talk of the ruined marquis, and a fantastic idea took possession of her.

She opened negotiations with him by letter.

She was greatly courted, and she wished to change her plebeian name, but not to saddle herself with a husband.

He was intensely wretched, and resigned himself to accepting gold wherewith to prolong his life, but not a "bourgeoise" wife to share it with him.

They came to terms. The strange bargain was struck, and Demoiselle Duchene drew up the clauses of a very original marriage contract.

It was agreed that they should marry and separate at once; that the Marquis should always behave toward the actress as though they were unacquainted; and that she should pay him 300 livres before the ceremony and 1200 livres per annum during her life. The marriage took place, and all the terms of the agreement were scrupulously observed.

II.

Some years after this marriage the breath of Revolution swept so fiercely over France that the social edifice crumbled to pieces. All classes, all destines, were scattered like grain beneath the onslaught of a blind and insane winnower. From the ruins arose the convulsive evolution of a new world: a monstrous outburst of ideas, of genius, crime and virtue, madness and heroism.

People lived on the brink of death. Death was now the supreme, the most noble act of life. At the whim of raving committees men and women were hurried in batches to the scaffold. All were suspected, all guiltless alike. The faith that had upheld past generations was disparaged and scoffed at, royalty was unpopular, great names were marked out for destruction, the aristocracy torn up by the roots.

And the dickey-bird soul of Ninon Duchene, which had dreamed of nesting at the top of the tree, was among the first to be caught in the storm. She was flung into a dungeon in the Carmes prison. Citoyenne Duchene would assuredly have been allowed to trill and warble in peace; the Marquise de Saint-Feury must undergo the doom reserved for all women of her social class.

One day in Thermidor 1794, she was brought out into the courtyard of the Conciergerie. Her name was on the list handed that morning to Fouquier-Tinville. It was her passport to the guillotine.

When she came into the court that was the antechamber of death, opening straight by its door on to Samson's wagon, she tottered as she walked and trembled in every limb; two guards had to drag her along. She had never learnt how to live, and death could not dignify her.

She had denied the noble name which had once been the object of her ambition, and which she had borne with so much ostentation. She had proclaimed her plebeian origin. She was not believed. Her carriages, her linen, her writing-paper divulged the marchioness' coronet, and the people who thronged the parapet, the sovereign ferocious People who had rushed hither to look on, to applaud acts of courage and to brand faint hearts with disgrace, hooted contempt at the woman who had haggled with her judges for her life.

She was young and beautiful, and she clung to life. Hope, the angel of the doomed, had not forsaken her in prison, and was with her still, here in the ill-omened yard. With painful eagerness she scanned the crowd, and the wilderness of the sea of faces struck terror to her heart. Not a single friendly countenance. Not one from among all those who had acclaimed her on her stage-evenings of triumph, and could bear witness on her behalf. No relative; no protector; no one to tell the judges not to behead a young woman who knew only how to laugh and sing, who was not ready to die. Of heroism she knew nothing, never having soared towards such heights. No one had ever taken the trouble to teach her things of that kind.

There were about a hundred unfortunate persons penned up there for the slaughter; but when their names fell from the lips of the public arraigner, the condemned men and women rose and walked with tranquil step towards the cart, bidding one another a simple farwell with a look, a handclasp. Freedom was awaiting them at the foot of the bloodstained guillotine, the freedom of the Beyond.

Among all these Ninon alone was not ready. Suddenly she turned white. From the lips of the ruffian in authority there fell a sonorous name—her own:

"Marquise de Saint-Fleury!"

She stood speechless, her tongue paralysed with horror.

But from the spectators crowded together on the parapet a voice rang out, confidently, haughtily calm:

"Present!"

The judges were thunderstruck; they raised their heads in bewilderment.

"Hi, you up there," bellowed one of the guards, "stop that trifling!"

Collecting himself again after this untimely interruption, the arraigner repeated the summons—

"Marquise de Saint-Fleury!"

And for the second time, with now a shade of impatience, from the parapet above fell the voice, compelling attention; for the ring of truth was in it as it answered proudly to the bloodthirsty roll-call:

"Present, I tell you!"

There was a moment of confusion and uncertainty. The crowd cursed and swore at the interruption.

"Bring him here!" ordered the judges.

Several hands had already fallen on the man's shoulder. Courteously, with the utmost willingness, he accompanied his captors.

When he appeared below in the courtyard, a buzzing

(Continued on Page 33.)

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Perspective Impressions

Some persons "view with alarm" a President who doesn't show his teeth.

Imagination has its highest use in a retrospective realization. Apparently the Hon. Francis J. Heney hasn't any.

An English publisher says there has been a decided slump in the quantity of American fiction. And yet our newspaper proprietors are constantly boosting their circulation.

The Grand Jury has been called upon to investigate the delinquencies of the Taylor dispensation. How tragic it would be to find the good, grey poet pleading for an immunity bath!

When last heard from the Hon. William J. Bryan was in Texas howling against "predatory wealth." Some day, it is to be hoped, an enterprising vaudeville manager will induce the Peerless One and the Mighty Hunter to "double up."

It is said that as the duty has been taken off art the country will be flooded with daubs and the public taste will be corrupted. This note of alarm implies the possibility of accomplishing the impossible. Public taste is conserved by the Sunday supplement.

"The Great American Novel" has again been written. It is called "A Certain Rich Man." As he has the merit of being entirely a fictitious personage Mr. John D. Rockefeller need have no hesitation in permitting the story to be read in the bosom of his family.

The Spectator

Beneficent Extravagance

Julius Caesar Saulmann, a civic patriot of the old school with no taste for the abstract but with an unquenchable passion for concrete examples of official turpitude, has been entertaining the Grand Jury with some choice extracts from current municipal history that serve to illustrate the generosity of our immaculate Mayor's official family. From Mr. Saulmann's researches it appears that there is something resembling a foundation for the rumors that persist with reference to the fine pickings enjoyed by certain landlords who have earned the esteem of our incorruptible officials. The city, Mr. Saulmann reports, is paying out $105,000 monthly in rentals which is just $84,000 a year more than it cost our indulgent taxpayers when the extravagant Mr. Ruef was taking care of our interests. With the money that we are paying out each year in rentals we could buy a pretty fine street structure large enough to house all our municipal departments. But let it not be supposed there is not a sound reason for what appears to be a crazy policy. We must remember that we are now governed by reformers sponsored by gentlemen who guarantee their own motives at frequent intervals. But to return to Mr. Saulmann. He reports that salaries have been raised in violation of the Charter, and he gives specific instances. He thinks the Grand Jury should rebuke our Mayor and Supervisors for their wanton disregard of the city's organic law, but it is unlikely that the matter will be deemed worthy of consideration. The Grand Jury is probably of the opinion that the Mayor and Supervisors should be indulged in their policy of extravagance since its object is to strengthen a political machine devoted to the greater good of the community.

Traps For Fickert

Running for District Attorney, Charley Fickert finds, is a sport that calls for as much alertness as he ever found it necessary to employ on the gridiron. He has been made painfully aware of the fact that his enemies have resolved not to scruple at means however foul to accomplish his defeat, and he has come to realize that since the introduction of those adventitious aids to political success which are peculiar to the gumshoe fraternity the ambition which he is indulging is fraught with the most unpleasant consequences. From the traps that have been set for him already it is clear that the most subtle ingenuity is to be exercised in the hope of overwhelming him with embarrassment. Several days ago he had an experience that would have been merely amusing had it not awakened a sense of the boldness and malevolence of the men who are intent upon his discomfiture. To his office came a man ostensibly for the purpose of employing an attorney. He explained that he wanted to incorporate a company and was prepared to pay $2,500 for legal services. Before revealing the character of the company he exhibited the coin. The company, he then explained, had been organized to engage in an immoral business. Fickert ordered the fellow out of his office. He afterwards learned that the man was a gumshoe artist.

"The Dead Calypso" Rewritten

Louis Alexander Robertson whose volumes of poetry, "The Dead Calypso," "Beyond the Requiems," "Cloistral Strains," "From Crypt and Choir" and "Through Painted Panes" have won him international recognition as a singer of true deep inspiration and of faultless technique, has prepared a revised version of "The Dead Calypso" which it is the privilege of Town Talk to present for the first time to the public. Appreciative readers of Robertson's poetry have long been divided into two parties, one acclaiming "Ataxia" as his greatest achievement, the other preferring "The Dead Calypso." The poet himself has always regarded the latter as the best of his poems. Like all sincere artists Robertson is an exacting technician and never so critical as when appraising his own work. He was never satisfied with "The Dead Calypso" in the form in which it appeared in two of his books and the discriminating yet enthusiastic praise of the foremost critics of this country and Great Britain has not sufficed to lull his dissatisfaction. Some time ago in the midst of mental and physical sufferings with

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which only his intimate friends can adequately sympathize, Robertson began the revision of his favorite work. Now that the poem, as he would have it endure, has been placed before his readers, opinion as to the propriety of his deletions, additions and alterations will undoubtedly be divided. He has changed a word here and a phrase there; in one place he has excised six verses, in another he has rewritten four and there are fourteen verses which were not in the original version.

Its Meaning Deepened

"The Death Calypso," in its original form was written about ten years ago and, as might be expected, there is something besides the Horatian limae labor, the labor of the file, in the new version. A subtle change has come over the spirit of Robertson's muse and has directed most of the alterations in the poem. It remains, of course, a monotone breathed by a lover over the dead body of a mistress, a transcendently beautiful palinode of passion; but the element of mysticism, only hinted at in the original, has been accentuated to such an extent that the poem carries a deeper significance than before. As an artist develops there comes a detachment from materiality or perhaps it would be more correct to say, a clothing of the material with the spiritual which inevitably makes for richer because more soul-satisfying achievement. That this has been the case with Robertson a comparison of the old and the new versions of "The Dead Calypso" will show.

From Lotus to Myrtle

The deeper note is struck delicately but, for all careful readers, decisively at the beginning of the poem:

Priestess of pleasure and love, thy lotus hath withered at last

was the old reading of the second verse. But now the lotus has become the myrtle. That this is no light change the student of classical symbolism will readily perceive. In ancient architecture the lotus was continually employed because its wheel-like flower suggested perpetual cycles of existence; but it was also beloved of the sportive nymphs and the mythical effect wrought upon those who ate of it made it the symbol of tired, care-forgetting hedonism. The myrtle on the other hand was sacred to Venus; it was the meed of victors; and in its symbolical application to the rites of love the voluptuous suggestion was subordinated. For a priestess of pleasure the lotus would suffice, but for a priestness of pleasure and love the myrtle is the more appropriate emblem. The same ennobling of the theme has directed the change from "lust-loving lips" to "pale lethal lips." Only an unripe singer would prefer the former epithet. Similarly "vows meretricious" reads now "vows that enthralled me" and toward the close of the poem "fairest and frailest of women" has become "fairest of beautiful women."

A Stanza Left Out

What was formerly the fourth stanza of the poem has been dropped in the new version. It read as follows:

But when the pulses of youth throb with their eager insistence,
When the white snows of the heart melt with the breath of the spring,
Then when the currents of life leap with ineffable joyaunce,
Where is the hand that can point whither their waters will wend,
Whether through vistas of peace, on to Love's infinite ocean,
Or through dark devious ways, seeking the silt of the sewer.

There is a moralizing strain in these verses which Robertson may have regarded as discordant; certainly it does not appear elsewhere in the poem. The sacrifice of such beautiful lines, however much they may have seemed to interrupt the steady melancholy flow of the monotone, indicates the attitude of dispassionate detachment with which the poet has approached the task of remodelling his work. In the fourth stanza, the lines

Where through the darkness they dream, till the warm kiss of the morning,
Or the wild breath of the gale, drowns them in wave-woven foam

have unquestionably been strengthened by change to the following which picture the fading of the stars before the dawn:

Where through the darkness they dream till the warm kisses of Eos
Woo them away from the waves back to their home in the skies.

Robertson and Swinburne

One alteration, although otherwise an improvement, has resulted rather awkardly in the repetition of a phrase, a slip which Robertson might easily have avoided.

Blind were their opaline orbs, on which I looked with amazement

now reads

Leaving their opaline orbs blind in the trance that enthralled them.

The words "vows that enthralled me" are to be found in the seventh stanza. The four last lines of the eighth stanza have been rewritten and the ninth, tenth and eleventh stanzas are entirely new. For purposes of comparison the old reading of the changed lines is given:

Night after night, though my fears, lulled by thy lips, fled like phantoms,
Soon every sigh that I heard seemed but a hiss from the grass;
Even thy sob of farewell stifled a laugh when I left thee
Coming at last, dear, to lay Love's chrismal lips on thy brow.

"The Dead Calypso" would bear comparison with Swinburne's "Laus Veneris." Robertson's verses sound darker depths of passion than those explored by the English master in his epoch-making poem; yet they are raised above the repellant sensuality of despair so insisted upon by Swinbure through the sublimating process worked out in the poet's mind and reflected in his poem, a process which has been the development of years.

Prisoner—I confess I embezzled from my partners, but I was always a hard worker. No one took more interest in the firm than I did.
Judge—Nor more capital. Four years!

The Campaign Opened

Breathing fire and brimstone on his critics, yapping and snapping with something of his old-time fervor, the Hon. Francis J. Heney opened his campaign at the Dreamland Pavilion last week. The opinion of non-partisan critics who attended the meeting out of curiosity is that the furious little prosecutor is no longer as stimulating as in the brave days of old. He bloviates with apparently as much enthusiasm as ever, he is still explosive and rambunctious, his flow of venom is still copious, but he has lost the power of holding his audience; his ravings, even when the realism of them is

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heightened by the veins in his forehead standing out like welts on a hide that has been flagellated, produce no affrighted faces to testify to his malign efficiency. The truth is that Mr. Heny, whose assaults and gibes but a year ago were listened to by the multitude with all their yawning ears, has lost his magnetism. The Heney of today is as distinct from the Heney of two years ago as a mountain is distinct from a turnip. At the Dreamland Pavilion many of his adherents found it difficult to pay deference to his theatric ecstasies or to yield emotion to his tempestuous appeals. Nobody was affrighted at the sinister possibilities that he contemplated. Several hundred people showed their bad taste by walking out in the midst of his diatribe and making so much noise as to distract those who wanted to hear what was being said. The exodus was worse than discouraging; it was pitiable.

An Appreciation

According to some of Mr. Heney's friends who have been apologizing for the Dreamland fizzle, he has been enervated by the wear and tear on his nerves during the strenuous crusade that he has been leading for the redemption of his beloved city. One of them solemnly explained to me the other day that that imponderable quality called magnetism abides with a man only while the vigor of body and mind is unimpaired. This unquestionably is true, and unquestionably Mr. Heney is far from being in the full vigor of his peculiar manhood, but not to this circumstance alone, in my opinion, is due his failure to fascinate his audience at the opening of his campaign. Though in court he certainly appears to have gone through a process of mental castration, on the platform he still abounds in the elements for which he was distinguished in the days when his harangues set men by the ears. His opening address was a bravura of bravado. He ran amuck with his old-time enthusiasm, with the ebullience of a bronco-buster shooting up the town. His vocabulary of invective has lost some of its pristine vigor, but his voice is as penetrating as ever in its stridency, and that he is in no wise hampered by scruples against imposing on the credulity of his audience I infer from his disingenuous offer to debate the questions at issue with Mr. Garret McEnerney. As Mr. William R. Hearst once said it would doubtless please Mr. Heney very much to have any respectable person debate with him. That was when Mr. Hearst thought that Mr. Heney should be in a pillory instead of on a platform. As to the little prosecutor's latest challenge the insincerity of it is evident from the fact that he very well knows that Mr. McEnerney is far away in Europe.

His Uneffectiveness

No, the Spreckels puppet has not suffered a diminution of his talent for titillating the lovers of scurrility and abuse, but that he has lost his effectiveness it would be absurd to deny. He has lost his effectiveness because he has lost the confidence of the people to whom he has been appealing. Even the incredibly credulous have begun to apprehend the imposture that has been practiced upon them. As they recall one by one the things that once were furiously denied, from the immunity contract to the golden inspiration from the Federal treasury and the Spreckels sack, things that are no longer matters of doubt; as they recall these things they marvel at their own stupidity and resent further overtures from the men they distrust. Hence the failure of Heney to electrify the Dreamland audience. Magnetism is a force that acts only upon receptive minds. The most magnetic of mummers cannot enthrall in a stupid play. Now Mr. Heney's play is played out. The people of San Francisco having been disillusioned Mr. Heney woos the caress of the fickle multitude in vain. His magnetism he wastes on the unpropitious air. There are discriminating dogs in the street that would scorn to preempt him for canicular convenience.

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A Personal Note

Not to quit the unsavory topic abruptly, one word more touching Mr. Heney's desultory tribute of hostility to Town Talk. He would have the people believe that he has been libeled in the columns of this journal and that I am in danger of going to jail. Now despite the awful menace implied in his words the stream of life flows on with absolute tranquillity. I hope to be at liberty long after the name of Heney is embalmed in the hearty detestation of all honest men; but let it not be supposed that were Heney elected District Attorney I should be insensible to impending danger. I appreciate the fact that with Heney in control of the machinery of our criminal courts, with the vulgarly vindictive Spreckels at the helm of things, with unscrupulous detectives and conscienceless judges ready and willing to pack juries, it will not be impossible to send innocent men to jail. Heney certainly knows that he has never been slandered in Town Talk; that everything that has been said about him in these columns is susceptible of proof beyond peradventure of a doubt. Things that were said of him when proof would have been hard to obtain are now matters of common knowledge, and in fact no longer by himself denied. If ever I have been untruthful with reference to Mr. Heney it has not been by what I have published, but by my silence. "The cruellest lies," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "are often told in silence"; so, I will add, are the most charitable. As, to quote Stevenson further, a man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth and yet have come out of the room a vile calumniator, so may an editor prove himself a liar in the interest of a scoundrel by suppressing the truth. All Heney's infamies are not matters of record, nor have they been exploited in these columns. I have told lies in his behalf by holding my pen. For this I claim no credit. God forbid that I should tell the truth about Heney from any feeling of malignity. Vengeance as a mission is not a task for my hands. Besides I believe that the thunderbolts of retribution have long since been launched.

First Debutante—My sweetheart is very musical. He composes heavenly waltzes.

Second Debutante—So is mine. He even kisses in waltz time.

Ambitious Pinchot

According to one of the correspondents with the Taft party the President regards Forester Pinchot as a very zealous functionary deserving of encouragement so far as the duties of his office are concerned, but no further. I also learn that the Forester is ambitious of higher honors and at one time seriously regarded himself as qualified for a Cabinet position. The prospect of this honor being thrust upon him, however, is by no means imminent. From Washington comes the story that Mr.

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Taft was amazed over Mr. Pinchot's attitude toward the lumber schedule of the tariff bill. Up to the time the consideration of the Payne bill was begun by the House Committee on Ways and Means Mr. Pinchot was generally set down as an advocate of free lumber. So lumbermen thought, and they argued with the Forester long and earnestly. Finally Mr. Pinchot came out in a letter in which he expressed the belief that he had been convinced that a tariff on lumber, instead of being hurtful, would in fact be helpful to the cause of forest conservation. He backed up this attitude in a personal appearance before the Ways and Means Committee. The statement is made that Mr. Pinchot took his position without conference with the President or any other leader of the Administration. Persons who followed the progress of the bill in committee say that had it not been for Mr. Pinchot's public stand favorable to a duty on lumber that product would have been on the free list of the Payne bill. Lumber was among the products that Mr. Taft sought to have admitted free. Some of his supporters declare that he would have won this point had it not been for what is characterized as "interference" on the part of Forester Pinchot.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

The millionaire head of the Forest Service whose enthusiasm in the cause of conservation has kept him much in the public eye.

The Pinchot Personality

Of the sincerity and earnestness of Gifford Pinchot there is not the slightest doubt. His enthusiasm about forest conservation amounts to fanaticism. He is a man with a mission, and he knows of nothing that approximates it in importance. Though a millionaire he has no taste for the frivolities of existence. He imbibed from his father a love of forest culture, and after graduating from Yale he went to Europe and spent several years in forest schools. On his return to this country he started a new profession, that of counsel for private owners of timber lands. He entered the public service in 1896 and when the Division of Forestry was established he became its chief clerk. It is said that the friendship between Roosevelt and Pinchot is closer than any other friendship the ex-President has. He is described by his admirers as a game and generous fighter for principle.

E. B. COURVOISIER

The well known Art Dealer and Frame Maker announces to the public the opening of his new store at 431 Sutter street between Stockton and Powell.

A Public Benefactor

My attention has been called to the fact that Forester Pinchot is somewhat illogical in his attitude of hostility toward the men engaged in the business of developing water power. He believes that timber is the great national resource to be husbanded. Nobody that appreciates the economic value of our forests and their essentiality in the scheme of things mundane doubts the soundness of this opinion. Now there is no better way of conserving our forests than discouraging the use of wood for fuel, and this is done by utilizing water power to generate electricity. Thus a double conservation is accomplished—of the forests and of the water used for power purposes. To develop water power satisfactorily the flow of water must be regulated, and to this end the snow in the mountains is conserved by means of snow fences designed to raise drifts and by dams. Furthermore the producers of water power as they provide a steady flow of water are benefactors of the farmer who uses the water to irrigate his land. They also render a service to navigation interests on our rivers by reason of the supply of water furnished during dry seasons. Thus they again benefit the farmer by enabling him to get his harvests to market. Indeed the farmer is in many ways the beneficiary of the power producer; not the least of the benefits which he enjoys being that of protection from flood waters that are impounded in the mountains. So it is evident that from more than one viewpoint the water power man is more deserving of encouragement than abuse. That he may increase and multiply should be the fervent wish of many of the farmers of California.

Editor—Did Mr. Heney say he was for equality before the law?

Reporter—Yes, but he's only joshing. He's for rascality behind the law.

Mrs. Coffin and the Governor

Now that the California champions of woman's right to vote have become embroiled with Governor Gillett in a controversy involving the delicate question of veracity, the local agitators may congratulate themselves on having approximated the strenuous pace set by the suffragettes of England. No disciple of woman's right

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who has not either chained herself to the railing in Downing street or battered a policeman's helmet in front of the House of Lords is looked upon as a sincere advocate of the cause in the tight little island. Hostilities between glorious woman and mere man have not reached the stage of physical encounter in this backward region, but the precipitation of a passage-at-words with the Governor is an achievement in the sacred cause of which the local suffragist movement need not be ashamed. To be accurate, however, it was not the suffragist association which enticed the Governor into the tangled meshes of controversy; it was a single member of that body to whom the credit belongs. All honor to Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin who has refused to be daunted by executive pronunciamento and sticks to her words as tenaciously as a British suffragette clings to a bobby's coat-tails. Personally I care not the value of a stuttering tinker's cuss-word whether it is Mrs. Coffin or the Governor whose recollection of the Santa Cruz incident is at fault. It may be that our honored executive, in the first flush of that interesting political victory in the beach town, allowed gallantry to gallop away with discretion and that he did actually promise to espouse the cause of equal suffrage. It may be too that in Sacramento during that tremendous governmental upheaval when Phil Stanton felt the ground slipping from beneath his feet, the Governor repudiated his hastily spoken words of Santa Cruz.

A Militant Suffragist

All this seems of little import to me except insofar as it illustrates the ugly snags that lie in wait to trip the dainty feet of women who attempt to invade politics. It is not a pretty game and I am sorry that so charming, so cultured and so wholesome a woman as Mrs. Coffin should insist upon playing it. I have followed Mrs. Coffin's activities in the cause of suffrage for some time and always with an admiring eye. I remember how admirably she bore herself last year when the Republican state convention in Oakland turned down her well- considered pleadings for a suffrage plank in the party instrument. I recall with what grace she showed her appreciation of the democrats at Stockton when they leaped eagerly at the opportunity to range so many influential and clever women on their side. But more particularly I watched Mrs. Coffin during the last legislature when she strove womanfully for the submission of the suffrage question to the popular vote. Mrs. Coffin has known the bitterness of defeat but it has neither ruffled her temper nor wrinkled her smiling brow. At times of course she has been compelled to assuage her indignation in public utterance. One such outburst has brought her into conflict with the Governor; another, not so long ago, in which she characterized some of our lawmakers as degenerates, left a sting that will not soon be forgotten. Degenerate is a harsh word and should be sparingly applied, but having noted the Lothario airs with which some of our senators approached Mrs. Coffin and other suffragists during the last spell of law-making, I am disposed to forgive her asperity. And while I wish no harm to Governor Gillett's political aspirations I hope that Mrs. Coffin will not come off second best in her latest set-to.

Farmer Groundling—Senator Spellbinder thrilled his audience last night when he told them that he imbibed his love of country at his mother's breast!

Grandma Groundling—If my memory hasn't gone to seed Spellbinder doesn't know what he's talking about. He was a bottle baby.

Overtures From Spreckels to Taft

It is not generally known that President Taft might have enjoyed during his brief sojourn in this city the hospitality of one of our most distinguished citizens. Long before he started from Washington he was made aware of the fact that it would give the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels pleasure beyond expression to entertain him in the beautiful and luxurious mansion in Van Ness avenue which was once the home of California's Sugar King. Of course Mr. Taft appreciated the warm and delicate sentiment betokened by Mr. Spreckels' solicitude for his comfort and welfare, but he intimated that there were many reasons of an official nature that constrained him to forego the pleasure of our aggressive young patriot's hospitality. Of course as Mr. Taft and Mr. Spreckels are not on terms of intimacy no formal invitation to the intellectual and other delights of the young millionaire's costly mansion was extended to the President, but he was urged with considerable eloquence to a receptive mood. How much he missed he will never know. Certainly had he taken up his headquarters in Van Ness avenue he would have been regaled sumptuously on the details of the local imbroglio, and doubtless he would have been introduced to many zealous and disinterested uplifters who would have generously inferred for their own virtuous purposes, and given publicity to the inference, that the President had conspicuously favored them with a mark of his esteem and given their somewhat frayed and dilapidated cause his hearty moral support. As it was the President conducted himself as though entirely ignorant of the squabbles of the parish. To be sure he knows all about them, for have they not been the subject of discussion in Congress? His silence was therefore pregnant with significance. In all the circumstances it is natural to conclude that among our uplifters there is keen disappointment. Indeed, the vicious assault that was recently made on President Taft at a public meeting by one of Rudolph Spreckels' kept pettifoggers, has given me the

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impression that in failing to avail himself of the hospitality that was on tap he made of himself an object of the luxuriant hatred that has been raging in our midst for a little more than two years.

Judge Murasky as an Auctioneer

For two reasons the sale by auction of the posters contributed by the newspaper artists for the Youths' Directory vaudeville at the St. Francis last week was distinctly disappointing. In the first place the prices at which the posters were "knocked down" were ridiculously beneath the intrinsic worth of the pictures which showed some of our cleverest illustrators at their happiest. Virgil Nahl's fine poster which was reproduced in Town Talk last week brought only $25 while the drawings by Rogers, Coleman, Terry, Sparks, McNeil and others went for five and ten dollars apiece. I am loth to admit that there was no artistic appreciation in the throng which gathered in the colonial ball room; in fact I know that there were many in the assemblage who possessed critical discrimination in the appraisement of artistic efforts. Just as little do I care to acknowledge that the purse strings of our prominent men and women are ever held taut in the presence of charitable appeal. So I am forced to account otherwise for the miserable prices placed upon these works of art, and this brings me to the second reason why the auction proved disappointing. I am afraid it must be set down that Judge Murasky is an unsuccessful auctioneer. That his heart was full of his subject I know, for Judge Murasky, as the presiding officer of the juvenile court, takes a deep and continuous interest in the welfare of homeless youngsters. But there was an excess of judicial calm in his honor's conduct of the auction; in his hands it was a solemn function instead of an interlude of gaiety spiced with personal quip and pat allusion. Judge Murasky failed to move his auditors and I take it that the magnetic current of good humor and jolly rivalry has as much to do with the depleting of a fat pocketbook at a charitable auction as any other form of cajolery. Too bad, for the sake of Father Crowley and the charitable artists, that Judge Murasky did not approach his part in a more hilarious spirit.

The President at the Press Club

Those who had the good fortune to penetrate the sanctum of newspaper leisure on the occasion of Taft's visit probably gained a happier estimate of our chief executive than those who heard him speak at the Union League Club or the Fairmont. The reception at the Union League Club and the big banquet were made the occasions for a deal of oratory of the ponderous sort and the President was constrained to reply in kind. Hence his utterances were interesting and important as expressions of governmental policy but lacking in the personal note which alone warms the cockles of the heart and reveals character. But at the Press Club it was very different. The President came late and the newspapermen, realizing that he was fatigued and having little patience with mere orators, simply elected him to honorary membership and then sat back and listened to as gracefully appreciative and witty a heart-to-heart talk as the President ever made. He told of his own early newspaper experience in Cincinnati, of his hunt for human interest stories at the only political convention he ever attended, and paid his respects, first in terms of drollery and afterwards of sincere compliment, to the Washington correspondents who haunt him in his comings and goings by day and night. His clever sallies evoked peal after peal of laughter and his statement that the local press club was the most luxuriously housed that he had ever entered was duly applauded. It was the real Taft whom the newspapermen were privileged to meet and his visit will be remembered as one of the pleasantest incidents of the club's history. It was expected that the correspondents who have accompanied Taft on his trip would visit the club when their night's labor was finished but either the lure of Morpheus or the thrall of the lights that twinkle along the beach kept them away. Nevertheless the jinks brilliantly sired by "Billy" Barnes kept morning at bay without them.

Wilhelm Funk's Exhibition

An exhibition of portraits which should claim the earnest attention of all art lovers commenced on Wednesday in Vickery's new art gallery, the exhibitor being Wilhelm Funk of New York. Funk is a graduate

DOMESTIC DUTIES OF THE ESKIMO WOMAN

Eskimo girls marry at the early age of fourteen, without wedding ceremony, and young couples frequently change partners. As might be expected the Eskimo housewife is an expert in the preparation of fish; but it may surprise many to learn that she does the fishing for the family. Her lord and master is not averse from allowing her to engage in other menial labors. The Eskimos who are very much in the public eye just now, are thought to be the remnants of an ancient Siberian tribe, many of them being of a strikingly Mongolian type. They are simple, humorous and honest, generous and hospitable, ignorant and dirty, but very inquisitive and imitative. That they cultivated the sweet tooth was not generally known until Dr. Cook told of his famous barrel of gum drops.

of the art room of the New York Herald and has made such big strides in portrait painting during the past few years that he has commanded the approbation of the best metropolitan critics. Many prominent people all over the world have sat for him. He comes to this city with letters from J. O'Hara Cosgrave, the brilliant San Franciscan who is editing Everybody's with such conspicuous ability. The Funk exhibition started too late for extended notice in this week's issue but those who have had a private view of some of the canvasses are enthusiastic about the artistic powers of the painter.

Creditor—For the last time I tell you, you must pay that bill.
Debtor—Is that so? .Well I'm glag it's the last time.

The Resignation of William Winter

After having served for forty-four years as dramatic critic of the New York Tribune William Winter, the dean of that particular branch of newspaper work in America, has resigned his post in consequence of a row which is not quite so extraordinary as some chroniclers of the circumstances would have us believe but which is intensely interesting, nevertheless. Other dramatic critics of less fame than Winter have encountered the same difficulties in the wielding of an independent pen and although neither their position nor their abilities have won for them the widespread notice which has been bestowed upon the Winter-Tribune imbroglio, it must be noted that their cause has sometimes possessed more merit. William Winter's glory will always be that his writings upheld the purity of the drama; that they lashed the immoral and the lascivious in theatrical entertainments with dauntless disregard of consequences; and that their critical content was never affected by mercenary considerations. But Winter is a very old man and although he has always denied indignantly that he reverenced that which was old, simply because it was old and that he judged the present by the standards of the past, there remains a great deal of truth in these assertions. For Winter the present is decadent; he is fond of denouncing the "animalism in current literature," the "cynicism in contemporary thought" and the "admired publicity of degenerate authors." That some of these denunciations have had ample justification cannot be denied but Winter has indulged in them for many years with the gusto of a crank riding a hobby and many of his animadversions have very properly been discounted and repudiated.

The Sanctum Controversy

For two years there has been friction between the dramatic critic and the managing editor of the Tribune and the climax came recently when that newspaper refused to print certain invective articles attacking Abraham Erlanger and the theatrical trust. That the newspaper was not entirely in the wrong is apparant from some of the passages which were deleted from Winter's articles. There were brutal references to the Jewish descent of the managers whom Winter disliked and there was a poem entitled "Processional" enlarging on the same theme which no newspaper of general circulation would have had the hardihood to publish. After the blue pencil had done its work Winter wrote to the managing editor of the Tribune in explanation of his course. "My articles relative to indecent and therefore reprehensible plays," he said, "have been and are framed for the purpose of doing as much injury to the business of persons exploiting them as possible; of informing respectable persons of what is going on in the theatre and of keeping as many readers as possible away from obnoxious and injurious plays." To this the managing editor made answer: "Your policy of placing on the Sunday theatrical page, beside our theatrical advertising, matter 'framed for the purpose of doing as much injury as possible to the business' of some of our advertisers, may or may not be the right one, and the publication of such articles may or may not be the duty of the journalist to society. I do not attempt to decide the question. All I say is that my instructions with regard to that page are that the articles are not to be framed with any such purpose, and the excisions which I made were in strict and necessary accordance with those instructions. That a play is well attendd, that there has or has not been a change in the cast, etc., etc.—these are facts which can properly be stated, whether the play is good or bad, and the paper does not demean itself or do an injustice to its readers when it records them, and does no more."

Winter's Peppery Retort

This letter enunciated a policy with regard to the Sunday notices of plays, as distinguished from the criticisms which appear on the morning following the opening night, which obtains in newspaper offices all over the country; but when the editor sought to justify his course by reference to the advertisers, he placed himself in a hopeless position, so far as Winter was concerned. Any dramatic critic of high standing from whom the writing of such Sunday notices was expected would have resented such an argument and William Winter showed his indignation in a fiery reply. "I am not a reporter," he retorted; "that is one of the reasons why I declined to write such notices. I told you then and I repeat now that it is my explicit belief that plays of the kind specified by me should never be mentioned except in condemnation and in such a way as will arouse and stimulate public contempt for persons who are responsible for their production. In my judgment the Tribune does demean itself whenever it mentions such plays or their producers in any other spirit. I have never questioned your technical right to cut or reject any or all writing offered by me to the Tribune. To allow me freedom of expression on week days when the circulation of the Tribune is small and to forbid anything condemnatory on the Sunday page when the circulation is much larger, marked a vital change in policy and practically took the dramatic department out of my hands. The one thing I now regret

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is that I did not resign my position instantly upon receipt of your letter." There are many angles to the controversy which has been precipitated by this correspondence and the consequent resignation of Winter. On one of them San Francisco has had considerable light within the past few weeks. When the critics of the daily press united in the fiercest sort of denunciation of "The Girl from Rector's," even inciting the police department to the exercise of censorship, it is no secret that their virtuous activities packed the theatre for the rest of the week. It was not until thousands in quest of salacity had seen the play and had spread the report of its yawn-compelling stupidity that the box office ceased to be besieged. During the second week it played to very small audiences.

A Monk's Passion Play

A passion play, the work of a local playwright, is to be produced by local talent in this city next week. Next week's production is to be the first, and yet this play is already described as "America's Great Passion Play," and we are told that it is "an inspiring drama" and that it is to be produced decennially. All this may be quite true, but is it not also somewhat premature? How nearly the work approximates greatness as a playable drama we are yet to see; how inspiring it is as a moving, visible performance nobody has yet had the privilege of judging; and as it is among the possibilities that it may prove uninspiring and tedious who can truthfully assert that the first performance will ever be repeated? Let it not be supposed that I am at all skeptical as to the genius of Father Josaphat Kraus of the Franciscan Order, the author of this new passion play. Of his ability as a playwright I have not the slightest knowledge. I sincerely hope that he has constructed a dramatic masterpiece, and as I assume that he is a man of intelligence I am sure that he will not be offended that I have marveled at the assurance of the men who have been promoting publicity with a view to the filling of the Baker street Coliseum next week. If all that these men tell us is true then the birth of this passion play has been attended by phenomena bordering on the miraculous. For example they tell us that theatrical managers all over the country have been applying to Father Josaphat for rights of production. This is probably the first time in the history of the drama that theatrical managers have thus besieged an unknown playwright in advance of the presentation of his maiden effort. They also tell us that moving picture concerns have already offered thousands of dollars—how many thousands they do not specify—for the privilege of reproducing scenes from the play on their films. Yet such pictures will be of no value if the play is not a great success. However, the probability is that the pictures will be beautiful, for pictorially, we are told, the production is to be superb, a celebrated scenic artist having been brought from London to attend to the details of this feature. That it will be altogether a sumptuous production is likely, since expense has not been spared on the accessories. Father Josaphat, it should be stated, is a modest monk, who had no thought of an elaborate production of his play when he was writing it, his intention being to have the performance in the little auditorium of the church of St. Boniface.

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The Bal Bullier

The news comes from Paris that the hall in which the annual Students' Ball was held is no more. It has been torn down to make room for a department store. Whether the Bal Bullier will seem the same in another setting remains to be seen. It was at the ball in the Grand Boulevard that the students abandoned themselves to the cancan and other wild frolics, but did it with such boldness and originality that as a spectacle alone it commanded admiration. It was one of the things to be disapproved on general principles, but which the most correct witnessed and enjoyed. There was nothing like it in Paris. Viewed wholly as an art production it was well worth a visit, and because of that quality it thrived by the patronage of persons who would have tired of mere effrontery. Its designers called it a saturnalia, a feast of joy, beauty and equality and a return of the golden age. That was as good a description as any, for the happiest as well as the boldest inspirations found embodiment there, and questions of expense never needed to be considered. The entire Latin Quarter stood to back the affair to any amount required for an adequate artistic setting, and everybody there cherished it as one of the dearest institutions in that classic section of the city. At some of these balls the eyes of the spectators were filled with the marvelous spectacle furnished by from 2,500 to 3,000 costumes, each of which had been for weeks the preoccupation of artists trained to assemble colors, to drape fabrics and to study characters of historic epochs. But costumes, however rich, were not to be compared to nature's fabric as revealed in the flesh tints of the young models. After the initial procession, which was marched in orderly fashion as became a specacle on which so much care had been expended, the proceedings grew rapidly less formal and high kickers, grotesque and eccentrics engaged in tireless, endless carnival. Americans took to it because it was odd and bold and original, and it is safe to say that in its heyday it proved as much of an attraction for American men as for sweethearts and wives. The visit was an experience for the average American woman and she usually was glad to have had it.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Local Securities: A new era was started in California security dealings when, on October 1, the common and preferred stocks and the 5 per cent gold bonds of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company were formally listed on the New York Stock Exchange. This event was a signal for a big boom, especially in the common stock, and a rise of over $20 in it was the result. The preferred stock made a gain of over $5 in New York. Our local market for Telephone stocks has naturally been affected by the forward movement in the east, but we have been on the average of about two points below the New York market. This difference has been caused by the fact that all trades from here on the eastern market have to be either seller 5 days or buyer 5 days, as the case may be. Pacific Gas and Electric stocks have fallen behind in point of activity, though at this writing the demand from New York for them appears to be assuming greater proportions. Alaska Packers has had some excellent buying for the past week or so and has shown a steady increase in price. Spring Valley Water has also been in demand and it is rumored that this company will increase dividends before the first of the year. Hawaiian sugar stocks are not active at present because this time of year is between seasons. But an extra dividend of 50 cents per share on Hawaiian Commercial awakened some little interest. The stock of the California Wine Association has had a serious setback and at the request of the Association has been removed temporarily from the list. It is said that there is an assessment announcment coming out on these shares. The week's trading in bonds has been of more than the usual size and demonstrates clearly that there is a large amount of outside capital seeking investment in California's offerings. I believe that local interests have been the chief sellers. Southern California securities have played no small part in the local bond dealings, and Pacific Electric Railway 5s, Los Angeles Gas and Electric 5s, Los Angeles Lighting 5s and Los Angeles Pacific 5s have all started toward higher prices. United Railroads 4s, Pacific Telephone 5s and California Gas and Electric 5s have been the most active of our home bonds. I would advise that extreme caution be exercised in dealing in Pacific Telephone common as a decided setback is likely to occur at any time. For those holders who have their stock at substantially cheaper prices I think that this is a royal time to take profits. The advance in the preferred stock is merited and I think that there are still several points profit to be made on the buying side of it. Pacific Gas and Electric, common and preferred, and Alaska Packers continue to impress me as excellent purchases.

Eastern Securities: Wall Street Securities continue to show remarkable strength in the face of threatened hardening of interest rates, though the actual money conditions are less stringent than expected. The strength in Steel stocks has overshadowed all other features of the market. It is a foregone conclusion that the next dividend on steel common will be four per cent to be followed by a raise to six per cent. The earnings of the Geary Plant has so far exceeded the expectations of insiders that the officers of the company are fairly carried off their feet. The Metal stocks are acting well, and a good advance may be looked for in Amalgamated Copper soon. The tip is again going the rounds to buy Katy Common for an advance, also to buy Denver and Rio Grande Common and Preferred in anticipation of the early completion of the Western Pacific. The Hill Securities should be purchased on any fair decline; this also applies to St. Paul and Rock Island. It is given out from good quarters that the Steel stocks will be listed in Paris during the present month and that then Steel Common will sell at 115. There is a strong tip out on Republic Steel and Iron coming as it does from the buyers of these securities 20 to 30 points lower they may be trying to open a bag for some one to hold. A cautious position for the present seems best.

Cotton: The week has been fraught with intense interest and uncertainties. The market has broken into new high ground, and in fact has reached levels not attained at this season of the year since the Civil War. Prevailing conditions undoubtedly favor the market. An immense public following has been drawn to the bull side and so industrously has information concerning the crop been spread about that the opinion is practically universal that some time during the season much higher prices will be seen. This is an important sentimental asset. So far the spots demand has been very keen and factors and cotton holders have been able to fix prices for their cotton and enforce their demands. Simultaneously the stock of old cotton in Liverpool has been rapidly passing from the hands of importers to spinners. Liverpool stocks which have gone a long ways toward swelling the supply are thus being reduced and the takings from that market each week are tending to keep down the increase in the visible and to offset the accumulations at American centers from the large movement of new cotton now under way. There has developed a large short interest in actual cotton for early October shipment, and an interest of this kind is always bullish help, as the short buyer does not stand back on price when the time comes to fill his contract. In addition to the public speculation the market is being supported by wealthy people who are not usual traders in cotton, but having made money in wheat are enamored of cotton because it appears that conditions in the staple are similar to those which made the wheat deal successful—namely, a supply below what the

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world may normally be assumed to want. James A. Patten is the chief of these, and though at the first of the week he left New York he publicly declared that he was still long of cotton and believed in 17 cents. Patten has not heretofore in his speculative history given out misleading newspaper interviews. Mr. Patten's theory is that the supply is so small that in the end the spinners will buy it and use it at a price above where he purchased it and that he will find a natural market for his holdings regardless of public participation in the speculation. The final crop condition report issued by the Government on Monday of 58.5 indicates a crop of less than 11,000,000 bales. The total amount of cotton ginned to September 25 as reported by the Census bureau on Monday was 2,565,888 bales against 2,582,688 last year and 1,532,602 in 1907. Both reports fell flat but the Census report owing to the heavy ginnings reported is expected to cause some liquidation in the next few days. However we favor buying on all recessions irrespective of the construction that may be placed on the Census report.

Grain: The scalping position in wheat has continued. Unexpectedly the September delivery closed with a bear panic, the price jumping from 14 cents to $1.20 in the last hours. The short interest was about 2,000,000 the last day and 1,200,000 was at the mercy of the market, 800,000 bushels were delivered. There was no large short committments, the amount being scattered among one hundred or more brokers. The incident had no permanent effect on the market. The receipts continue to rule the market and will do so, we are on an entirely domestic situation with farmers slow to sell spring wheat at a price five cents below a year ago. The milling demand is being satisfied slowly, and spring stocks are accumulating. Buyers are buying with conservatism and when able to hedge on the market. The larger receipts at Duluth over Minneapolis represents durum for which domestic demand is slow, and prices on an entirely different basis than regular wheat. The smaller receipts on the larger special crop is to some extent due to the smaller durum yield. At the present rate it will take a month for northwestern supplies to reach a comfortable position and make the trade feel free of a shortage contingency. The only course to pursue in wheat is to sell on large daily receipts and buy on a small scale. The market is now over 7 cents over Liverpool and with our surplus the parity will be reached.

Miasma

In the swailful swirl of the soughful wind, as the gust goes glooring by, I sit by the bole of a baneful borch, with a moan and a soulful sigh. The mellowing mists of the eye are low, and the frog in the dankful marsh chirps chirpingly sad in the ghoulsome gloom, in a swivering voice and harsh:

"Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
And the voice of the flam-flam foul?
Methinks it moans from the murky mould,
And the home of the hootful owl."

Now, swivel me swift from the surging spring; I'm weary of wold and wind. The grewsome graik of the jobberwock comes jimmering to my mind. The feeble song of the sportsome frog comes solemnwise soughing slow, and again I hear by the bournful birch the wait of his wimpled woe:

"Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
From the land of the springful sprole?
Must the blue mists blur on the drinkful drale,
And freight with their frought my soul?"

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Freddie Greenwood on the Verge

When a confirmed bachelor shows signs of forsaking the easy life of clubs for the stern responsibilities of the married state, everybody sits up and takes wondering notice. I have been given to understand that this attitude of amazement will soon be the correct manner of regarding Fred Greenwood, for out of the north there comes a little bird whispering to me that this popular young man has been snared at last. The soft tale has to do with a very beautiful young lady of Portland whose name I am not privileged to divulge just yet and until I am allowed to give further particulars gossip must con-

Photo, Habenicht

MISS HARRIET ALEXANDER

Daughter of Mrs. Charles O. Alexander whose Colonial dances form one topic of conversation in society just now.

tent itself with exclamations of surprise over the unexpectedness of it all. Freddie Greenwood is one of the best known bachelors in town and although he has not yet attained the years at which bachelordom is considered an unchangeable habit, there are few who will not arch their brows to learn that he contemplates matrimony.

Our Rival Leaders

Again we are told that Mrs. Alexander is intent upon snatching the scepter from the perennial Greenway. Not a word of truth in it. Mrs. Alexander's only purpose is to contribute to the mild relaxations of the fashionable herd. Agreeing with Byron that society is "one polished horde, formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored" she is animated by the beneficent purpose of alleviating the tedium of existence in Burlingame and wherever the atmosphere is charged with the stifling emanations of minds that have been educated down to the level of the tragic elect who are ambitious of exclusiveness. Mrs. Alexander has no thought of entering into competition with the magnetic and talented Mr. Greenway. She knows that he is the irremovable pastor of the Burlingame parish, the high and puissant prince of all our provincial aristocracy. She has no hostility to Mr. Greenway. She admires him for his pliancy, his gentleness, his perfect manners, his wit and his vivacity. As for Greenway he is far from being in panic state over the prospect depicted by the unreliable dailies.

Photo, Emily Pitchford

MISS EDITH PAGE

Whose engagement to James T. Van Loben Sels has been announced.

He moves as ever in an ethereal atmosphere, feeding full of the food of the gods, and discussing with the air of a philosopher the merits and demerits of remote and of recent vintages. The literature of wine is Mr. Greenway's staple mental diet, and he can expatiate on it eloquently. Most other subjects he eschews. He is not on unfriendly terms with Mrs. Alexander, but of course she will not serve his wine at her St. Francis supper. It is only on the question of brand that they are irreconcilable. Nothing but White Seal—Moet & Chandon at the Colonials.

Women at the Taft Banquet

The appearance of beautiful women in handsome gowns standing on chairs to get a view of the President and hear him speak, added an unusual touch of informality to the Taft banquet at the Fairmont. The ladies had been attending various functions and their curiosity or patriotism, or what you will just wouldn't let them stay away from the sacred precincts of the banquet room. Little Mrs. Vincent Whitney who was entertaining guests at dinner led the way and in a few

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minutes one end of the banquet hall was crowded with women. Mrs. Whitney, attired in a most artistic dress of gray silk net embroidered in gray silk looked very picturesque on her perch. She wore a most original hat made of silver cloth with a felt facing, the brim encircled with emerald green plumes. Anna Peters also attracted attention. Her immense long ear rings were startling. Her dress was a fluffy pale pink chiffon made with deep tunic, and the hat was an enormous affair of black beaver covered with plumes. It was noticeable that most of the new evening hats were black. Another group of handsomely attired women was with Mrs. Marshall Hale. Mrs. Gavin McNab, Mrs. Edward Robeson Taylor, Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, Mrs. Eberle and Miss McNab, the latter looking particularly pretty in a gown of yellow brocaded chiffon with bows of black velvet,

Photo, Habenicht

MRS. WORTHINGTON AMES

One of the talented ladies who took part in the recent society vaudeville.

and Mrs. Henry Payot, wearing a quantity of rose point, kept applauding all evening. Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst who gave a pretty little dinner in honor of Mrs. James N. Gillett, looked very pretty in a gown of gray satin made with a long sweeping full train, with the bodice close fitting and quite covered with embroidery. Mrs. Edgar Judson Benedict wore a Parisian gown of an odd color of grayish blue green moire.

Miss Calhoun's Rumored Engagement

It may be that the intimacy which exists between the Calhouns and the Fosters of San Rafael is responsible for the story and then again there may be more solid basis for the very interesting rumor, but whether true or false, certain it is that tea-table whisperings connect the names of Miss Margaret Calhoun and Paul Foster, son of A. W. Foster, in prophecies of a soon-to-be-announced engagement. The Calhoun family and the Fosters are much together and Miss Margaret Calhoun is a particular chum of Miss Louisiana Foster. When the Calhouns went to the Yellowstone recently Miss Foster accompanied them and the two girls spend much time together in San Rafael. It may be that this camaraderie has given rise to the interesting tale which involves Paul, but there are wise ones close to the two families who think there is more than that in the rumor.

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Miss Cowles Said To Be Engaged

Signs occasionally fail but if a pretty girl receives an enormous box of orchids every blessed day, with box parties at the theatres and all sorts of conspicuous public attentions from a chap who cannot mask his eyes to hide the adoration he feels in his heart, is not one justified in drawing conclusions? That is what Miss Cecil Cowles' friends are asking. In fact, at tea at the Fairmont the other afternoon one brave girl put the query point-blank but pretty Cecil merely blushed and referred the curious one to her mother. Mrs. Cowles is taciturn but the rumor refuses to be snubbed to silence. Miss Cowles' chums declare that a handsome trouseau is in preparation and the only thing they regret is that her future residence may be in New York where the family of her generous suitor resides.

Photo, Oscar Maurer

MRS. JOSEPH INGRAM THOMAS

Formerly Miss Lee Breckenridge, whose marriage took place on Wednesday.

Well-Known Matron Dies Suddenly

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Davis were shocked to learn that Mrs. Davis was stricken with paralysis soon after her recent arrival in Boston and the news of her death has been received with general sorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Davis left this city for the east last week and on arriving in Boston took quarters at the Hotel Touraine where they were to await the arrival of their daughter Miss Sidney Davis who was to accompany them on a lengthy tour abroad for the benefit of Mr. Davis' health. Telegrams to friends in this city at first

reported Mrs. Davis in a serious condition but did not prepare them for her sudden passing. Mrs. Davis was Miss Kohler, daughter of Mrs. Charles Kohler of Stockton and niece of Mrs. Anna L. Bauer of this city. Her eldest daughter Edna surprised society last winter by eloping with Pierre Moore.

Miss King Joins Christian Science

Miss Genevieve King has caused a flutter among her friends by embracing Christian Science. I am told that she arose at a meeting recently and gave a demonstration, as it is called, describing her ailment and testifying to the beneficial results which had followed the application of Christian Science methods. That demonstration is talked of as one of the biggest shocks to conventionality administered in a long time.

Death Casts Gloom Over Society

The tragic ending of Sidney B. Cushing has cast a gloom over society in this city and San Rafael where the family is well known. Mrs. Cushing was formerly Grace Eldridge, daughter of the late I. O. Eldridge, prominent for many years as a real estate dealer. Miss Dollie Eldridge married Charles Green, now of San Mateo. Mrs. Cushing and Mrs. Green were well known in the Rincon Hill and South Park set in years gone by. On account of the death of her father Miss Dollie Cushing will not be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of her friend Miss Helen Baker and Drummond MacGavin and her own wedding to James Jenkins, nephew of Mrs. Edwin L. Griffiths of Ross Valley, will be postponed until next year. Mrs. Cushing is a prominent member of the Francisca Club and out of respect for her bereavement the many brilliant luncheons which had been planned for the opening day did not take place. Mrs. Cushing sent a personal request that the formality of the opening should not be interfered with but the club directors decided otherwise. The club's housewarming will take place later.

Richly Furnished Women's Clubs

What impresses one particularly about the new home of the Francisca Club is the lavishness of its furnishings. It breathes of wealth. It is all in the modern style, of no particular period and with no particular coherence in the relation of one room to another. The living room is heavily beamed in dark wood and the hard-wood floor is scattered with elegant rugs. The dining room in ivory white suggests colonial simplicity. The library with its well-filled shelves is the best room in the club. It is done in dull mahogany. Numerous card rooms, all light and airy, afford ample facilities for the favorite pastime of the Franciscans. The new Town and Country Club is in every way different from the Francisca. All is reposeful and unobstrusively elegant with no more suggestion of cost than one would find in a beautiful garden. Soft grays predominate, the tapestries and woodwork being in restful though warmly tinted tones. The library table is unique, having been brought from a ruined monastery in Brittany. It is of iron oak, grayish brown and exquisitely carved. Once the monks gathered around it to read their breviaries but now dainty silks frou-frou against its carved sides and it is pressed by feminine elbows—a change so startling that it suggests all sort of bromidic reflections which I shall considerately repress.

EVERY WOMAN

Covets a fresh, smooth, satiny complexion, and what satisfaction and peace of mind its possession brings. The lines of age, worry and overwork are rendered well nigh powerless by Mrs. Nettie HARRISON'S LOLA MONTEZ CREME. A wonderful soother, healer and protector to a dry, contracted or chapped skin. It is Complexion Insurance. A Jar (3 months' treatment) 75 cents at all Druggists. To convince you of its remarkable power, I will send a free sample and "Beauty Book" on request. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON, San Francisco.

Writers' Days

Following out a policy beginning with the new club year the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association will devote its social days to the work of its prominent writers. The first member to receive this honor was Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, a woman of delightful personality and a writer of more than ordinary ability. Her poems, short stories and one-act farces have a very just claim for recognition. Next Monday, the second of these writers' days, will be devoted to the exploitation of Mrs. Frona Waite Colburn, the first woman to engage in daily newspaper work in this city. Mrs. Colburn began her journalistic career on the Examiner in the eighties, before William R. Hearst emerged from college. She did some important and brilliant work for that paper. In later years she has been a very active woman. In 1890 she was made special agent of the Bureau of Labor statistics. It was she that conceived the Eucalyptus motif in art which our local artists have made so much of. She has written a prehistoric romance entitled "Germah the Dorado" and a book of Indian Messiac Myths, besides lecturing in all the large cities of the United States. She has done much for California wines at several national expositions where she exploited their merits. During the present year she has been engaged in editorial work on financal papers. A versatile and energetic woman is Mrs. Colburn and deserving of the tribute to be paid here by the Press Association.

Jimmy Redpath, Carpenter

Popular Jimmy Redpath whose duty it is to keep the newspapermen informed of so much and no more of Southern Pacific doings as it is deemed expedient to make public, boasts an unusual accomplishment. For the past three years he has devoted his spare hours to the building of a bungalow in San Anselmo and the result now stands revealed in as cosy a six-room habitation as was ever reared by the labor of one man. It is all his own work for he has allowed nobody to help him in swinging the hammer and buzzing the saw which performed the miracle. The bungalow has a veranda on three sides, a great living room with a big fire place, hardwood floors, beamed ceilings and all the conveniences that spell home. Redpath knew nothing about building when he started, but he went to work with scientific ardor fortifying his ambition with all the books that he could lay his hands on. Now the bungalow is the pet of San Anselmo and all the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Redpath are eagerly awaiting invitations to the housewarming.

Darrach Goes East

The dinner given on Thursday night by the members of the Bohemian Club in honor of Marshall Darrach of New York was a mark of esteem and good fellowship and an appreciative recognition of the place he occupies among the literary men of the country. His artistic interpretation of Shakespeare's plays proclaims a scholarly attainment rare even among university men and his impersonation of the characters shows marvelous versatility and skill. Society and clubdom have been intensely interested in him during his stay here and on his return from New York in March prior to his departure for a tour of the world he and Dr. Humphrey Stewart, the well known local composer, have planned to give a series of recitals which will inaugurate an art form new here but very popular in New York. The plays selected for presentation are "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with one hundred and fifty selected voices and fifty trained musicians rendering the music by Mendlessohn,

DR. MATILDA A. FEELEY

Is now located at 1700 Sutter Street. Diseases of women and children. Hours 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

"The Tempest" with the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan and additional songs and choruses from classical sources, and "Macbeth," the music especially arranged from the orchestral score of Edgar Stillman Kelley and some original effects written for the occasion by Dr. Stewart. Mr. Darrach left Friday for New York after having spent most of the summer here and in Honolulu.

Two Popular Girls Engaged

Society on both sides of the bay was deeply interested in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Edith Page, daughter of the late Wilfred Page, and James T. Van Loben Sels which was made public lately at a bridge party given by the prospective bride at the residence of her mother in Berkeley. Miss Page comes from a prominent and well known family. Mrs. Horace Hellmann and Mrs. J. W. Mailliard are her aunts. Miss Leslie Page and Miss Anita Mailliard, two of the most beautiful and attractive young girls of the ultra smart set, are her cousins. Mrs. Page, the bride's mother, was a Miss Adams, one of the noted beauties of the early day exclusive set. Mr. Van Loben Sels is a son of the former Consul of Holland and is prominent in the social and business world. He is a relative of the de Fremerys of Oakland. The date of the wedding is set for December. At a daintily appointed luncheon given in honor of Miss Jean Tyson, Miss Avis Sherwood of Oakland announced her engagement to Arthur L. Doremus of New York. Miss Sherwood is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and grand daughter of Mrs. Robert Sherwood. Her mother was Miss Warner, an eastern girl who met and became engaged to H. H. Sherwood while he was attending Harvard. Miss Dorothy Chapman is a cousin of the prospective bride. These two charming girls made their debut last year at a ball given by their grandmother. Miss Sherwood is tall and graceful and a decided brunette. She has traveled extensively and is noted for her beautiful voice which was cultivated abroad. The wedding will take place in the spring. The future home of the young couple will be New Jersey where her fiance is a prominent business man.

Departure of Mrs. Hickox

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hickox of Cleveland, Ohio, who have been visiting relatives in this city for the past three weeks left Monday evening for home by way of Seattle. During their visit here they were extensively entertained. One of the most elaborate luncheons of the past week given in honor of Mrs. Hickox was that of Mrs. Patrick Calhoun at her home in Webster street. Among the guests were Mrs. George Page, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Addison, Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy, Mrs. Robert Chester Foute and Mrs. Chrystal Harrison. The costumes of Mrs. Hickox were certainly the most elaborate seen here in many a day. Her evening robes in particular were works of art. Mr. Hickox is many times a millionaire and nothing, I am told, gives him more happiness than seeing his beautiful wife appear in her gorgeous imported costumes resplendent with exquisite jewels. Mrs. Hickox was Miss Alice Chrystal before her marriage to the late Henry B. Havens, a member of the prominent Oakland family.

Paymaster Greer to Retire

Apropos the Greer-Wilson wedding which was the most brilliant social event of last week, gossip has it that the groom is going to retire from the navy. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, the parents of the bride, while otherwise giving hearty approval to the match, have expressed their disapproval of the navy career for their son-in-law and that Paymaster Greer made a promise that he would retire before the parental benediction was pronounced upon the engagement.

Miss Richards and Other Buds

One of the handsomest of the private balls to be given during the earlier season will be at the old Henry E. Huntington home in Jackson street, this property having been recently acquired by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft who are making elaborate plans for the coming-out party of their beautiful granddaughter, Miss Ruth Richards, the daughter of the C. O. Richards of Southern California. Miss Richards is a girl of unusual distinction of appearance, tall, aristocratic in manners and looks, and blessed with a lovable disposition. She has often visited here and her entree into society will be brilliant for the Bancrofts belong to the old social regime that first lorded it over San Francisco. At the same time that Miss Richards makes her bow, Miss Dorothy Baker who has been finishing her education by a year abroad under the chaperonage of Miss Stone, will also make her debut, the two girls having been chums at the Blanchard-Gamble school. Looking over the winter's list of buds one is delightfully pleased to note what a number of pretty girls there will be. Miss Katherine Farrell who returned during the week from Europe where she has been traveling since early last spring with her mother is to be a debutante. Ila Sontag will also make her debut during the early season. Mrs. Charles H. Weller and Miss Anna Weller will give a big tea in Laurel Court next Saturday to introduce the pretty little bud to their circle of friends. Mrs. Julian Sontag is planning to present her daughter at a ball later in the month.

Weddings of Interest to Society

A wedding of interest to Californians will take place today at Saint Anne's Church, Annapolis, when Miss Cornelia Wyntje Baird, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William Baird will become the bride of William Whinery Hicks, a lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Corps. An elaborate reception will follow immediately after the ceremony at Carvel Hall. Mrs. Baird was Miss Minnie Dawley, daughter of Mrs. Olive Dawley, a well known resident of San Francisco some years ago. The bride is a niece of Mrs. Carter, wife of Brigider-General Carter. After a honeymoon trip the bride and groom will reside in Newport where the groom is at present stationed.

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The wedding of Miss Lee Breckenridge and Joseph Ingram Thomas took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's aunt Mrs. H. H. Henderson in Berkeley, Rev. George Eldridge of St. John's Presbyterian Church officiating. The bride is a member of a distinguished family of the south that has given many prominent men to national affairs. Mr. Thomas is a mining man from Cleveland, Ohio. The couple will reside in Salt Lake. Another interesting wedding took place on Wednesday when Miss Ruth Baldwin Chewning, only daughter of William Montgomery Chewning, was married to Frederick Malcolm Eaton of Boston. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Frederick W. Clampett of Trinity Church at the residence of the bride's father in Broderick street. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Upon their return from the wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Eaton will reside at 2839 Broderick street.

Headquarters For Visiting Club Women

Most of our prominent club women are now interested in the plans of the State Federation to maintain headquarters in the St. Francis Portola week. A large reception committee will hold forth each afternoon in the Red Room on the mezzanine floor, from one to five and will entertain club women from all over the United States. The State President, Mrs. James B. Hume, will be in attendance each afternoon and will be ably assisted by a reception party composed of matrons from far and near who are noted for their genial hospitality. Some of the leading women who will assist Mrs. Hume are Mrs. J. N. Gowles of Los Angeles, the Vice-President of the Federation; Mrs. R. S. M. Davis of Santa Ana; Mrs. J. W. Orr, San Francisco; Mrs. Anna Little Barry, Oakland; Miss Blanche Morse, Berkeley; Miss Emily Hoppin, Yolo; Miss Meta Stofen, Sonoma; Miss M. E. Merriam, Chico; Mrs. W. V. Grimes, Pacific Grove; Mrs. Cora E. Jones, Oakland; Mrs. R. J. Water, Los Angeles; Mrs. Julius Kahn, San Francisco; Miss Jennie Partridge, San Francisco; Mrs. A. A. Fowler, San Jose; Mrs. F. H. Colburn, San Mateo; Mrs. James E. Higgins, Alameda; Mrs. William S. Wattles, Berkeley; Miss Rosemary Dobbins, Berkeley; Miss Eva Powel, Oakland; Mrs. Henry Gervais, Burlingame; Mrs. A. M. Colburn, Stanford; Mrs. Frank Bostwick, Mill Valley; Mrs. A. E. Osborn, Santa Clara; Mrs. E. L. Baldwin, San Francisco; Mrs. Edward D. Knight, San Francisco; Mrs. Lowell White, San Francisco; Mme. Emilia Tojetti, San Francisco; Mrs. A. W. Cornwall, San Francisco; Mrs. Kate A. Bulkley, Berkeley; Mrs. George Fredericks, Oakland; Mrs. William E. Colby, Berkeley; Mrs. F. L. Cockroft, Oakland; Mrs. A. A. Goddard, Sacramento; Mrs. B. F. Walton, Yuba City; Mrs. E. D. Buss, Bakersfield; Mrs. Robert Potter Hill, Sonoma; Mrs. Geo. E. Plummer, Alameda; Mrs. Alfred Black, San Francisco; Mrs. E. G. Green, Palo Alto; Mrs. C. E. Woodbury, Oakland; Mrs. W. L. Peters, San Leandro; Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Los Angeles; Mrs. A. W. Scott, San Francisco, and Miss Christine Hart, San Francisco. These afternoon receptions are to be of the most informal character and have been arranged simply to make all club women welcome and to give them some place where they may meet one another and spend a few quiet hours. The officers of the various organizations are planning little informal musical programs.

Exhibition by Local Artists

The first of a series of art exhibitions is now going on in the hall of the California Conservatory of Music in Presidio avenue. It is open to the public every day except Fridays from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Among those who have contributed to the exhibition are G. F. Piazzoni, Arthur Putnam, Xavier Martinez, Maurice Del Mue, Miss Emily Travis, G. Cadenasso, Matteo Sandona, Mrs. Mary J. Menton and Ralph Stackpole. The hanging committee consisted of G. F. Piazzoni, Maurice Del Mue, Arthur Putnam, Xavier Martinez, and Miss Travis. The entrance fee of 25 cent is to be applied to the artists' hospital fund.

Miss Pasmore's Violin Recital

Miss Mary Pasmore will give a violin recital in Century Club Hall on October 25. Miss Suzanne Pasmore will assist her at the piano. The unusual talent of these young ladies has won them special recognition in local artistic circles and the program which will be given is of the sort to appeal to ardent music-lovers. It will include the "Chaconne" for violin alone, of Bach, Bruch's Concerto in G Minor, Opus 26, a Berceuse by Faure, Wieniawski's "Scherzo Tarantelle" and "La Folia" (variations serieuses) by Corelli-Leonard.

The Loring Club Concert

The concert of the Loring Club on Tuesday evening, October 12, is being looked forward to with much interest. One of the principal numbers will be Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's cycle of "Songs of the Sea" which was the success of the Leeds Festival of 1904. Mr. John Carrington will sing the important bass solo parts in this work and the accompaniments will be piano, organ and orchestra. Prominent among the other numbers will be Chadwick's "Lo, Now Night Shadows" and Kremser's "Thro' Whispering Boughs," the latter being for two choirs of men's voices. The pianist of the evening will be Mr. Frederick Maurer Jr., and Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, the conductor of the club, will direct the concert.

Some of the arrivals from abroad now at the Fairmont are Harvey Bowring and party from London, H. K. Frye and wife, London, Dr. Franz Popper, Vienna, M. and Mme. Rossallin de Crandeville, Paris, Dr. Frances de Crue and family, Geneva, Julien Printzer and Alexander Frankel, Budapest, Alexander Kniever, Vienna, H. Prudhomme and wife, Antwerp.

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In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Hunt are now permanently located at the St. Francis.

James H. Schwabacher and Sam M. Levenson, prominent merchants of San Francisco, have been enjoying a few weeks' outing at Tallac.

One of the most enjoyable dancing parties of the season took place on Friday evening when Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams and Mrs. Harry Williams entertained in honor of the Misses Florence and Corona Williams at the beautiful Williams home in Octavia street.

Mrs. Chrystal Harrison is receiving the congratulations of her friends upon the appointment of her son Ralph C. Harrison as lieutenant of the Coast Artillery Corp.

The Misses Madge and Francis Carroll have taken apartments at the Charlemagne for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bender and Mrs. Cherry Bender have taken a house in College avenue, Berkeley. Mr. Bender is slowly recovering from his recent severe illness.

Mrs. Safford K. Colby has returned to her home in this city after an enjoyable visit to Mr. and Mrs. John Kirchen of Tonopah.

Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian spent last week end with the C. J. Fosters at their beautiful home, the Hacienda, in Ross Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Foster will close their home this week and come to San Francisco for the winter.

Mrs. F. F. Low and her daughter, Miss Flora Low, after an absence of several months at Del Monte, have returned to the city and will be at the St. Francis for the winter.

Rev. Bradford Leavitt, Mrs. Leavitt and Miss Helen Leavitt have returned to the city after an enjoyable visit to the Cunningham ranch at Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Adams Blackmer have closed their home in Berkeley and taken a flat at 2852 Steiner street for the winter.

Mrs. Selby Hanna has been enjoying a motor tour through Michigan. Mrs. Hanna expects to return to San Francisco soon.

An elaborate luncheon was given at the Claremont Country Club on Wednesday by Mrs. William Thornton White of Oakland in honor of Miss Arline Johnson and Miss Ruth Houghton. Miss Houghton has set the date of her marriage to Seymour Hall for November. Miss Johnson's wedding to George Stark Foune will be a social event of December.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilly have closed their San Rafael home and taken an apartment in Steiner street for the winter.

Mrs. William S. Wood has been traveling through Germany but will soon meet Mrs. T. B. Bishop in Greece.

The Friday Night Assembly of Oakland will give its first dance on November 19 at Maple Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green have decided to close their San Mateo home, and, with their sons, Eldredge and Allen, spend the winter at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Ernest Kinloch Johnstone gave a luncheon at the St. Francis last Saturday in honor of Mrs. Hickox of Cleveland, Ohio. The guests were Mrs. Hickox, her sister Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. William Lynham Shiels, Baroness von Schroeder, Mrs. White, Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. Henry Fergurson, Miss Kate Dillon and Miss Mollie Phelan.

Among the recent arrivals at Coronado were Martin Schneider, James Horsburg Jr., E. S. Swann, J. M. Murphy, Bishop E. F. Hughes, Frank M. Warren, Howard D. Bays, W. E. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Deering, Mr. and Mrs. D. McGarrity, Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Greer. Mr. James Horsburg Jr. went down in the private car "Ashland" with a party including E. O. McCormick, Mrs. McCormick, Hon. J. O. Humphries, Judge of the Appellante Court of Illinois, Mrs. Humphries, Col. E. S. Conway, Mrs. Conway and Miss Mabel Rogers.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria were Miss A. D. Ames, Mrs. J. Russ, Misses Cecelia and Maud O'Connor, Mrs. J. H. Mundy, Mrs. H. F. Hodgdon, Mrs. J. H. Potter, Mrs. and Miss Harrell of Bakersfield, Miss E. J. Good, Miss C. M. Wilson, H. A. Thaxton, J. A. McPherson and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Kerrigan.

One of the most interesting social events of Portola week will be the reception given by the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution in the colonial ball room of the St. Francis. The affair will be a compliment to Mrs. John F. Swift, vice-president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and most elaborate preparations are being made to welcome the distinguished visitors who will attend.

Mr. T. G. Tredwell and his bride arrived at Del Monte in their motor car last week and remained there for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buck of New York and their three children who were at the Peninsula Hotel for a short time will be at Del Monte for several weeks.

A gay little party in two auto cars arrived at Del Monte the latter part of the week. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Meek and Miss Meek of Haywards; Miss Smythe of Redlands and Mr. A. L. Coogan of Oakland, Mr. William Volkman of San Francisco, Mr. H. J. Hechtman of Kerman and Mr. W. I. Hechtman of Berkeley, Miss Hechtman and Miss Wilson of Berkeley and Mr. T. H. Rhodes of Kerman. On Sunday the entire party went to Pebble Beach Lodge for luncheon.

Dr. Oscar Mansfeldt of San Francisco stopped at Del Monte for a few days last week.

During the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York there was a special California night of fine vaudeville at the Belasco Theatre and every patron received a basket of California fruit.

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Stage

Billie Burke in "Love Watches"

To Gladys Unger and Billie Burke I am indebted for an evening of unalloyed pleasure spent at the Van Ness Theatre; to Gladys Unger because of her masterly dramatic handiwork; to Billie Burke because of the charm of her personality and the captivating quality of her art. Doubtless Billie Burke would be satisfying in any sort of theatric contrivance that served as a pretext for the disporting of herself before the footlights, but hardly less welcome than the divinely fair and fascinating actress is the delicious little comedy through which she romps and smiles and lightly plays upon our susceptible emotions. Here is a comedy from the French which retains just enough of the Gallic flavor to make it grateful to the hyper-sensitive, puritan American palate. It is evident that in the original it was risque enough to appeal even to the jaded appetite of a blase boulevardier, but let it not be supposed that it lost its piquancy in the process of dilution. Its parentage is still obvious enough. It is no trick for the imagination to restore some of the vivid colors that have been toned down or to supply some of the lines that have been excised. The play has been transmuted from characteristic French comedy to the variety that pales by comparison but is all the more acceptable in the American theatre; in spots it is suggestive, but on the whole the humor of it is delicate and refined. The theme is one that has been treated much more broadly by Henry Arthur Jones —that of a young wife who, believing her husband to have been unfaithful, leaves home to revenge herself by annexing a lover. But whereas in "Love Watches" the wife is guilty of only a mild indiscretion, in "Rebellious Susan," the Jones play, the wife plunges into something more than a platonic flirtation. The moral of the play as Jones facetiously remarks is "That as women cannot retaliate openly, they may retaliate secretly—and lie!" I am glad that Billie Burke in "Love Watches" doesn't have to go as far as Rebellious Susan. Billie Burke is the quintessence of innocent girlhood. Her type incarnates the purity of sheer beauty. She is as enchanting to her own sex as she is alluring to the masculine devotee of the exaltations of a passionate life. One does not like to think of so sweet a girl doing vulgar things even in make-believe land. Besides, this frank, ingenuous woman with a wild rose-bloom in her face and a hill-wind freshness in all her features would seem incongruous in a role steeped in the atmosphere of deceit and immoral intrigue. How easy it is thus to rhapsodize about Billie Burke! Nay, how difficult in discussing her to abstain from rhapsody! The most self-restrained and unemotional of critics have gone epithet-hunting in obedience to the irresistible impulse to feed her on metaphors and turn their phrases to trim the theme aright. And yet this is distinctly a poet's job, for none but the poet can give expression through the instrument of words to the untranslated, undefined uncertainty of grace that resides in a beautiful woman. It would be unjust to Billie Burke, however, to dwell exclusively upon her physical charms, on her bud-mouth, her madding ineffable nose, her arms seductively white and her eyes filled with strange lights and depths of shadow. For Billie Burke is an actress with an exquisite gift for mimicry. She has temperament and talent. There is never a trace of consciousness or exaggeration in her method. She imparts to her phases of mimicry an elusive quality that merges them into reality beyond suspicion. Never does she resort to any of the familiar expedients for the outer show of what is sometimes regarded as consummate artistry, but even in so simple a comedy as the one in which she is playing she reveals to us the celestial glories of pure imagination. She seems at all times utterly innocent of acting; seems, indeed, to be doing nothing more than realizing her own radiant self. Her stage craft is the efflorescence of her charm. So Billie Burke is something more than a stage beauty, for in her there is that more precious beauty of the mind shining through the mask of the flesh. She has come to us as a star, the youngest in the theatre firmament, and there is none to dispute or challenge her qualifications. At the same time, it should be mentioned, she has come to us with a company that contains some mighty good talent. When she was last here supporting John Drew she more than divided the honors with that veteran of the stage. Now she is supported by Ernest Lawford and that gentleman achieves almost as much distinction as herself. He is not perhaps, what is technically known as the hero of the play, but he has a "fat" part and he lards the lean stage with it at every opportunity. As a dry-as-dust literary gentleman with latent amorous proclivities and a personality that inspires nothing more than amiable toleration, he proves himself an artist of the first rank.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Orpheum This Week and Next

If it would not seem so much like disparagement of the rest of a good program one might be inclined to say that the motion pictures were the "bill-toppers" at the Orpheum this week. The Orpheum motion pictures are too lightly regarded; the ladies usually put on their hats and the gentlemen reach for their overcoats as soon

BILLIE BURKE

Who has made a great success in the comedy "Love Watches."

as the theatre darkens for their presentation. In timeliness and fidelity to the interest of contemporary man the motion pictures are probably a little bit in advance of the rest of vaudeville. Motion pictures more thoroughly down to date than those shown this week could hardly be imagined for they represented that week of aviation at Rheims which will go into history as one of the most remarkable and world-important gatherings of modern life. To say that these pictures arouse enthusiasm and wonder is to understate their effect; as a matter of fact they bring aviation and its recent development to the understanding of San Francisco with a startling force only inferior to that which awoke New York from its indifference when Wilbur Wright doubled Bartholdi's statue. Of course there was much besides the motion pictures in the show. Mary Norman, one of the most capable satirists on the stage, gave her laughable philosophy of hats and told an incident of the New York streets with straightforward intensity. The Brahms quartet and the Big City quartet vied for honors. The former consists of four young women, fair and tastefully gowned. Their music of voice and instrument was so happily chosen and so sweetly rendered that the audience was loth to let them go. The masculine quartet of vocalists made good in the conventional way of all capable quartets. It would be hard to say whether Pilu, the mind-reading dog or Henry Clive, the burlesque magician, pleased the audience more. There are always those who like to see an animal simulate human intelligence and there are plenty of others whose sense of humor is tickled by the exposure of such tricks. Both sorts were pleased by these two numbers of the program. James Young whose reputation as an exponent of Shakespearian roles has preceded him to this city is agreeably successful in a skit built upon a conventional farce deception but there are no real demands made upon his histrionic ability. Les Myosotis, fine ballet dancers, received the usual grudging applause which the Orpheum audience yields to imported artists of this description. Edna Aug, a local favorite of the ante-fire days, renewed old acquaintances in her comic "Types." Some of these acts will be seen again next week—Mary Norman, the dog Pilu and Young in his tabloid farce. The motion pictures will be changed which seems a pity; but that is the secret of their success. The newcomers promise well. Valerie Bergere returns in a skit called "The Sultan's Favorite." It is almost as down to date as the Rheims pictures, dealing with the recent dethronement of Abdul and requires a company of six or more. There will also be the Tuscany Troubadours, Reynard, a ventriloquist who presents a play with the aid of automata, the six Glinserettis, gymnasts who made a hit here before, and Carlin and Clark, German comedians.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"The Girl Question" at the Garrick

The first of a series of three La Salle Theatre, Chicago, successes starts an engagement of one week at the Garrick tomorrow afternoon. "The Girl Question," "Honeymoon Trail," and "The Time, the Place and the Girl," will appear in succession. "The Girl Question" was here last season at the Van Ness. It is a musical play with an absorbing plot of heart interest, yet written along slangy, funny lines that excite great merriment. The company is a large one headed by the comedian John L. Kearney whose former appearances here have made him quite a favorite. Supporting him is Dorothy Maynard, a beautiful soubrette. There are seventy others in the production. Notable among the songs are "Be Sweet to me, Kid," "Waltz with me till I'm dreamy," "There's no place like home," "It's bye bye, Pal," "The old Buck and Wing," "I'd like to hear you call me Honey," "When Eyes like yours look into eyes like mine" and "I hate to work on Monday." The usual matinees of the Garrick are Sunday, Thursday and Saturday.

The Rose Blooms Again at the Alcazar

An appropriate stage offering at this time, when Califorina's early history occupies so much attention, is "The Rose of the Rancho," which is to be revived at the Alcazar Monday evening and throughout the week. The play was built by two native Californians, David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully, and it treats of life in California while the missions were on the decline. It is full of the langorous Spanish atmosphere that was routed by the advent of American progress. If it had been specially written to introduce and accompany the Portola festivities, it could not more fully harmonize with their spirit. Bessie Barriscale will again be seen as Juanita, her best role, and Will R. Walling will play Kearny, the government agent, Charles Dow Clark is cast for the Padre, Louis Bennison is admirably bestowed as Kincaid, the land-jumper, Harrison Ford will play Sammy, the lieutenant of militia, and Grace Travers will be the Rose's chum. All the other principal char-

SHOW GIRLS IN "THE GIRL QUESTION"
At the Garrick next week.

acters will be played by the same people who had them last season. The entire scenic equipment has been renovated.

Western Play at Ye Liberty

On Monday evening the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will present "The Halfbreed," the play of western life written by Harry D. Cottrell and Oliver Morosco. This play has been a popular success with stock companies all over the country. When first presented at the Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles, it ran for five weeks and it was played to by both the Valencia and Colonial stock companies in this city. The authors have laid the scenes of "The Halfbreed" in the Indian Territory in the year 1899 when the Indian raids created so much disturbance. Sydney Ayres will be seen in the leading role. For Portola week Richard Walton Tully's new play, "Cupid, the Cow-Punch," will be Ye Liberty's offering.

"The Great John Ganton" at the Valencia

On Sunday night "The Great John Ganton," a drama of American business life written by J. Hartley Manners from Arthur J. Eddy's novel, "Ganton & Co.," will begin a run of one week at the Valencia. The play comes direct from the Lyric Theatre in New York where it has had a long and prosperous run. The principal role is played by George Fawcett, one of the foremost character actors of the present day. In the part of John Ganton Fawcett is said to have a role that fits his personality like a glove. Surrounding Fawcett is a group of artists well known to the New York players. The company numbers twenty-five, including Thurston Hall, John Webster, Lucius Henderson, Allen Fawcett, Louis Breenson, George Caldwell, Charles Gay, Jack Barnes, Frank Smithers, Fanchon Campbell, Elisie Scott, Ruth Tomlinson, Emilie Callaway and Florence Glenn. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Third Degree" Coming

Apropos "The Third Degree," which Henry B. Harris will present at the Van Ness commencing Monday, October 18, it is generally conceded that Charles Klein knows what the public wants and gives it to them at the proper time. So much has been said and written lately about the brutality resorted to by police officials in extorting confessions from suspected criminals that Klein concluded it about time to introduce his topical problem play. New York endorsed the play and it ran for seven months at the Hudson Theatre. It will be pre-

TWO IMPORTANT CHARACTERS IN "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO," JUANITA AND DON LUIS, HER SPANISH WOER

The play reeks of California atmosphere and depicts the ideal, easy-going life of the Spanish in early California; Spanish girls and Spanish songs, make you wish the play prolonged. Starting Monday night, October 11 and throughout Portola week, at the Alcazar Theatre.

sented here by the following players: Paul Everton, Fernanda Eliscu, Malcolm Duncan, Irene Oshier, E. A. Berle, Alfred Moore, Francis Bonn, H. H. Forseman, A. H. Symmons and Ralph Ramsay. Miss Billie Burke will continue to present "Love Watches" at the Van Ness all next week with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Lion-Taming at the Chutes

The taming of the big lion, Wallace, is attracting much attention at the New Chutes this week and the exhibitions given every afternoon and night by Frank Hall, the English animal trainer, will be continued Sunday and all next week. Twice each day Hall enters the den of the beast and puts him through his paces. A family of twenty trick monkeys have been brought to the Fillmore street park this week. Other features introduced especially for the children include circus ponies, a new merry-go-round, the free moving picture theatre and a band of clowns. For the elders there are the matinee and evening concerts by the California State Band, various aerial acts and the surprises of the "joy jaunt." The "North Pole Expedition" continues to be as popular as it is timely.

Charlotte Thompson's Latest

Miss Charlotte Thompson, the playwright who was formerly a teacher in the San Francisco School Department has written a new play for Margaret Anglin which was produced in New York last week. It is an adaptation of Margaret Deland's novel "The Awakening of Helena Richie." "This drama," says Louis De Foe in the New York World, "will bear favorable comparison with any of the plays in the old emotion repertoire so popular twenty years ago, but now somewhat out of fashion because of a lack of actresses properly equipped to give them expression. It exhibits comparatively few of the defects which usually mar narrative fiction altered to fit the needs of stage performance. Miss Thompson has displayed excellent judgment in stripping the essential dramatic episodes from the voluminous incidents of the printed book and in preserving only such characters as are necessary to a clear development of the play. She has also managed uncommonly well to retain the tale's original atmosphere. Previous knowledge of the book is quite unnecessary for a complete understanding of the drama. The story, as it stands, is gloomy, but that is not a fair ground for objection. Dramatically, it is vigorous and direct and steadily cumulative in interest. There are moments when the action lags behind the dialogue; the opening act, especially the scene between Lloyd Prior and Helena, might to advantage be quickened, and there are two or three other incidents which, on their surface, seem superfluous. But on the whole the play gets down to business quickly, its characters are skillfully introduced and their essence is unobtrusively made clear. Best of all, the dialogue is not permitted to drift into long-winded speeches, and none of the incidents of the action, unlike in most dramatized novels, take place out of view of the audience."

In the Limelight

Stephen Phillips, author of "Nero," "Ulysses," "Paolo and Francesca" and other poetic dramas, was summoned to an examination in the London Bankruptcy Court recently but did not go, explaining that he lacked the price of a railway ticket from Brighton where he lives. As the fare from Brighton to London is only a dollar it looks as though Phillips' works have not paid.

James O'Neill Jr. is a member of the company appearing in James Forbes' comedy "The Traveling Salesman."

George M. Cohan himself will appear in the leading role of his musical comedy "The Yankee Prince" at the Van Ness next month. Supporting him will be his father, mother and sister and nearly a hundred others. It will be his first appearance here in over six years.

Sousa will give eight concerts in Dreamland Rink commencing November 4, under the management of Will Greenbaum.

Greenbaum's season will open with recitals by Miss Marie Nichols, a talented violinist and Madame Jomelli, the singer of the Manhattan opera company.

George Fawcett who will be seen here next week will be remembered by the hit he made in the part of the big cowboy in "The Squaw Man."

Hedwig Reicher, the beautiful German actress who has recently made her debut in America, is ambitious of world-honors and has already used three languages as her medium of expression, German, English and—Esperanto!

The fact that "The Witching Hour" was rejected by several managers before it was finally produced serves to recall to memory that "The Climbers" and "Leah Kleschna," both successful plays, met with the same fate.

John Drew has for his sixteenth successive year as a Charles Frohman star once more brought a comedy to the stage of the Empire Theatre. The character of George Bullin, most terrific of lovers, affords Mr. Drew opportunities for sprightly action, amusing facial play, with occasional passages of sentiment and dramatic force.

SCENE FROM "THE GREAT JOHN GANTON"
With George Fawcett at the Valencia Theatre.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

Evening Clothes for Social Affairs

While in London I asked the question whether blue or green dress suits were really worn by those who dictate fashion for England and other countries and the answer invariably was that while green, brown or blue in their very darkest shades may be worn by ultra fashionables, it is only on rare occasions. The men who do wear colors other than black usually have from three to five dress suits in their wardrobe, but in America those who often wear evening dress clothes have an aversion for conspicuous shades or anything attractive by reason of exaggeration of cut or style. "Rich but not gaudy" is the idea of American full dress fashion.

Young chaps lean somewhat towards the rougher fabrics and also towards slight twills or herring bones, but the weave is scarcely noticeable. The chief distinction of this season's dress coat is its length, its defined waist line and its grace over the hips and never before has there been such a pretty effect created in a dress suit. The accompanying illustration shows the concave but natural effect of the shoulder, the graceful

ENGLISH FULL DRESS COAT

lapel and the moulding skirts. As to the usage of the evening suit we refer to a previous issue of "Town Talk" where all details can be found or a letter addressed to the editor of this column will be answered by return mail.

The New Waistcoats

Evening waistcoats will be for nearly all occasions white, either pique or silk. However, it is wise to have a black waistcoat in one's wardrobe for white ones are not always clean and available. The opening of the waistcoat will be somewhat smaller but of a decided "U" box shape which is a decided improvement on the "V" shape of last season. There are but very few of these waistcoats made to order as one can secure them from a first class haberdasher or clothier at prices ranging from $4.50 to $12.00 as against $15.00 to $25.00.

The trousers are still made with braid at the side and cut straight and comfortable and not big at the thigh and about sixteen inches bottom. Jewelry should not be very ostentatious, a set of pearl studs with links to match will cover it all.

Tie frames to hold the tie in place are used a great deal now and these also are furnished in pearl. There is an innovation on the dress vest, a rubber section on the inside attached by a button to be fastened to the button of the trousers which will stop the waistcoat from bulging out at the shirt front.

The proper overcoat to be worn with full dress is hard to define as it depends upon the weather or upon the conveyance. The "Chesterfield" is in general use; so is the "Slip On" or "English" overcoat made of mohair front with silk and rubber back for rain. While we are speaking of this coat we would like to call attention to its popularity. In England and New

THE FULL DRESS PROTECTOR

York this "Piccadilly Slip On," as it is called, is worn a great deal. Then there is the double breasted Ulster, the Protector Coat, and the Inverness, but the most suitable of all for dress will be found in the illustration. It is a Dress-Protector, lined with pearl grey satin completey enveloping and thoroughly protecting the shirt front and dress suit. The illustration shows without a question that this is the handsomest and most practical dress coat ever designed.

Here is a cold douche for aspiring playwrights administered by a professional play reader: "Out of more than two hundred unsolicited manuscripts picked out at random and representative of the rest, the gold ran only one play to the hundred, and in each case the name on the cover of the good play would have insured a careful reading in any office in the land."

Paris has just erected a monument to Jean Francois Regnard who at one time divided the honors of the comic drama with Moliere. According to Sarcey a Regnard play "is gaiety itself and must be acted skipping about and laughing."

Rudolph Barth, watchmaker and jeweler, now permanently located at 56 Kearny street.

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Monsieur Le Marquis

(Continued from Page 11.)

clamor arose on his path. Was it self-sacrifice or sheer lunacy that had prompted the man to pass the threshold of death of his own accord?

The judge interrogated him severely:

"Citizen, how dare you interrupt the roll-call?"

"Citizen, you pronounced my name. I am the Marquis de Saint-Fleury."

"You? You are mad!"

"Pardon, citizen, I have all my head on my shoulders, seeing that I have just made you the offer of it," he replied, bowing in ironical deference. Several people laughed.

The man who thus trifled with the death-penalty was neither old nor young. He had the shabby appearance of one whom life has worsted, yet betrayed in his dignified bearing that indefinable something which is more potent to reveal the gentleman than titles or insignia. From the pocket of his doublet he took out his papers of identification, and handed them to the judge.

The men glanced down the papers, seeing at once that they constituted a perfectly authentic patent of nobility. Irritated at being thrown out of their stride by an additional victim thrusting himself into their hands in this gratuitous way with his high-toned clumsiness, they exclaimed:

"But, after all, we have nothing to do with you. Your name is not on the list; the name we have is that of the ex-Marquise de Saint-Fleury."

All eyes turned towards the pale woman who had instinctively drawn near on hearing her name. She hung her head like a creature self-convicted of the crime of cowardice.

Was he going to crush her, out of revenge for the humiliation he had endured through her? Or was he going to sacrifice himself for her—why should he? For at first sight she had recognized the man of the church of St. Roch, the man whose misery she had exploited, the real Marquis de Saint-Fleury.

"Your wife, doubtless?"

The Marquis scanned her face with a rapid glance, and, turning to the judges, said:

"Pardon, citizens, I have lived alone all my life."

It was said so simply that no one suspected his sincerity; one of the guards, moreover recognized him, and slapped him on the shoulder with: "Parbleu! Why, it is Citizen Saint-Fleury! More by token, he has been my neighbor, on the same floor, for years and years! He lives by himself. He is a poor man, though he shares what he has with the needy."

The judges interrupted the speaker. All that mattered little. The question was: Why had he so gratuitously offered his life to the judges in this way? The accused woman was pretty—!

"Do you assert that you don't know this woman, Citizen Fleury?"

The Marquis turned to look her straight in the face. He saw her beauty, and he saw the fright she was in. Faithful to his plighted word, he bowed gracefully, and said:

"Madame, I regret to say that I do not know you." Then he added: "I have never had the pleasure of being received at your house; you have never done me the honor to come to mine. You are too beautiful, and I am too poor."

Then he turned to the judges and announced:

"Citizens, I believe I heard this woman sing one evening; she is the Citoyenne Ninon Duchene of the Theatre Lyrique. So you behead song-birds, now, do you?"

She raised her eyes in hope; her head grew erect. She looked at the Marquis. At this moment the face of the man who was offering his life for hers bore to her eyes the all-conquering beauty of a savior's face.

The judges grinned and leered. "Oho! Is that the celebrated divette Duchene?"

"Why not make her sing?" suggested the Marquis. "Her voice will furnish her best credentials."

"Let her sing! let her sing!" shouted the crowd.

Ninon Duchene did not wait to be asked twice. Her courage returned the moment she was allowed to fight with her own weapons. Once on her own ground she was sure of victory. Was she not the darling of the public?

She closed her eyes for a moment, that she might forget the grim setting of her present stage. When she opened them again she was smiling. Never had she sung for applause as she now sang for her life:

Oh, good Master Sailor, pray, hast any news
Of my son in his ship upon the wide sea—
A good Breton lad
Whose name is Yvon?

His wages he's sent to me all these four years
And letters of love to his mother at home—
But he does not return
From the sea far away!

His brother the soldier has come from the wars
And oh! what a joy—nothing more would I ask—
If my little Yvon
Were only at home! . . .

She sang the simple Breton ballad with deep emotion.

A momentary calm fell athwart the tempest of Revolution. It was like hearing a bird sing. All those condemned victims,

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Adequate Service

The definition of adequate service given by the Wisconsin state utilities commission is as follows:

"Adequate service is not necessarily the best service which it is possible to give, but rather the best service which can be given with due regard to economy to the consumer and the company."

In other words, what may be possible in the largest cities with their hundreds of thousands of gas consumers, may not be practicable in communities of smaller size, because the NECESSARY COST of such service would be prohibitive to most citizens.

At the same time generally adequate service anywhere must meet two broad requirements:

1—It must be reasonably efficient and constant.

2—It must be available to the majority of citizens.

An often interrupted service is dear at any price. Service obtainable only by those living in the closely built up or favored sections is not fair to people of moderate means, nor to the best interests of the city as a whole.

The gas company believes in conducting its business in the most liberal, alert and progressive manner, and has been and is willing to make heavy investments for extensions if there is even a possibility of realizing profit at some future time.

By making its service available in all parts of the city and maintaining a high standard of efficiency the gas company has aided materially in creating desirable residence districts and has greatly enhanced real estate values.

In every way determined efforts are made by the company to maintain its service not only up to the standard set by utilities commissions in states that have them, but beyond such standard.

San Francisco Gas and Electric Company

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storm-tossed on the ocean of wild human passion—ha! not they too, like little Yvon, a mother or sister somewhere asking for news of them, news they would hear nevermore? None of them would ever return from this sea far away.

The strain of tender sweetness uplifted thus in the midst of blood and horror, the mother's lament at an hour like this when they were slaughtering the sons, the breath of the open sea sweeping strong with its scent of brine across the fetid courtyard, the woman who smiled and wept as she sang, touched some better chord in the herd of men; for a moment they laid aside their cynicism and ceased from their hideous work.

One of the judges applauded, and all present followed suit in a sudden burst of French enthusiasm. The mob on the wall clapped and shouted: "Vive Ninon!"

Alone the Marquis de Saint-Fleury stood looking at her with an enigmatic smile. She noticed that he was giving no sign of admiration. Doubtless he despised her for singing for her life. A flush of shame mantled her pale face.

"Citoyenne Duchene, we were misinformed. It was your name that gave rise to suspicion."

A jeering voice was heard saying: "These actresses dearly love to wrap themselves up in a high-sounding title!"

"Let her go," ordered the judges. Ninon Duchene was saved.

An official sauntered up to her with jaunty familiarity, and addressed her under his breath. The pseudo-marchioness no longer imposed upon him any show of respect; she was an equal, a woman of easy virtue, no doubt.

"Come on, Ninon, come with me!"

She recoiled instinctively, with a shudder from head to foot. After halting on the threshold of death where all was raised to a higher level, after a flash of sincere feeling in which her womanhood had awakened into life, this brutal lapse into vulgarity stunned her. She burned with indignation.

The Marquis turned to the officials and said in a tone of dignity: "Come, citizens, let there be an end to this. Be content with the Marquis de Saint-Fleury. I am the last of my name. We have wasted time enough trifling. I am anxious to tread in the footsteps of my King."

This speech condemned him to death.

He looked happy and relieved. After his dreary life and his undignified "mesalliance," he felt that a voluntary death would rehabilitate him a little. He had shaken off his chain; he was a free man. As for that woman—pah! so beautiful and so cowardly.

She seemed to divine his thought. Her face crimsoned.

"Come, Ninon, come on, my dear!" The guard wound his arm uncouthly round her waist and tried to lead her away—away to a life of shame.

What was taking place in the woman's soul?

Moved by a feeling hitherto unknown, she yielded to a sudden impulse. Her true nature, so long stifled by a luxurious, indolent life, stood revealed: stung into being by the word of a generous man.

With a spontaneous movement of sincerity she brushed the guard aside and sprang forward to the man who had saved her. He had given her a lesson in nobility worthy of his name by sacrificing himself in her stead.

"Marquis! I release you from your parole."

He looked her over from head to foot, intentionally refusing to understand her. "Citoyenne, you are free; what further do you desire? Peace!"

She reddened under the quiet scorn with which he crushed her. Deeply did she crave the respect of this man. His conduct inspired her with a sudden pure and voluntary love, and her face glowed.

"I do not wish to owe my life to a fraud. I am the Marquise de Saint-Fleury, your wife."

He looked at her again. There was a touch of admiration in his eyes. Gravely he said, in a low voice:

"My wife? If you are not afraid to die, you may be my wife, madame."

"I no longer fear anything," she confessed, "save having to go with these men, back to the life that is over for me. I have never known how to live, but you have now taught me how to die. May I come?"

The executioners were sneering. They were furious at having been duped. "Ha! It is for us to choose. Enough of this rubbish. Samson waits for nobody. Make up your mind, one way or the other!"

"We are both quite ready," replied the young woman bravely. And before her husband could protest, as the judges hesitated, she cried fearlessly, with all the recklessness of her new-born heroism:

"Vive le Roi!"

"To death! to death!" But already she was on the way thither, hand in hand with her husband.

At the gate she wished to stand aside to let him pass, to concede to him the precedence due to his rank. But the Marquis, bowing with the tender devotion which he would have shown to his queen, and yielding precedence to her even in death, said, in a clear voice, which was audible to all:

"After you, Madame la Marquise."

Minor Poet—And when you had read my poem weren't you all on fire?

Editor—No, but the poem was.

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Auto Notes

"One of the features of the new issue of the Studebaker-Garford cars, the new 'G-7'," says John H. Eagal of the Studebaker Bros. Co., "is the construction of the transmission case and the timing gears. These have been so designed that there is absolutely no leakage of grease possible, whether the car is in motion of at rest. The fact that many cars leak grease has been the source of much annoyance to many owners for a long time."

E. J. Huffman, who purchased the first Chalmers-Detroit "30" car delivered on the Pacific Coast last season, and who also had the distinction of getting the first 1910 Chalmers-Detroit "30" delivered, has just returned from a several days trip in Yosemite Valley. In speaking of the new car, Huffman said: "While I was in every way satisfied with the old car, I am more than pleased with the new one. It has considerable more power, and its performance is equal to that of any forty horsepower car that I know of."

On September 22 the E. R. Thomas Motor Company of Buffalo shipped to the Pioneer Automobile Company their demonstrating Model "M." This is the new six-cylinder fifty horsepower car, which the Thomas Company are putting on the market for the coming season. This car which is a shaft driven five passenger machine has received very favorable comment in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Worden came to San Francisco recently, having driven up in their new Chalmers-Detroit "30." They report the roads in fair condition.

Robert Fowler who has recently taken the agency for the Chalmers-Detroit and Hudson cars in Gilroy, Watsonville, Hollister and Salinas recently visited the country home of Henry Miller on Mt. Maddonna, negotiating one of the steepest grades in the Santa Cruz Mountains, which was covered with six inches of sand, and making eleven miles in thirty-five minutes.

The first of the racing cars and drivers that are going to compete in the Oakland Portola road race are established with their assistants along the Oakland course. Even at this early date the machines have reached as high as 80 miles an hour on the stretch, from Fruitvale to Haywards. All of the drivers now on the course report the roads in perfect condition and say that record breaking speed will be made in the big contest. Cliff Ontank with his six-cylinder Stevens-Duryea, Frank Murray in a Buick, Charles Saules in his Stearns, Earl Cooper in a Pennsylvania, Gordan Murray in a Lexington and Harry Michiner in a Lozier are among the racing drivers who are already established on the course. From present indications there will be a record breaking crowd on the course. Reports received by Leslie E. Burks, secretary and attorney for the Automobile Club of California, show that auto enthusiasts are coming from all over the State. One conservative estimate places the crowd at 200,000. This will undoubtedly be increased by the thousands of visitors at the Portola Festival.

Announcement has just been made by Thomas B. Jeffery & Company of the new Rambler for 1910. In some respects this Rambler announcement is the most unusual of the year. There are five models built upon three different chasses, all with four-cylinder engines, magnetos and 36-inch wheels.

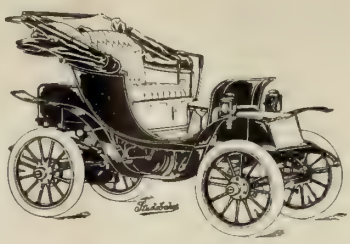
The new Studebaker car carries an electric lighting equipment besides the prestolite equipment. A separate electric generator, gear driven, mounted on the motor base, generates the current for all five lamps. Oil may also be used in the side lamps. The electric lights may be switched on and off by push buttons under the operator's seat. The Studebakers still have the exclusive American rights to the Bosch magnetic make-and-break ignition system. This system of ignition is recognized by automobile experts as being so far superior to the other ignition devices that there is little or no chance for comparison. The construction of the magneto used on the new "G-7" is such that ignition trouble is practically impossible.

Two carloads of the new issue of the Studebaker-Garford cars, duplicates of the car which was used by President Taft in Berkeley, have been received at the local Studebaker branch.

Social Activities

By far the biggest social event of Portola week will be the invitational ball to be given at the Fairmont on the evening of October 20. San Francisco's smartest society will be there to receive all the visiting notables. The ball room will present a dazzling appearance of light and color, for in addition to the feminine splendor the foreign diplomats will don their most gorgeous uniforms and the army and navy officers will appear in full military dress. Among the notables who are to be present at this function are the Spanish minister, Marquis Villalabor and his staff, and Dr. Loudon, minister of the Netherlands. British, Italian, German, Japanese and Dutch naval officers will grace the ball.

Already nearly the entire seating capacity of the colonial ball room of the St. Francis and most of the loges have been taken for the series of concerts to be given by the St. Francis Musical Art Society. Among those who will have season boxes are Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Charles T. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer and Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.



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Letters

Epigram and Wit

An attractive little booklet under the title "Pippins and Peaches" has been put forth by the Reilly & Britton Company of Chicago. Its contents are made up of the clever sayings and witty epigrams of "Mme. Qui Vive," (Mrs. Helen Follett Jameson), the successful editor of the woman's page of the Chicago Record-Herald. Illustrations, in the way of marginals, page decorations and cover design, are by James Orton Smith of the Caslon Press, while the full page drawings, the "Peaches" are the work of Penrhyn Stanlaws. The epigrams bear a general resemblance to the style of wit and humor we have grown familiar with in the annual "Cynic's Calendar," the "Perverted Proverbs," and other like productions. There seems to be a large and growing demand for booklets of this order, especially for the holiday trade, and "Pippins and Peaches" is pretty enough to charm the coin from the closest mouthed purse.

"Half a Chance"

Frederick S. Isham's novel, "Half a Chance," will please the advocates of soft methods with criminals, though it is but recently that a Chicago judge has denounced the "other chance for a fellow" as being practical encouragement to law breakers. However, looking at it from another angle, Mr Isham may be interpreted as holding a brief for a system of solitary confinement and indefinite sentence. Very likely he would disclaim any intention whatever beyond that of writing a readable romance. The tale takes us back to the days when English criminals, transported to the Antipodes, were sternly cautioned not to put foot on English soil again on penalty of execution. Incidentally it sheds a ray of light on the methods of the police who, predetermined to rid themselves of bad characters, could always find witnesses with the necessary, convincing testimony. The victim of the law in this instance is a young sailor, American born, altogether illiterate, but endowed with what Mulvaney has designated as "educated fists." He had turned professional pugilist, and under the title of 'Frisco Pet, had been a popular favorite among sports until he essayed two battles at once, one with a rival and the other with bold John Barleycorn. The Pet, defeated, was dropped from his pedestal and became a petty criminal who lacked both the skill and the cunning to go far or fast in his new career. A sordid crime was committed and it was convenient for all parties concerned to manipulate the evidence so that it was the erstwhile "Pet" who was convicted and sentenced to transportation. The ship which carried the involuntary exiles was likewise the one upon which there sailed as passengers Lord Wray, the newly appointed governor, his wife, their little orphaned niece and Lord Ronsdale, who was secretly connected with the crime for which the "Pet" was paying the penalty. The vessel was lost on the voyage, and the facilities being limited, the passengers and crew embarked in the boats, leaving the convicts to their fate, but the little girl, Jocelyn, having escape from under the eyes of her guardians, returned to her cabin to rescue a pet bird, and was left behind. The convicts were freed from their confinement, and it was the "Pet" who discovered the child, fearless because she did not gauge her danger, cool and collected. His sailor sight revealed to him that one of the boats was returning towards the wreck and surmissing that Jocelyn had been missed by her friends, he leaped into the sea with her, swimming towards the rescuers. The natural impulse of the others was to draw him into the boat with them, but Ronsdale, cool, calculating and determined, secretly dealt him a cowardly blow which loosened his grasp. In the moment of time given to him the convict recognized in him a haunting impression of a face seen on the night of the murder in the squalid London lodging, and a new motive for living was instilled into him,—revenge. The natural theory concerning the shipwreck was that all the convicts had perished, and Ronsdale dismissed the subject from his mind. Had this been the case, "Half a Chance" would have closed with its third chapter, but floating wreckage, tropical islands and the flotsam and jetsam of the ocean perform their traditional offices for the derelict. One must take the goods the gods provide and not question too closely into the probabilities of a large case of heavy bool s floating for days and nights, to be cast ashore at last, nor waste gray matter in theorizing on the probabilities that an illiterate and desperately disappointed man would not have used the tomes to feed his fire rather than have saved them until such time as, driven by lack of other pursuits, he taught himself to peruse and appreciate them. If we are going to demand scientific proofs of every assertion we shall have to forego much in this world. At all events, Mr. Isham has assembled his characters in London once more, at the end of seven or eight years, when one of the sensations of the day is the work of a barrister, John Steele, who makes a specialty of defending the hard pressed, and whose knowledge of criminal law is phenomenal. His fees are trifling, and altogether he is something of a mystery to his world. The reader, of course, is a party to the secret, and a spectator to the game of hide and seek through which Lord Ronsdale, when he suddenly discovers or at least, suspects the identity of Steele, sets his secret agents at work to procure the evidence which will revive the old sentence of capital punishment for a returned convict, while Steele, equally determined to prove his own innocence and to frustrate the unworthy Ronsdale's intentions of marrying the heiress, Jocelyn Wray, is brought into conflict with his former criminal mates and the police powers that secured his conviction, and the best man wins, with a manly confession to Sir Charles Wray, whose case of books, cast at his feet had furnished the means for a self education, given half a chance. But the truth is that at the present age of the world's progress it is not the lack of half a chance that youth suffers from but the bewilderment of choice among so many chances, and possibly our educators may take a hint therefrom, that isolation and concentration may be stronger factors in the matter of brain cultivation than crowds and confusion. "Half a Chance" is a good average specimen of twentieth century fiction. From the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Spokesman (making presentation to banker on his ninetieth birthday)—And we all hope the Lord will spare you till you reach one hundred.

The Banker—There's not much hope that He'll let me go to par, when he can get me now at 90

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ORDER OF SALE OF CERTAN REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES HARRINGTON, Incompetent.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Mary Harrington, the guardian of the person and estate of JAMES HARRINGTON, incompetent, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said incomptent and that it is for the best interest of said incompetent and necessary that such real estate should be sold;

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said incompetent and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 11th day of October, 1909, at ten o'clock, at the Courtroom of this Court, in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for at least three successive weeks before the said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, September 2, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Guardian.
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-11-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased—No. 8061—Dept. No. 10

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of King & Kirk, attorneys for said Administratrix, 518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased.

EMILY R. FERRENBACH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Otto Ferrenbach, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1909.

KING & KIRK, Attorneys for Administratrix,
518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4975, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PIERCE FEELEY, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Administrator of the Estate of PIERCE FEELEY, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Administrator, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest in the following described lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet Westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Bryant Avenue, or Street, with the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Forty-seven (147).

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of October, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Three Hundred and Fifty ($350.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, September 15, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sep. 15, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Wilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD I. LYNCH, Attorney at Law,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8100, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FRANK VIERHUS, an Incompetent Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court duly given and made on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, CLARENCE CLAUDE VIERHUS, guardian of the person and estate of Frank Vierhus, an incompetent minor, will sell, at private sale, subject to confirmation by the said Court, all of the right, title and interest of the said estate, described as follows:

A two-ninths interest in that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-five (175) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of "I" Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of 12th Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the said Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Six Hundred and Sixty-two (662).

Said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1909; offers or bids to purchase the interest in said real estate or portions thereof, will be received by the undersigned, at room 508 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Gold coin of the United States, cash.

Dated, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1909.

CLARENCE CLAUDE VIERHUS,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Frank Vierhus, an Incompetent Minor.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, 912 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
Administrator of the Estate of Louis Hirsch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALOISE GLESS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and Testament of ALOISE GLESS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALOISE GLESS, deceased.

JULES P. GLESS,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Aloise Gless, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 11, 1909.

A. COMTE Jr., Attorney for Executor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, Deceased—No. 8189, Deptartment 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, deceased.

RICHARD GEORGE MORAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth Moran, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Administrator,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5950, N. S. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, (also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of CAROLINA DEMATTEI, administratrix of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell a part of the estate of said deceased in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or may accrue hereafter during the administration of said estate and that it will be to the best interest, advantage and benefit of said estate and of all the persons interested therein.

It is ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof in the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said County and State, on the 3rd day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all that part of the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein which said part of said parcel of real property is described as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street distant thereon Two Hundred (200) feet Northwesterly from the Northwesterly line of Silliman Street; running thence Northwesterly and along said Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street and the point of commencement.

Being part of Lot No. 1 in Block No. 37, University Homestead Association.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated, this 27th day of September, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 27, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS, Attorneys for Petitioner,
806 Bank of Italy Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5577, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANASTASIA FEELEY, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ANASTASIA FEELEY, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Executor, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest and all other right, title or interest which said estate now has or may hereafter acquire in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet Westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Bryant Avenue, or Street, with the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Forty-seven (147).

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of October, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Eight Hundred and Fifty ($850.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, September 15, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sep. 15, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Wilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney at Law,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Administrator of the Estate of Marie Emma La Faille, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 18, 1909.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Estate,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8276, New Series, Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM RYAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Thomas P. Ryan, executor of the last will and testament of the above named William Ryan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of September, 1909), to the said Thomas P. Ryan, executor of the last will and testament of said William Ryan, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said William Ryan, deceased.

THOMAS P. RYAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of William Ryan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 18, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT, and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for said Executor.
Flood Building, San Francisco, California. 9-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal) H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES B. STETSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Harry N. Stetson, Executor of the Will of JAMES B. STETSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Deamer & Stetson, being said Executor and his attorney, at Room No. 926, Mills Building, at the northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. STETSON, deceased.

HARRY N. STETSON,
Executor of the Will of James B. Stetson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

WILLIAM W. DEAMER, Attorney for Executor,
926 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, Deceased—No. 8366, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Matthew H. McManus, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, 545 Mills Building, at the Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased.

MATTHEW H. McMANUS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Livermore, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executor,
Room 545 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-05-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA DANERI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LAURA DANERI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

EUGENIA DANERI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Laura Daneri, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will of ELLEN HOGAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, R. F. Mogan, No. 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOGAN, deceased.

MARY E. HOGAN and WILLIAM A. HOGAN,
Executors of the Last Will of Ellen Hogan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Executors,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,

vs.

JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8275, New Series, Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LILLIAN T. SCOTT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Lamasney and Mrs. C. M. Haley, Executrices of the last will and testament of the above named Lillian T. Scott, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of September, 1909), to the said Mary Lamasney and Mrs. C. M. Haley, executrices of the last will and testament of said Lillian T. Scott, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Lillian T. Scott, deceased.

MARY LAMASNEY,
MRS. C. M. HALEY,
Executrices of the Last Will and Testament of said Lillian T. Scott. Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 18, 1909.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, and JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorneys for said Executrices,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7926, Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEHERTY, Deceased.

CECELIA GEHERTY, the Administratrix of the Will annexed of the Estate of JOHN GEHERTY, deceased, having heretofore presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an Order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain real property, in said petition particularly described, belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to the Court that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property in said petition described, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration and the family allowance, and that it is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of the estate and those interested therein that said real estate be sold:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before the above-entitled Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix with the Will annexed, for the sale of all said real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

FABIUS T. FINCH and PAUL F. FRATESSA, Attorneys for Petitioner,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8101, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PHILIP ARTHUR VIERHUS, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court duly given and made on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, S. TRAVIS KENYON, guardian of the person and estate of Philip Arthur Vierhus, a minor, will sell at private sale, subject to confirmation by the said Court, all of the right, title and interest of the said estate, described as follows:

A two-ninths interest in that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-five (175) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of "I" Stfet; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of 12th Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the said Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Six Hundred and Sixty-two (662).

Said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1909; offers or bids to purchase the interest in said real estate or portions thereof, will be received by the undersigned, at room 508 in the Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Gold coin of the United States, cash.

Dated, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1909.

S. TRAVIS KENYON,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Philip Arthur Vierhus, a Minor.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

Louis Crepaux
(Member of Paris Grand Opera)
Has removed to his new studio,
Delbert Block, 943 Van Ness avenue, cor. O'Farrell.
Reception hours: 11:30 to 12, and 3 to 4, except Wednesdays. Wednesdays in Oakland, 1154 Brush street.

Emil Steinegger
PIANOFORTE PLAYING
924 Grove St (above Fillmore), San Francisco.
For appointments phone Merritt 2845
Thursdays, 2701 Regent St., Berkeley

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SINGING—Pupil Seagle and De Rezske
STUDIO, 1613 GREEN ST. Phone, Franklin 3153

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Robert B. McMillan
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor
Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY
MERCHANTS EXCHANGE BLDG., S. F.
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HENRY P. TRICOU
NOTARY PUBLIC
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147-151 MINNA STREET
Between New Montgomery and Third
San Francisco, Cal.

W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO. are now in their new store at 181 Post Street, near Grant Avenue.

PATRICK & CO
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, SIGNS & ETC.
126 BUSH ST. SAN FRANCISCO

MARRIAGE AND DEATH NOTICES

(From Old Colonial Papers)

Married: In Delaware, Mr. Robert Pork, merchant, to Miss Catherine Hogg.—Massachusetts Centinel, 1789.

At Rochester, N. Y., Capt. Samuel Currier to Miss Sally Clough his sixth wife — Salem (Mass.) Gazette, Oct. 11, 1825.

At Gloucester, R. I., Mr. Elisha Herrenden, Aet. 83, to Mrs. Elenor Lushure, Aet. 88, being his eighth wife.—Independent Chronicle, Nov. 27, 1797.

In Solon, by Rev. Moses French, Josiah French, Esq., aged 48, to Betsey Jackman, aged 40, being his fifth wife.—Essex (Mass.) Register, Feb. 5, 1824.

Married: At Andover, Mr. Aaron Osgood to the curious Miss Ester Wardwell.—Salem Gazette, 1795.

The 16th inst., Mr. William Checkley, son of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Checkley, of Boston, was married to Miss Polly Cranston, a young lady of genteel Acquirements, and of a most Amiable Disposition.—Old Boston paper, Dec. 19, 1766.

Married: In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Haven, Mark Simes, Esq., Deputy-Postmaster, etc., to the Elegantly Pretty and Amiably Delicate Miss Mary-Ann Blount, youngest daughter of the late Capt. John Blount, of Little Harbor.

Genius of Hymen; power of fondest Love!
In showers of bliss descend from worlds above,
On Beauty's rose, and Virtue's manlier form,
And shield, ah, shield them both, from time's tempestuous storm!

—Oracle of the Day, Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 24, 1798.

At Concord, Ebenezer Woodwrod, A. B., Citizen Bachelor, of Hanover, N. H., to the Amiable Miss Robinson. At Longmeadow, Mr. John M. Dunham, Citizen Bachelor and Printer, as aforesaid, to the Amiable Miss Emily Burt. The promptness and decision which the said citizens have shown

"In all the fond intrigues of love,"

is highly worthy of imitation; and the success that has so richly crowned their courage and enterprize, must be an invincible inducement to the fading phalanx of our remaining bachelors, to make a vigorous attack on some fortress of female beauty, with a determined resolution

"Ne'er to quit the glorious strife,"

'Till, drest in all her charms, some blooming fair Herself shall yield, the prize of conquering love.—Boston, 1795.

Died: At Hamilton, Essex County, Plato Whipple, aged 103, one of God's images in ebony.—Massachusetts Mercury, Dec. 27, 1799.

Died: near Gloucester, Virg., Elizabeth Wagner, aged 107. She never took medicine of any kind in her life.—Salem Gazette, 1807.

At Portsmouth, Mrs. Jane Hill, the Virtuous and Amiable comfort to Mr. Elisha Hill. (1790.)

A short time ago, at the romantic village of Laungtonen-le-Morthen, in Yorkshire, England, Farmer Paul Parnell, late of the Ewes Farm House, aged 76, who during his life, drank out of one silver pint cup with two handles, upwards of 2,000 pounds sterling worth of nut-brown Yorkshire stingo (good old ale) being much attached to stingo tipple, of the best double stout, home-brewed quality. N. B. This calculation took at 2d. each cupful.—Salem Gazette, 1811.

Died: At Rehobeth, Mr. Henry Bowen. He went to a wedding on Thursday, taken sick on Friday, died on Saturday, buried on Sunday.—Salem Mercury, 1788.

An Old Story

For the rain it raineth every day,
Upon the just and the unjust fella;
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust has the just's umbrella!

$550.00 Will buy the best 88-note Player on the market
CROWN AND CONCORD PIANOS
10-inch Disc Records, 25 Cents
PETER BACIGALUPI & SONS,
Phonographs and Pianos
941 Market St. Opposite Mason St.
Open Saturday Evenings.

The German Savings and Loan Society
"The German Bank"
(Members of the Associated Savings Bank of S. F.)
526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,504,498.68
Deposits June 30, 1908	$36,793,234.04
Total Assets	$39,435,681.38

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte; Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

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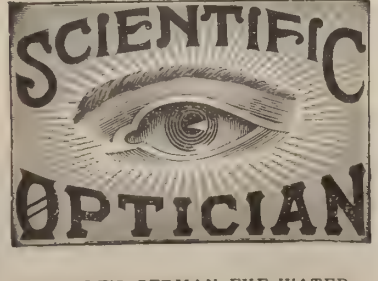

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Mayerle's German Eyewater
Highly Recommended for
Painful, Sore, Red, Inflamed, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Scratching, Twitching, and Gluey Eyes, Heavy or Crusty Eyelids, Floating Spots, Cloudiness of Vision, Cross Eyes, Watery or Discharging Eyes, feeling like sand in the Eyes, Heavy and Crusty Eyelids.
NEGLECTED EYESIGHT AFFECTS THE BRAIN
Mayerle's Glasses rest and strengthen the eyes, relieves the strain, and preserve the sight.
GEORGE MAYERLE
Graduate German Expert Optician, charter member American Association of Opticians and Vice-President Optical Specialist Association of America, 960 Market street, opposite Hale's. Phone Franklin 3279.

¶ Nothing can be more refreshing and appetizing than a glass of cool Weinhard's Portland Beer.

¶ It's brewed from the best Bavarian hops and Oregon barley. It is not only nutricious but exhilirating.

¶ Try it at lunch or dinner.

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PORTLAND BEER

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY

HENRY WEINHARD BREWERY

TELEPHONE MARKET 1803

1255 HARRISON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Automobile Show, October 16th to 23d Portola Festival, October 19th to 23d

Vol. XVIII. No. 894. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 16, 1909. PRICE, 10 CENTS

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

NOW OPEN

IN THE

EMPORIUM BUILDING

Market Street, bet. Fourth and Fifth

175 Motor Cars Exhibited

Music Afternoon and Evening

PROGRAM

Saturday, October 16th---Opening Night.
Monday, October 18th---Automobile Clubs Night
Tuesday, October 19th---Festival Night.
Wednesday, October 20th---Sacramento Valley Motorists' Night.
Thursday, October 21st---Society Night.
Friday, October 22d---Southern California Motorists' Night.
Saturday, October 23d---Alameda County and Portola Road Race Night.

Doors open at 10 a. m.

ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS

HUDSON "20," $1050.

SHOW FOR COMPARISON

CHALMERS-DETROIT "30," $1650.

We Are Showing OUR Cars at the Automobile Show
Because WE Court Comparisons at All Times

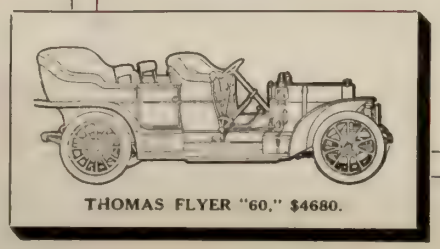
HUDSONS Are selling fast to discriminating buyers. This aristocratic Runabout was created to fill a want- not to fit a price. The knowing automobile buyer recognizes class, and one or two hundred dollars difference in price will not influence him one way or the other.

THOMAS FLYERS All as dependable as the winner of the New York to Paris race, but stronger and much refined throughout. Have you seen that new medium weight Six?

CHALMERS-DETROITS Are outselling all other medium priced cars this year just the same as they did last year. The new cars are larger, stronger, faster and handsomer than the satisfactory 1909 models, but cost you no more.

RANDOLPH DELIVERY CARS Are not creations hurriedly assembled by manufacturers in an endeavor to participate in the profits of a new industry just established—the Automobile Commercial Car Industry—but are the result of years of experience.

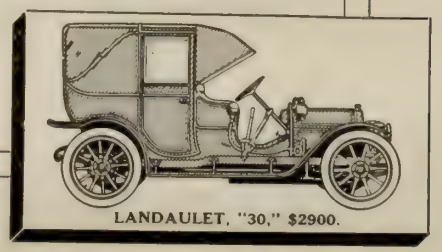
Hudsons, $1050 **Chalmers-Detroits, $1650--$2900** **Thomas Flyers, $3680--$6180** **Randolph Trucks, $1825 up**



THOMAS FLYER "60," $4680.

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

188 Twelfth St., Oakland 901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco 1222 I St., Fresno



LANDAULET, "30," $2900.

TOWN TALK

The Sensation of the Auto Show

Will be

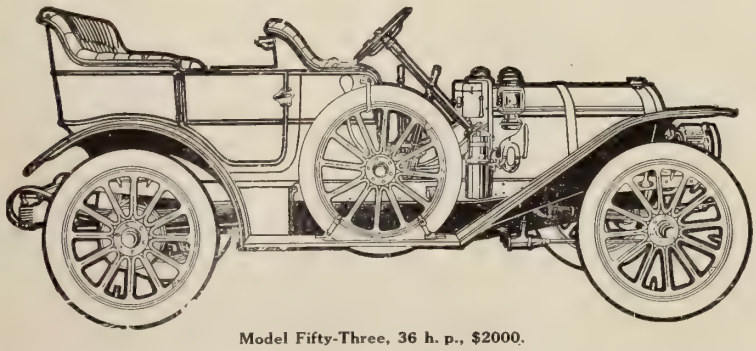
THE NEW

Rambler

THREE TOURING CAR

Model Fifty-Three, $2000 **Model Fifty-Four, $2400** **Model Fifty-Five, $2650**

Taxicab, $2650 **Landaulet, $3150** **Limousine, $3900**



Model Fifty-Three, 36 h. p., $2000.

36-inch wheels, full elliptical springs, selective type transmission, detachable tonneau, four cylinders 4½x4½, magneto, five lamps, generator, tools, pump and jack.

No Better Car Built Regardless of Price

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1910

Model X, including magneto, $2850 Model Y, $4000

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Manufactured by the Stevens-Duryea Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass. Member Associated Licensed Auto Manufacturers.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, October 16, 1909. No. 894.

THE GOD OF SUNSHINE

Also California's premier sculptor Haig Patigian by whom the majestic figure was conceived and modeled for a float in the big Portola Parade. The plaster divinity circling on his axis will cast his beams from electric bulbs as he moves through the streets.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor.
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., cor. Mission, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 2612.

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Carnival

San Francisco in carnival array reminds us that next week we are to have a big house-warming, and for a brief space to have surcease of madding strife, forgetting the while our troubles and our mischief-makers. It is a pleasant and refreshing prospect after a protracted season of bickering and backbiting. If all goes well "blithe hearts will make many a blooming visage," and mirth and jollity will be entirely unconfined. By means of a great jollification we are to acquaint the world with the fact that the spirit of the old town has returned and proclaim to all and sundry that here by the Golden Gate, the city that was famous for its atmosphere and its exotic individuality is doing business as of yore. But of course we are not going to permit the genius of commerce to preside over our revels. The ostensible motif of the carnival is one Don Gaspar de Portola, an historic personage whose most creditable achievement, the one that commends his memory to us, was the discovery of the beautiful harbor which made this flourishing metropolis possible. For carnival purposes the romantic name of Gaspar de Portola should suffice. The circumstance that there is some question as to the pronunciation and even the spelling of it will not in the slightest degree affect our enthusiasm; nor shall the uncertainty with respect to the basis of his claim upon our admiration render his personality less acceptable as a pretext for the unleashing of the spirit suitable to the occasion. Altogether apart from any historical significance all men feel the sanctifying character of that which is at once romantic and remote. We always like to seek our typical hero in distant and ill-recorded times. It is moreover pleasant to feel that we are in the presence of a historical personality, especially one who was of a bold and adventurous spirit, and such was the conquistadore whom we are to celebrate next week. Let us not, however, regard Portola as a lay figure upon which to drape our carnival colors. Let us yield our imagination to him, for then will he beckon us back across the wastes of time and mists of legend to a period when the dawn of modern history was breaking on the Californias, when this State was a mysterious region of unexplored valleys and virgin vistas, of nameless rivers and colossal mountain ranges; the land of dreams, of romance and adventure. That is a period which has been too much neglected in these rush days of political intrigue and commercial competition. Too long have we suffered the grass to grow on the legacies of a beautiful past and the lichen to feed on them and the ploughman to plough them into dust; too many monuments of the faded glory of the poetical period of our history have we permitted to be swept away to make room for the bargain-counters of our captains of industry. Even the history of that period we have not thought worthy of preservation, and as a consequence vague and uncertain are its outlines, incomplete and untrustworthy are the accounts of some of the most interesting events. Most of us are more familiar with the history of New England than with the history of our own State. So it is well for us to hark back occasionally to the less turbulent days of the infant commonwealth and catch a sense of the emotions that were born of the sublime impulse of the noble, self-sacrificing missionaries who wandered to the ends of the earth to spread the blessings of Christian civilization. This we are going to do next week; not of course without an eye to the present, as we cannot altogether divest ourselves of concern for our immediate, material interests; but with the Portola Festival we shall begin to make amends for years of stupid indifference to the sentimental assets of our great and growing State.

In Defense of Scepticism

There are many persons that confound attachment to a benign end with furious adherence to any set of means by which it is pursued. They urge upon us their political projects in a spirit and with a violence which tend to frustrate instruction of the understanding and solution of important problems. Of this tribe are the champions of the direct primary who, regarding it as a heaven-sent instrument for the destruction of bossism, take no account of possible consequences far more to be abhorred than the evil they hope to extinguish. Themselves fanatics of a most virulent type, and intolerant of all opposition without ever stopping to consider the arguments with which their propositions are met, they denounce as unreasonable and worse everybody who dissents from their views. An amiable contemporary illustrates what we have said, thus: "The opponents of the direct primary are congenital and incorrigible sceptics who have no faith in anything and who are aloof from reason." This is a severe and almost crushing indictment. But it is not unanswerable. In scientific matters scepticism is the first condition of earnest inquiry. Doubt is the parent of certainty and the precursor of knowledge. Doesn't experience of political catholicons teach us that we are much too credulous? We have worshipped theoretical fetishes too long and it is time for us to turn a keen impartial gaze on political problems, taking nothing upon trust, any more than we do in physical science. Here in San Francisco we have taken the direct primary on trust as we did the charter and we are already prepared for disillusionment.

A Suggestion for Our Patriots

Out of awakened China comes the news of an incident which cannot be too strongly impressed upon some of the patriots whose tender souls are anguished by the perilous condition of our beloved country. It seems that a Manchu official named Yung Lin recently addressed a memorial to the Regent on the unhappy condition of the empire and then committed suicide. Burning with patriotism the pessimistic Yung Lin set forth in his communication the manifold ills beneath which he conceived his fatherland to be staggering and then, to give special emphasis to his appeal for the redress of grievances, ostentatiously made away with himself. Mooting the possibility of this form of appeal to national conscience one cannot fail of intense enthusiasm over the likelihood of its application to our own army of purifiers. Too long have their strident jermiads on the parlous state of the nation been received with brutal indifference; the finger of skepticism has persistently probed for the selfish motives suspected to lurk behind their altruistic outcries. Their sincerity has been impugned with relentless regularity and their muckrakings have elicited scorn where patriotic concern was the particular emotion which they would have preferred to excite. Here is a golden opportunity for some of these melancholy reformers; Yung Lin has set the example of an ultimate proof of singleminded devotion to country. It would of course argue too bloodthirsty a dis-

position to insist that the Yung Lins of America should open a vein or drink hemlock to attest the purity of their motives; but might they not attain the same end by inflicting intense personal chastisement upon themselves? Fasting and other forms of mortification of the flesh, such as lifelong abstinence from the fleshpots of patronage, a rigid avoidance of the alluring piecounter would, in our more advanced state of civilization, create the same lasting impression of perfect sincerity which Yung Lin obtained by suicide. The suggestion is offered in good faith but with a cynical consciousness that it is not destined to prove popular with our foremost uplifters.

Barbarism in Our Public Schools

The public schools of the United States are once more in session, and in consequence we have daily reports of hazings that result in serious injuries and fatalities. And all the while Puritanism is demanding the prohibition of prize fights; and the cultivation of a tender feeling for dumb animals goes zealously on. The dear little birds and the nice little bugs are made daily subjects of sentimental palavering in every grade of our schools; even the sensitive plant school children are taught to regard with something akin to affection, but the divine injunction to love one another is never impressed upon them. They are being educated out of barbarism up to a poetic sensitiveness to nature, but the primal instinct of brutality they are permitted to indulge and cultivate, and it is in our public schools that expression is first given to man's inhumanity to man. The Bird Defenders and Bug Lovers have no compunction in maiming a mere boy; the Friend of the Sensitive Plant exults in the humiliation of a human being. This matter of hazing in the public schools is absolutely indefensible. The term "to haze" had its origin in the merchant marine service and was applied to the brutal, extra legal punishments bestowed on sailors before the mast by captains who were monarchs of their vessels and answerable to no court save that of heaven. Public schools were established and provision for their maintenance made on the supposition that the State would receive in good citizenship more than the equivalent of their cost. Today the public schools, as they are conducted, are nurseries of anarchy. The pupils have no respect for authority, and the promulgation of a rule is but the signal for its defiance.

Boston Wants Us To Know

The Boston Herald has served notice on all the States of the union that the year 1920 belongs exclusively to New England for celebration and commemoration purposes. We are not only asked to take heed but are lectured somewhat acrimoniously on the courtesy due New England which has never taken any money out of the National Treasury for exposition purposes. San Francisco is mentioned among the cities that have given big expositions. This is news to us. True, we held what was called a Mid-Winter Fair, but it was only a sort of back-wash from the Columbian Exposition held at Chicago. Boastful as the west is said to be we did no bragging over the little series of entertainments that were pulled off in Golden Gate Park. On the contrary the legacy of shacks and shanties that made an eyesore of the Ocean Beach after the fair was over induced a willingness to blot out the memory if only the reminders could be forgotten too. San Francisco contemplates giving a big exposition in celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal which some of us regard as an event of considerably more importance than the landing of the eternal Pilgrim Fathers who left us a legacy of puritanism and hypocrisy the fruits of which are not among the things cherished by men who are sensible of the essential elements of civilization. But there is no possibility of dispossessing the mind of New England of the idea that but for the landing of a handful of Pilgrims with their household goods and gods the whole continent of North America would have remained till this day a howling wilderness. New England will never abandon its attitude of step-sisterly toleration toward the rest of the country. There persists in New England much of the sentiment that prevailed in the days of Daniel Webster, who, in 1840 on the floor of Congress, announced that he would never endorse the expenditure of one cent of public funds to bring the Pacific Coast one step nearer to Boston. The anti-imperialists who so strenuously opposed the annexation of Hawaii were but echoing the sentiments of their ancestors who walked in fear and trembling lest the expansion of the country to include the Mississippi Valley should result in the beggaring of the Atlantic Coast because of the inevitable cost of feeding the population of those "barren wastes." In New England there are still persons who believe that Richard Henry Dana told the truth in his "Two Years Before the Mast" when he said that California would never be a fit habitation for the Anglo-Saxon as in the climate of this State he was bound to fall a victim of "Spanish fever," which was his euphemism for pure laziness.

Why Business is Hurt

Again we are asked, "Do you want the prosecution to stop because it hurts business?" And again we affirm that we do, but we hasten to add in anticipation of the pharisaical sneer of self-righteousness that if we had no other reason we should not assent to calling a halt. Our position in this matter is of course very well understood by our readers. Even the cabal that has sought in vain to stifle criticism with abuse is under no misapprehension. The propagandists of the graft prosecution are not insensible of the fact that their so-called moral crusade is objectionable mainly for the reason that it is utterly demoralizing. They know they are uttering a pernicious half-truth when they affirm that hostility to them is grounded in commercial greed. As they have practiced deception from the beginning so

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they are practicing it now when they affect to be unconscious of the felonious wrongdoing by which they earned the reprobation of all honest men. Had the graft prosecution been conducted all along upon moral principles for the purpose of sending guilty men to jail and for none other, no upright citizen would now favor its abandonment. Unjust and vindictive discrimination against certain men, who, assuming them to be guilty, were the victims of a gang of blackmailing boodlers, would not in itself be sufficient to justify the withdrawal of public support; but when the moving spirits of the enterprise adopted a policy in defiance of justice and decency, when they indulged in criminality more vicious than that which ostensibly they were seeking to punish, there was good and substantial ground for the resentment and indignation which they excited. At this late day it is unnecessary to recapitulate the high crimes and misdemeanors of our lawless uplifters. None but the hopelessly benighted and incredibly partisan confess to ignorance of the flagrant examples of the mockery and prostitution of justice which have marked the colorful career of mendacity pursued by our canting patriots. As to the hurting of business, that is but the natural result of the widespread demoralizing effect of an essentially immoral enterprise. But the Graft Prosecution has done more than hurt business for the time being. It has blackened the reputation of the community to such a degree that the effect upon the city will be felt for many a year. Even now the prosecutors are circulating more industriously than ever the report that the opposition to the graft prosecution in San Francisco is animated by nothing more than a sordid concern for business interest. In anticipation of the defeat of Heney they are preparing the public mind in foreign parts for libelous imputations against the character of the community, and their hired propagandists in pulpit and sanctum are lamenting the disposition of the people to sacrifice their honor on the altar of commerce.

Diamond Cut Diamond

If you're lovelorn, a solitaire,
With not the least desire to die one,
Oh, give not over to despair;
Just go and buy one!

Perspective Impressions

Here's to Queen Vergilia; long may she wave!

"We die too young," says Admiral Schley. And yet the Admiral survived his controversy with Sampson.

It's a shame if they don't guarantee Mr. Hearst a recount before he enters the race.

When the announcement was made that Mr. Charles S. Wheeler was to speak for Spreckels' man Heney some wise lawyers proceeded to debate the question whether Mr. Wheeler was entitled to extra compensation from Rudolph or whether the speech was to be part of the bitter price which he pays to retain his employment. We suggest that the question be referred for decision to the Moot Court of Mayor Taylor's Law School.

"Hell will be a bore," says a Chicago clergyman who is probably convinced that he will meet many preachers there.

Gaspar de Portola having been rescued from oblivion is in a fair way of having his memory carried down to posterity along with that of Amadis de Gaul, Edward the Black Prince, John of Gaunt and Don Quixote.

A novelist named White has remarked for the benefit of the Phelan-Spreckels publicity bureau that nowhere but in San Francisco is there opposition to the graft prosecution. But it hasn't occurred to this shrewd novelist that perhaps the people of San Francisco have a more intimate acquaintance with the graft prosecution than the residents of cities some thousands of miles away.

ESKIMO—"Nobody says anything about my part in this."
—Amsterdammer.

PEARY NOW HAS A FINE OPPORTUNITY OF MAKING DOLLARS BY LECTURING INTO A PHONOGRAPH
—Ulk (Berlin).

Portola, an Artificial Hero

Being a Brief Protest Against the Glorification of a Blundering Explorer With Other Animadversions Based on the Narrative Compiled by Mr. Zoeth S. Eldredge for The California Promotion Committee

By Edward F. O'Day

Careful perusal of the thin octavo volume issued by The California Promotion Committee in anticipation of the Portola fiesta has only served to convince me of the correctness of my previous belief that the worthy Don Gaspar made a mighty poor fist of the discovery of San Francisco Bay. It had always seemed to me that San Franciscans had little cause to reproach themselves for having suffered the achievements of this soldier of Spain to lapse into oblivion and my study of his much discussed march as set forth by Mr. Zoeth S. Eldredge has suggested no reason for a change of opinion. History seldom errs in picking names for her catalogue of fame and it is rarely indeed that a great hero has to be excavated from the pit of obscurity. That the memory of Portola should have vanished so completely from the general mind that it was necessary for a few historians to disinter the proper pronounciation of his name and the record of his worth was due, I take it, to causes that are forever at labor in the great furnace of events where the unimportant pages of world-annals are reduced to ashes. Poring over the leaves of Mr. Eldredge's monograph the conviction has been more and more borne in upon me that Don Gaspar de Portola is a reconstructed hero, an artificial embodiment of the traits of romance, an obscure personality painfully rubbed to brightness by the enthusiastic Old Mortalities who abide with us. Not being of that iconoclastic humor which would smash a graven image for the vulgar pleasure of seeing the pieces fly I have no desire to cast Don Gaspar from the high places to which he is being gallantly hauled by the enterprising Portola committee, yet I deem it no less than right, in reviewing the publication of The California Promotion Committee, to set down the thoughts which have come to me during the hours spent in its study. If this be not the province of a reviewer I am much at fault and will claim no clemency from the gentleman who has been at great pains to draw the old don from the mists of history and to clarify the musty atmosphere which surrounds his dryasdust remains. At the same time I would not be understood as disparaging the Portola celebration for I am in heary accord with any movement which lets loose the carnival spirit and gives us temporary surcease from intramural woes. A figure like that of Portola about which history has been tight-lipped appeals strongly to the lover of romance because an infinite deal of things may be said of it to which the antiquarians may oppose no documentary contradiction. It was for the scope which he allowed the play of imagination, no doubt, that Don Gaspar has been revivified to make a San Francisco holiday.

The California Promotion Committee's publication is principally devoted to Mr. Eldredge's account of the march of Portola and the so-called discovery of the bay of San Francisco; but Mr. E. J. Molera has also contributed a summary of the log of the San Carlos, the frigate of Don Juan Manuel de Ayala and the first vessel to enter our port, with translations of other documents. It is with Mr. Eldredge's contribution that we are at present concerned. From this we learn that Don Gaspar de Portola first became identified with the history of California in 1767 when Don Carlos III of Spain issued the decree expelling the Jesuits from the Spanish dominions. As this great propagandic society had established a number of missions in Lower California it was necessary that somebody should be detailed to the unpleasant task of dispossessing them and Portola was assigned to the work. At that time a captain of dragoons of the Regiment of Spain stationed in western Mexico, he was appointed governor of the Californias and having been provided with twenty-five dragoons, twenty-five infantry and fourteen Franciscan friars, set sail from Tepic for the execution of his disagreeable instructions. Whether they seemed disagreeable to him, whether he was selected for the work because his previous character indicated that no religious scruples would stay his arm and in what manner he carried out his orders, history has neglected to chronicle, and Mr. Eldredge who is not given to speculation, has failed to raise the question. At any rate that was the manner of Portola's coming to California and he was still there in the following year when the Spanish king, fearing the encroachment of the Russians upon the northern coast of California, ordered the fortification of that part of his dominions. In the year 1602 Sebastian Vizcaino, an explorer who possessed many of the amiable traits of Sir John Mandeville and the Baron Munchausen, had reported the discovery of a fine port in the latitude of 37 degrees to which he had given the name of Monterey. The re-discovery of this port was deemed by the viceroy the best method of complying with the king's orders. It was decided to send out a maritime and a land expedition and Portola, volunteering to lead the latter, was appointed commander-in-chief. It is no part of my criticism of the worthy Don Gaspar to suggest that he lacked the spirit of adventure or that he was an inefficient commander; my animadversions are directed solely toward his blundering exploration. Mr. Eldredge sets forth the personnel of the expedition with commendable detail and conducts it from Velicata whence it set out in two divisions in the spring of 1769 to the bay of San Diego in a veritable Pindaric leap. "There is very little of interest in this march of some two hundred miles through a barren country to the bay of San Diego," declares our authority. "Junipero's diary lies before me; it is a dreary recital of small incidents of the march, the Indians they met, the barrancas they crossed, with pious comments, etc.; no course, no distances traveled, or other like information necessary to an understanding of the route and country." I fear that the human touch in history-writing does not appeal to Mr. Eldredge. The "small incidents" of such a march sometimes prove irresistibly interesting. I am afraid that if Mr. Eldredge had chronicled the polar dash of Dr. Cook we would never have heard of the purple ice-glow or the barrel of gum-drops—and that would have been a pity indeed. Occasionally however the picturesque does drip cautiously from Mr. Eldredge's pen as when he records how an Indian made off with Father Serra's spectacles and again how the slushy grip of a quagmire prevented the saintly man from celebrating mass. There is plenty of detail concerning the march northward from San Diego and it all goes to show that Portola was a persevering leader but a mighty poor explorer. He reminds me of that unfortunate chap who couldn't see the forest on account of the trees. The fact is that he didn't find the port of Monterey when he was actually at the port of Monterey. He found the line of high sand dunes which formed the shore line and four lagoons behind them and reached the ingenious conclusion that the port had been "swallowed up by the land" and that the lagoons were the last signs of the port. Portola may have been an excellent soldier, as I have said, but he lacked the imagination without which no explorer ever accomplished anything. Because the port of Monterey was not an enclosed harbor like San Diego Bay but an open bay or roadstead, he failed to recognize it and blundered on. That blunder brought

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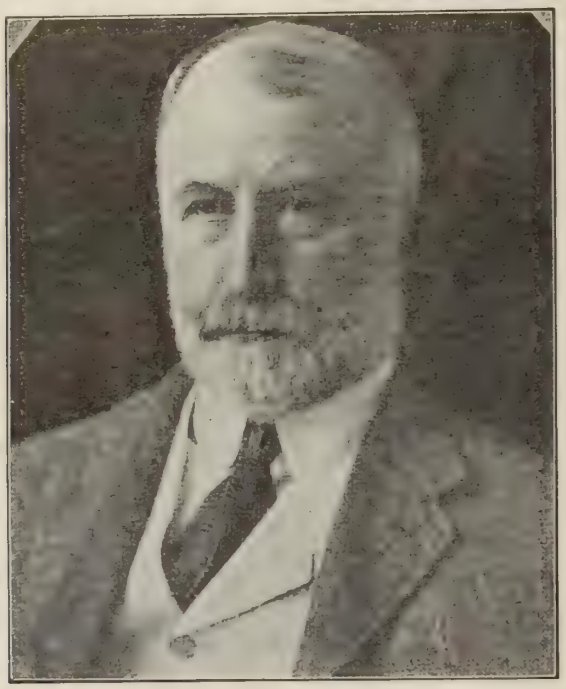
Tammany's Candidate

Being a Brief Record of the Evolution of a Typical Friend of the Pee-pul—Once a Tried and True Reformer, Now a Shrewd and Practical Performer

By Robert McTavish

William J. Gaynor, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, is now in the public eye. The Mayor of New York is a figure of national interest, and as Judge Gaynor has been nominated by Tammany for that important office his personality and record have become objects of a widespread curiosity which has been heightened by his controversy with William R. Hearst, who was but recently his ardent friend and admirer and who is now his enemy and traducer. Judge Gaynor is a veteran of the political arena and one of the innumerable tribe of spectacular reformers and mob-coddlers. He has been described as "a boss-tamer in ermine," a "square judge," a "friend of the people." He has figured as the enemy of political bosses. He has vindicated his



JUDGE GAYNOR

hostility to corrupt bosses by spending his money to send them to jail. He has hurled invectives against Tammany. He has denounced the financial methods of the Manhattan Traction interests and baited the Brooklyn Rapid Transit. He has reproached and reprehended rebaters and predatory plutocrats. He has defied legal precedents, and censured bench, bar and jury. In short, Judge Gaynor has proved himself facile in all the arts that are practiced by the most vociferous demagogues, and now he finds it to his advantage to be the pet of Tammany.

The friendship that formerly existed between himself and Mr. Hearst is easily understood by men who are familiar with the ways that are subtle of our leading politicians. The most unscrupulous of demagogic judges invariably enjoy the friendship of the muckraking press. The reason of this is that they are serviceable newspaper puppets. For doing the bidding of newspaper publishers; for "standing in" whenever a newspaper publisher has some pet scheme to exploit they are rewarded with publicity and praise, with space for the airing of their demagogic sentiments and their affectation of self-righteous indignation. The attitude of the Hearst newspapers in New York toward Judge Gaynor has been the same as the Boughten Bulletin's attitude toward the Hon. William P. Lawlor and the Hon. Frankie Dunne.

Judge Gaynor's public career has been most eventful, for he has been an active job-chaser. He began his career as a school teacher in Boston. In 1873 he took up the study of law in Utica and at that early period blossomed out as a reformer. Catching a lot of saloonkeepers selling liquor without a license, he won the affections of the people and was appointed police commissioner. In this job he won renown by closing some illegal road-houses. In the eighties he moved to Brooklyn and became an anti-boss politician and an all round E. P. E. Troy, developing a virtuous passion for baiting public service corporations. Of course he was rewarded. He was asked to run for Mayor but preferred the bench and was elected Justice of the Supreme Court.

David B. Hill was impressed by Gaynor's Brooklyn record and suggested him as available gubernatorial timber. But Tammy opposed him, and circulated some nasty stories about a suit for divorce brought and won by his wife. They also charged him with being a renegade Catholic. Thereupon he declined to run for Governor. Hill was nominated, and Gaynor was put on the ticket for judge of the Court of Appeals, but he declined to run saying that the reasons which compelled him to refuse the nomination for Governor precluded him from accepting another place on the ticket.

Gaynor has always had to contend against religious prejudice. As late as last year he was objected to on religious grounds. William J. Bryan wanted Gaynor for his running mate, and matters were progressing smoothly at Denver, when some of the delegates produced newspaper editorials criticising the justice's manner of abjuring his former church and attacking it from the lecture platform. Those criticisms, many of them fifteen years old, killed the Gaynor boom out of hand.

Gaynor had a boom for Governor in 1906 but Charles F. Murphy sold out to Hearst that year, and the latter was the Democratic nominee against Charles E. Hughes. Gaynor supported Hearst, saying: "Certainly I will support Hearst, and I advise every one to examine and ascertain what his political and economic principles are before deciding against him. It is a miserable man who will not look on both sides before making up his mind." That the views of Gaynor and Hearst frequently coincide is a fact patent to all, and it is probable that the latter is a disciple of the justice.

Gaynor unquestionably is a strong man before the people, for he has made it the rule of his life to be on the popular side of every question of great public interest, and as a preacher of the abstract moralities and a champion of civic virtue he is distinctly in the Roosevelt class. But like Roosevelt he is taken seriously as a moralist only by persons who are easily hoodwinked. Since his nomination the New York Sun has said that Tammany might have picked out a worse man, but that it would have been a difficult task. District Attorney Jerome has pronounced him "a political charlatan totally destitute of political courage" and "that most abhorrent product, a political judge."

Gaynor's favorite topic of discussion and the one by means of which he has scored with the plain people is the tyranny of the New York police which he has pronounced worse than that which prevails in Russia. The story of how Gaynor became conspicuous for the Mayoralty nomination is of too recent memory to bear repetition at length. On May 29 he wrote to Mc-

(Continued on Page 38.)

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The Mission Dolores

By Bret Harte

The Mission Dolores is destined to be "The Last Sigh" of the native Californian. When the last "Greaser" shall indolently give way to the bustling Yankee, I can imagine he will, like the Moorish king, ascend one of the Mission hills to take his last lingering look at the hilled city. For a long time he will cling tenaciously to Pacific street. He will delve in the rocky fastnesses of Telegraph Hill until progress shall remove it. He will haunt Vallejo street, and those back slums which so vividly typify the degradation of a people; but he will eventually make way for improvement. The Mission will be last to drop from his nerveless fingers.

As I stand here this pleasant afternoon, looking up at the old chapel,—its ragged senility contrasting with the smart spring sunshine, its two gouty pillars with the plaster dropping away like tattered bandages, its rayless windows, its crumbling entrances, the leper spots on its whitewashed wall eating through the dark adobe,—I give the poor old mendicant but a few years longer to sit by the highway and ask alms in the names of the blessed saints. Already the vicinity is haunted with the shadow of its dissolution. The shriek of the locomotive discords with the Angelus bell. An Episcopal church, of a green Gothic type, with massive buttresses of Oregon pine, even now mocks its hoary age with imitation and supplants it with a sham. Vain, alas! were those rural accessories, the nurseries and market-gardens, that once gathered about its walls and resisted civic encroachment. They too are passing away. Even those queer little adobe buildings with tiled roofs like longitudinal slips of cinnamon, and walled enclosures sacredly guarding a few bullock horns and strips of hide. I look in vain for the half-reclaimed Mexican, whose respectability stopped at his waist, and whose red sash under his vest was the utter undoing of his black broadcloth. I miss, too, those black-haired women, with swaying unstable busts, whose dresses were always unseasonable in texture and pattern; whose wearing of a shawl was a terrible awakening from the poetic dream of the Spanish mantilla. Traces of another nationality are visible. The railroad "navvy" has built his shanty near the chapel and smokes his pipe in the Posada. Gutturals have taken the place of linguals and sibilants. I miss the half-chanted, half-drawled cadences that used to mingle with the cheery "All aboard" of the stage-driver, in those good old days when the stages ran hourly to the Mission, and a trip thither was an excursion. At the very gates of the temple, in the place of those "who sell doves for sacrifice," a vender of mechanical spiders has halted with his unhallowed wares. Even the old Padre—last type of the missionary, and descendant of the good Junipero—I cannot find today; in his stead a light-haired Celt is reading a lesson from a Vulgate that is wonderfully replete with double r's. Gentle priest, in thy R-isons, let the stranger and heretic be remembered.

I open a little gate and enter the Mission churchyard. There is no change here, though perhaps the graves lie closer together. A willow-tree growing beside the deep brown wall has burst into tufted plumes in the fulness of spring. The tall grass blades over each mound show a strange quickening of the soil below. It is pleasanter here than on the bleak mountain seaward, where distracting winds continually bring the strife and turmoil of the ocean. The Mission hills lovingly embrace the little cemetery, whose decorative taste is less ostentatious. The foreign flavor is strong; here are never-failing garlands of "immortelles," with their sepulchral spicery; here are little cheap medallions of pewter, with the adornment of three black tears, that would look like the three of clubs, but that the simple humility of the inscription counterbalances all sense of the ridiculous. Here are children's graves with guardian angels of great specific gravity; but here, too, are the little one's toys in a glass case beside them. Here is the average quantity of execrable original verses; but one stanza—over a sailor's grave—is striking, for it expresses a hope of salvation through the "Lord High Admiral Christ!" Over the foreign graves there is a notable lack of scriptural quotation, and an increase, if I may say it, of humanity and tenderness. I cannot help thinking that too many of my countrymen are influenced by a morbid desire to make a practical point of this occasion, and are too apt hastily to crowd a whole life of omission into the

THE MISSION DOLORES CHURCH

As it was in the days before its rehabilitation.

culminating act. But when I see the grey "immortelles" crowning a tombstone, I know I shall find the mysteries of the resurrection shown rather in symbols, and only the love taught in His new commandment left for the graphic touch. But "they manage these things better in France."

During my purposeless ramble the sun has been steadily climbing the brown wall of the church, and the air seems to grow cold and raw. The bright green dies out of the grass and the rich bronze comes down from the wall. The willow-tree seems half inclined to doff its plumes, and wears the dejected air of a broken faith and violated trust. The spice of the "immortelles" mixes with the incense that steals through the open window. Within, the barbaric gilt and crimson look cold and cheap in this searching air; by this light the church certainly is old and ugly. I cannot help wondering whether the old Fathers, if they ever revisit the scene of their former labors, in their larger comprehensions view with regret the impending change, or mourn over the day when the Mission Dolores shall appropriately come to grief?

The Spectator

Two Viewpoints

The other day Mayor Taylor while aerating his whiskers in the municipal auto attracted the attention of two laborers who were repairing a small strip of Larkin street.

"That's his 'On'rr th' May'r," said one of them.

"What th' hell do I care," said the other.

A few minutes later the Mayor again passed in the municipal auto.

He's a pur-rty industhryus man," said the first speaker; "here he is again; sure it's examnin' th' wur-rk he is."

"G'wan wid you!" said the second speaker, "it's lost he is."

Bartenders and Methodists

The Rev. C. F. Reid, D. D., of Oakland has been scandalized by the discovery that in San Francisco there are more than two bartenders for every Methodist. This overwhelming preponderance of the ministers of Dionysus in our midst is regarded by the Oakland divine as prima facie evidence of our utter and hopeless demoralization. But his judgment is not beyond gainsaying. Dr. Reid is the professional representative of one of the innumerable jarring Christian sects, and as such he has no sympathy with the religion of the son of Jupiter and Semele, under whose benign influence a very high degree of culture was reached on the shores of the Egean sea some centuries ago. As Dionysus enjoyed the reputation of being a promoter of civilization and a lover of peace perhaps Dr. Reid takes too pessimistic a view of the circumstance that while we have only eighteen churches consecrated to the greater glory of the Methodist deity there are eighteen hundred temples dedicated to the worship of dear old Bacchus. I am not partial to bartenders, but I have known some that were wonderfully facile in the art of attending to their own business, and at the same time delightfully proficient in their professional ministrations. Having no difficulty in holding their congregations they never went abroad uttering lamentations and depressing the spirits of their fellow men with mournful jeremiads. On the other hand I have known men of good parts in the Methodist ministry whose zeal and charity I much admired, but I have never deemed the spread of Methodism essential to the advancement of civilization. On the contrary I have been inclined to acquiesce in the views of one Matthew Arnold, an illustrious apostle of sweetness and light, who accounted for the predominance of philistinism in this country on the theory that the population comprised so large a percentage of the disciples of John Wesley whom he characterized as a man of second-rate intellect. Perhaps if Matthew Arnold had heard that bartenders outnumbered Methodists in San Francisco he would have concluded that this was the most cultured city in the United States.

The Awful Ha Ha of Paganism

The Rev. C. F. Reid believes that he has discovered what the matter is with San Francisco, and he has communicated the pleasing intelligence to the Nashville Christian Advocate. The Rev. C. F. Reid is not among my acquaintances, but I judge from what he has written for the Christian Advocate that he is a typical Oakland reformer consumed with a passion to set things right in this incorrigible city, in accordance with formulas invented in Berkeley and approved by the enlightened press of the remote interior. Nowhere is there less known of what ails us and of what is good for us than right in the heart of the metropolis. According to the critical Oakland divine we are suffering from godlessness. Not only has the Church failed to keep pace with the work of rebuilding, but it "shows few signs of even attempting to do so on a scale anything like adequate." While the population has grown apace "the protestant membership of the city has actually diminished rather than increased." There are "only 9,747 members of the evangelical churches in an American city of 400,000 people, not quite 1 in 40." Though a broad-minded Christian Dr. Reid does not deign to take cognizance of the 75,000 people who attend Christian churches that are not of the evangelical brand; nor does he take into consideration the moral influence that emanates from the synagogues of the Jews. One of the signs of the times by which his soul is anguished is that which he discerns in the Sabbath rush of young people "to the ferries and the railway stations where they are flocking by thousands to the parks and hills across the bay and the pleasure resorts thickly scattered down the peninsula." Apparently it has never occurred to him that there are Christians who are restrained neither by dogma nor rules of discipline from rational and decent enjoyment of the Sabbath. To him it is obvious that "the Church stands arrested in San Francisco"; nay, that "it is in a retreat that threatens to become a rout before a careless paganism that laughs at her confusion."

A Remedy

Fortunately Dr. Reid has a sure cure for our moral degradation. "We must reverse our methods," he says, "and forget the traditions that have led us to defeat." It appears that the Christian churches with which Dr.

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Reid is acquainted, have been trying to propagate Christianity by means of a "dim religious light sifting through stained glass." He advises that this tomfoolery be abandoned; that no more churches be reared for dim religious light effects, but that instead we should build "substantial young people's church-houses, where the

EMPEROR NORTON

After Portola and long before Queen Vergilia was born came Norton I, a fantastic personage whose counterfeit presentment is all that remains to remind us of the rollicking days of old when private and public citizens yielded tribute to a madman, indulging him in the hallucination that San Francisco was the seat of his vast empire.

best conditions of home life can be provided." He exclaims: "Let us rub from our banners the theological dogmas hard to understand, and in their places write large and luminous: 'We live to minister.'" From this it might be inferred that D.r Reid is about to launch another sect, one designed to substitute "church-houses" for flats and apartment-houses, which, he says, are largely responsible for the ungodliness of us, since as a consequence of the lure of the flat and the thrall of the apartment-house, there is a great lack of home life in San Francisco, "and the children are largely reared on the streets." What a beautiful, vivid and faithful picture of San Francisco has been drawn by the veracious Oakland divine! Of course it was not his purpose to explain the failure of the Graft Prosecution. But how familiar is the ring of his sentiments!

Another Local Story Teller

San Francisco has sent forth for the conquest of the east so many able fictionists, newspapermen and other wielders of the pen, that the pride which is felt locally in our successful literary men is not in need of stimulation. Yet it is always a pleasure to record a new comer, particularly when his name is not so well known as to proclaim him at once a native of this city. I suppose that only a small proportion of those who were thrilled by a story entitled "A Little Matter of Salvage" in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post knew that the author, Peter B. Kyne, was a San Franciscan. Not only is this the fact but what is really surprising, this was the first bit of fiction which the young writer ever sent east for the judgment of an editor. Young Kyne inked his maiden pen in a few stories published in the "Blue Mule" that cavorted in our midst some time ago but it was not until quite recently that he plucked up sufficient courage to storm the editoral sancta of the Atlantic Coast. His first attempt brought an acceptance and a handsome check from the Saturday Evening Post and was followed by a letter asking for more stories. So Kyne has landed and landed big, for the Post is the goal of all short story writers. His first story, by the way, has excited a great deal of local interest entirely aside from its authorship. Men who know their waterfront tell me that the principal incidents and characters are quite easily identified. One of these tells me that the story is based with little change on the towage of the Austrian collier Maria by the steam schooner Iaqua. He says that the old man Hickman of the story is Mr. Higgins of the firm of Higgins and Collins, that young Hickman is young Carson of Dolbeer and Carson, that "Doughface" Johnson, another character, is quite well known by that name, that the engineer of the story is old Axel Smith, formerly of the Iaqua and that McNaughton, the hero of the yarn, is captain Tom Gunderson of the steamer Helen P. Drew. My informant may or may not be correct but certainly the story cannot lack for local color if its characters suggest well known men of the sea. Kyne by the way used to be with Dolbeer and Carson and should know the life of which he writes so stirringly.

Herrin to Retire

I notice that the daily papers have recently been making some mystery of the whereabouts of William F. Herrin, chief counsel for the Southern Pacific Company, and wondering why he has not returned to this city for the current political campaign. Newspaper references to Herrin are usually clouded with erroneous statements for the reason that his position at the head of the republican political machine has caused him to eschew publicity and has driven city editors very frequently to the exercise of their imaginations. Herrin is a man of too many big concerns to take a deep interest in a municipal campaign, and the fight will have to get along without his encouragement. I am credibly informed from New York sources that Herrin is contemplating re-

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THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

tirement from the active duties of his position with the Southern Pacific and plans to spend his time among his books and friends. Herrin has been a hard worker all his life and the political game has tired him completely. He has acquired a lively distaste for the constant bickerings of politicians avid of petty power and my information is that he will be greatly relieved when he takes his last leave of it all. The death of Harriman has no doubt had much to do with this determination, for the great manipulator thought very highly of Herrin's abilities and kept him in harness. More than once during Harriman's reign Herrin refused a vice-presidency in the road and now it looks as though he will soon sever his connection with the law department and the political bureau.

The Rebuking of a Critic

Every great poet has his worshipers who are intolerant of criticism that imputes imperfections to his verse. Algernon Charles Swinburne is no exception. Alice Meynell recently wrote a criticism of Swinburne for the Dublin Review in which she pronounces him "a great poet with little intellect and paltry degree of sincerity, and rachitic passion, and tumid fancy." This may be an unjust estimate of Swinburne, but it is not Mrs. Meynell's alone. Being Mrs. Meynell's, however, it is entitled to respectful attention, for Mrs. Meynell is herself a great poet and no mean critic. Her literary ability and her intellectual honesty are recognized by the very highest of English authorities, but among the puny, half-baked critics of this country she is almost unknown, and in their ignorance they have assumed that she is deserving of nothing more than wholesale denunciation for presuming to challenge Swinburne's claim to companionship with the world's greatest singers. Unable to discuss intelligently the questions upon which she has expatiated they make vituperation supply the place of argument and flatter themselves that they have demonstrated that there is no room for controversy. The most intemperate of these Swinburne worshipers is one Royall Convers, who has taken up his frail cudgel in defense of the poet and flourished it with great ferocity in Harper's Weekly. In his opinion Allice Meynell is a bigoted Catholic, "a little thing," he calls her, "who has slavered venomous froth over Swinburne," because "he hated the temporal papacy." This gallant critic vindicates the calmness of his superior judgment by describing Alice Meynell as "a virago," "a pedant" and "a shrew." In all of which apparently George Harvey, the editor of Harper's concurs. He tells us that Alice Meynell "is a Catholic convert, and, as such, the narrowest, most relentless kind of critic."

The Swinburne Temperament

Swinburne's defenders are apparently of the temperament for which the poet himself was unfortunately distinguished. A great poet Swinburne certainly was, but that he was not a man of well disciplined mind, on the contrary, that he was a dogmatist of the most rabid type, one may learn from his essays. So little was there in him of the profoundly, calmly philosophic that he was noted for the intolerance and acrimony of his style in dealing with an adversary. Those unhappy persons who failed to share his passion for Victor Hugo's poetry were described as "bogwater," "toads," "centipedes," "polecats," "vampires" and numerous other species of

STATUE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

Of Junipero Serra the Franciscan monk who followed with the cross in the footsteps of the man that carried the sword.

AT MARKET, POST AND MONIGOMERY STREETS

(When San Francisco was young)

vermin. He always spoke with inveterate contempt of those whose opinions in questions of taste differed from his own, but his arguments in support of his views were far from irrefutable. And these very arguments, by the way, bear out Mrs. Meynell's criticism since it is evident from them that Swinburne was more in love with the mechanical symmetries of art than anything else. In other words he admired display more than effect. "The worth of a poem," he said, "has nothing to do with its moral meaning or design; the only absolute duty of art is the duty she owes to herself." Above all things a lover of technique, he admired Victor Hugo not so much for his thoughts as for the ingenuity and invention he displayed in the manipulation of vast ideas.

Mrs. Meynell's Art

To assume that Alice Meynell's religious convictions influenced her opinion of Swinburne is, I take it, hardly fair. Indeed in the very article against which Convers so bitterly declaims there is proof that as a critic Mrs. Meynell is aloof from religious prejudice. But before examining her criticism let us first consider Mrs. Meynell's qualifications as a critic and inquire as to whether her standing in the literary world does not entitle her to respectful attention notwithstanding her devotion to the Catholic church. In pursuing this inquiry perhaps we may learn that the charge made against Mrs. Meynell by Convers and Harvey is more easily to be established in their case. Mrs. Meynell is a contributor to most of the highest class secular literary magizines of England. The Saturday Review which is not a Catholic journal publishes her poetry and regards her as one of England's most gifted essayists. From the beginning of her career her work received the most unreserved praise of English critics. Ruskin who can hardly be suspected of a passion for the papacy said that some of her poems "were among the finest things I have yet seen or felt in modern verse." George Meredith said that "to the metrical themes attempted by her she brings emotion, sincerity, together with an exquisite play upon our finer chords quite her own, not to be heard from another. Some of her lines have the living tremor in them." Coventry Patmore describes her work as bearing the "hall mark of genius, namely, the marriage of masculine force of insight with feminine grace and tact of expression." William Sharp said of one of her sonnets called "Renouncement" that he knew of nothing more noble or more beautiful. Of this same sonnet William Rossetti said: "It is one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women." This is the sonnet:

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Let us take another sample of the handiwork of this gifted woman who has been pronounced "a virago" and

THE RAG-PICKER

One of a tribe that supplied local color in "The City that Was," and that long since vanished from the streets.

"a noxious beast" in the chaste columns of Harper's Weekly. Here is a poem entitled "The Modern Poet":

I come from nothing; but from where
Come the undying thoughts I bear?
  Down, through long links of death and birth,
  From the past poets of the earth.
My immortality is there.

I am like the blossom of an hour.
But long, long vanished sun and shower
  Awoke my breath i' the young world's air.
  I tracked the past back everywhere
Through seed and flower, and seed and flower.

Or I am like a stream that flows
Full of the cold springs that arose
  In the morning lands, in distant hills;
  And down the plain my channel fills
With melting of forgotten snows.

Voices I have not heard possessed
My own fresh songs; my thoughts are blessed
  With relics of the far unknown;
  And mixed with memories not my own
The sweet streams throng into my breast.

Before this life began to be,
The happy songs that wake in me
  Woke long ago, and far apart
  Heavily on this little heart
Presses this immortality.

From the foregoing it must be evident enough that Alice Meynell is at least a poet and not altogether incompetent to discuss poetry.

A Poet's Defects

Now as to Mrs. Meynell's criticism of Swinburne: much of what she says of him has been said so often that it is absolutely trite. Mrs. Meynell admits that Swinburne is a great poet, but she argues that he was not a man of great intellect. Now this is precisely what has been said of Swinburne over and over again. It was once said of him by the Edinburgh Review in exactly these words: "Never have such bountifulness of imagination, such mastery of the music of verse been linked with such poverty of genuinely impassioned thought." One of Mrs. Meynell's objections to Swinburne is that he hated God, and she attributes the failure of much of his poetry to his feeble conceptions of the deity. Again I quote from the Edinburg Review to show that even Protestants entertained the same view: "His poetry is marked by an absence of faith; a weird gloom of fatalism wraps the classic stateliness of his best verse. By faith is not meant religious belief compact of formulas, but a moral principle underlying and informing life and action whether it be in liberty or virtue; faith such as made Rousseau great, and Goethe and Shelley and Carlyle and Victor Hugo. The curse of moral incompleteness that clove to Byron has fallen with a double portion of his passion and power on the poet of Dolores and Faustine." The fact is that frequently throughout his career Swinburne was attacked not on the ground of art but of morality. It was because he walked the gloomy path of a hopeless fatalism and because also of his profanity and excess of sensuous feeling that Queen Victoria, who was never suspected of being partial to Rome, passed him by at the death of Tennyson and appointed Alfred Austin Poet Laureate.

The Point of Her Criticism

If, as George Harvey believes, Alice Meynell is prejudiced against Swinburne on account of her religious convictions then she should also be suspected of the same bigoted attitude toward Milton than whom no poet was ever more intolerant of "priestcraft." But we learn from her criticism of Swinburne that one of her objections to his poetry is that it betrays an idea of Milton that is too illusory. Her criticism in the main, however, has nothing to do with religious questions; it deals with the shallowness of Swinburne's mind, despite which, she acknowledges, he wrote much true and beautiful poetry.

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The point upon which she insists is that he accepted the weak philosophy of others; that he was influenced by the inferior work of other poets and even by the prejudices of the mob. It was the mob she thinks that inspired his contempt for the Boers, who, by the way, despite their well known antipathy for the Catholic Church, appear to have the sympathy and admiration of Mrs. Meynell.

Sentimental Jamie's Divorce

I am sorry for James M. Barrie, sorry from the inmost heart of me, and at the same time, I must admit, disillusioned. There are men whom we come to know through their public work or their writings to whom we never dream of attributing the weaknesses from which the common run of men are never free. In this class I had placed the author of Peter Pan, illogically, sentimentally, perhaps, yet still with the approbation of an intuitive process which has been demoralized by the news that he is to divorce his wife and take unto himself as a second helpmeet the "pink pajama girl." Of Barrie's marital felicity or infelicity I of course know nothing and wish to know nothing. When in the delicious "My Lady Nicotine" I heard him say—all that Barrie writes has the rare charm of seeming to be addressed in conversation to his reader—"My present state is so happy that I can only look back with wonder at my hesitation to enter upon it," I took it as a matter of course that he was speaking of his own marriage and being an inveterate devotee of the weed myself, I was glad that so fine a literary craftsman was so happy in his married life that he could bear to forego smoking. That my feeling was not altogether sentimental I am prepared to show if necessary by reference to Barrie's works, fictional and dramatic, in which he has ever exhibited a wonderful insight into the feminine character. How could one more satisfactorily account for this insight than by the supposition that he had made a union of true sympathy? And now it seems that there are to be unpleasant divorce proceedings and that Barrie has named a co-respondent. With all this I would have no quarrel but the announcement immediately following that Barrie is to wed Pauline Chase I cannot stomach. Does a true-hearted gentleman assuage the agony of putting from him the woman who bears his name by preparing for an alliance with another? I think not and that is why I will be disillusioned in Barrie if the story prove true. Pauline Chase has played Peter Pan in London for several seasons with great success and no doubt has been thrown into intimate association with the playwright. The whole thing has too much the appearance of one of those miserable cases of what is vulgarly called "affinity" to suit my taste. I am disposed to sympathize with the first Mrs. Barrie and to suspect that she has learned "what every woman knows," that man is an unstable creature of clay at best and that fidelity is rarely in him. Too bad that Margaret Ogilvy is not alive to tell her son what she thinks of this scandal.

Bank Cashier—You say that he wants to know that his money is all right?

Visitor—No; he wants to know that it's all left.

An Uncertainty That Plagues

Speaking of Hetch-Hetchy the Boughten Bulletin asks "Is there never to be an end of the matter? Are the people never to feel secure?" These are questions that ought to have been asked before the people voted for the expenditure of money for the purchase of land in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. They were questions that suggested themselves to the minds of intelligent men who regarded it as a species of imbecility for the people to assume that they would be able to bulldoze the authorities at Washington for all time, and upon this fatuous assumption to hazard a large sum of money. But it was useless to protest against the Hon. James D. Phelan's pet folly, or even to suggest that we should acquire a cloudless title and pursue a business policy in the preliminary steps toward the goal of our desires. The dear, unsophisticated general had been persuaded that their interests were in good hands, the hands of their warmest, most passionate and zealous friends, and that they should regard all objectors as minions of the Spring Valley Water Company.

AN ENDURING LANDMARK

The original Wells Fargo Express building which has survived from the old San Francisco, despite earthquake and fire.

The John Muir Scare

During the past week the obsession has been relaxing perceptibly. It has been dawning on the perceptions of people of the dullest intellectuals that our city officials have involved us in something of the nature of embarrassment. It is clear that the champions of Hetch-Hetchy have been in a state of panic. Despite the assurances that they have been giving us of the stability and solidity of our position, the mere circumstance that John Muir had been chosen as the guide and companion of President Taft and Secretary Ballinger on the Yosemite trails filled them with nervous apprehension and alarm. What an awful hullabaloo they have been making about Muir! They seem to regard that old nature lover as a sort of cross between a wizard and a witch, a person skilled in the black art, and capable of exercising spells and charms that are absolutely irresistible. They are sure that Ballinger will succumb to Muir's supernatural powers and they have suggested, begged and pleaded that the Secretary be induced to safeguard himself against the witcheries of the bad old scientist. Of course they have had in mind as a prophylactic, or at least as an offset, the Hon. James D. Phelan, whose Machiavellian principles of persuasion they would match against the mysterious powers of the most accomplished exponent of the necromantic art. But neither President Taft nor Secretary Ballinger would consent to the companionship of Phelan. That is why we must depend entirely on the Secretary.

Hearst and Gaynor

America's premier political acrobat, the greatest ground and lofty tumbler the world has ever seen in the field of politics, surpassed all his previous efforts the other day by turning a somersault so altitudinous that it almost amounted to an achievement in aviation. I allude of course to the vertiginous triumph of the Hon. William R. Hearst. In the Examiner of October 6 Mr. Hearst was quoted as follows:

"I believe that Judge Gaynor is a good man and would make a good Mayor, but I am sincerely sorry that Tammany is to be allowed to use his good name as a cloak for another raid upon this pillaged city.

"Withal I am for Judge Gaynor, but not for Tammany. I think the independents should do their best to elect Judge Gaynor and defeat Tammany Hall."

It took Mr. Hearst nearly a whole week to change his opinion of Judge Gaynor. He did not change it until it occurred to him that in a three cornered fight he might be able to beat the Tammy candidate.

Sneers at His Own Accomplice

Judge Gaynor says that six months ago Mr. Hearst urged him to run for Mayor "on any ticket" and pledged his support. "If Judge Gaynor," says Mr. Hearst, "has stated that I promised to support him under any and all circumstances and upon any and all tickets he states what is positively untrue." Judge Gaynor has not stated anything of the kind as Mr. Hearst must know if he reads his own papers, but evidently it serves the great Tribune's purpose to misquote his adversary. There are few controversialists more adroit or dexterous than Mr. Hearst in the dialectic art of adopting propositions to the subtle processes of his logic. But even this distinguished tactician will find it somewhat difficult to extricate himself from the awkward position into which he inadvertently maneuvered. It appears that when he was urging Judge Gaynor to run for Mayor he took one of his editors into his confidence, and this editor's recollection of certain questions at issue is not in harmony with his employer's. Furthermore he does not hesitate to affirm the truth of what Judge Gaynor has said. Intent upon rendering this editor's testimony negligible Mr. Hearst attempts to overwhelm him with obloquy by disclosing his responsibility for the most shocking features of the New York Journal's Sunday Supplement. But this disclosure does not improve Mr. Hearst's position, since we know that the editor whom he derides and reprobates was but a short time ago his confidential agent in his dealings with Gaynor.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Wheat: Interests which sold wheat on the well-founded idea of a large total crop and the natural deduction that the United States was an exporting country and was being undersold by Canada and Russia, have been tired out waiting the full development of their theory, and thus have covered their lines. The winter wheat farmers, busy in putting their ground into shape, and influenced by success in holding their crop, have temporarily defeated immediate success to the short seller. A glance ahead, however, shows likelihood of milling and reserve holes being filled up. Chicago is becoming a spring wheat market and going into the winter with a fair stock and only an export demand will allow maintaining the dollar level.

Corn: About all the bull news is out in corn. The report is not as bullish as a first glance would allow. Reserves of old corn are large, consumptive demand outside of commercial usage delayed and decreased on account of small cattle and hog feed and very late pasture being available.

Cotton: Predictions and precedent have been shattered during the past few weeks, and the sanguine hopes of many that the market would decline under the weight of the movement, regardless of the underlying conditions, have all but passed away. It has been so, largely because of the alertness of speculation, which, with its keen scent and quick action, realized the abnormal conditions existing, viz.: scant supply and record consumption, and has bought in advance of legitimate demand, forestalled the spinner, and thereby saved untold millions to the growers. If the south ever needed a convincing illustration of the benefits of a broad market, in which all of the world can participate with ease and facility when it once became satisfied as to prospective values, it should study closely and remember always the lesson now being taught by the figures of the future boards. Spinners, more particularly American, have refrained to their utmost from making purchases in the hope that the pressure of farmers to sell would throw the balance their way, when their supply, as usual, could be secured and prices then marked up. Speculation, however, has stepped in, taken the market out of their hands, and, incidentally, put them in a quandary. Short time is already being advocated, but meets with little substantial support with general trade conditions, headed by iron and steel, booming as they are. Spinners' takings past week were 242,166 bales against 216,667 last year; total to date 1,088,884 bales against 1,040,699 which is the largest on record. Sellings agents and manufacturers are gradually placing cotton goods on a parity with the increased cost of cotton. Advances of ¾ to 1 cent per yard in the price of cloths and print goods were made only a few days ago, which is significant when we stop to consider that this slight advance is equivalent to 3 to 5 cents a pound in raw cotton. The market during the week has developed erratic traits, due in the main no doubt to the unusual level of values at this season. The smallest influence is magnified many times, and rumors are as potent for bad or good as truths. Many wild reports as to the extent of storm damage have been disproved since last week and it now appears that the area seriously affected was limited to Louisiana and parts of Mississippi. Rains were quite general outside of those States, but probably did more good than harm, as the plant is said to be still blooming in parts of Texas with a chance of making with a late frost. The Carolinas and Georgia have good normal crops, while Alabama and Tennessee could scarcely be termed fair; Mississippi's prospect is distressing, while Louisiana's must be put down as a disaster. Prudence advises that the market be not forced higher until trade fully adjusts itself to the new levels, and we therefore look for a scalping market for the present with probably an upward tendency.

Stocks: The considerable decline in steel in the recent week has been caused chiefly by a change of sentiment among certain interests of sufficient magnitude to cause some very heavy sales of the stock, and while it is admitted that the buying on the decline of seven or eight points has been of the best and probably on a scale down, the sales have been of such volume that it has materially unsettled values of stocks generally and created a growing bear sentiment. There is nothing illogical in the setback of steel or the market at the present period. Steel has had an almost uninterrupted advance of fifty points and a decline at this season when money rates are bound to harden and bank reserves are protected, is perfectly natural, but as to the extent of this decline, that depends on the powerful banking interests that have stood sponsor for this corporation and its price movements since its organization. There is nothing in the money situation that apparently warrants worry in the future, as the return of crop funds is not far off and the drain of cash from this center will cease. The Government crop report on the 8th inst., while showing a small deterioration in corn, indicated a larger wheat yield. There will be good average crops, hence this is not a factor in securities except as a most favorable element for the future. In summarizing, stocks have been high with a small distribution in the hands of the public, and with the money outlook temporarily clouded. It seems a certainty that securities will be allowed to drift for the time being and this drift will be to a somewhat lower level, or until speculative accounts are well cleaned up. The starting of another bull period before thirty days have expired is not improbable, though likely from a lower level. In the interim, we should strongly advise the utmost conservatism and the purchase of stocks on extreme weakness for turns only.

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Local Securities: The market for local stocks and bonds has been rather quiet for the past week or so and the chief interest has centered in Telephone common. It is now an established fact that New York has become the barometer for this stock and the trend of our local market has been governed by quotations from the east. While these shares have lately shown an irregular tone, the general trend has been downward and at the present writing, the stock shows no signs of a brace. The activity of Pacific Gas and Electric stocks, both here and in New York, has been greatly reduced and while no great movement one way or the other, has been noticed, it is encouraging to see these stocks holding their own. Associated Oil has experienced some excellent buying, a great deal for Los Angeles account, and has some little advance. Alaska Packers has been practically neglected and an absence of orders on it has caused a temporary weakness. Spring Valley Water and Hawaiian sugar shares continue dull but firm. Bank of California has been well supported at around $405. Bond dealings continue to show a demand for issues that represent the Southern California street railway and power issues and the new corporation bonds of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company are finding ready buyers in this market. Of our home bonds, Spring Valley Water 4s, Telephone 5s, California Gas and Electric 5s and United Railroads 4s have all had a certain amount of demand at steady if not higher prices. While a temporary squeeze may come at any time in the world's money markets, which will certainly have a quieting effect on California as well as other groups of securities, I certainly feel that the local list will be benefited by a momentary shakeout and will show up strong after this factor is removed.

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OF CALIFORNIA

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We offer our customers every facility consistent with good banking and invite new accounts.

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CORNER MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STS.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Phelan and Katherine Elkins

I was not a little surprised as well as interested when a friend from Washington who visited in this city for a few days recently told me that James D. Phelan had been paying a great deal of attention to Miss Katherine Elkins during his last sojourn at the capital. My informant said that our bachelor millionaire had been most assiduously devoted to the beautiful young woman whose romance with the Duke d'Abruzzi has been a topic of international journalism during the past year, and that the young lady who may yet marry into the royal family of Italy seemed very much pleased with his society. The news which I received does not warrant me in saying that Mr. Phelan has courageously attempted to put an end to d'Abruzzi's hopes by wooing Miss Elkins to matrimony, but the fact remains that he has been paying such conspicuous court that Washington society has commented on the matter and although he may have been merely attracted by the beauty and undoubted cleverness of Miss Elkins, the possibility of a more romantic outcome should never be overlooked. Mr. Phelan has been sought of many managing mamas and has seemed at times to tremble on the verge of marriage and while many now regard him as a confirmed bachelor, the lovewise know that such a species is non-existent among millionaires. So who knows what may happen?

Photo, Scharz

MRS. HAROLD MACLISE TAGGART

Who before her marriage yesterday was Miss Olive Moody of Oakland.

Miss Elkins' Admirers

If there should really be a romance at the bottom of the interesting bit of news brought to me by my Washington friend, there would be a deal of unhappiness wrought thereby in high places. Miss Elkins, besides having one of the wealthiest papas in the United States Senate and a grandfather who has almost as many millions as years, boasts an entourage of sighing swains that would not be beneath the admiration of a maiden queen. Of course her two most persistent suitors are the Italian duke who climbs the lofty Himalayas in the intervals of his furious courtship and "Billy" Hitt, the young Washington millionaire whose mother has recently built a marble mansion in Dupont circle which many think will be the future home of Miss Elkins. There are many more in the young lady's train and if San Francisco is to add another in the person of Mr. Phelan, certainly it will be conceded that by wealth and social position he is fitted to cope with all comers.

Phelan's Many Romances

Never was there a San Francisco millionaire whom dame rumor has so persistently endeavored to fit to a romantic marriage. As I glance back over the past few years any number of names which have been linked with Mr. Phelan's come into my mind. Mary Belle Gwin, before she became Mrs. James Follis, was one of the young women to whom he paid serious attention. At one time the devotion of the millionaire to Miss Jennie Blair, a belle of perennial popularity, was the chief topic of conversation among the bavardes but Miss Blair is still an uncompromising bachelor maid and Mr. Phelan is yet unmarried. Once too when Miss Ada Sullivan, the sister of Frank J. Sullivan, traveled abroad in the same party with Phelan, the tabbies coupled their names in a matrimonial way. That rumor blossomed for a long

Photo, Bushnell

MRS. J. BRENDON BRADY

Formerly Miss Ethel Miles, from a miniature painted by Rosa Hooper Plotner.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
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MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE
INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
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time, as did the story of Mrs. McLean Martin's admiration for the millionaire. It may be owing to Phelan's fondness for music or it may have been a more romantic feeling which caused him to seek the society of Sibyl Sanderson, Emma Eames and Zelie de Lussan.

When He Chaperoned Mrs. Gilman-Corey

No list of Phelan's romantic experiences would be complete which omitted mention of Mabel Gilman, the Mills College girl who passed from the blaze of the footlights

MRS. EDWARD EBERLE

Wife of Commander Eberle of Yerba Buena naval training station. The Eberles entertained recently in honor of assistant secretary of the navy Beekman Winthrop.

to the lurid glare of Pittsburg society by way of a marriage with Corey, the steel magnate. Phelan had a tenderness for Mabel which died the death about the time that that spectacular young woman gave out for publication the love letters addressed to her by the Prince of Siam. I am reminded by this churning of old gossip of an experience Phelan had with the actress in London. One evening at the hotel where she was stopping with her mother, the elder lady said to Phelan: "Mr. Phelan, I am going to give you a privilege which no man has ever had. I am going to allow you to accompany Mabel in a carriage alone to the theatre. It will be the first time she was ever alone with a man." Mr. Phelan availed himself of the opportunity to enjoy this great favor and during the trip he doubtless felt as one might who had been selected to guard a vestal virgin. Afterwards when he learned that the demure Mabel was enjoying a love affair with a Mongolian princelet it probably occurred to him that he was lucky that a sensational account of his carriage trip was not cabled to the American press.

Expressions of the Artistic Temperament

When Frederick Macmonnies, the famous American sculptor, separated from his wife in Paris some time ago, it was intimated that he had fallen in love with the daughter of Senator Jones of Nevada, a lady very well known in this city. Now it turns out that it was Mrs. Macmonnies whose love had grown cold. Her engagement to Will H. Low, a New York artist, has been announced. It is said that Macmonnies and his wife parted with not the slightest tinge of ill-feeling, and that the circumstances of the case are similar to those attending the separation of the Ruskins. It will be remembered that Ruskin's wife fell in love with his friend Millais the painter, and that he approved of the romance and generously gave the lady her freedom. Mrs. Ruskin became lady Millais, a leader of fashion and society. The readjustment of Richard Wagner's domestic affairs was somewhat more complex as he had a wife and the lady, a husband. When twenty-six Wagner married a beautiful opera singer, but a long period of poverty and her jealousy of his friendships with other women wore out their love. Although an excellent wife in her attention to his comfort, there was not much community of interest between them. "Now, honestly, is Richard such a great genius?" she asked after he had already written "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," and "Lohengrin." Finally they separated, and five years later she died. Cosima von Buelow was a daughter of Franz Liszt. Liszt was a champion of Wagner's genius, and for this reason Wagner's house was the objective point of the wedding journey of his daughter and Hans von Buelow. Wagner was charmed with the young couple, and after their three weeks' visit he said in a letter that

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MRS. WAINWRIGHT, Housekeeper, on premises.

he thought they were admirably mated. When he saw them several years later he did not think so. Wagner commiserated her on her husband's bad temper, and after the necessary divorce Wagner and she were married. They were ideally happy, and when Wagner died Cosima cut off her beautiful hair, which he had so greatly admired, and placed it under his head in the coffin. Those who are in a position to know say that without her tact Bayreuth would have remained an unfulfilled dream. Since his death she has been Bayreuth.

Mrs. Atherton to Write Two Plays

Gertrude Atherton, the gifted California novelist whose English triumphs have been attested by two such divergent authorities as Lord Northcliffe and the late George Meredith, will go to New York at the beginning of the year to write two plays for Mrs. Fiske. Mrs. Atherton has yet to venture her pen in the dramatic field but she has been so much importuned by Mrs. Fiske to do something for stage presentation that she has at last consented and will cross the country to be near the great actress who is to interpret her maiden dramatic efforts. After that Mrs. Atherton will depart for Europe again. The book on which Mrs. Atherton has been quietly engaged in this city is completed and will be published soon. It is the story of a great singer and is bound to excite adventitious interest among those who know of Mrs. Atherton's friendship for Miss Maude Fay and who will look for her portrait in the novel. Which reminds me that Mrs. Atherton has sent out cards for a reception in honor of Miss Fay in the grey room of the Fairmont on Monday afternoon. Those who have been bidden are delighted at the opportunity to meet the charming and handsome girl who has made such a brilliant European success in her difficult profession.

Mrs. Stevenson Buys a Haunted House

Mrs. Frank Norris and Mrs. Isobel Strong have taken possession of their new home near the Country Club in Santa Barbara. It is not far from "Stonehedge," the beautiful Montecito home of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson which by the way has an interesting history. It had been unoccupied for a number of years when Mrs. Stevenson became its purchaser and was called "the house of mystery" owing to an unexplained tragedy which frightened possible tenants away. For several months in 1901 it was the home of a mysterious Mr. and Mrs. Hampsch and their secretary who lived in the strictest seclusion. Hampsch was supposed to have been an officer in the German army while it was rumored that Mrs. Hampsch was a countess closely related to the Kaiser who had incurred the displeasure of the royal family. She was a very beautiful young woman. One night she left the dinner table, stepped out on a balcony and killed herself with a revolver. The only reason given was that she had been suffering the tortures of neuralgia but other motives were alleged in the widespread comment which followed the tragedy. Hampsch returned to Germany, leaving the house empty and with the name of being haunted. Until Mrs. Stevenson took a fancy to it nobody would purchase it, but she has no superstitious fears and has made it a beautiful and comfortable abode.

Mrs. Horace Hill Entertained

Mrs. Horace Hill will leave for New York at the end of the month and will be gone all winter. I am told that the Hills are regretting the sale of their beautiful home at Laguna and Sacramento streets. It was disposed of to the Leroy Nickels after the fire. Mrs. Richard Bayne made Mrs. Hill the motif of a very enjoyable luncheon recently. Among those present were Mrs. William Mintzer, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs.

E. B. COURVOISIER

The well known Art Dealer and Frame Maker announces to the public the opening of his new store at 431 Sutter street between Stockton and Powell.

STOP GRAY HAIR

With Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON'S 4-DAY HAIR COLOR. It is the only entirely successful and satisfactory preparation for the purpose. Simple—Harmless—Certain. Sold for 20 years, recommended and used with satisfaction by thousands. Contains no lead, sulphur or other harmful ingredient. It never fails. $1.00. At druggists, or direct, charges paid. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

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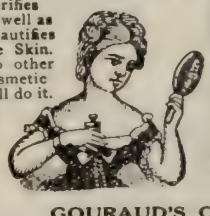
Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no countefeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-on (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by mail

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

James Tucker, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Miss Dillon. Mrs. Hill was formerly Miss Juliette Sterling, a noted belle of Washington.

Young Hill's Enthralment

This reminds me that those who never weary in the contemplation of a romance are very much interested in the devotion which young Hill is exhibiting for a very prominent young society girl who resides with her parents at the Fairmont. The young man's ardor for this vivacious brunette is as conspicuous as youthful ardor can be. The young lady however does not give him overmuch encouragement. She is an only daughter, has shown considerable dramatic talent in the recent society vaudevilles and besides, has other persistent admirers. One of them is the only son of a millionaire whose sisters are matrons of the Burlingame set. I have yet to observe any indication that she is thinking of exchanging the pleasant frivolities of society for the responsibilities of wedded bliss.

Ethel Crocker's Declaration

Although Miss Ethel Crocker shares the artistic tastes of her mother Mrs. Will Crocker, her attachment to the antique is tempered by a very pronounced appreciation of the comforts of modernity. All who have visited the Crocker home have admired the splendid collection of chairs which Mrs. Will Crocker has assembled from the treasure rooms of the old world. There are beautiful specimens of Chippendale and Louis Quinze and all the other sorts so dear to the hearts of collectors. But antiquity has its drawbacks and nearly all the chairs creak when they are sat upon. Miss Crocker has long been painfully aware of this and one day not long ago when one of the most dearly prized treasures groaned audibly beneath her, the noise got upon her nerves and she announced: "When I grow up and have a home of my own I shall furnish it entirely from Grand Rapids, Michigan."

Raphael Weil Coming Home

A rumor springing from some mysterious source has had it recently that Raphael Weil did not intend to return to this city but would spend his time abroad. I never attached much importance to the story and am glad now to contradict it positively. The favorite clubman will return to this city from Paris about the end of November and will once more add his lively wit to the entertainments of clubdom.

Wanrell's Spanish Concert

The music of Spain is but vaguely known in this country outside of "La Paloma" and the arias from Carmen, so the concert of Spanish music to be given in Dreamland Rink on October 21 by Signor Joaquin Wanrell should have an educational as well as a very decided artistic value. The fact that the concert will come in Portola week adds timeliness to its other attractions. Wanrell is becoming well known in this city and deservedly so; hence it seems likely that his Spanish concert will receive a good deal of recognition from our music-lovers. The choruses, led by professional singers, will include the patriotic "Gloria a Espana"; the gay "Ay que Risa"; "Honora a los Bravos"; "Las Galas de Cinca"; and the sentimental "El Primer Amor." Wanrell will render "La Partida" of Alvarez and "Los Ojos Negros" of Clave. The whole program is of high class.

Elder's Uncommercial Evening

There have been numerous evening openings downtown as the well known firms have returned to the shopping district, and opened their permanent homes for inspection but it has remained for Paul Elder's bookshop, already noted for its wide departure from conventional ways and methods, to plan an original and pleasing variation. After waiting until the establishment was thoroughly equipped and settled, cards were issued for "an

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SHIPMENT JUST RECEIVED

Beaded, Spangled and Embroidered

UNMADE ROBES

For Ball Gowns

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Pearl, Beaded and Embroidered

Garnitures, Tunics and Panels

IN THE NEW COLORINGS

On Exhibition in the

ILLUMINATED PARLOR

THIS SEASON'S PARISIAN CRAZE

WOMEN'S SCARFS

Beaded Spangled Silk and Gold Embroidered

EXQUISITE COLORINGS IN

Crepe de Chine Voile de Soie and Net

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Geary at Stockton - - Union Square

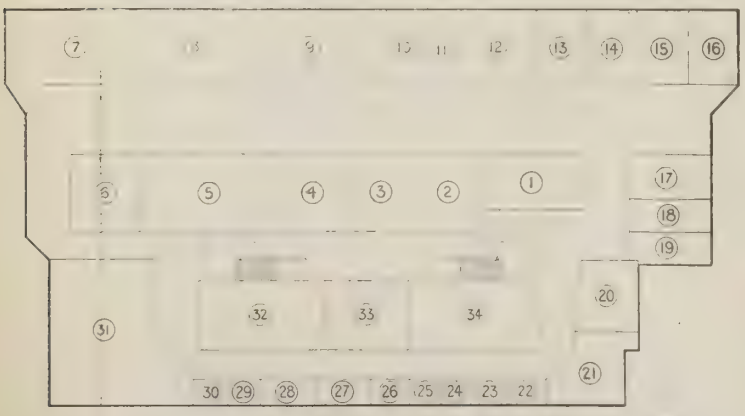
uncommercial evening," with music, on October 15. This affair had a decided social flavor unusual even in smart establishments. A reception committee was named for each room that represents the firm's varied activities and the whole atmosphere of the place invited to a leisurely inspection of its treasures. The distinctive Gothic architecture of the book room is reminiscent of the monastic libraries where the treasures of the Middle Ages were garnered, and the old volumes, facsimiles of famous manuscripts, tooled bindings, and vellum covers, add to the illusion. The winding stairs lead not to oratory and refectory, but to complete changes of treatment, and consequently of mood. The teakwood room holds much to be studied in Oriental ware and embroidery placed in a most appropriate setting. The red room holds also its individual interest and leads on to the second floor where are the children's room, a distinctive feature of the Post street store before the fire, and the new art rooms displaying the modern crafts, prints and pictures. In the publishing rooms on the third floor is an exhibition that is perhaps the most notable expression of typographic art in America today.

Architectural League Exhibition

The entire basement of the Monadnock Building is being utilized for the exhibition that is to be given from October 19 to 31 by the Architectural League of the Pacific Coast, under the immediate direction of the San Francisco Architectural Club. This is the most ambitious affair of the kind ever undertaken on the Pacific Coast, and from all indications it will be a great success. The exhibition will include not only architectural drawings and models, but ornamentation, sculpture, terra cotta and tile work, stained glass and other products of the allied arts. Eastern architects have entered enthusiastically into the spirit of this exhibition, sending a large number of pieces of work. Nearly 100 have come from New York alone, twenty offices contributing. A number of exhibits have arrived from England. The Architectural League will holds its first annual convention during the time of the exhibition, which by the way is free to the public. Several prominent eastern architects are coming and they and the coast men will be extensively entertained by the local architects.

In the Social Spotlight

The death of Mrs. Willis Davis has caused several young ladies to withdraw from the winter's gaieties. Among them are Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, Miss Mary Louise Foster and Miss Mina Van Bergen. The cards sent out by Miss Van Sicklen for a dancing party tonight at the Claremont Country Club have been recalled.



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Mutuality of Interest

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The gas company is worthy of its hire just as much as the man who works for his income with muscle or brain. Both utility managers and the people are beginning to realize that there is only one sure way of GETTING a square deal, and that is by GIVING a square deal.

As a public servant, working for hire, a utility company has certain well-defined duties to the public. Unless it exerts every reasonableeffort to fulfill these duties it loses the right to employment and whatever privileges an efficient organization might expect to receive.

On the other hand the public has obligations to a utility company which labors to the best of its power to give adequate and reliable service at reasonable prices; to keep in advance of present demands in order that future needs may not suffer; to maintain itself in sound financial condition in order to secure the large amounts of capital necessary for improvements and extensions, and to secure this capital on the most favorable terms; to obtain the best engineering and technical skill in the conduct of the enterprise, and to increase the business done in order that the total compensation received may enable substantial reductions in the individual costs paid by consumers.

The first of these obligations is to recognize the fact that your interests are our interests and vice versa, and the second that you deal with us on a business basis and in a friendly spirit.

Do we ask too much?

San Francisco Gas and Electric Company

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Cards have been issued for a mask-costume dance to be given at the Press Club next Friday night.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park with her two boys and her sister Miss Jessup were at Del Monte recently. Mr. Coryell with Mr. and Mrs. H. Spencer drove down later in his splendid Limousine Pierce Arrow. Mrs. Coryell and the children will be there for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren are touring the coast in their six-cylinder Thomas and stopped at Del Monte a few days.

Miss Genevieve Harvey and a party of young friends, including Miss Chesebrough, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Amy Brewer and Mr. P. H. Westcott of San Francisco and Mr. Arthur Foote of Grass Valley, started for a camping trip down the coast on Sunday. They took saddle horses with them and expect to camp in the red woods about twenty-five miles from Del Monte.

Mrs. E. F. Holmes, Miss Shoop, Mr. H. B. Lambs and Mr. L. L. Snow of Pasadena have been spending the week at Del Monte, golfing and driving about the many beautiful and interesting new roads being opened through the peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Van Bleack of Los Angeles and their daughter have been staying at Del Monte for some little time. They have many friends in the local army circle and have given several family dinner parties and afternoon teas.

Mrs. Charles Meinecke and her daughters will be at Del Monte for a month or more.

Mr. Frank W. Griffin of San Francisco with his friend Major John D. Yost, drove to Del Monte in his motor car and stayed there over the week end.

Mr. Francis McComas, the artist, and his wife are still at Del Monte. McMcComas is busy with a study of oak trees.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Booth were at Del Monte over the week end. Mr. Booth was fortunate in a little early morning quail shooting.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Fuller of San Francisco have been entertaining Mrs. Fuller's mother, Mrs. C. M. La Tourette of Philadelphia and her two daughters, Miss La Tourette and Miss Marion, and E. L. Stalmaker of the United States Navy, at Del Monte during the week past. Mr. Fuller and Mr. Stalmaker spend considerable time on the golf links, and the entire party has taken many short excursions into the hills and along the coast drives.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean who have been stopping with the William Mayo Newhalls since their return from their wedding tour abroad, will soon move into their new home in Steiner street.

Letters received during the week report the marriage of Miss Katherine Searle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Searle of Alameda and Ensign George H. Laird, of the cruiser Cleveland. The marriage took place in Manila on Tuesday, October 5. The young couple left immediately for Japan where the groom is stationed.

A delightful card party of the week was that given by Mrs. H. C. Huffman on Tuesday at her beautiful home in Broadway.

Alden Wheeler, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler, has just joined the stock company at the Alcazar Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wallach and their daughter Miss Louise have taken quarters at the Gables in Clay street for the winter. Miss Louise Wallach will be one of the season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Holcombe who have been spending the summer at their attractive home in Belvedere, have closed it for the winter and have taken rooms at the Hotel Monroe in Sacramento street.

Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Grossman of Honolulu are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. John D. Tallant and Mrs. Kate G. Locke sailed from New York last Saturday for a tour abroad. Mrs. George Hellmann who accompanied her sister Mrs. Tallant to New York a few weeks ago, will start for her home in this city on October 20.

An interesting engagement in army circles is that of Miss Mary Cutter Lundeen, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Lundeen to First Lieut. Edwin E. Pritchett of the Field Artillery, now stationed at the Presidio. No date has been set for the wedding.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES HARRINGTON, Incompetent.

Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 11th day of October, 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, Mary Harrington, guardian of the person and estate of JAMES HARRINGTON, incompetent, will sell at public sale, as a whole, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1909, at 12 o'clock noon of said day on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Street, in said City and County, all the right, title, interest and estate of said JAMES HARRINGTON, an incompetent, in and to that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land with the improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Fell Street, distant thereon sixty (60) feet Westerly from the Southwesterly corner of Fell and Laguna Streets; running thence Westerly along said line of Fell Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly eighty-five (85) feet to the point of commencement. The same being part of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Twenty (220).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase price to be paid to the undersigned at the time of sale, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court and tender of deed. Deed at expense of purchaser.

MARY HARRINGTON,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of James Harrington, Incompetent.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 11, 1909.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for said Guardian,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-4

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"The Traveling Salesman" is on His Way Here.

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This Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of GEORGE FAWCETT in "The Great John Ganton"
Starting Sunday Evening, October 17, Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.), Present

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A Powerful Drama of Wall Street Intrigue by Olive Porter
Direct From the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York.
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Special Portola Prices: 25c to $1.00. Seats on Sale at the Box Office and Emporium. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
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PORTOLA WEEK
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ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE

GEORGE BLOOMQUEST and CO., in "Nerve"; HOWARD & HOWARD, "The Messenger Boy and the Thespian"; MARTINETTIE and SYLVESTER, "The Boys with the Chairs"; BALLERINI'S CANINE TUMBLERS; TUSCANY TROUBADOURS; 6—GLINSERRETTIS—6; CARLIN & CLARK; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of VALERIE BERGERE & CO. who will present by Special Request "BILLIE'S FIRST LOVE."

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A New Play by Richard Walton Tully- co-Author of "The Rose of the Rancho."
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Stage

A Stock Yard Drama

"The Great John Ganton" possessed a sort of greatness which lends itself quite easily to stage presentation. He was the king of the Chicago stock-yards, a self-made millionaire with deep veneration for his maker, a bully to his children and to his employes, a hard-hitting old rascal when it was necessary to fight but with an abiding confidence in the power of the almighty dollar to settle disputes, a despiser of ways that were not his ways—in a word, the sort of captain of industry with whom recent dramatists and novelists have made us almost tediously acquainted. We know that Ganton possesses most of these characteristics because he never tires of telling about them. As for the more cheerful side of his character, that is brought home to us with similar directness. When he sends a tired stenographer to the country with a pass (in violation of the law) and two weeks' pay in advance, we are led to believe that the old bullyragger has a kind heart; and when he gives to charity in his wife's name the inference is unmistakable that he is unostentatiously good. Here we have a familiar time-worn character that almost runs in a groove like a piece of scenery. Of course it has been brightened here and there with modern touches, but once it has been presented in the first act, there is little doubt as to how it will develop through the remaining three. Speculation as to the outcome of the play is discouraged somewhat by the introduction of one or two incidents which are never completed; they help to fill the stage but are in nowise cogged to the other wheels on which the play revolves. As for the main incident, it is not overpoweringly interesting; the fight between obstinate father and obstinate son, the convenient romance between the obstinate son and the daughter of the man whom the obstinate father had ruined and accordingly hated; with the other elements of the formula utilized recently in plays like "The Lion and the Mouse" and stories like the Jack Spurlock series, but so far from novel that experienced dramatists and novelists have been working them out with their eyes shut since the Lord knows when. With this play George Fawcett who is enacting the great John Ganton at the Valencia works wonders. He spreads the fascination of his personality alike over the audience and the threadbare play and the two are brought to terms of a tolerable satisfaction. This is to accomplish a great deal but Fawcett is an actor of unusual capabilities in character roles and he succeeds in concealing those absurdities in the character of John Ganton which are fatally evident in retrospect and would be fatally evident in the presentation if the part were bungled. There is great power in some of Fawcett's scenes; twice particularly when Ganton chokes with rage and tries to articulate his denunciations and once when his heart gives out and he crumples and falls, the illusion of his acting is complete. Fawcett's treatment of the part wherever the dramatist has left him half a chance to lift it out of melodrama into real life, is tantalizing for it suggests what great powers he would bring to bear upon an adequate role. Miss Fanchon Campbell who plays the part of the young lady lion-tamer struggles dutifully with love-scenes that were written in rather remarkable key, no doubt to convey the commercial or Chicago idea of love-making; and when the times comes for her verbal onslaught on the king of the stock-yards she delivers her speech with gusto, completely flabbergasting the old gentleman. Surprise probably as much as shock brings the seizure which helps to make a happy ending plausible. It has become so much the stage fashion for young ladies to subdue ferocious captains of industry with mesmeric glances and a rain of words and tears that audiences seem to have lost all sense of the absurdity underlying the process. I'll wager George Fawcett sees the humor of the thing; I almost thought he winked at the dress circle when the gallery applauded.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Klein's Latest at the Van Ness

"The Third Degree," Charles Klein's latest play which comes to the Van Ness Monday night for two weeks, fresh from a run of seven months at the Hudson Theatre, New York, treats of certain conditions that exist in social life in New York together with the assuming powers by police that have never been conferred by law. The play has certain marked metaphysical features combined with the police that have never been conferred by law. The play instead of mental suggestion. The cast includes Paul Everton, Fernanda Eliscu, Margaret Drew, E. A. Eberle, A. H. Symons, Francis Bonn, Ralph Ramsay, H. H. Forseman and Alfred Moore.

The "Rose" Is Still Blooming

With drawing power undiminished "The Rose of the Rancho" will start on its second and final week in the Alcazar Monday evening. Since its initial presentation this season the Belasco-Tully play has filled the theatre at every performance and given thousands of people a foretaste of the Portola carnival. Among those who

FERNANDA ELISCU

Who will appear in Charles Klein's powerful play "The Third Degree" at the Van Ness Theatre.

RUBYN THORPE

The charming young actress who will support George Bloomquest in Victor H. Smalley's comedietta "Nerve" next week at the Orpheum.

witnessed the Alcazar's production of "The Rose" last season was David Belasco and he pronounced it the most wonderful achievement ever attained in a stock theatre. Of Miss Barriscale's acting in the title part he was lavish in praise. If he were to see the present production he would marvel still more, for the performance becomes better with every repetition. As the Alcazar management has the exclusive right to present "The Rose of the Rancho" in California and will present it nowhere else than in San Francisco this season the city's guests during Portola week will undoubtedly take advantage of the opportunity to witness what many regard as the greatest play of California life that ever was staged.

Portola Week at the Orpheum

Portola week will be celebrated at the Orpheum. The theatre will be brilliantly illuminated and tastefully decorated within and without and the program to be presented next week will be an enjoyable incident of the coming festivities. George Bloomquest will appear in a sketch written for him by Victor H. Smalley called "Nerve." Mr. Bloomquest will be supported by Rubyn Thorpe, Earl D. Dwire and Thomas Broom. Eugene Howard and Willie Howard will present "The Messenger Boy and the Thespian." They are both good vocalists with a popular selection of songs. Martinettie and Sylvester, comedians who are often called "The Boys with the Chairs" will introduce a novelty in acrobatics entitled "An Attempt at Suicide." Balferini's Canine Tumblers will give an exhibition of animal sagacity. Next week will terminate the engagement of the Tuscany Troubadours, the Six Glinserettis and the German comedians Carlin and Clark. It will also be the last week of Valerie Bergere who will revive "Billie's First Love."

"Honeymoon Trail" at the Garrick

The stage of the Garrick will be in harmony with the outer world next week for the special Portola attraction at that house is full of life, color and beauty. This will be the first presentation here of "Honeymoon Trail," the musical comedy by Hough, Adams and Howard. Its locale is in Lower California and its Spanish coloring will harmonize with the festival spirit that will predominate for the coming week. The company of sixty includes a number of principals well known to local theatregoers. Bert Baker, the leading comedian, is said to be one of the best laugh-producers in musical comedy. Arline Bowling, Mabel Melvine and Maude Potter, the three leading women of the company, are said to be very capable artists and the chorus promises well in voice and looks. "The Time, the Place and the Girl" is to follow.

"The Ringmaster" at the Valencia

On Sunday night "The Ringmaster" will begin a limited engagement at the Valencia, coming direct from the Maxime Elliott Theatre, New York, with a big cast of metropolitan favorites. The comedy situations are excellent and the cast includes H. S. Northrup, a San Francisco favorite, Frederick Montague, an English

BERT BAKER

In "Honeymoon Trail" at the Garrick Theatre.

actor, F. A. Yalvington, Alice Weeks, Harvey D. Crossman, John Watts, Francis Learned, Rosamond Carpentier, Clara Collman, Anna Lee and others well known to New York audiences. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday and during the run popular prices will prevail, from one dollar to twenty-five cents.

Portola Week at the Chutes

The biggest bill of the New Chutes season will open this Sunday and extend through Portola week. A continuous Mardi Gras will be inaugurated Monday evening with barrels of free confetti and brilliant illuminations. This evening a "mysterious Mr. Raffles" will invade the park and defy the merrymakers to capture him. Sunday the French Sisters, aerialists, will begin a limited engagement. The skirt and fire dances which they perform are extremely beautiful. In addition there will be the clever juggling and acrobatic work of the Ito-Kimura troupe of Japanese artists; Prince Albert, an educated horse; new feats by Frank Hall, the English lion tamer, with Wallace as his subject; the free theatre and an augmented concert band under the direction of George W. Bennett. For the children there will be a troupe of twenty monkeys, the flea circus, circus ponies, clowns and numerous riding devices.

Sutro's New Play

The latest play of Mr. Alfred Sutro, "Making a Gentleman," which has just been produced in the Garrick Theatre, London, seems to be of a disappointing character. After one good act it falls to pieces. A rich and vulgar old pickle merchant has reared his son and daughter in luxury and trained them in refinement. The son, after a course at Eton and Oxford, inhabits dainty chambers in London and leads a life of pleasure. The daughter has married the worthless son of a pauper peer. Then the pickle merchant, who has been speculating wildly, loses all his money and has to tell his children that all allowances must be stopped. The son behaves well, cheers the old man with sanguine visions of the future, and promises to start with him for Canada and there begin life anew. This is the first act, which is manifestly full of promise. Unfortunately there is no fulfillment, so far as any expectation of dramatic development is concerned. The weak son is easily persuaded by his aristocratic connections—and his selfish sister—that he would be a fool to exile himself, when a pretty widow, with a vast fortune, is ready to marry him at home. It is true that the character of the lady has been somewhat blown upon, but what of that? Such stains will be imperceptible beneath a covering of gilt. The boy yields to their arguments, and is in the end accepted by the widow.

Tully's New Play at Ye Liberty

For Portola week the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will offer "Cupid, the Cow-Punch," the new play by Richard Walton Tully, co-author of "The Rose of the Ranch." The piece is described by the author as an American play in four acts, founded upon Eleanor Gates' novel of the same name, but is not a "dramatization" in the narrow sense of the word, for that term has fallen into disrepute. "Cupid- the Cow-Punch" is being produced next week as a play, not as a series of representations from the book. But the many readers of the novel will find that the atmosphere and a majority of the striking incidents that made the book such a success are retained and presented in the play. Sydney Ayres will create the title role and Florence Oakley returns from her vacation to assume the leading feminine role. All the other favorites, and a number of new faces will be seen in the cast, and an unusually elaborate scenic production is being prepared.

The latest newspaper play is called "The Fourth Estate" and is the work of Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago in collaboration with a Miss Harriett Ford. It tells the story of a fight between a millionaire proprietor and a federal judge who had once sent him to jail and is said to contain some very effective scenes.

A FIRST ACT SCENE IN "THE RINGMASTER"

The drama of American finance, which the Shuberts will produce at the Valencia Theatre Sunday night.

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The Ways of Royalty

By J. M. JACOBI

There are many things pertaining to royalty of which the general public has only the most vague idea. For example, it is generally believed that exalted court personages do not pay for their theatre boxes, and that everything is free to them in opera and drama. On the contrary, however, the royal box is paid for at the same rate as it would be by any ordinary playgoer.

King Edward is the most ardent playgoer, but he pays for his box always. He does not even send his equerry or secretary to engage the royal box, the matter being settled in a much more private manner. The principal of one of the Bond Street "libraries," as the West End theatre ticket offices are somewhat anomalously known in London, is periodically summoned to Marlborough House, and he takes with him a list of all the plays at the various theatres. The King goes through the list, and selects the theatre or theatres which he wishes to visit, and instructions are given to the "library" to engage the royal box for the nights named at the theatres selected.

Sometimes theatre managers in London find themselves in a very unpleasant position when they receive an intimation that the royal box is required for a night for which it has already been engaged by a private individual. Cases have occurred where it has been impossible to refuse the box to royal persons, and it has been necessary to let it twice over, and when the first purchaser has arrived he has been asked to accept another box in exchange. Sometimes he shows considerable vexation, but playgoers of the upper classes, who are usually the purchasers of the royal box, are generally intensely loyal, and very anxious to meet requirements of any member of the royal family.

Royalties are somewhat influenced in favor of particular theatres where the arrangements are peculiarly convenient in regard to the private entrance to the royal box, although the King is doubtless well aware that in some of the older theatres it is impossible to provide for the comfort of the royal family in going and coming as the manager would wish. At the Haymarket the royal entrance is in a small street at the back of the theatre, which, ending in a cul-de-sac, is almost as private as if it were a court yard belonging to the house. In former years this entrance and the passage connecting it with the royal box formed no part of the theatre itself, but belonged to a lodging house adjoining the theatre. For some time an annual rental was paid to the proprietor of the lodging house for the privilege of using this passage whenever royalty visited the theatre; and one of the conditions of the arrangement was that on such occasions none of the lodgers should be allowed to appear in the passage, or to open any doors in communication with it. When the theatre was enlarged the lodging house was purchased.

There are certain rules of etiquette which are observed in the great theatres when members of the royal family attend. When the box has been secured through one of the library ticket offices the manager of the office himself escorts the royal visitors from their carriage to the box, and the business manager of the theatre receives them at the door, as the representative of the management. In the theatres of modern construction there are handsomely furnished retiring rooms attached to the royal box, in which it is the custom to place cigarettes and coffee. When Queen Alexandra or a princess forms one of the party, a bouquet is usually put on a chair in the retiring room, her royal highness taking the flowers into the box with her. The programs placed in the royal box on these occasions are invariably printed on white satin.

His majesty objects to any demonstration in the theatre when he enters or leaves; consequently he does not wish the orchestra to play God Save the King, as is generally done on public occasions when his majesty enters. It is also worth mentioning that the King and all other members of the royal family are remarkably punctual in the time of arriving at the theatre.

There is always special etiquette for visitors who are on calling terms with the Queen, and any little breach of this etiquette is quickly noticed by her majesty, both she and the Princess of Wales being great sticklers for the letter of the law. If an ordinary visitor on intimate terms with the Queen wishes to be reached by Her Majesty, he or she must call at a time likely to find Her Majesty at leisure, and the visitor's name is taken to her in the ordinary way. After waiting a long time the visitor is conducted by a page to the Queen's room. Courtesies from ladies and deep bows from men are sometimes followed by the Queen's shaking hands, but she more frequently does so at the end of the visit.

At ordinary royal houses the guests assemble for dinner with their royal host and hostess, and they pair off in the usual way according to the rule of precedence. At the home of the Fifes it is not so; the guests assemble in the library, and when all are there, including the duke, the servant announces "The princess." All rise and bow or courtesy. Then a second announcement comes "The princess is served," and she walks out first and alone, the duke following with the lady whose right it is—seemingly a most uncomfortable and unsociable fashion.

Queen Alexandra does not visit shops in person, as do many of the princesses. She has her commands written and sent to the various establishments she patronizes, and the proprietors of these despatch special messengers with the goods she desires to see. These messengers, as a rule wait while she inspects the articles, but sometimes goods are left for a time to await inspection by Her Majesty. The couriers of various royal personages, from Her Majesty downward, are to be seen daily in the West End of London, executing commissions and giving orders for goods to be submitted on approval for their royal employers. As a rule, it is the custom to despatch the article required by some trustworthy member of the firm. He visits the royal residence and sees a footman, to whom he explains his errand, and then is passed on for examination by several other footmen, until at length by a series of stages he is brought into the presence of a lady-in-waiting, who takes his message as to prices and other details of the goods ordered, and also takes the goods themselves to be examined by the attending royal purchaser. Her Majesty is somewhat fastidious as to orders she gives for personal requisites. It is a well-known fact that should they show these articles, or allow any description of them to appear in the press, Her Majesty would at once deprive them of her custom.

The Queen is said to be the most fastidious of all royalties as regards her dress. Whatever is made for her in the way of dresses must never look as though needles and cotton have been employed in the building of them. Bodices must fit like a glove and there must be no unpicking of seams or alteration that will show the mark of a needle or stitch. She understands dressmaking thoroughly, for did not she and her sister make their own frocks in their early days in quiet little Denmark?

King Edward is by no means the dumpy little man that most of his pictures indicate. It is not every man turned 60, with a forty-five inch chest, who can boast of a waist of no more than forty inches. If he occasionally appears stouter, it is because he likes his clothes to be loose and easy. This is especially the case with those particular suits known as "dittoes." For these he never under any circumstances pays more than $40. A few years ago Sir Francis Knollys, his private secretary, finding that his tailor was overcharging him, fixed upon eight guineas as the uniform price of each suit. They are ordered in half-dozens at a time. There is likewise a regular and fixed price of $12 for his trousers, which under no pretext whatsoever, save in the case of uniforms, is exceeded.

The King has a horror of evening dress, which he considers hideous. He prefers the style to a uniform, however, and uses twelve suits a year, at a fixed price of $80 a suit. Let me add that His Majesty never wears any pair of trousers more than four times, and, as the discarded clothes of royalty are not allowed to be appropriated by the valets but are all preserved there is a stock of thousands of them at Marlborough House.

This need surprise no one, for when King George IV died his clothes were sold at public auction, the sale lasting over three weeks, and there were no fewer than 500 fur-lined coats alone. All the King's clothes, old and new, are kept at Marlborough House in what are known as the brushing rooms," several men being employed to look after them. All his hats, especially the old ones, are for some reason or other kept at Sandringham. He abominates the high silk hat, his favorite headgear being that which is known in this country as the "derby" and in England as the "bowler." The high hats which he wears are by preference a bell in shape and with a rather wide rolling brim.

The King has all his gloves—and he has many hundred pairs a year—made by a house in Brussels, where the models of his right and left hand are preserved in the same manner as a bootmaker preserves the lasts of the feet of his clients.

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Rates per day, $2.50 Rooms without Bath
Rooms with Bath, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.
EUROPEAN PLAN.
$1.00 per day and up.
With bath, $1.50 and up
F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor

The Italians of San Francisco and Their Important Business

By Professor R. Georgio

On the slopes of two hills with a marine view that makes the quarter the most picturesque in the city, in the rolling valley between them, and along the north beach of the beautiful bay, the new Italian quarter is showing remarkable activity and progress. The central location of the Italian quarter remains as it was before the fire, but in the Mission, in the Potrero and in South San Francisco, other Italian communities have been formed and are gradually extending.

The Italians of San Francisco are the same people as the Italians of the old country. Their essential characteristics have continuously revealed them as a great body of respectable, hardworking, thriving people, very devoted to their homes. To them, certainly, we are indebted for the labor which has helped build our beloved city and develop the agricultural resources of California. Wine, fruits, vegetables, fish, salt, marble, manufactured

F. N. BELGRANO
Cashier of the Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana.

pastes are handled almost exclusively by Italians. We count a great many professional men, artists and contractors among the local Italians who maintain also an Italian Chamber of Commerce with over one hundred members. They have monopolized the scavenger business with their good plant of the "Sanitary Reduction Works."

The Italian restaurants are well known and liberally patronized by all classes all over the city. Where is that San Franciscan that has not enjoyed the delicious "ravioli' or the "risotto a la milanese"? As to cooking, Italians have certainly led the way, but they are taking in, fast enough, the ambitions, the ideals, the principles and business ways of our imperishable Americanism.

Look at the magnificent building of the Bank of Italy; think for a moment of the new big Anglo-California Wine Company, organized with $500,000.00 of capital and you will easily find out that a new element is coming up among our Italians. It is the young element which is coming to the front, not with the hesitation and slowness of the pioneers, but in a daring and true American business way, although the old and bourbon element is always trying to retain the position and influence acquired. The tricks, continuous self-ostentation and stupid egotism of a few cannot arrest the progress of this young element which with courage, perseverance and labor is gradually getting the upperhand.

While we can do without wine, a prohibitionist may say, we cannot absolutely do without fruits and vegetables. So it will be well to note some interesting facts regarding the important industry of raising and marketing vegetables.

Italians furnish the city of San Francisco with 95 per cent of the vegetables consumed and one of the best institutions that has ever been established on the Pacific Coast by these foreign-born people is certainly the Colombo Market of San Francisco. Vegetables are one of the first and most essential requirements of life in any community, and Italians have provided the city of San Francisco, since the year 1874, with a general and well regulated public vegetable market.

In all the United States the two well regulated vegetable markets in the hands of foreigners are one in New Orleans in the hands of Frenchmen, and the other in San Francisco in the hands of Italians. The Colombo Market is a building 275x120 feet with frontage on Davis and Front, Pacific and Clark streets, with a big passage way running through from one end to the other. It is divided into eighty-eight stalls, with stores on the four corners. This market is controlled by two Italian corporations, "The San Francisco Gardeners' and Ranchers' Association" and "The Gardeners' and Ranchers' Protective Association for the Counties of San Francisco and San Mateo."

The system that they generally use in establishing themselves in business is that of renting a certain number of acres of land where water can be readily pumped by windmills, or can be easily obtained from some small creek, running through their land. They really transform the sandy land around San Francisco into very good and rich soil. By free use of water and fertilizers they make it produce to its full capacity the year round. This system is certainly admirable. They usually form co-operative companies numbering from two to eleven partners, all working hard from morning until night. They are content to work because they have good returns for their labor. They are a saving people and the very first thing they do is to build temporary comfortable quarters where needed, on leased land; then they begin buying land little by little until they often become owners of the rented lands. Even when they are owners of the land they are generally associated with others in cultivating it. They have found out that it is the only way to be successful, when all are working together and for the same results.

The leading Italian restaurants are also based on the same co-operative plan and it is hoped that Italians will carry their successful system of co-operation into other fields and into other activities.

Italian-Swiss Colony

"TIPO"

The only red wine used at the banquet tendered by the citizens of San Francisco to President Taft at the Fairmont on the evening of October 5th.

The Italians and Rehabilitation

By Ettore Patrizi

When the history of the wonderful resurrection of San Francisco after the great catastrophe of 1906 is written, several pages should be devoted to the help that the Italian residents of our city lent to their American brethren in reviving this most interesting city in the world, and undoubtedly the dearest, the most sympathetic and attractive of all cities in the United States. Before the dreadful line of flames that swept the vital part of the city finally died away, some Italians came back from across the bay where they had found refuge during the march of the fire, brought what lumber they could find in the vicinity and started to rebuild their homes. It was like a signal which gave courage and pluck to others and within eight months after the awful disaster, on the beautiful picturesque hills of North Beach, the Italian quarter was practically rebuilt and the energetic, thrifty and good-hearted sons of Italy celebrated Christmas with their children on the very spots where they last celebrated it before the fire.

The Italians love their homes and families above anything else in the world; and this is why their first thought, their first efforts, their first money secured, were devoted to the rebuilding of their homes.

After this was accomplished, after their hearts were at rest as to the problem of securing comfortable dwellings for their beloved ones, then their energies were turned to the resurrection of their various trades and professions. With great rapidity the Italian business district, down in Sansome, Battery, Front and Davis streets was re-established together with hundreds of smaller stores on Montgomery avenue, Dupont and Stockton streets, and Broadway with its characteristic restaurants. Their ware-houses were again refilled with imported edibles from Italy; their wineries were again supplied with generous wines made out of the grapes which other countrymen of theirs grow in California; the fish market and vegetable market became again active and busy, and new and larger enterprises were started, which soon made them and the whole city forget that a disaster had only a few months before destroyed the Italian quarter. Nor can it be ignored that it was due to the Italian quarter, through an able Italian architect, L. Mastropasqua, that the first reinforced concrete building was erected in our city.

ETTORE PATRIZI
Managing editor of the Daily L'Italia.

L. SCATENA
President of the Bank of Italy.

As figures are much more eloquent than words, it is proper to remember that in April, 1907, on the first anniversary of the great disaster, the Italians had already built over seven hundred buildings, had started over six hundred stores and had invested nearly $6,000,000 in their new buildings and no less than $4,000,000 in their new stores and warehouses. Moreover, in addition to the three great and prosperous banks the Italian Colony had before the fire, a new one was started a few months afterwards, the assets of these four Italian banking institutions having reached the amount of nearly $11,000,000, without counting the several million deposits which the Italian keep in the various American banks of our city.

Thus the Italians have helped and continue to help the resurrection of this great metropolis which they love as their own native land, and of which they are as proud as the most enthusiastic American born.

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Bank of Italy

The history of the Bank of Italy is unique and illuminating. Started in auspicious circumstances during the latter months of 1904 this institution has in five short years attained to a solid position of which its patrons and its officers are equally proud. The beginning of the year 1906 found it firmly established in financial security and its reputation strongly fixed in the minds of the Italian residents of this city. Its growth was exceedingly rapid but none the less conservative and its

A. P. GIANNINI
Vice-President of the Bank of Italy.

strength and dependability were evidenced to all by the sane conduct of its business. Only legitimate banking activities have been countenanced; from its inception speculation and chance have been persistently excluded. Conservatism has always been its watchword and one of its guiding principles has been gracious and uniform courtesy to all depositors irrespective of the size of their accounts.

Just when the Bank of Italy was in the full enjoyment of its deserved prosperity and gathering the fruit of its hard-won success, the earthquake and fire came to try the souls of bankers as of all other San Franciscans. But the officers of the Bank of Italy had no time for lamentation; they proceeded straightway to pluck good out of misfortune. The youthful institution made stirring history in those dark days. Undaunted by adversity it was the first financial institution to open its doors and although it was the infant among banks, it assumed the grave responsibilities of older and more mature foundations, conducting its affairs with surprising sureness and sagacity. Led by its manager A. P. Giannini its officers preached the gospel of rehabilitation and announced that the Bank of Italy would assist with all its means in the big task. The first portion of this city to rebuild permanetly was the North End district and the first load of lumber hauled to this section was paid for out of the money available from the Bank of Italy. Ever since then the bank has been an important factor in the continuance of the work of rehabilitation.

Success followed success in the Bank of Italy and the volume of its business increased so rapidly that it was

DR. A. H. GIANNINI
Vice-President of the Bank of Italy.

forced to look for more commodious quarters. The result is that the bank today is housed in one of the most beautiful buildings in the west. Its equipment is of the latest fire proof pattern and the architectural splendor of the structure is an attraction not lost on those with artistic appreciation.

When the financial crisis of 1907 held the whole country in its grasp, the Bank of Italy was prepared for the emergency. While most of the banks were paying only in clearing house certificates, the Bank of Italy was accommodating its customers with gold. It emerged from that difficulty as it had from the other, stronger and better because the proper custody of its clients' interests was its prime consideration.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BANK OF ITALY

The story of the growth of the Bank of Italy as told by figures is an inspiring one. The assets at the end of December, 1904, amounted to $285,436.97; at the end of the following year they had reached $1,021,290.80; at the end of December, 1906, they were $1,899,947.28; at the end of 1907 the assets had jumped to $2,221,347.35; in December, 1908, they had risen to $2,574,004.90; and at the end of June of this year the figures were $3,037,955.09.

A great work limits us for the moment, because we feel it above our powers; and only in so far as we afterwards incorporate it with out culture, and make it part of our mind and heart, does it become a dear and worthy object in our life and thought.

ARNOLD CALEGARIS

Proprietor of the Calegaris Pharmacy, socially and politically one of the leaders of the Italian Colony.

Calegaris Prescription Pharmacy

The Calegaris Prescription Pharmacy was established in the year 1878 by Cav. Uff. Joseph Calegaris. It was immediately re-established on its old site after the fire of 1906 and for two years was conducted in a portable house on the sidewalk, entirely surrounded by ruins. Before the completion of the permanent building Cav. Uff. Calegaris sold the business to his son Arnold and retired to his beautiful villa in Italy. Arnold Calegaris proved equal to the task and fitted up one of the most beautiful and complete prescription pharmacies in this city. No expense was spared to make the store which is all in white and gold as attractive as possible. Arnold Calegaris has proved himself a very energetic young business man and is a leader in the Italian colony. He is a director of the Italian Chamber of Commerce and at the head of many organizations. He is also the largest stockholder in the Anglo-California Wine Company, a new corporation formed about six months ago by the younger Italians with large vineyards at Healdsburg. He is also a member of many clubs and societies. It is through his efforts, assisted by James Fugazi and Louis Guinasso, that the Italian quarter is being decorated for the Portola Festival.

INTERIOR OF THE CALEGARIS PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY, 950 KEARNY STREET.

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK

Situated at the southeastern corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

Italian-American Bank

One of the best known of our banking institutions is the Italian-American Bank, situated at the southeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets. This bank has special facilities for exchange on Italy, being the Pacific Coast representative of the Bank of Naples. The following are the officers and directors of the bank: Andrea Sbarboro, President; H. J. Crocker, Vice-President; Alfred E. Sbarboro, Cashier; Romolo A. Sbarboro, Assistant Cashier; A. Sbarboro, H. J. Crocker, P. C. Rossi, M. J. Fontana, A. J. Merle, Luigi Boitana, G. Garibaldi, Luigi Demartini and C. A. Malm, Directors.

ANDREA SBARBORO

President of the Italian-American Bank

FIOR D'ITALIA RESTAURANT

Fior d'Italia Restaurant

Fior d'Italia Restaurant is the leading restaurant of the Italian quarter. Here are shown the different buildings which it has occupied since it was started by A. Del Monte in 1886. In the center is shown the dining room which will be opened this month. This dining room which is in the building adjoining the present restaurant is the most elaborately frescoed room in the Italian quarter.

CAV. UFF. J. F. FUGAZI
President of the Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana.

BANCA POPOLARE OPERAIA ITALIANA.

Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana

The Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana (Popular Workingmen's Italian Bank) which is situated at 2 Montgomery avenue was organized November 15, 1906, and started business in their own new building January 1, 1907. The bank was organized by Cav. Uff. J. F. Fugazi, President, and F. N. Belgrano, Cashier, with a capital of $250,000 to do a commercial, savings and trust business. The assets have grown as follows: June 30, 1907, $843,-266.58; December 31, 1907, $995,606.37; June 30, 1908, $1,054,409.50; December 31, 1908, $1,237,902,89; June 30, 1909, $1,522,054.61; September 30, 1909, $1,712,497.47. In 1907 J. F. Fugazi was decorated by the King of Italy for the interest shown in the Italians of San Francisco during the days following the fire of 1906, with the titles of chevalier officer, the second highest titular rank in Italy. The following are the officers and directors of the bank: Cav. Uff. J. F. Fugazi, President; Geo. M. Perine, 1st Vice-President; Samuel B. Fugazi, 2nd Vice-President; F. N. Belgrano, Cashier; J. F. Fugazi, Geo. M. Perine, S. B. Fugazi, F. N. Belgrano, Carlo Soracco, Dr. C. Barsotti and Antonio Laiolo, Directors.

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Portola, an Artificial Hero

(Continued from Page 9.)

him the questionable fame with which his memory is now being clothed as with a ready-made garment, for in the search for Monterey Bay his expedition advanced within sight of San Francisco Bay.

The perplexity of the good don as he turned his back on the bay for which he was looking and pushed northward is really laughable, although Mr. Eldredge is too serious a historian to dwell upon the lighter side of his predicament. When it is remembered that Portola was looking for a port which could be fortified for the protection of the coast against the Russians and be used as a port of call for vessels from the Philippines, his subsequent activities seem absolutely stupid. When the expedition reached the summit of what is now Point San Pedro they gazed down from that bold promontory upon a sight which, in the language of Mr. Eldredge, "quickened their flagging spirits. Before them, bright and beautiful, was spread a great ensenada, its waters dancing in the sunlight. Far to the northwest a point reached out into the sea, rising abruptly before them, high above the ocean. Further to the left, west-north-west, were seen six or seven white Farallones and finally along the shore northward they discerned the white cliffs and what appeared to be the mouth of an inlet." This of course was the stretch of water reaching from Point San Pedro to Point Reyes at that time known as the bay or port of San Francisco and later called the Gulf of the Farallones. A scouting party brought word to Portola that they had found immense estuaries which ran far back into the land and that friendly Indians had informed them that they were only two days' journey from a port in which a ship was anchored. The poor man wondered whether he had not at last found the bay of Monterey, little troubling his head about latitudinal difficulties; but after blundering about the lower end of what is now the city of San Francisco, he decided that the waters discovered were really part of what had been charted as the port or bay of San Francisco and determined to turn to the south again in search of his darling bay of Monterey. If Portola had not been so obsessed with the importance of discovering the bay of Monterey that the immense inland waters about which he had been aimless wandering failed to impress their possibilities upon his slow mind, he would have been a real discoverer and it would never have been necessary to exhume his deeds from the closed caverns of history. Even Mr. Eldredge, I think, would have found him a more sympathetic subject if he had persisted in investigating the strangely alluring tales of the friendly Indians. Unfortunately however the late Senator Ingalls had not yet written his justly admired sonnet and Portola, unwarned, let slip the opportunity to become a great man. For these palpable errors of judgment Mr. Eldredge has no criticism. When he is forced to tell, as a conscientious historian, how Portola on again passing Monterey Bay, set up a cross and buried beneath it a bottle recording the fact that they had NOT found Monterey Bay, he does not indulge either in commiseration or hilarity. Only when he has brought Portola back from San Diego on a second expedition does he seem to give way to a certain exultation as he tells how his hero, taking a third and last look at the bay he had so persistently snubbed, decided that it must after all be that for which he was searching. This then is the hero whom we are asked to honor as the discoverer of the bay of San Francisco. If his stupid wanderings up and down our coast argue him made of the stuff heroic may I be condemned to bread and water in solitary confinement while Queen Vergilia and Don Nicolas de Covarrubias are whipping the giddy top of revelry along our bedizened streets.

As to the book which Mr. Eldredge has made, I shall not speak censoriously for its literary character. I must confess to a partiality for the free play of fancy over the surface of his-

THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

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REPORT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1909

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	$15,204,026.48	Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
U. S. Bonds	2,110,000.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,505,094.58
Premium on U. S. Bonds	21,350.00	Circulation	1,950,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities	1,282,229.90	Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	941,224.01
Other Assets	37,113.58	**Deposits**	**21,747,563.41**
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	941,224.01		
Cash and Sight Exchange	**10,547,938.03**		
	$30,143,882.00		$30,143,882.00

OFFICERS—SIG. GREENEBAUM, President; H. FLEISHHACKER, Vice-President and Manager; ALDEN ANDERSON, Vice-President and Secretary; JOS. FRIEDLANDER, Vice-President; C. F. HUNT, Vice-President; R. ALTSCHUL, Cashier; A. HOCHSTEIN, Assistant Cashier; F. E. BECK, Assistant Cashier; I. STEINHART, Chairman of Finance Committee.

torical narrative and in this Mr. Eldredge has not seen fit to indulge me or any of his readers. I think he might have done so with advantage to the subject and with no hurt to history. Our greatest historians have not discounted their authority by decking their pages with the beauties of style and the jewels of observation and reflection. Too bad that Mr. Eldredge has not followed their example in a work destined to find a place on many shelves as the authoritative narrative of the incidents on which our fiesta was based. There are minor lapses which I have pencilled but shall not dwell upon. Radient should be radiant on page 16, line 1; to memorandums on page 19, line 12, a nice latinity prefers memoranda; and to say, "to stampede them, it is enough for them to discover a coyote or fox,, is to show less than deference for grammatical construction. Let us remember however that Homer nodded and be charitable. Yet must I protest at the identification of a tortilla with a pancake; Connecticut and California have as little in common. Likewise I cannot allow Mr. Eldredge to describe an indulgence as a plenary remission of sins in this world and the next. Before Mr. Eldredge undertook to explain the indulgence of Porciuncula he should have read far enough into some Catholic catechism to master the correct definition of this disciplinary measure which has before now set the world by the ears.

Tammany's Candidate

(Continued from Page 10.)

Clellan and told how a Brooklyn boy named George B. Duffy had been arrested, photographed by the police, and branded as a felon, by having his name entered in the index of bad characters. This happened on June 17, 1907. Duffy was discharged by a magistrate, as no complaint had been made against him. After that Duffy was, according to Gaynor, "arrested again and again on sight and without warrant or cause, except that he was in the rogues' gallery, and therefore to be hunted." Gaynor repeated his old charges against "police lawlessness," and said that General Bingham, police commissioner, was "possessed of the most dangerous and destructive delusions that officials can entertain in a free government, namely, that he is under no legal restraint whatever, but may do as he wills, instead of only what the law permits, and that only in the manner it prescribes." Bingham was ousted by the Mayor, and Gaynor uttered himself for publication in characteristic style:

"I say unto you that what has happened this day is only the beginning of the restoration of free government to the people of New York and the teaching of its police rulers that they are not above the law. You cannot rule a free people in a lawless way.

Many people thought the Duffy incident a cleverly arranged Tammany "plant." It was charged that Gaynor had come to the rescue of Duffy and "free government" because he was ambitious to be Mayor and wanted to get into the limelight. He repudiated the charge. "I say to you," he told one man, "that this matter has nothing to do with politics. I have, as everybody must know, been offered the nomination for Mayor twice, and twice I have declined it. If I ever run for Mayor it will be because the good people of the community make a demand for it, and I believe you know that I have not the vanity to think that this will ever happen." Gaynor was right on this last point. There has been no clamorous demand by the "good people" for his nomination. The Fusion forces declined to consider him after he had made it plain that he would not refuse a Tammany nomination; the Tammany district leaders did not want him because they feared they would be unable to hold the Catholic vote; McCarren, though a friend of Gaynor, was not altogether pleased at losing prestige by having the nomination for comptroller get away from Brooklyn, in view of Gaynor being the representative of that borough on the ticket.

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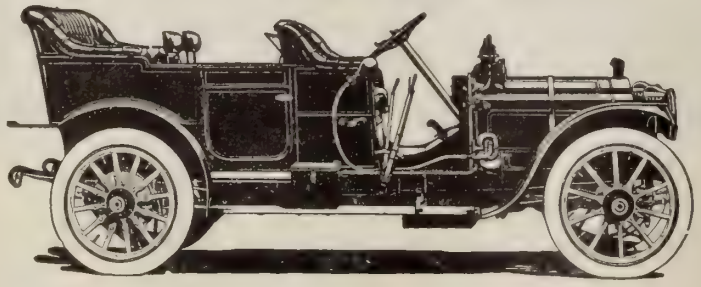

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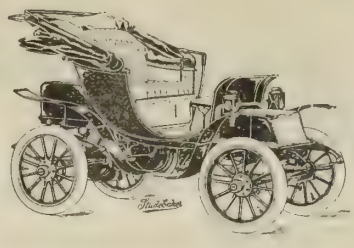
453 GOLDEN GATE AVE. SAN FRANCISCO

Auto Notes

With the Oakland Portola road race close at hand interest in the big road contest is general throughout the State. According to reports received by M. J. Laymance, chairman of the finance committee, there will be close to 200,000 people at the race. These spectators are coming from all sections of the coast. Ample accommodations are being made for the big crowd. The grandstand committee will have one of the largest structures of this kind ever erected for an automobile contest. The stand will seat at least 10,000 people. From this stand, which will be at the starting and finish line, one of the best views of the race can be had. A view of at least five miles is possible from the official stand. As a further convenience to the spectators, the committee has made arrangements to keep track of every car in the race, from the time it leaves at the start until it crosses the finish line. This will be done by electric lights and telephone service. Each machine will be represented on the score board by an electric light and this will be used to show the exact location of the car around the course. This is probably the first attempt to trace racing cars by electric and telephone service ever made. A great many telephones will be used, stations being erected at frequent intervals around the course. Operators at these stations will telephone the official stand immediately after each machine passes the respective stations. With very little work the Oakland course has been put in fine condition. The course starts at the Frick School, about two miles south of High street, Fruitvale. The races will start north, going on to the Foothill Boulevard, to Deering avenue, turning down Deering avenue for a distance of about two blocks, then turning south on the San Leandro road. From Deering on to Haywards is where the fastest time of the race will be made. This is over a ten mile straightaway with a slight down grade, and offers one of the best opportunities for record breaking driving in the country. It is the opinion of the best known drivers in this State that this stretch of road beats any course in the world and it is on this piece of Alameda County thoroughfare that the drivers depend to make their record breaking time. From Deering on to Haywards the course lies through Elmhurst and San Leandro. Turing east at Haywards, the races will go a distance of about two blocks and again reach the Foothill Boulevard, over which the return journey will be made. On this half of the course the mettle and skill of the drivers will be tested. There are several turns in the homestretch that rival the famous hairpin turn in the Vanderbilt course, and it is along this part of the course that the greatest crowds are expected. The element of danger will draw the majority of excitement seeking spectators. Even with the curves, however, the Boulevard course is so wide and smooth that the drivers expect no trouble in keeping to their record breaking speed which they can maintain on the first half of the course. With every preparation as to seeing the race and the conditions of the course speaking for the success of the race, the famous drivers who have been on the course for the last ten days are straining every nerve to get their machines in shape and otherwise become familiar with the condition of the course for the morning of October 23. Probably the greatest number of high class cars and drivers will face the starter than ever started in an event of this sort. The Stearns with Charles Saules, Lozier with Harry Michiner, Knox with Frank Free, Lexington with Gordon Murray, Alco with Earl Cooper, Chalmers-Detroit with Howard Worner, Frank Murray with a Buick and Cliff Ontank with a Stevens-Duryea are among the best know drivers who will try for the honors of the race.

The basement of the Emporium building where San Francisco's greatest automobile show will be in progress commencing today has been turned into a flower garden. Yellow chrysanthemums and poinsettas predominate in the decorating effect in honor of the Portola celebration. The king and queen of the festival will be in attendance on the opening night, and M. H. De Young, as president of the automobile club of California, will deliver the opening address. While society, as is its custom, will take advantage of the automobile show to don its purple and fine linen every night of the exhibition, one night has been set aside by the program committee as "Society Night." Thursday, October 21, has been agreed upon as the best for this purpose.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, one of the first to build automobiles in this country whose factory has grown to such proportions that at the present time it is undoubtedly the largest factory in the world, have announced their new Rambler product for 1910. This announcement is of special interest because the word had been passed that in future Thomas B. Jeffery & Company would devote their entire attention to the production of four cylinder cars, and a reduction of prices was anticipated. There are three Rambler touring cars—Model Fity-five, seven passenger, $2650; Model Fifty-four, five passenger, $2400, and Model Fifty-three, five passenger touring car practically a duplicate of the car which was sold last year at $2550, which is now listed at $2000. These prices include five lamps, tools, horn, pump, jack and magneto. All these models have full 36x4 inch tires or larger, according to the size of the car, and the horsepower is ample to meet the requirements of the steepest grades and deepest sand. With the exception of springs, tires and electrical equipment all of the component parts of Rambler cars are built in their own factory. All parts are interchangeable, and the Rambler factory points with pride to their record of last season, which is, that during the entire season not an order for a duplicate part was held up at the factory to exceed twenty-four hours. The four cylinder models of 1908 and 1909 have created a tremendous demand for these cars,



LET IT RAIN!

In a STUDEBAKER ELECTRIC COUPE you are as protected from the elements, as safe, cozy and comfortable as in your own drawing room. For evening social engagements or for use in inclement weather in summer or winter, the STUDEBAKER ELECTRIC COUPE is the mode of conveyance par excellence.

Victoria-Phaetons and Coupes for immediate delivery

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PIONEER

Automobile Co.

Booking orders for early delivery on 1910 Model Hudson Runabouts, Chalmers-Detroit 30's and 40's and all types of Thomas Flyers. Sample Cars will be on exhibition at our salesrooms within three weeks from date.

901 GOLDEN GATE AVE., SAN FRANCISCO

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Eminent physicians agree that there is no tonic more beneficial than a pure Port Wine, and we can cheerfully recommend Cluff & Herry's "Invalid Port" made and bottled in Oporto.

Per Bottle, $1.50. Per Case, $16.50.

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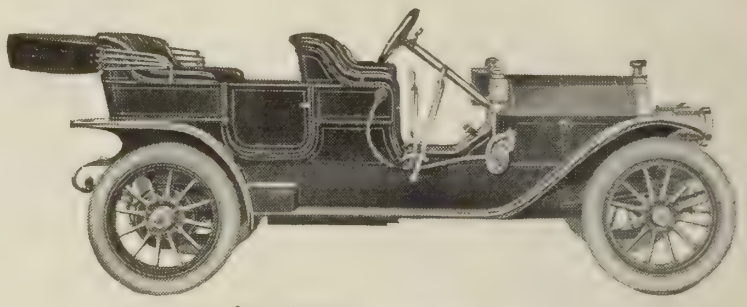
PORTOLA WEEK

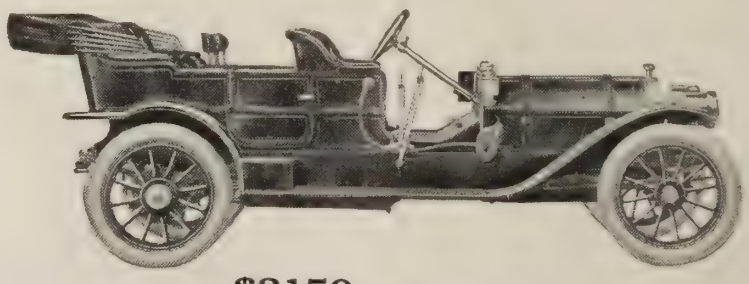
"The car you ought to have at the price you ought to pay"



$1500 San Francisco Price

Equipped with Prest-o tank, Rushmore Searchlights, three oil lamps, horn, jack, full set of tools.

Motor—4-cylinder, 4¼x5; 30-35 horsepower.
Change-Speed Gear—Selective.
Wheelbase—112 inches.
Tires—34x3½ inches.
Ignition—Magneto and battery.
Color—Dark blue, cream running gear; maroon instead of blue, optional.
Body Options—Four-passenger, close-coupled; or five-passenger touring.



$2150 San Francisco Price

Equipped with Prest-o tank, Rushmore Searchlights, three oil lamps, horn, jack, full set of tools.

Motor—6-cylinder 4¼x5; 50 horsepower.
Change-Speed Gear—Selective.
Wheelbase—130 inches.
Tires—36x4 inches.
Ignition—Magneto and battery.
Color—Dark blue, cream running gear; maroon instead of blue, optional.
Body Options—Four-passenger, close-coupled roadster; or seven-passenger touring.

OSEN & HUNTER AUTO CO.

511-521 GOLDEN GATE AVE., SAN FRANCISCO

PHONE MARKET 2723

Branches—SAN JOSE, OAKLAND, SEATTLE

and it is noteworthy to state that seventy-five per cent of the output of the factory for 1910 has been contracted for by agents throughout the United States, and it is reasonable to presume that by January 1 the output of the factory will be sold. Intending purchasers will do well to examine this car personally at the Automobile Show, where will also be exhibited besides the models named above, a limousine, which is said to be a masterpiece of automobile construction. This will be sold on this coast for $3900.

One of the most interesting European trips ever made in an automobile is that made in Charles Page's 1908 Packard car by a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Page, Mrs. Hickey, Stanley H. Page, Charles J. Belden and Eugene Phelps. This Packard was purchased in this city. The party left New York on March 27, landed at Naples and toured the surrounding country. From Naples they went to Rome, from Rome to Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan, over the maritime Alps to Nice, Paris, Tours, the chateaux district, Geneva, Heidelberg, Frankfurt and Hamburg. FromHamburg the party went back to Lucern, over the St. Gothard in a heavy blizzard to the Italian lakes; then back over the Simplon pass to Montreux, over the Bernese Oberland and Brunig pass through Lucern to Zurich. A continuation of the tour took them from Munich to Berlin, Konigsberg, over the Russian frontier at Virballen to St. Petersburg. From St. Petersburg they went to Moscow, Warsaw, Breslau and then to Berlin again. The party will go from Berlin through Belgium and France and then to England and Scotland. To date they have covered 8,000 miles. They found the roads in Italy good, in France excellent, in Switzerland medium, in Germany mostly good, in Russia very rough. Here they found great difficulty in getting gasoline and accommodations.

"With the various automobile factories of the east working a full force of men the full year round it will be impossible to produce an oversupply against the spring demand for cars," says Hayden Eames, general manager of the Studebaker automobile company, who, in company with E. Le Roy Pelletier, advertising manager for the same company, is making a tour of the country visiting the company's various branches. "At this rate more than 200,000 cars will be manufactured during this period, but, even at that, the demand will by far exceed the supply. With quantity production as perfect as it is now, which is especially true with the Studebakers, one can get a car of greater value than has ever before been the case. This fact has accelerated the demand again and with every small drop in the price of cars the range of possibilities is increased. This explains why for the first time in the history of the industry the manufacturer has found it practical to keep a full force working the year round. In the early days the automobile was looked upon as purely a fad and pleasure vehicle, absolutely unfitted for winter use. Now we find that in those States where there are heavy snowfalls as well as in the States which have a rainy season the comforts of the automobile are even greater than those of the car during the pleasant touring season of the summer. Not ten per cent of the owners now lay up their cars during the winter season. All of which is due to the great improvements that have been made on the cars of earlier dates." E. Le Roy Pelletier, who is recognized by the men who are leaders in the industry as one of the best posted automobile men in the country, reiterates Eames' views and adds that he has the utmost confidence in the future and permanency of the industry. "The Studebaker concern alone," says Pelletier, "during the next year will manufacture 46,400 cars, representing $39,000,000 in volume. This includes the big Studebaker '40-s,' the Studebaker F-M-F '30-s,' the Studebaker-Flanders '20-s,' the Studebaker electric pleasure vehicles and commercial trucks. There is a bigger future for the commercial truck at the present time than there ever has been in the past; the prospects for it are even better than for the electric pleasure vehicle. The progress of the commercial truck has been retarded by unintelligent application of it and to eliminate this feature the Studebaker concern maintains a force of expert engineers, whose sole duties are to study the conditions of the concerns contemplating their use. By doing this, the Studebaker concern hopes to and eventually will eliminate the desire on the part of some makers to simply sell their stuff." Both Pelletier and Eames went from this city to Portland and Seattle, where they will visit the Studebaker branches. On leaving these cities they will return direct to the factory at South Bend, Ind.

The little Hudson has already made a record of which it may justly be proud. Driven by M. E. Pinkhard, during the rain storm of last week when only one other car, and that a touring car of great power, attempted the trip over the mountains, the little machine made the treacherous stretch of grade up the Russian River Canyon without the slightest difficulty and went over the Pieta Road to the Summit, much of the distance on the high. It arrived at Lakeport with a time record but slightly inferior to that made by the big cars during pleasant weather. The return was by way of Ukiah over roads that were very bad, in places almost impassable, by reason of water from two to three feet deep. Mr. Pinkhard states that on the way back he made the run from Lakeport to Cloverdale in three hours, which considering the condition of the roads is very good running time. He had absolutely no trouble and did not even lift the hood except for oil.

Dr. T. C. Tredwell, for many years a practicing physician of New York City, is in San Francisco, having made the trip from the metropolis across the continent in his Buick "40" touring car. The doctor has long been a horse fancier and maintained a stable of four thoroughbreds until he was seized with the automobile mania. The result was that the doctor was soon en route to the Pacific Coast in his Buick "40" touring car. Leaving New York on June 14 and accompanied by Mrs. Tredwell and her brother, Dr. Tredwell steered up the west side of the Hudson and toward the Catskill mountains. Erie, Pa., was the next objective point, after which short stops were made at Ashtabula, Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio. Three weeks were spent in Chicago, St. Louis furnished amusement for the tourists for a period of one month and at Denver a stop of three weeks was also made. The route was taken through Cheyenne and Laramie and followed as closely as possible the Union Pacific Railroad as far as Green River, where the course was laid for Portland, Oregon. The party has just reached San Francisco from the northern city. A complete camping outfit was carried on the machine and many nights their tent was pitched in true old overland tourist fashion by the roadside. The physician has been his own chauffeur and mechanician on the entire trip and is very loud in his praise of the perfect manner in which his machine has come through the many trying ordeals to which it has been subjected on the long journey. The doctor says there were no roads at all in the State of Wyoming, and, upon reaching the salesrooms of the Howard Automobile Company, after a brief description of the great obstacles which were encountered, and asked what work he desired done on his machine before proceeding on his journey he replied: "There is not one thing necessary to be done to my machine; it is running more perfectly today that when I left New York and I shall proceed to Los Angeles in a few days."

Hayden Eames and E. Le Roy Pelletier, together with fifty representatives of the Studebaker Bros. in California, were the guests of Chester N. Weaver, vice-president and general manager of the local Studebaker Bros.' branch at a banquet which was held last Saturday at the Cliff House.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of CARRIE E. HAMILTON, Otherwise Known as C. E. HAMILTON, and Sometimes Known and called CADDIE E. HAMILTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law offices of H. M. Owens, 412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

FOREST F. ISRAEL,
Administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 16, 1909.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, Also Known as I. H. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, Attorney at Law, 806 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased.

HANNAH JACOBS,
Executrix of the Estate of Isaac H. Jacobs, also know as I. H. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1909.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL and HENRY A JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executrix,
806 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

Letters

Jack London's Latest

The story of "Martin Eden" may be summed up in one sentence from Charles Reade: "The fortunate man is he who, being poor or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and, having got them, dies before he finds out they were not worth so much trouble." Martin Eden did not die, though he made the discovery of their worthlessness. His magnificent body outlasted the zest of life, and the tired brain left without a stimulus, its work completed, he quietly slipped away rather than linger idle about the scenes of his strenuous labors. No one who has followed the career of Jack London during the ten years since his name first appeared in a magazine index and has noted even casually the various biographical details which have been published from time to time can regard "Martin Eden" as a novel, and it is no easy task to pass comment and stricture on characters easily identified. The editors and managers of some prominent publications will have an opportunity to experience the sensations of beetles impaled on pins. "Cultured society" fares no better at his hands. The story is that of a young sailor, an ex-tough and gang leader, introduced for the first time, into a home of ordinary comfort and refinement. Not yet twenty-one, he has lived and seen more of life than any of the Morse family has for generations, but to Eden, with his groping after better things, the books, the pictures, the comfortable furniture and food are all novelties and proportionately wonderful, which is natural enough from his basis of comparison. More wonderful than all the rest is Ruth, the daughter of the household, three or four years his senior, whom he immediately exalts to a pedestal and worships as a goddess. And Ruth, probably for the first time in her sheltered existence, coming into contact with a MAN, is no less impressed, but her colder, "educated" taste and temperament, is slower to respond. She does not mean to fall in love, but in spite of herself she does, much to the chagrin of her relatives who, however, are wise enough to make no active interference. Aroused by the radiant vision, and stimulated by even so small a contact with higher intellectual life, Eden takes himself in hand and determines to educate himself, Ruth Morse acting as governess, correcting his grammar, slovenly speech and slang, which, picturesque and expressive as it is, drawn from the life that Eden has known, jars on her sensitive nerves. She is a student at the University of California, and familiar enough with college slang, but that, of course, is another matter. Eden, though he gladly sits at her feet at first soon outgrows his mentor, but to the end she continues to measure his ocean in her own little tin cup and to try to persuade him that the fault lies in his abundance, not in her restricted view of it. The boy, for he is no more than that, becomes possessed of an idea that it is in him to write. He has seen and experienced. He has read and studied, and he is confident that he has more to tell and can tell it better than nine-tenths of the authors who scratch out a living with their pens. But he has no one to advise or direct him. His only information is derived from chance newspaper paragraphs, but he has a sublime confidence in himself a splendid egotism which tells him to persevere. Of course his few relatives urge him to "get a job," while Ruth, with her book-learned reverence for "literature," gives him every discouragement she can and longs to have him "obtain a position," that they may marry and she may lead her tame bear in silken chains and have him perform tricks at her bidding for the entertainment of her friends. But the trouble with Eden is that after a certain point has been reached the bear refuses to be further tamed and he will not lead gracefully. In a very little while he is far better educated than any of his new associates, though their conventional minds can never grasp that fact nor comprehend that all knowledge had to be acquired in some other way before it found its way into books at all. While to them he is virtually illiterate, having no college diploma to vouch for him, he is all the while wondering what they have done with their education. Ruth Morse, with her narrow, cut and dried moralities, is not one to break away from the accepted rules of her class. While Eden toils and starves, cutting down his night's allowance of sleep and his daily amount of food to the lowest notch consistent with mere physical existence, she holds up to him as examples the financially successful ones of her circle and, seeing only the immediate end, the payment for work, urges her lover to give it up. Mr. London has had what is rare courage for these days, and instead of giving us a conventionally "happy ending' in a marriage which would have eventually landed Eden in a lunatic asylum or a divorce court, lets the lady break her engagement and scorn her unpliant suitor. But when success comes, success beyond his wildest expectations, when, having done good work which he knows is good, and had his satisfaction in the doing—when fame and fortune are both his, she and her society are ready and anxious to take him back into grace—but he no longer cares. It is a phase of life that he has finished with forever. He cannot return any more than he can go back to the class from which he originated or the rough laborers with whom he once worked and lived gladly. His zest for his work is exhausted and there is no new stimulus, for no one has cared for the man or his work—only for the visible, tangible reward of it. The worst feature of the whole recital is its ghastly truth. There is not one amongst us that is not compelled to answer himself truthfully that if Martin Eden came knocking at our doors today, uncouth in speech and dress, scarred by the early contact with the world's rough hand, we would look past the brains, see only the brawn, and bid him begone about his business lest we hand him over to the police. Despite the hardships which fill its pages and the tragic end, "Martin Eden" is not a gloomy recital, for its hero was no pitiful whiner. He met life as it came to him and lived each phase to the full. Whether he was proving his mastery by the use of his fists, serving a hard term in forecastle or a still harder one in the laundry over "fancy starch," or starving in his little room in the Portuguese hovel while he labored over his self imposed task of writing, there was always

"A brave sky and a glad wind rushing by;
A clear trail and an hour for meditation,
A long day and the joy to make it fly;
A hard task and the music to achieve it,
A fierce moon and a well-contented gloam;
A good strife, and no great regret to leave it;
A still night, and the far red lights of home."

Published by the Macmillan Company.

The Friend—How is your husband? Is he getting better in the country?

The Wife—He writes to say that he is getting quite well again, and wants for nothing.

The Friend—Doesn't that strike you as suspicious?

The Wife—Why?

The Friend—It seems to me he might want you at least.

A Domestic Eye Remedy

Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Law. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes. It Soothes.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4975, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PIERCE FEELEY, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Administrator of the Estate of PIERCE FEELEY, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Administrator, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest in the following described lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet Westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Bryant Avenue, or Street, with the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Forty-seven (147).

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of October, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Three Hundred and Fifty ($350.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, September 15, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sep. 15, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Wilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney at Law,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8100, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FRANK VIERHUS, an Incompetent Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court duly given and made on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, CLARENCE CLAUDE VIERHUS, guardian of the person and estate of Frank Vierhus, an incompetent minor, will sell, at private sale, subject to confirmation by the said Court, all of the right, title and interest of the said estate, described as follows:

A two-ninths interest in that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-five (175) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of "I" Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of 12th Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the said Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Six Hundred and Sixty-two (662).

Said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1909; offers or bids to purchase the interest in said real estate or portions thereof, will be received by the undersigned, at room 508 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Gold coin of the United States, cash.

Dated, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1909.

CLARENCE CLAUDE VIERHUS,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Frank Vierhus, an Incompetent Minor.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, 912 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
Administrator of the Estate of Louis Hirsch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased—No. 8061—Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of King & Kirk, attorneys for said Administratrix, 518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased.

EMILY R. FERRENBACH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Otto Ferrenbach, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1909.

KING & KIRK, Attorneys for Administratrix,
518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, Deceased—No. 8189, Deptartment 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, deceased.

RICHARD GEORGE MORAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth Moran, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Administrator,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5950, N. S. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, (also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of CAROLINA DEMATTEI, administratrix of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell a part of the estate of said deceased in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or may accrue hereafter during the administration of said estate and that it will be to the best interest, advantage and benefit of said estate and of all the persons interested therein.

It is ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof in the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said County and State, on the 3rd day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all that part of the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein which said part of said parcel of real property is described as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street distant thereon Two Hundred (200) feet Northwesterly from the Northwesterly line of Silliman Street; running thence Northwesterly and along said Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street and the point of commencement.

Being part of Lot No. 1 in Block No. 37, University Homestead Association.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated, this 27th day of September, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 27, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS, Attorneys for Petitioner,
806 Bank of Italy Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5577, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANASTASIA FEELEY, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ANASTASIA FEELEY, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Executor, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest and all other right, title or interest which said estate now has or may hereafter acquire in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Twenty-five (125) feet Westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Bryant Avenue, or Street, with the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-second Street Twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Bryant Avenue, or Street, One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Twenty-second Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block Number One Hundred and Forty-seven (147).

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of October, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Eight Hundred and Fifty ($850.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, September 15, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sep. 15, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. G. Wilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney at Law,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE EMMA LA FAILLE, deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Administrator of the Estate of Marie Emma La Faille, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 18, 1909.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Estate,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8276, New Series, Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM RYAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Thomas P. Ryan, executor of the last will and testament of the above named William Ryan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of September, 1909), to the said Thomas P. Ryan, executor of the last will and testament of said William Ryan, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said William Ryan, deceased.

THOMAS P. RYAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of William Ryan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 18, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT, and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for said Executor.
Flood Building, San Francisco, California. 9-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal) H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES B. STETSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Harry N. Stetson, Executor of the Will of JAMES B. STETSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Deamer & Stetson, being said Executor and his attorney, at Room No. 926, Mills Building, at the northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. STETSON, deceased.

HARRY N. STETSON,
Executor of the Will of James B. Stetson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

WILLIAM W. DEAMER, Attorney for Executor,
926 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, Deceased—No. 8366, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Matthew H. McManus, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, 545 Mills Building, at the Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased.

MATTHEW H. McMANUS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Livermore, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executor,
Room 545 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-05-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA DANERI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LAURA DANERI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

EUGENIA DANERI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Laura Daneri, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will of ELLEN HOGAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, R. F. Mogan, No. 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOGAN, deceased.

MARY E. HOGAN and WILLIAM A. HOGAN,
Executors of the Last Will of Ellen Hogan, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Executors,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,

vs.

JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8275, New Series, Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LILLIAN T. SCOTT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Lamasney and Mrs. C. M. Haley, Executrices of the last will and testament of the above named Lillian T. Scott, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of September, 1909), to the said Mary Lamasney and Mrs. C. M. Haley, executrices of the last will and testament of said Lillian T. Scott, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, room 1255 Flood Building, number 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Lillian T. Scott, deceased.

MARY LAMASNEY,
MRS. C. M. HALEY,
Executrices of the Last Will and Testament of said Lillian T. Scott, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 18, 1909.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, and JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorneys for said Executrices,
Rooms 1255-1257 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7926, Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEHERTY, Deceased.

CECELIA GEHERTY, the Administratrix of the Will annexed of the Estate of JOHN GEHERTY, deceased, having heretofore presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an Order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain real property, in said petition particularly described, belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to the Court that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property in said petition described, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration and the family allowance, and that it is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of the estate and those interested therein that said real estate be sold:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before the above-entitled Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix with the Will annexed, for the sale of all said real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

FABIUS T. FINCH and PAUL F. FRATESSA, Attorneys for Petitioner,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8101, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PHILIP ARTHUR VIERHUS, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court duly given and made on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, S. TRAVIS KENYON, guardian of the person and estate of Philip Arthur Vierhus, a minor, will sell at private sale, subject to confirmation by the said Court, all of the right, title and interest of the said estate, described as follows:

A two-ninths interest in that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-five (175) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of "I" Stret; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of 12th Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the said Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Six Hundred and Sixty-two (662).

Said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1909; offers or bids to purchase the interest in said real estate or portions thereof, will be received by the undersigned, at room 508 in the Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Gold coin of the United States, cash.

Dated, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1909.

S. TRAVIS KENYON,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Philip Arthur Vierhus, a Minor.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517 519

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Woman and the Wits

Love decreases when it ceases to increase.—Chateaubriand.

If women were humbler men would be honester.—Vanbrugh.

A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.—George Eliot.

Love is a bird that sings in the heart of a woman.—Karr.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.—George Eliot.

A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.—Mirabeau.

Coquetry is the desire to please, without the want of love.—Rochepedre.

Men never are consoled for their first love, nor women for their last.—Weiss.

One should choose a wife with the ears rather than with the eyes.—Proverb.

Consideration for woman is the measure of a nation's progress in social life.—Gregoire.

Women especially are to be talked to as below men and above children.—Chesterfield.

When we speed to the devil's house, woman takes the lead by a thousand steps.—Goethe

It is born in maidens that they should wish to please everything that has eyes.—Gleim.

There are people who are almost in love, almost famous, and almost happy.—De Krudener.

The two pleasantest days of a woman are her marriage and the day of her funeral.—Hipponax.

Let a man pray that none of his womankind should form a just estimation of him.—Thaeleray.

Heaven has refused genius to woman, in order to concentrate all the fire in her heart.—Rivarol.

If woman did turn man out of Paradise, she has done her best ever since to make it up to him.—Sheldon.

There will always remain something to be said of woman, as long as there is one on the earth.—De Boufflers.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.—Rosseau.

The woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself to be so, even amidst an army of soldiers.—Cervantes.

A man should choose for a wife only such a woman as he would choose for a friend, were she a man.—Joubert.

If you would make a pair of good shoes, take for the sole the tongue of a woman; it never wears out.—Alsatian Proverb.

A woman cannot guarantee her heart, even though her husband be the greatest and most perfect of men.—George Sand.

Before going to war say a prayer; before going to sea say two prayers; before marrying say three prayers.—Proverb.

Woman—the gods be thanked!—is not even collaterally related to that sentimental abstraction called an angel.—Browne.

A woman who writes commits two sins; she increases the number of books, and decreases the number of women.—Karr.

It is neither honor nor love which makes a betrayed man think of killing a woman. Murder comes of the senses.—Bourget.

The nervous fluid in man is consumed by the brain, in woman by the heart; it is there that they are most sensitive.—Bayle.

Most women who have had what is considered as an education, have no idea of an education progressive through life.—Foster.

There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons.—Malherbe.

There are some women who think virtue was given them as claws were given to cats—to do nothing but scratch with.—Jerrold.

The Bible says that woman is the last thing which God made. He must have made it on Saturday night. It shows a fatigue.—Dumas.

To remain virtuous, a man has only to combat his own desires; a woman must resist her own inclinations and the continual attack of man.—De Latena.

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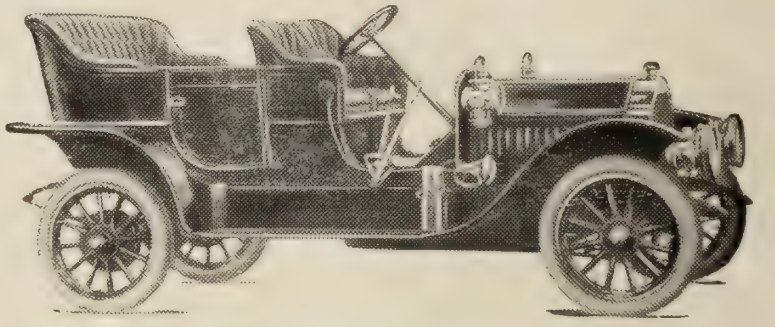

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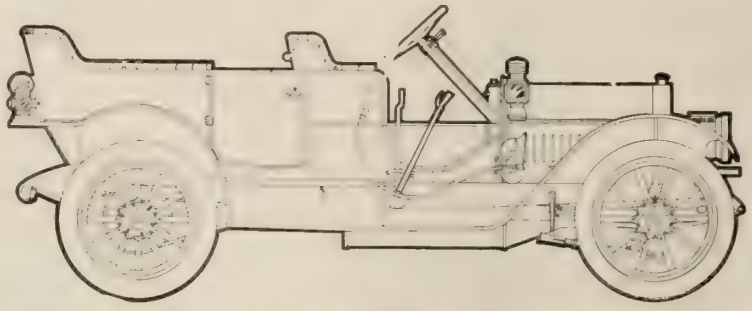

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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The Festival

In the midst of the Portola Festival, as we are at this writing, with the bands playing and the carnival colors floating bravely and defiantly in humid breezes, and all the exhilarating evidences of mock pomp and romantic ceremony gladdening the multitudinous lovers of pageantry, we find some difficulty in detaching ourselves from the spirit of the occasion to reflect on the perversity of that obtrusive element of the community into which it is almost impossible to infuse the essence of civic enthusiasm. The Portola Festival is a success. It is a success beyond the dreams of the most optimistic organizers of the joyous spectacle. And it is a success in despite of the discouraging attitude of certain lympathtic and lugubrious gentlemen who, though they believe they have the interest of the city at heart, are congenitally indisposed to encourage the enterprise of such public spirited citizens as those that conceived the festival idea and effected the realization of their praiseworthy project. A few weeks ago the "knockers" were to be met wherever men do congregate. Of the tribe were some of our leading merchants who frowned at the approaching festivities, being, they said, unable to see of what benefit such folderol would be to San Francisco. The wiseacre who prides himself on his philosophic aloofness from the trivialities of life and who is utterly devoid of imagination scoffed at the promises of the festival promoters; and on all sides prophets of failure were heard lamenting the inevitable humiliation that would overwhelm us in the hour which folly had set aside for triumph. The old parish habit of pulling apart has survived the earthquake and fire, but we have reason to felicitate ourselves on the energy and optimism that conquer all difficulties. Of the Portola Festival we may well be proud. Judged merely from the standpoint of the materialist it was a prodigious success. If we derived from it nothing but publicity it was more than worth while. Millions of dollars would not suffice to pay at advertising rates for the publicity the Portola Festival has given us.

Our Loose Business Methods

Now it appears that the big municipal water system which is in process of development under the direction of our esteemed public servants is not to have its source of supply in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. It appears that we have been misled by a misnomer. Secretary Ballinger informs us that we have a permit to utilize the waters of Lake Eleanor for municipal purposes and are not to be allowed to do any engineering work in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley unless the source to which we now have access is inadequate. On this point there is no dispute. The Mayor and the Supervisors and their engineers admit that Secretary Ballinger's statement of the case is correct. They regard it as of no consequence that our right to the Hetch-Hetchy Valley source is a matter of contingency. We are not prepared to say that they are not justified in taking this view of the situation, but we should certainly be better satisfied with a prospect that presented no shadow of a cloud. We feel that though it is only the money of the taxpayers that is to be spent on this municipal water system, we should act upon the same principles to which business men adhere in the management of their private affairs. The haphazard style of doing business usually leads to bankruptcy. Yet this is the style which we have adopted in the handling of this great municipal enterprise. The indications are that we are building on shifting sands. If our engineers should eventually pronounce Lake Eleanor inadequate for our purposes would their judgment be accepted as final? Suppose that engineers employed by the national government should find that our engineers had failed to exhaust the potentialities of Lake Eleanor, what then? These are questions which suggest themselves after casual consideration of the matter. Perhaps they were inspired by an unjustifiable lack of confidence in the gentlemen who have undertaken this big water project. Perhaps these gentlemen have the situation well in hand, and are not given to imprudence. We hope so, but as there is powerful opposition to this water project not only from private, selfish interests but also from zealous sentimentalists who conceive that it would be a great outrage to sacrifice the beauties of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley to utilitarian purposes, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to insure ourselves against molestation before rushing blindly ahead and perhaps incurring disaster. To proceed on the theory that the authorities at Washington will never dare to interfere in a matter of vital importance to the people of this city seems to us in the nature of folly. The sentimentalists who believe that the great natural wonders of this country should be safeguarded against desecration are more numerous than the people of San Francisco; and some of them are already pointing out that as the Hetch-Hetchy is not the only source of an adequate water supply in the Sierras it is not of vital importance to us that we should be permitted to mar a sublime landscape.

A Powerful Protestant

One of the most distinguished of the sentimentalists who have an abiding prejudice against our great water project is John Muir, a gentleman who has found perpetual youth in the woods, a true lover of nature whose intercourse with heaven and earth has become part of his daily food. John Muir is unalterably opposed to our plans for the marring of the tranquil Hetch-Hetchy landscape. Consequently the fathers of the so-called Hetch-Hetchy project abominate John Muir. They were shocked when they learned that he was to be Secretary Ballinger's companion in the Yosemite, and with vehement protests they sought to dissuade the Cabinet officer from subjecting himself to the seductive influence of the aged geologist. Now John Muir is an enemy to be reckoned with. While he lives we shall have to fight every inch of the way into the Hetch-Hetchy, and the probability is that he will survive Jimmy Phelan and all Jimmy's puppets, for he is constantly renewing his youth in the Sierras, the air of which is a cordial of incredible virtue. We cannot hope to silence John Muir with abuse. Nor can we bring to bear stronger influence than that which he wields. There is no man in San Francisco half so well known as John Muir. There are lovers of John Muir in every corner of the world. We venture to say that a message of ten words to the people from this old poet of the wilderness would have a more profound effect than a whole library of addresses from the Mayor of San Francisco. When the newspapers of this city were emitting characteristic yawps expressive of their disapproval of Muir as a companion of Mr. Taft, the leading journals of the east were con-

gratulating the President on having fallen into such good hands, and some of them took occasion to dwell affectionately on the charms and virtues of the Dunbar Scotsman, who, as one of them said, "cannot pass from memory so long as endures the vast Alaskan glacier named after him." How unfortunate for San Francisco that John Muir should have constituted himself the guardian of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley!

Protestantism In Latin Countries

It would seem that the hopes perennially entertained by Protestant missionaries of supplanting Catholicism in the Latin countries of Europe have never mounted so high in the breasts of the ladies—God bless them all—engaged in that stupendous task as at present. This judgment one may rightly form by perusing the reports of the proceedings of the Interdenominational Institute for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies which sat recently in Boston. The name of the institute is lengthy and cumbersome but its aims are single and straightforward. Briefly stated they are to convince the sons and daughters of France, Spain and Italy of the errors to which they are committed by submission to the papacy and to turn their footsteps into the pathways that lead to the numerous evangelical churches. It does not appear that the institute discriminates between Episcopalianism and Methodism, between the Congregationalists and the Baptists, between Presbyterianism and the other sects into which Protestantism is divided; the great thing is apparently to carve these fair countries out of the dominions which acknowledge the religious primacy of Rome. The deliberations of the institute were characterized by a most optimistic spirit. In Italy, it seems, the ancient sect of Waldensians in the north and the Methodists in the south are slowly but surely closing in upon Rome itself. In France a great movement toward Protestantism has been discovered; the people, it appears, are hungering for "a religion of earnestness and truth." In Spain, according to one speaker, three things are dragging down the nation, political corruption, a bad government and a wrong colonial theory; but the intimation was conveyed that all these evils would be cured by the spread of Protestantism. We take the liberty to doubt much of this. We do not think that the religious genius of Latin Europe holds forth much encouragement to the blithe propagandists of Protestantism. In fact a tolerable familiarity with religious conditions in these three countries convinces us that the efforts of the interdenominational institute have largely gone for naught; some of their missionaries have acknowledged as much. So we are sorry to see these good ladies wasting valuable effort on a hopeless task. There is so much other good missionary work to be done, work the outcome of which is infinitely more certain than the attempt to protestantize Italy, France and Spain. If we are not mistaken the United States swarm with people who have no religion at all; why not devote more attention to these unfortunates and let Latin Europe shift for its own salvation? We are afraid the good ladies who met in Boston are imbued with the futile enthusiasm which prompted a certain protestant bishop to set about the conversion of the Pope.

When Not To Debate

When Charles M. Fickert declined to meet the Hon. Francis J. Heney in public debate he enunciated as the basis of his declination a principle that has been approved in polite society since the days of Aristotle. The soundness of this principle is not to be gainsaid. It is a moral principle, and is appreciated by every man of honor bred in and faithful to the traditions and obligations of a gentleman. It is the same principle that has always made it impossible for a gentleman to meet a rogue on the field of honor. A moral principle that has held good under the code duello is surely not to be abandoned in that higher sphere where the intellect holds sway; nay, it is of prime importance that in this sphere the principle be adhered to, for an honest man in an intellectual contest if he has a rogue for an adversary is at an enormous disadvantage. The purpose of debate is the advancement of truth, but, as Aristotle says, persons who are devoid of self-respect do not cherish truth and are not just enough to bear being proved to be in the wrong, and for that reason the old philosopher advised his disciples to avoid controversy with them. Now suppose that Mr. Fickert, who is presumed to be intellectually honest, since his character has never been impugned, should enter into debate with Mr. Heney, who is known to have absolutely no regard for the truth, what in all likelihood would be the result? Mr. Fickert, assuming that gentleman to be absolutely free from intellectual dishonesty, would confine himself in all the propositions he advanced to the strict truth. Mr. Heney, on the other hand, it is fair to assume, would pursue his usual method of controversy and overwhelm his adversary with such impromptu fabrications as were rendered expedient during the progress of the debate. Mr. Heney unquestionably is skilled in the art of attaining the appearance of truth regardless of its substance, and before a large and illiterate audience he is a dangerous antagonist. How little regard he has for the truth may be ascertained by reviewing some of his past polemical performances. When he first began boiling on the bema for the advancement of his employer's interests he explained that the Supervisors were granted immunity because they were the ignorant tools of perennial corruptionists. He said that to purify our government we should make an example of the men who tempt and seduce our public servants. It was not so vicious, he said, to receive as to give a bribe. About a year later we find Mr. Heney giving an entirely different explanation of the course pursued by the graft prosecution. Having been accused of discriminating against Patrick Calhoun and others to gratify the vindictiveness of his employer, he said, and he has reiterated, that

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it was first intended to give the higher-ups immunity, to enter into friendly relations with the infamous bribe-givers and prosecute the poor, ignorant men who had been seduced. That this plan was not carried out, Mr. Heney would now have us believe, was entirely due to the stubborness of the higher-ups who would not come in with their testimony and accept immunity. Thus, we see, there are two irreconcilable versions of the plan of campaign, and both of them from the same high authority, from the shifty Mr. Heney who is consumed with a passion for debate. A short time ago this same resourceful individual, while in Seattle, explained for publication that some of the payments made to him out of the Federal treasury were deferred because a certain fund had been exhausted. Since his return to town he has said in explanation of the circumstance that has excited suspicion that he had not been paid promptly because, owing to pressure of work, he had neglected to put in his bill. From all of which, we submit, assuming that Aristotle is a worthy guide, no person who is likely to be hampered by scruples should rush into a debate with the Hon. Francis J. Heney.

Describing a Parabola

The Limerick goes something like this:
Pat aims high, her fair brow to kiss;
But, begorra! he shlips
And comes down to the lips,
And thus makes a hit with a miss.

—Harry Cowell.

Perspective Impressions

The test of every political reform is the principal which it tends to establish. If the principle is immoral the reform is criminal.

Not because of the craze for reform spelling but for reasons made obvious by recent episodes in the criminal courts let us spell the Christian name of Johnson the vociferous H-i-r-e-h-i-m.

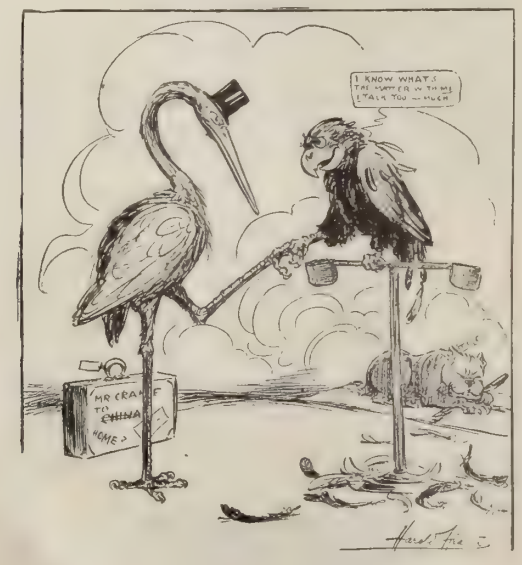
Even in the midst of our festivities the Hon. Francis J. Heney flows copiously on, but steeped as we are in the full tide of pleasure life is wearing a midsummer night's dream aspect for us and a nightmare is impossible.

The Boughten Bulletin is terribly excited at the prospect of P. H. McCarthy's election. What a stinging rebuke the election of the Labor candidate would be to the longest-leased journal and its malevolent masters!

Nothing short of a dynamite outrage personally conducted by that distinguished stage manager, the Hon. William J. Burns, can save the day for the bad man from Arizona. One year's subscription to Town Talk for the person who guesses the frame-up now in process of incubation.

The Portola Festival reminds us that even in real life there are many grave personages who take themselves seriously, but who are mere puppets, marionettes, strutting solemnly through a fantastic show, deceiving the multitude with gewgaws that are offered as things of great price.

Don Nicholas Covarrubias looks the part of the old heroes who had their steel helmet and plume of feathers, the glittering spear and shield, the barbed steed and the spread banner, and performed their knightly service in joust and tournament. At nightly banquet service Don Nicholas himself is said to be better than a raw hand.



A FELLOW FEELING?

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHIZ!

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Army Reform in China

Being An Account of the Achievements of Yuan Shih-Kai Who Was Shorn of His Station Before He Had Time to Make a Military Power of Japan's Somnolent Neighbor

By Robert Bartlett

Some of our statesmen at Washington appear to be of the opinion that army reform has made such progress in China that before long it will be worth our while to make an ally of her and use her as a sort of set-off to Japan in the Far East. This is a vain delusion. Though China has a well-equipped modern army she is very far from being a military power of serious importance in the political calculations of the rest of the world.

A FIGHTER OF THE OLD REGIME
("Down with Foreigners" inscribed on his banner)

The work of reforming the Chinese army on modern lines began after the war with Japan which exposed the hollowness of the system existing at that time. To Yuan Shih-Kai was intrusted the task of creating a new army, and he established a large camp and training ground at Tsirian. He engaged some German officers as instructors, and as the basis of his reform measures he announced that the men who enlisted in his force should be well and regularly paid. This was quite a new departure in Chinese governmental proceedings as the old "braves" were never paid at all but only allowed to pay themselves at the expense of the civil population. This practice explains why a standing army was always unpopular in China. After four years Yuan had raised a well-trained force, the discipline of which was highly commended by everyone who inspected it, and it was the support he gave as the commander of the only formidable body of troops in China to the late Empress Dowager that crushed the reform movement of Kang Yu-wei. At that time the force he had with the colors was not more than 10,000 strong, but in 1900 at the time of the Boxer movement it was credibly believed that he could put 30,000 trained men and an adequate artillery force in the field. There was much anxiety at Tientsin as to what would happen if he threw in his lot with the organizers of the Boxer movement; but for some reason, never fully explained, he stood aside, kept his force well in hand, and watched the course of events. After the trouble with the Powers ended Yuan was appointed Viceroy of Pechili, and he at once took in hand the reorganization of the large garrison of the metropolitan province on the same lines as he had followed in Shantung.

When war broke out between Russia and Japan in 1904 it was widely reported that he had under his orders a thoroughly-organized and well-trained force of not less than 70,000 men. A large part of this army was stationed in camps along the railway north of Pekin to Shan-hai-Kuan, and when it became clear that Japan was to be victorious the Chinese Government collected a large corps in order to be in readiness to reoccupy Manchuria on its evacuation by the belligerents. It was entirely due to the efforts of Yuan that China was thus in a position to show that she possessed the armed force needed for the preservation of order in a region which had just been the scene of a long and sanguinary war. But one of the consequences of the recovery of Manchuria was to prove fatal to Yuan Shih Kai, who had alone rendered it possible. The force which he had raised and equipped, and which constitutes China's modern army, for service under his orders at and near Pekin was broken up; that is to say, the greater part of it was moved into Manchuria, where it has since constituted the permanent garrison. Yuan's own position was thus greatly weakened, and after the

(Continued on Page 33.)

A NEW CHINESE BATTERY IN POSITION

A Connemara Tragedy

By Filson Young

On a recent afternoon a little party straggled along a Connemara road, and then struck into the mountains. It consisted of, first, two constables, then a peasant woman, then another constable and the sergeant, then the local magistrate who is also the local hotel keeper, his son and clerk, the doctor and myself. The peasant woman was in custody for having that morning struck her mother-in-law, an old woman nearly eighty years of age, over the head with a pair of tongs; and as the old woman was thought to be dying the magistrate was going to take her deposition. So we climbed the mountains, no formality being observed, the prisoner walking a quarter of a mile away from her warders, and all of us intent upon our footing as we strode or leaped from stone to stone, or skirted a brown spongy patch of bog. Then we came to the "village"—four cabins hanging on the mountain side, each no bigger than the inside of a motor-omnibus, and each the centre of a tiny cultivated patch of land, where poor little fragments of crops feebly waved among the rocks. No road or path—just these four cabins and their little plots looking down over the lake-studded plain that lies between these southern hills and the great soaring inland mountains.

We stooped and went into the cabin in which the persons of the drama had their home. In a corner by the peat fire the poor old victim lay groaning on a heap of rags on the earth floor. Her son, a weak, complaining creature, sat beside her holding her hand. The prisoner, his wife—a patient, intelligent woman with a face of strength and suffering—sat on a box opposite to them. No greetings were exchanged. Her two children—beautiful little creatures with dark hair and great violet eyes—sat solemnly and speechlessly together on a tiny bench. The rest of us were crowded somehow into the bare, clean little hut, which was furnished only with a dresser, a table, two chairs, a box and a bench. A few chickens cheeped gently among our feet, and on a bed of heather at the far end of the room the family cow rustled and sighed. We kept both doors open for light and air, and while the doctor was making his examination I learned the facts.

It was the familiar situation of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, contracted here into the space of a few square yards. Ten years ago this old woman's son, John let us call him, married this pretty Margaret from another county. She was an heiress, and brought him a dowry of fifty pounds. Old Mary, the mother, resented her coming into the house; old as she was, she still intended to be mistress; but until the fifty pounds was spent they all lived together; the man gave up all attempts at work, and loafed and drank and bullied the wife on whose money he was living. Then—after who knows what shame and suffering in body and mind?—she ran away alone to America, and there lived and worked for two years, regularly sending home money to husband and children—for she had left the two little ones behind her in her flight. She bore a third child soon after she left home; and I suppose the pull of the other children drew her back again, for she returned last winter. Since then there had been continual squabbles and fightings; she had twice to seek the protection of the police from her husband; and on the morning of the tragedy things came to a climax. She was baking a cake of bread for the children's breakfast; the old woman, who did not want bread herself and could not bear that anyone else should have it, threw the cake into the fire. The daughter-in-law turned on her and struck at her with the tongs; they came down on her head, cutting it badly; the son struck at his wife and caught his mother as she fell. The police were sent for, and the prisoner was marched off four miles to the barracks, whence she had now been marched back, presently to be marched to the barracks again—twelve miles' walking—driven five miles in a car to the station, and taken by train to Galway Jail—another two hours' journey: and all day without food. It was indeed a singular circumstance that none of the persons in the drama had eaten anything all that day. The old woman, who had lost a lot of blood and was now very low, was sinking from exhaustion; the son had not made any attempt to feed her or himself. I asked him if there was any milk in the house. "Ah, no, your honor; it's too poor I am to have any milk," he whined; but the prisoner said calmly, "There's some in that cup on the dresser, sir." "Have you an egg?" I asked him. "Ah, niver a one, sir, at all." I looked at the prisoner. "You'll find one under the basin, sir." We beat up the egg in some milk for the old woman, who took a little very reluctantly; and later, when I asked the son if she had finished it, he said she had. "Get up and let me see what you're hiding there." He rose and disclosed the mug, still half full. "Ah, and it's ill in meself I am, your honor, and after needing something to put strength in me." It was only by reference to old-age pensions, wrapped up in an assumption of his love of his mother, that one was able to convince him of the importance of keeping her alive.

The doctor's report being unfavorable, the depositions were taken, much confusion being caused by the ill-put questions of the sergeant. It was something like this—the old woman answering in mournful, wailing, but beautiful broken tones:

Sergeant: "How were you feeling in yourself this morning, Mary?"

Mary: "Oh, it was wake, wake, I was."

Sergeant: "But were ye any waker than usual?" (Question repeated.)

Mary: "It's wake this long time I've been."

Clerk (reading): "I, Mary Manisty, got up early this morning, being in my usual health—"

Sergeant: "Now tell us what happened. Come, on, now; what happened next?"

Mary: "That woman shtruck at me with the tongs, and I'd been kilt only for me son, and—"

Prisoner (rapidly): "Sure I went to put a cake on the fire for the children, and I niver wished the old woman any harrm, and me goin' in fear of me life of that man ever since I came home, and had to run out of the bed from him lasht night, an' I just gave her a tip with the tongs, an' I didn't mean to hurrt her at all."

Sergeant: "Whisht, woman. "You'll be able to tell your story in court." (Producing the tongs: "Is this the tongs she shtruck ye with, Mary?"

Mary (whimpering): "Shure it is, your honor, and she'd a kilt me—"

Sergeant: "Where did she shtrike ye?"

Mary (undoing her bandages): "Here, your honor, and I niver wanted her in the house at all, and it's me own house me husband left me—"

Sergeant: "What part of the tongs did she shtrike ye with?"

Prisoner (pointing): "With that part, sir."

Sergeant: "Whisht, woman, now." (To Mary): "Did she shtrike you with the shoulder of the tongs?"

Mary (crying): "On me head."

Sergeant: "But was it with the shoulder of the tongs she hit ye?"

(Continued on Page 33.)

Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

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Queen Vergilia riding to meet Don Gaspar de Portola

Photo. Rodgers

Don Gaspar de Portola paying his respects to Mayor Taylor

THE TWO CYNOSURES OF ALL MERRYMAKERS' EYES

The Spectator

A Neglected Poet

"In the modern arrangements of society," said Carlyle speaking of Bobbie Burns, "it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must ask for bread and receive a stone," and he added that while "the inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day the writer of a true poem like the apostle of a true religion is nearly as sure of the contrary." I have been reminded of these sentiments by the pitiable plight of Louis A. Robertson, who has written many a true poem, and who has endured and is enduring greater sufferings than any poet who has lived since the days of Job. The history of the republic of letters is full of instances of the indifference of the world to the wretchedness of poets as well as of the tardy efforts of mankind to do justice in the market place by means of costly monuments to genius that had been ostracized in ignorance and hooted forth in folly. The divine Homer had to beg his way through the cities of Greece; Chatterton to save himself from death through hunger took poison and was thrown like a pauper into the burial ground of Shoe-lane workhouse; Keats, spurned and persecuted in his lifetime, from a distant grave influenced thought in his native land which he left in proud despair; Bobbie Burns, to whom splendid monuments have been reared in many lands, died in the prime of his life miserable and neglected. These are but a few of the notable instances that corroborate what Carlyle has said. And now we have one in our very midst, and at the risk of causing a jangling discord amid the sweet harmonies of a mad, glad festival week I have resolved to make a few comments thereon.

His Pitiable Plight

Quite well do I know that there are many people who can conceive of no reason why the miseries of a poet should excite greater compassion than those of any other mortal, or why a singer of eternal songs who cannot transmute them into the coin of the realm should have any claim on our indulgence or inspire in us the sentiment of gratitude. To these people I do not address myself with reference to the poor poet who now languishes on a bed of pain which he can never leave except to make the melancholy journey to the grave. Only to those persons do I address myself who regard all true poets as sacred historians of the heart, and who believe that even poets of the smallest voice are worthy of worship because they have talked with God. To these sympathetic ones appeals have been made in behalf of Robertson at intervals for several years, and some have responded, but the poet is again destitute save for a small monthly allowance made by a generous friend which is not sufficient to pay the invalid's expenses in Dr. Long's Sanitarium. Robertson, being a victim of ataxia in the last stages of that dreadful disease, is absolutely helpless, and now the wretchedness of his plight is aggravated by the haunting dread of being sent to a public institution to die.

In Bohemia

One by one the friends of other days have ceased to visit the bedridden poet, and now he is denied the companionship of the most loyal of all his comforters—his books,—for he is too feeble to read. Nothing but his pipe remains to relieve the tedium of year-long days, but the poet spiritualized by sixteen years of excruciating torture, submits to his fate with saint-like tranquillity, uttering never a word of complaint, speaking always tenderly of the men that were his friends, betraying no symptom of the gloom that environs him. In all probability the Bohemian Club will some day take cognizance of Robertson's plight. Before the fire, and at odd times since, I believe, the club rendered him assistance, but of late he seems to be entirely forgotten by the men who enjoyed his beautiful poetic drama, "Montezuma," which he wrote for the Midsummer Jinks and out of which some of the club's best traditions have been fashioned. Robertson is one of the men to whom the Bohemian Club has been more or less indebted in recent years for the flavor of bohemianism which still lingers in the home of that organization. The Bohemian Club, be it known, while not exactly devoted to the bohemianism that was a survival of the medievalism that knew the joy and romance of existence in the days when war was a game instead of a science, is nevertheless intent upon keeping alive the spirit that was a revolt against the vulgar ideal of gaining and accumulating money. The Bohemian Club is supposed to cultivate a repugnance to the life that is made dull, drab and prosaic by commerce, and to that end it welcomes to membership poets and painters whose presence gives color to the idea that even in a well-fed Bohemia are tolerated men who are broke and unashamed, and who, like the original Bohemians, starve when they have nothing and drink when they have money. How near the Bohemian Club comes to simulating the true bohemian flavor I am unable to say, but I am quite sure that among its members are cultivated the true bohemian qualities of good-fellowship, generosity and unselfishness, and therefore I have no doubt that their emotions will be stirred by the tragic plight of the author of "Montezuma."

The Case of Sheridan

Incidentally it may not be taken amiss to remark that the club can hardly afford to defer action, hoping to make amends by doing posthumous honors to a Bohemian poet. That was what was done in the case of Richard Brinsley Sheridan by members of the British nobility upon whose conduct Sir Samuel Romilly commented in his diary, thus giving inspiration for these verses written by J. Sydney Taylor:

They fled from thee—all the gay, titled and proud,
When thy evening of life in the dreariness came,
They fled from thee—all who had joined with the crowd
To echo thy praises in thy morning of fame.

To thy bed-side unbless'd came the harpies whose fangs
Were rudest and sharpest in fortune's decay,
And of all who should soften the victim's last pangs,
None scared the foul birds from their desolate prey.

In loneliness wither'd the spirit that shed
The eloquent charms that might Senates command,
Who the mask and the pageant and revelry led,
And waved over fashion a magical wand.

Not lonely—one minist'ring angel was there!
Oh, woman! how faithful, how changeless thou art
To the man of thy love; tho' his eye gleam despair,
And a wilderness gather its gloom round the heart.

The struggle is over—the mutes at the gate,
And the recreant grandeur which struck the worst blow
Thy spirit had felt, ere it bowed to its fate,
Now follows thy bier in the trappings of woe.

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Oh faithless such chivalry!—ye who rely
On its promise, behold! how its friendship could spurn
Misfortune's last claim, and leave genius to die,
And then, with late homage, embrace his cold urn!

They throng'd round his hearse who had let him despair,
Like an outcast, too mean and too worthless to save;
Who cheer'd not his gloom with one ray of the heart,
And throw the vain splendor of pomp on his grave!

With bards rest thy ashes, whose fate like thy own,
Was neglect from the proud in life's cheerless decay;
Who were left unbefriended, to wither alone,
By those who strewed flowers on their passionless clay!

A Great Man Rebuked

The Hon. Barclay Henley, a lawyer and a patriot, compelled by circumstances to labor more industriously as a patriot than as a lawyer, made public confession the other day of the fact that but a few weeks ago he was rebuked for the first time in his life. This confession touched the springs of emotion, affecting Mr. Henley's hearers deeply and exciting their profound commiseration. Who, they asked themselves, had dared to rebuke so great and virtuous a man as Mr. Henley? The lawyer and patriot did not keep them long in suspense, though he knows as well as any playwright that suspense is an essential element of all dramatic entertainments. The rebuke, he said, was administered, by the sagest of her sex, the illustrious Mrs. Gerberding, chief evangelist of the muliebrious political organization dedicated to the greater glory of the Hon. Francis J. Heney. At once the audience was assuaged. For was not the rebuke sanctified at its source? Who is better qualified to administer a rebuke to a mere man than this female apostle of righteousness not less distinguished for her learning than the beautiful Hypatia, daughter of Leon the philosopher, the prodigy of her age and the glory of her sex?

Her Veiled Flattery

It was with no touch of humiliation, I hasten to explain, that Mr. Henley made public confession of the Gerberding rebuke. Quite the contrary. Mr. Henley was gratified beyond expression at having exposed himself to the benign reproach of so charming a woman, especially as in the circumstances of the matter was implied a compliment of considerable magnitude. It appears that Mrs. Gerberding rebuked Mr. Henley for having attended a banquet given by the Bar Association at which Chief Justice Beatty was a guest. From this it is clear that Mrs. Gerberding has a very high opinion of Mr. Henely. Apparently she believes that were a mark of Barclay Henley's disesteem to be visited upon our venerable Chief Justice the latter would never be able to recover from the shock. And apparently, too, the Hon. Barclay Henley's opinion of the prodigious potentialities of his disfavor coincides with that of the learned and sweet-tempered lady by whom he was so generously rebuked; for in closing his impressive recital he said that he admired Mrs. Gerberding for her sentiments. To be sure he does. Did ever susceptible man fail to admire the woman that entertained an absurdly flattering opinion of him?

Her Vague Explanation

Mrs. Gerberding herself was in attendance at the meeting on the occasion of Mr. Henley's confession, and she took occasion to explain that she had not intended that he should regard her animadversion on his conduct as a rebuke at all. To make clear what her intention was she added, "But it wasn't because Chief Justice Beatty was a chief justice anymore than if he had been the most humble jailer in the employ of the judiciary that I said that." This appears to be a case of employing words to darken understanding. The only thing made clear by this speech is that Mrs. Gerberding failed to elucidate. What she said gives me the impression of being in the nature of a malapropism. Is it conceivable that so exalted a personage as Mr. Henley would eat at the same table with a vulgar jailer? Perish the thought! And join with Mr. Henley in pardoning the ineptitude.

The Sense That Might Have Saved Her

But let us respectfully open the porches of our ears to the sagest of her sex: "It was because he (Justice Beatty) rendered such a ridiculous, inane and absurd decision in regard to Mr. Schmitz when he said that the indictment was faulty because it was not stated therein that he was mayor of this city, when a mere child knows that the law considers what is common knowledge to go without saying, and the law may be interpreted that way, and I think when a man in his high position renders such a decision as that, it is the privilege of every man, woman and child in America to refuse to sit at the same table with him." All of which proves, if it proves anything, that Mrs. Gerberding is a woman who thinks she knows what she is talking about. It also proves that notwithstanding her active participation in public affairs of late she is still a womanly woman inasmuch as she is more impulsive than logical. Philosophers say that reason is the exclusive property of man and hence that woman is obliged to depend on the guidance of instinct and emotion. Mrs. Gerberding serves to exemplify this theory. With her belief is not the result of an intellectual process. She has an invincible knowledge which comes in spontaneous rushes of emotion, and when, as in this instance, she exhibits the maximum of conviction with the minimum of argument she actually believes that her conclusion is self-evident. A talented woman and a zealous reformer, Mrs. Gerberding has struggled hard, I am told, to cultivate her mental powers, but it is evident that she has neglected the saving sense of humor, else she would not have been able to administer that rebuke to the Hon. Barclay Henley without laughing in his face; nor would she have presumed to pose as a Bluestocking Blackstone without winking the other eye. Shakespeare gave us a Portia but he did not impose on our credulity by having the lady overrule the State's highest tribunal.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

Showing how Bwana Tumbo baited a lion with the carcass of a zebra. The mighty hunter from a point of vantage is about to potshot the King of Beasts.

A Newspaper Tragedy

As colorful as the bedizened streets of our gay city were the pages of our daily papers during the progress of the carnival. On epochal occasions such as this the editors of our daily journals feel that it behooves them to impress the groundlings, not only with their news-gathering facilities but with the literary powers of their special writers, and to that end restless and versatile masters of journalese and accomplished artists in descriptive narrative, are given full swing with instructions to spread the rich emanations of their fertile minds over the space alloted to them. Hence the pomp and purple of prose with which we were edified during the week, the artillery of words and the battery of resounding rhetorical conceits. Every journal presented its series of historical monographs, abounding in epigrams, shrewd observations and polished periods. The spectacle of the dailies vying with one another in a spectacular literary tournament was as emotionalizing, as Mr. Edgar Saltus would say, as the Portola pageant itself. But there was a tragic side to it, which doubtless was beyond the ken of the average observer, and it remains for me, faithful chronicler of provincial events, to rescue this one salient incident of newspaper rivalry from oblivion and preserve it in printer's ink for posterity.

Hearst and the Catholic Church

That the poignancy of this newspaper tragedy may be apprehended it is necessary to explain that for some months Mr. Hearst has been employing all the ingenuity on his exuberant pay-roll to assuage the animosities that were roused against him by the publication of a cartoon and an editorial offensive to that powerful institution the Catholic Church. The editorial reflected the sentiments of the Socialists of Spain who, like the Socialists of France and the Socialists everywhere else, are opposed to the Catholic Church because it stands for law and order, whether law and order be symbolized by a crown or maintained under the Constitution of a republic. The offensive cartoon represented the Pope as in the Down and Out Club. Now there are many ardent Catholics in this country who regarded the attitude of the Hearst journals as indicated by the Socialistic editorial and the irreverent cartoon as insulting, and here in San Francisco they have been retaliating through an organization the purpose of which is to reduce the number of the Examiner's subscribers. To offset the influence of this organization the Examiner has been converted into an unofficial organ of the Catholic Church. The Examiner has devoted more space to affairs of interest to Catholics of late than to all other religious institutions combined. Nothing so strikingly illustrated the Examiner's belated zeal as a coddler of Catholics as its alertness in soliciting subscriptions for the Youths' Directory immediately after the accident to Father Crowley. Now for the tragedy of the carnival.

The Poignancy Of It

One of the big events of last Tuesday was the celebration of pontifical high mass in St. Mary's Cathedral in honor of the discovery of San Francisco bay. Judged in cold blood as to its news value, as most occurrences are judged in newspaper offices, this mass, celebrated by representatives of the institution that planted the cross of Christian civilization on this peninsula, was certainly worthy of considerable space in any daily paper. From the standpoint of the Examiner, in view of Mr. Hearst's eagerness to regain the esteem of Catholics, it was deserving of exceptional exploitation. But in the excitement of the moment it was virtually forgotten. Indeed, it was worse than forgotten; it was treated as though it were unworthy the attention of a special writer. A measly half-column of space was given to it, and it was written up by a reporter of such little importance that he has yet to achieve the proud privilege of having his name attached to his literary performances. That superb stylist Edgar Saltus who might have done justice to the gorgeous and impressive ceremony was sent about town to get inspiration from "pretty girls, girls without price," from "frocks that covered so many virtues and cost so many doubloons" and from "hats which a harsh word would have ruined." Alas, poor Saltus! But the Examiner's dereliction might have passed unnoticed had it not been for the vigilance of its feeble and despised contemporary, the senile Call, which is also a zealous bidder for Catholic patronage. The Spreckels journal devoted a whole page beautifully illustrated to the ceremony. Therein lies the tragedy of it. Furthermore, what an unidentified reporter was assigned to write up for the Examiner, the Call deemed worthy of the powers of Rufus Steele, editor of the Sunday Supplement. The Examiner scooped the Call with a picture of Mayor Taylor bathing his whiskers in wine between the King and the Queen. The Call scooped the Examiner with a picture of the scene on the altar of St. Mary's Cathedral.

"Speaking of omens," he said, "not long ago I read of a cashier who dreamed that he was murdered while protecting the funds of the bank and that an angel carried him off to heaven. The very next night he was—"

"Murdered?" she interrupted with a shiver.

"No; he was on his way to Honduras."

Miss Bogue's Mistake

While I am not a finicky stickler for the minutiae of historial events, I must own to a certain deep-seated penchant for the careful usage of words; hence it was with a distinct shock that I discovered Queen Vergilia discoursing in one of the dailies of "Portola, the navigator." I cannot imagine that Miss Bogue's knowledge of the historical event which we have been celebrating is at fault and I take it that the direst punishment ever inflicted for lese majeste would be none too severe for the discourteous native who would dare to suggest that our Queen of Beauty had not mastered the historical monograph compiled by Mr. Zoeth S. Eldredge. Nowhere in that interesting booklet is it intimated that Don Gaspar ever exposed himself to the danger of mal de mer; he was every inch a landlubber. Miss Bogue cannot be ignorant of this fact, so I am forced to suppose that her use of the word navigator was a queenly slip of the pen due to confused memories of the Golden Gate and the beautiful bay on whose blue expanses Don Gaspar never ventured. I reject with scorn the suggestion of a friend that Queen Vergilia used the term in its slangy sense to pay oblique tribute to Don Gaspar's ability as a wine-bibber. No doubt the worthy old don liked his bottle of prime Canary but history has failed to tell whether he "navigated" gracefully after a night's potations or carried his liquor ignobly. So that explanation of Miss Bogue's reference to "Portola, the navigator" does not go down with me.

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The Partington Portrait of Miss Bogue

Those who have had the pleasure of studying the portrait of Queen Vergilia executed by Miss Gertrude Partington are loud in their praises of its artistry. Miss Bogue proved a picturesque subject and the painter was careful to accentuate those salient characteristics of her personality which have made her an ideal mistress of the revels. The color scheme of gold and pure vermillion is audacious and in the hands of a less skillful artist would have invited disaster. Bizarre this colorful combination certainly is not and the painter has man-

QUEEN VERGILIA

As portrayed by Miss Partington who has won the praise of the critical by her interpretation of Miss Bogue's salient personality.

aged so well that the red and gold motive of the dress is properly subordinated to the brilliant personality of the sitter; in fact it becomes but sober garniture against the superb flesh coloring. The pose is characteristic, the head thrown back, the body bent slightly forward, the whole attitude suggesting queenly graciousness. The work is a contribution to art of which California may well be proud.

Dilettante Violinist—Now I'll give them some imitations. What shall it be?

Cynicus—Imitate a man who can play the violin decently.

Santos Dumont Once More

Letters which I have just received from a friend who is sojourning in Paris contain an infinite deal of aviation gossip. The whole of France went wild over that marvelous week at Rheims and effervescent Paris is still bubbling about aeroplanes and sky-storms. My correspondent speaks at considerable length of the return of Santos Dumont to the limelight, having witnessed his remarkable flight in his tiny aeroplane recently. But I am afraid my friend is more interested in the personality of the pioneer aerialist than in the structure of his flying machine for of the latter subject his letter has nothing to say. Probably we of San Francisco feel about the same way because of Santos Dumont's romantic attachment to Mrs. Spencer Eddy when she was Miss Lurline Spreckels. According to my friend in Paris appearances are all against Santos Dumont; nobody would take him for an inventor or credit him with particular daring. He is a tall thin young man of a somewhat feminine appearance and he would hardly be noticed in a crowd of people; but a few moments' conversation with him show the stuff he is made of. He has great knowledge of men and affairs and manners of the utmost courtliness; hence his great popularity. But that he is eccentric cannot be denied, for I learn that, aside from flying, his great hobby is—embroidering! It seems that he regards this feminine accomplishment as a great relaxation and my correspondent says that few women surpass him in doing fancy needle-work. Santos Dumont has another peculiarity. He never flies without his mascot which is a small medal presented to him by the Comtesse d'Eu. It must be admitted that he has been very lucky, whether owing to the medal or not, I would not presume to decide, for although he has had a number of nasty accidents, he has never been badly hurt.

She Placed Him on Exhibition

But returning to Santos Dumont's recent flight in his tiny aeroplane—ever since the up-to-date flying device displaced the dirigible balloon which was Santos Dumont's first love, the little aeronaut had been lost sight of in the lionizing of a new batch of sky-pilots. So when he soared aloft in an aeroplane and showed France and the rest of the world that he was keeping up with the scientific procession, everybody was delighted. He became a lion again and hostesses maneuvered skillfully to monopolize him. It remained for a clever American woman to cap the climax and she did it with a vengeance at a recent tea party in Paris. Observing what a great sensation the presence of the aviator was causing among her numerous guests and being a woman of wonderful resource, she determined that some of her charities should profit by the occasion. So she smilingly suggested to Santos Dumont that he should sit in the corner while all who wished to look at him should pay a small sum toward a fund for the poor of the neighborhood. The aviator saw the humor as well as the charitable intent of the scheme and for about a quarter of an hour a stream of enthusiasts passed before him while the charity reaped a small fortune. It is generally conceded that none but an American woman would have dared to do such a "stunt," even for sweet charity's sake.

A Strange French Writer

My correspondent in Paris has also sent me a budget of literary news and glancing over it I find no item more interesting than one which mentions the recrudescence of Leon Bloy. Who is Leon Bloy? Those who know their Paris thoroughly will remember that this strange writer has been publishing his "journal" at intervals of four or five years for the past twenty years. Paris has but one Leon Bloy and finds him picturesque but exceedingly disconcerting. Catulle Mendes who

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perished recently in a most shocking manner called him "a sewer endowed with hate." An avowed atheist in his young manhood, he later embraced Catholicity and for many years has claimed to be the last of the prophets, "the unique representative of absolute Catholicism in our epoch." He regards himself, or pretends to regard himself as a missionary charged with the duty of proclaiming the truth to a "generation of renegades" but in truth he is a universal scold and there is no depth of grossness of language to which he hesitates to descend. The latest volume of his journal, I am told, outbloys Bloy. He denounces, execrates and insults, usually by name, landlords ,chance acquaintances, former friends, journalists, publishers, lawyers, physicians, monks, priests, judges, politicians, presidents, kings and popes—everybody in fact whom he has ever met or of whom he has ever heard. He reminds one of that celebrated scene in which Huckleberry Finn's father, having stubbed his toe and barked his shin, outdid all his former efforts in cursing. But Bloy reserves his most scorching wrath and his choicest epithets for those of his fellow litterateurs who like him espoused Catholicism. These include Coppee, Brunetiere, Huysmans and Bourget. "The conversion of Huysmans," he writes in one of the mildest passages, "is the only one of all my works that succeeded and the one in which I take the least pride." If the author of "The Cathedral" were alive Bloy would not dare to say that. Bloy is not a great writer but his journal abounds in purple patches and its mordant personalities have given it a remarkable vogue.

"Mama, did you ever flirt when you were a girl?"
"Yes, my dear, I did once."
"And were you punished for it?"
"Yes, my dear. That flirtation led to my marriage with your father."

What Leslie Carter's Career Means to Her

It is not often, I must confess, that I dip for mental stimulation into the pages of popular magazines, but at rare intervals of indulgence I do happen to extract a gem or two of ineffable humor. One such I have just unearthed and have experienced so much mirth in turning its splendaceous facets to the light that I cannot keep its brilliance to myself. I refer to an article written by Mrs. Leslie Carter under the title, "What My Career Means to Me," written by her, I say advisedly, for it is couched in the first person singular and bears the facsimile of her autograph and until proof is shown to the contrary, the dubious credit of the performance must rest with the actress whom David Belasco created. This article reveals the lady of the vermillion mane in several unsuspected roles, chief among which I hasten to acclaim that of the unconscious humorist. That person, I take it, is an unconscious humorist who regards himself with a degree of seriousness so unwarranted by his gifts or deeds that the assumption is excitant of sardonic laughter. That being so, the term fits Mrs. Carter as the bark the tree. What think you of an article wherein Mrs. Carter quotes Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Doctor Johnson, Edward Fitzgerald, George Herbert and Rudyard Kipling as the springs of her lofty inspiration and devotes not a paragraph, not a line, not even an oblique word to David Belasco? Have we not in this omission alone proof positive that Mrs. Carter has deliberately falsified the meaning of her career or else has missed its significance through a myopic conceit that constitutes a veritable mummer's comedy worthy the laughter of gods and men?

"Du Barry's" Misgivings

Mrs. Carter starts with a pensive note. "I am afraid," she confesses, "that few, if any of us, are regarded as having high purposes or lofty aims. It is generally believed, I think, that the actor's life is chosen because it is more or less a life of pleasure, of freedom from care and irksome responsibility, and because it is imagined that there is some mysterious ethical force in the profession of players that relieves him, to a large extent, from the so-called 'conventions' which members of the less fortunate professions are forced to obey." This pondering of the "ethical force" which is supposed to release players from "the conventions," meaning, I take it, from the moral law, is delicious coming from a stern moralist like Mrs. Carter. But I must do Mrs. Carter the justice to add that she refuses to take up the cudgels for her fellow-mummers; it suffices for her, apparently, that she herself is without blame. Rightly, I think, she tells us that she has never looked on life with meticulous eyes. Her prayer, we learn, has ever been that she might "encounter, unawed and unafraid, the loss of ease, of wealth, of friends, of love"; and that this petition has been answered all the world had proof when the creator of Du Barry watched with stoic calm the sale by public auction of silk stockings and diamond garters and Parisian lingerie, possessions that are seldom accumulated in quantities by women who look upon the world with meticulous eyes. Whether it was before or after the aforesaid auction—to which of course Mrs. Carter makes no reference in the article before me—I do not know, for she does not specify, but we have it from her pen that a great light broke upon her life when she took unto herself the words the dying Sir Walter Scott addressed to Lockhart—"Be a good man, my dear." In that injunction, Mrs. Carter has found, "lies the one real key to a happy and a useful life." And this truth it has been Mrs. Carter's life-work to inculcate. I know this because she says so herself.

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The De-Belascoized Carter

It was a sudden intention, we learn, which sent Mrs. Carter to a stage career. Once on the stage she discovered that work was "the crown of life" and she confesses that she wore her crown modestly through "two years of simply walking through parts." Then came Katy Graydon in "The Ugly Duckling" and a failure in "Miss Helyett." After that she retired for two years and closeted herself with Shakespeare, Moliere, Racine, Corneille, Sheridan, Congreve and Goldsmith. She returned in "The Heart of Maryland," a play which, she confesses, "lacked subtlety." Here Belasco might fittingly be mentioned, but Mrs. Carter is silent, a recent

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

The English poet who has roused the indignation of American critics by her strictures on Swinburne.

feud having blotted him out of her life and apparently destroyed whatever significance may have attached to his influence. What Mrs. Carter says about Du Barry, Camille and Zaza is, to put it bluntly, piffle and I have no patience to repeat it. Imagine her trying to hold the position that she only played these parts to teach her audiences that "true happiness in life is to be measured always by goodness." Nor have I much sympathy with her declaration that she would gladly lose another $70,000 on a failure like "Kassa" for the pure joy "or giving a beautiful thing to the world." If Mrs. Carter had taken her pen in hand with the sincere purpose of telling what her stage career has meant to her, she would have set down the fact that its chief meaning had been impressed upon her by the outside influence of Belasco who taught her all the stage-craft she has ever known. But that sort of high-minded humility is beyond Mrs. Carter, steeped as she is in an egotism that makes her prate of "doing good," of "moral courage" and of other canting phrases that would be sickening if they were not so very funny.

Oldest Inhabitant—This festival doesn't seem to me at all like a San Francisco affair.

Visitor—Why?

Oldest Inhabitant—Jimmy Phelan hasn't been able to thrust himself into the limelight.

He Talked to the Chairs

The prominent business men who attended a recent banquet were surprised when one of their number who had never been suspected of eloquence arose and made a graceful, witty and polished after dinner talk. This particular man had been called on quite unexpectedly, so far as most of the banqueters knew, and his sudden metamorphosis into a finished speaker took their breath away. But the secret leaked out before the night was over. A businessman who lives near the orator told how for several evenings past he had seen him ranging the chairs about the deep dining room window of his beautiful home and addressing them with solemn mien and copious gesticulation. Had the orator taken the precaution to draw the curtains the secret of his newly acquired eloquence might never have been betrayed.

Mighels on Married Misery

So many instances have been recorded where authors have transferred their own infelicities to the pages of their stories that perhaps we are inclined to attach too much meaning to fancied resemblances between novels and the actual experience of those who have written them. I do not presume to pass judgment in this particular on the latest novel of Philip Verrill Mighels whose domestic differences with his talented wife have recently been exploited at length in the local papers; but for the benefit of those who delight to trace these usually far-fetched likenesses I call attention to the plot of "The Pillars of Eden," as the new book is called. Outrageously tricked, Adam Croswell loses the woman whom he loved and who loved him. In the course of time he marries, but finds his wife determined to pass her days in a luxurious idleness in which she cultivates imaginary ills. Mighels draws a vivid picture of the seifishness of such a woman and of the dangers to which she exposes her husband by her lack of interest in anything but herself. In fact his novel almost becomes a tract as he castigates the wife who is not a helpmate but

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merely the wearer of a man's name and the distributor of his money. "There ought to be something higher, more unselfish and helpful in a woman's scheme of married life than an endless appetite for the seaside, the opera, gowns, bridge, dogs and money-spending," declares the hero out of the bitterness of his experience when asked for matrimonial advice. "The functions of her married life should comprehend at least a little of helpfulness, work-sharing, wifehood and motherhood. Otherwise it's all a ghastly farce and a prodding of the man to his ruin. I'm not advising any young man. I'm simply telling you what you may expect if you link your life with that of a woman who will make of you another American machine instead of the head of the house—some woman reared to think of nothing but herself." All of which of course is absolutely unsuggestive of the the matrimonial infelicity which has won for Mrs. Mighels the sympathy of all who know her.

Scheffauer Writes For the Cornhill

Hermann Scheffauer, the brilliant young San Franciscan poet and essayist, has scaled the most difficult heights of London journalism for he has had an article published in the October number of the Cornhill magazine. The Cornhill was Thackeray's favorite magazine and many of his best works, such as the Roundabout Papers, first appeared there. The Cornhill was also the magazine in which most of Stevenson's essays were first published. It has never lowered its flag to sensationalism but maintains unsullied its rare reputation for clean fiction, lively travels and essays of high literary flavor. Scheffauer invades this exclusive close of journalism with a brief but charming essay on old Jules Simoneau, the restaurateur of Monterey who was the warm friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, and our most exacting apostles of culture will find nothing to carp at in his contribution. It is worthy of Thackeray's and Stevenson's magazine.

"Do you prefer hard or soft water?"
"Any sort of water is hard for me."

The Political Situation

Although the wiseacres have already forecast the outcome of the municipal campaign it seems to me that it would require a more astute observer of political signs than has yet been discovered in our midst to tell us with some show of reason who is to be the next mayor of San Francisco. Interest in the current contest was dashed first by the visit which President Taft paid to this city and attention has been further distracted by the Portola celebration. Your ordinary citizen has not room in his brain for more than a few things at a time and it looks as though the mayoralty issue will be decided in the closing week of the fight which is not, after all, such a very unusual situation. To the man who circulates with the crowds downtown it would seem that P. H. McCarthy has all the best of the political controversy so far. There are more prophets hailing his approaching triumph than any other, but the experienced politican does not attach too much importance to this sort of soothsaying. The truth is that even the practical politicians are "up in the air" and, to change the figure of speech, are gluing their ears to the ground with painful persistency. It is much easier, at the present time, as one of these politicians remarked to me the other day, to prove that none of the three candidates can possibly be elected than to show how any of them is to win. The registration, of course, is overwhelmingly republican, but this has been the case election after election without helping to place a republican candidate in the mayor's chair.

The Impoverished Republicans

The men who are trying to elect William Crocker are not too hopeful of the event. They have encountered disheartening difficulties in the collection of an adequate campaign fund. They have been turned down in high places whence copious financial assistance was wont to flow; men who, however small their contributions might be, could generally be depended on for financial and moral support, have shown the cold shoulder to their most insistent pleadings. Probably the severest blow came from I. W. Hellman Jr. The banker who did more than anybody else to make Crocker the choice of the business men's committee absolutely refused to give a cent, vouchsafing as his reason the undesirability of a financier of his position backing a loser. When Mose Gunst wrote the Republican finance committee a check for fifty dollars great joy pervaded the camp, a plain indication of the parlous times which have come upon the republican party. It cannot be said that Crocker is making the headway on the stump which his warmest admirer might desire. Without experience in political speaking he has failed so far to learn the art of tickling the voter's ear and cementing the friendship of the mob. When Crocker, speaking to union labor men, says: "Boys—I want to call you boys because I am one of you, just plain Bill Crocker," he is very far from making the impression he intends. The laboring man is as quick as any other to see through that sort of buncombe; he much prefers the hectoring methods of McCarthy who certainly has learned deftness in the manipulation of the sympathies of his audiences. I do not think that Crocker's reiterated assertion that he is not running for mayor for the money there may be in the job is a vote-clincher either. The voters have their minds fixed on other things than the salary and perquisites of the Mayor's office. It is prob-

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able that, in the absence of the funds with which to purchase banners and other forms of advertising, Crocker will have to rest his hope of election largely upon the systematic house-to-house canvassing which is being done for him in all parts of the city and that at best is a precarious support.

The Democratic Outlook

As between Crocker and Dr. Leland it certainly looks as though the Coroner is out of the running. His friends insist that he has the advantage of position, having two places on the ballot, but experience teaches that a preponderance of nominations is not of much consequence. Strong efforts are being made to persuade voters that to defeat McCarthy they must vote for Leland, but at the same time Crocker's supporters are maintaining that unless the conservative element gets in behind the planing mill man the Labor candidate will surely be elected. These tactics are certainly advantageous to McCarthy, as they tend to an even split of the vote against him. McCarthy is in much the same position as Schmitz was when the Republicans were asserting that Lane had no chance and the Democrats were insisting upon the weakness of Crocker.

Mulcrevy Sure of Election

While politicians are speculating on the outcome of the contests for various offices, there is a unanimity of opinion respecting the moral certainty of Harry Mulcrevy's re-election to the county clerkship. Mulcrevy has made a competent public officer; even his political antagonists are forced to concede that; and his administration has received the indorsement of the bench and bar, an unusual compliment, for these gentlemen are generally exacting and carping critics of the servants of the public. That they have had no fault to find with our county clerk is surely high testimony to his fitness and from the conversation of a number of my friends both judicial and legal, I gather that there is a genuine feeling in favor of keeping him where he has served so well.

Great Sea Fighter Passes Away

The recent death in Brookline, Massachusetts, of Read-Admiral Charles J. Barclay, retired, a sailor whose experience started in the great rebellion and lasted through the Spanish-American war, recalls to mind the capture of the confederate steamer Florida in which he had a part. When Barclay left Annapolis he was assigned to the Wachusett, a sloop of war under commander Napoleon Collins and part of the Brazilian squadron. The Florida was the first of the commerce destroyers of English origin. After running the blockade out of Mobile harbor in 1862, she cruised around for a long time and finally put into Bahia, in Brazil, in 1864. The commander of the Florida found the Wachusett in port, but he took a position about half a mile from the United States warship. A Brazilian corvette, as a precaution, took a berth between the two vessels. The temptation to violate the neutrality of the port of Bahia was too great for Commander Collins, and he resolved to run down the Florida and sink her at her anchorage. It was his design to give the act the appearance of an accident, but the plan was so badly carried out that the capture of the Florida assumed the character of a perfectly unjustifiable outrage. Before daylight the Wachusett got under way, passed the Brazilian corvette, and ran into the Florida, striking her on the starboard quarter, cutting down her bulwarks and carrying away her mizzenmasts. Commander Collins fired one or two volleys and the Florida surrendered. At the time of the capture the captain and a large part of the crew of the Florida were ashore; the remainder were taken prisoners. The Florida was taken to Hampton Roads. While negotiations for the return of the vessel were in progress she was run into by a transport and sunk. The capture of the Florida was a deliberate violation of the rights of neutrals. Brazil having complained that her neutrality had been violated, Secretary Seward disavowed the act of Commander Collins. But the action of the commander of the Wachusett met with the approval and satisfaction of the country at large, in spite of the official declarations. Commander Collins was tried by court-martial, but he was not long under technical punishment for the affair. The Florida had had an active time of it, for during her short career she had captured thirty-seven merchantmen.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks: The sharp recovery in stocks at the close of this week has shown distinctly that the recent break in values was largely engineered by certain powerful market interests here who were in touch with the European situation on money and were prepared for the rise in the foreign bank rates. The break might be termed a bear coup worked by market manipulators. The fact is that leading bankers here are not anticipating any money stringency this fall and look to see a rate of about five per cent maintained over January first. However it seems patent that any speculation by the public will be promptly checked by an advance in call money. There seems very little to say about the news of the recent week. Reports in some industrial centers show increased business and railways expect record earnings in the coming six months. Hence it is plausible to anticipate great stability in securities with a rising tendency for the long pull.

Grain: High premium for wheat in the cash markets has lifted the futures, and along with the six cents advance the past week, the cash premiums advanced eight cents for hard and spring grades, still leaving the futures below the actual present values. This condition has alarmed the milling trade, and heavy purchases from store have been made the past three days. It is a market that has developed against professional and experienced operators. The big buyers have been houses in touch with the consuming trade, and the leaders have taken everything offered without abating their bidding. Until the volume of wheat from the farms becomes larger than in the past month, there will be little comfort for the bear. Some traders are figuring on a December condition similar to that of September. While it is early to look that far ahead, it has a repressive effect upon the speculator. In other years the speculator at the large markets basing his judgment upon the crop and the supply outlook has made the prices. For the second successive year the farmers have withheld selling at market prices and forced the cash operators to pay higher prices. It is a feature of the grain trade that must be reckoned with in the future. The result of this condition has been to remove all hedges and the market is entirely speculative with no actual grain being sold for future delivery, a situation that makes bull operations very successful. Until the markets are at a hedging price we cannot advise short selling.

Corn: The situation is working along the same lines as wheat. The country grain dealers were short on the theory of prices declining with the new crop coming to the market. The government report was for a smaller crop than the trade expected. There has not been an eager acceptance of bids. On the other hand the consumer is buying from hand to mouth. The southwest is short of feed stuff; the cotton belt will have less cotton seed meal and cake for feeding. The outlook is for a big demand for corn and all coarse feed. Until there is a heavy movement of corn the long side is preferable as the probability favors a slow marketing by the three big surplus States, and a repetition of the wheat action.

Cotton: Men no longer sell cotton short merely because they can obtain more than 13 cents for such contracts. The magnitude of the world's requirement encountering a limited yield and a concessionless attitude among spot owners has rendered short selling at current values unattractive, to say the least, since the height of the marketing season has brought to light no distressed cotton, no forced selling and no encouragement to price recessionists. Under such conditions, the true incentive behind a short time policy among the mills is to be found, first, in the necessity for lifting yarn values to a parity with the cost of the raw material, and, next, as a means by which consumption may be brought within the range of supply. This week the spinner north and south will divide interest with the threatened frost invasion. Word from Charlotte, N. C., is to the effect that 12,000,000 spindles had been pledged to the cause of short time. Advices during the week by way of Boston pointed out that the support of only 7,000,000 spindles was looked for. You can close a mill down on paper without much trouble. As to actual curtailment, and its nearness at this critical time, the newspapers of Lowell and other New England cities, take issue with Fall River and Providence, declaring that the outlook does not warrant such talk. So long as consumers are willing buyers at current values talk of short time for the purpose of beating down the cost of actual cotton is meaningless. The crop has been moved to tidewater so fast that on the basis of a crop of 11,500,000, and many do not believe it will be over 11,000,000, there would be only 9,500,000 bales more to the market balance of this season compared with 12,032,000 bales balance of one year ago, and herein lies the strength of the situation. We expect the movement to show a falling off from now on and a steadily advancing market for the next three months.

Local Securities: The California security list continues in a very healthy tone and business, while not so large as formerly, is still above the average and bids fair to increase at any time. It is a noticeable feature that the trading in the local list is gradually becoming broader and instead of the heavy dealings being confined to two or three stocks, many others are fast gaining in popularity. This may be especially applied to Spring Valley Water, Alaska Packers and Associated Oil. The first stock has had some excellent buying and it is said that an increase in the water company's dividend will be announced before the first of the year. Alaska Packers is rapidly getting into grand shape, financially, and I learn

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from a good source, that the association's earnings will be close to a million dollars this season. The fact that the Associated Oil Company closed a contract with the Japanese government to supply the latter with 200,000 barrels of crude oil every month has caused the buying and the advance in this stock. I hear that the oil company will shortly issue $25,000,000 in 5 per cent bonds to defray the expenses of installing new pipe line connections in order to be able to deliver the oil required on this contract with Japan. Pacific Telephone stocks have been rather dull with a tendency to decline. The New York market has as formerly led us in this movement. Pacific Gas and Electric stocks after remaining quiet but firm for a week or two, have lately reawakened and advanced with New York buying orders again causing the advance. Hawaiian sugar stocks show signs of becoming active again, though it will probably be near December before they make their usual move. Bond trade has continued large with the issues of Southern California railway and power companies continuing the strongest spot on the list. The quotations of most of our home bonds have remained practically unchanged. For the immediate future, I feel that purchases of Pacific Gas and Electric stocks and Pacific Telephone preferred will prove the most profitable and I think that Alaska Packers is an excellent buy for a longer pull. The above mentioned news on Associated Oil should have a strengthening effect, though I would advise that caution be used in dealing in it. It is my idea that Telephone common is high enough at present and I think that as the ginger has sort of gone out of its movements, it will have a further setback, at least to 50.

A GAMBLER'S SUPERSTITION

I was watching a game of poker once, at Helena, Mont. The players were a gambler (whom I knew slightly and who bore the sobriquet of "Lucky Bill") and two miners. Suddenly, after the hands were dealt and the players had "chipped in" and drawn cards, Lucky Bill, with perfect calmness and not so much as a shadow of a change in the expression of his face, laid his cards on the table, took a note-book from his pocket and deliberately wrote a few words. Then he tore out the leaf and handed it to me. "Look at that when you get home tonight." His voice was steady and did not betray a particle of excitement. I thrust the paper aimlessly into my pocket and gave the matter hardly a second thought. The play progressed. Luck Bill's face was unyielding as a stone and entirely inexpressive. He noticed everything, however, and his vigilant eye did not miss the slightest move on the part of the other players. He was a typical gambler and one of the most successful of his guild. Hence his sobriquet. At last there was an altercation between the two miners. Hot words ensued and revolvers were drawn. Some of the bystanders interfered at this point and, in the scuffle that followed, I heard the sharp whistle and sping of a bullet. Lucky Bill (his good star in the descendent) fell to the floor and expired without a groan. He had been killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of one of the miners. I was horrified at the occurrence and that evening after I reached home, I thought of the line the gambler had written me. I took it from my pocket and read: "I have drawn a pair of sevens. I now hold a jack full on red sevens. It is a fatal hand. No one ever yet held it and left the card table alive. I shall die. I have $6,000 in the First National of Bismarck. Notify my mother, Mrs ————, of Franklin, Ky."

For a companion on a joy ride a grand piano is somewhat unique but late Oakland pedestrians along Telegraph avenue were greeted by this sight, when a Thomas Flyer loaded with a large concert piano and fourteen students took its way up the college campus, where the trophy was safely deposited on North Hall steps. The instrument formerly occupied a conspicuous place in one of the Oakland cafes which is popular among the boys and was sold for ten cents and an agreement to remove it from the place at once. Failing to secure a flat car, the Thomas Flyer was suggested as the best means of transportation, and a telephone call soon had one of the big cars in front of the place. It was the work of but a few moments for the husky students to amputate the legs and place the piano in the tonneau of the machine. This would seem to have been load enough, but fourteen of the students piled into the car. Out Telegraph avenue, the strang outfit proceeded at a pace which exceded all speed limits, and up the hill to North Hall steps where the prize was carefully unloaded. An examination of the machine disclosed the fact that the tremendous load had inflicted no damage whatever.

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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Joe Rosborough's Romance

I don't think that even his most intimate friends have yet been entrusted by Joe Rosborough with the details of a pretty romance which may or may not result in the metamorphosis of that popular young bachelor into a Benedick. Although the secret has been closely guarded it has come to me from a most unexpected source and I think it is too interesting to withhold. The young lady in question is a very beautiful and cultured girl who lives not far from Chicago and with whom Mr. Rosborough became acquainted in the easy familiarity of a pullman speeding between the windy city and New York. She was on her way to the metropolis to complete her musical education and Mr. Rosborough whose musical talents are well known, suggested several men and women of great musical ability whom it would be worth her while to meet. The young lady found his advice of great value and wrote from New York to thank him for his kindly assistance. One letter lead to a correspondence and correspondence developed certain romantic feelings which will creep in when two sympathetic pens are keeping two sympathetic hearts in communion. I am told that the only serious obstacle to the union is a difference in religious beliefs for Mr. Rosborough is a devout Roman Catholic while the young lady is a strict Methodist. And in order that I may give you a clue to this romance I may as well tell you that the young lady has recently been visiting in this city.

Photo, Habenicht

MRS. OSCAR COOPER

The granddaughter of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and the daughter-in-law of Justice Cooper of the Appellate Bench.

Bessie Ames is in Business

Miss Bessie Ames is the latest society belle to develop the commercial instinct; that she is generously endowed with the artistic instinct everybody knows. She is one of the best amateur musicians in the smart set; indeed her skill as a cello-player is not equalled by many professionals. Two years ago with her friend Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop, Miss Ames gave a series of chamber concerts in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore that won lavish praise for both these talented Californiennes. But a business career seems to have had greater charms for Miss Bessie than the concert stage and she has for a year past conducted a tea-room in Baltimore. Her associate is one of the clever girls of Baltimore's smart set, and their tea-room is a popular gathering-place for a five o'clock cup. So successful has Miss Ames been in her enterprise that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames, have gone east to make their home with her. Two of the Ames girls are married and live in Boston and Worthington Ames is the only one of the family who continues to make his home here. Another California girl to go into the "tea-room" business is Miss Anne Field, the sister of Mrs. Arthur Luck who has a "five o'clock" resort in Denver where the smart set daily gathers. Miss Field's tea-room is "set" in the drawing-room of an old mansion which has been most attractively arranged and furnished. It is a pleasure to record the success of both these enterprising San Francisco maids.

MRS. ERNEST WILTSE AND BABY

A portrait by the distinguished artist Wilhelm Funk which has attracted a great deal of attention at Vickery's where Funk is exhibiting. Mrs. Wiltse was Miss Emily Taylor, only child of the late Stuart Taylor of this city.

Conreid Makes Mrs. Lathrop An Offer

I hear that Mrs. Lathrop has received a flattering offer from Conreid to join his bevy of prima-donnas. Mrs.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
REPRESENTED BY
MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE
INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
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Lathrop's voice is of remarkable power and range, but her training has been exclusively for concert work and for that reason she was forced to defer a debut at the Metropolitan. After a consultation with the impresario, Mrs. Lathrop sailed for Paris and is at present studying dramatic art and grand opera roles under one of the famous French masters. She spends much time with her friend Miss Lily Lawlor who makes her home in Paris where she is well known as a drawing-room singer. Mrs. Lathrop has temperament and brains as well as talent and I predict a notable success for her.

Gertrude Atherton and Miss Fay

I met Mrs. Atherton the other day, and with consternation in her voice and countenance she asked me to deny the rumor that Miss Maude Fay is the heroine of her forthcoming novel. Of course I could not delve too curiously for the reason of this eagerness to exonerate Miss Fay from the suspicion of having inspired a fictional effort, novelists having a well-founded distaste for the premature discussion of their books. I infer however

MISS ETHEL COOPER

Daughter of Mrs. S. M. Cooper and composer of the official Portola march which has been heard frequently during the present celebration.

that Mrs. Atherton's singer is dowered with a past and if my surmise is correct, it is little wonder that the brilliant writer should wish to dissociate Miss Fay's name from the gossip concerning the book. By the way, Mrs. Atherton's reception for Miss Fay at the Fairmont was the most brilliant function given here in honor of the beautiful young singer. The pick of the various sets were there. Even Mrs. Gordon Blanding who rarely graces such occasions, went to meet Miss Fay. Mrs. Edward Eyre assisted her sister-in-law, Mrs. Atherton, in receiving.

Miss Fay Sang in Muir Woods

There has been a great deal of disappointment among Miss Fay's friends because they have had no opportunity to hear her voice. But I hear that she gave one public recital the other day which was thoroughly appreciated by all who happened to be enjoying the verdant boskage of Muir Woods. The Fays picnicked there recently and while the party was strolling among the trees, Miss Fay picked up a great limb of a tree and holding it like a spear, uttered that tremendous Cry of the Valkyries. I am told the woods echoed with the volume of sweet sound. It was indeed an appropriate setting for that splendid music. Miss Fay will dedicate the New Theatre in New York on November 3. Walter Damrosch's orchestra of one hundred artists will accompany her when she sings Elizabeth's beautiful aria from Tannhauser.

A Millionaire's Difficult Drink

One of our gilded youths who himself cultivates every fashionable folly with an assiduity worthy a better cause, told me this story the other day: The Shasta Limited was tearing its way through Oregon at a speed which suggested that the thirsty locomotive panted to get out of a state where local option reigns supreme. In the buffet car the steward drooped with the lassitude of idleness and the Californians homeward bound smoked savagely, cursing the prohibition wave for its conquest of Oregon. In the corner of the car, at the writing desk, sat one of our Burlingame millionaires

MISS MAUDE FAY

The California singer whose visit to her native city has been signalized by many functions of a delightful kind. Mrs. Atherton gave a reception in honor of Miss Fay at the Fairmont on Monday.

whose escapades have usually been prompted by alcoholic stimulation and whose marital affairs just now come in for a superbundant share of gossipy attention. That he was extremely unhappy anybody could tell from the nervous manner in which he puffed cigarette after cigarette and turned the pages of Rex Beach's "Silver Horde." And to the gilded youth who is my authority for this, it seemed quite plausible that the thought uppermost in the millionaire's mind was that celebrated sentiment uttered by the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina. Finally the miserable millionaire yelled for the porter and that functionary glided forward to take his order. "A pint of Shasta!" The inoffensive beverage was brought and a glassful poured at his elbow, but the millionaire continued to smoke and turn the pages of the book. After

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a little while he peered around and as nobody seemed to be regarding him, produced from his hip pocket a mysterious little package. Divested of its wrappings it proved to be a bromo seltzer bottle and again glancing about to make sure that he was not being watched, the millionaire emptied its contents into the glass of mineral water. To the sensitive nostrils of my gilded young friend who was taking in the whole performance over the top of a newspaper, came the delicious aroma, not of bromo seltzer, for that has no delicious aroma, but of prime bourbon. To such expedients even millionaires are reduced by the tyranny of local option.

Gum Modelling—The Newest Inanity

Sometimes I wonder whether the education of a society girl necessarily implies the complete loss of dignity and although I admit that this sort of pondering comes to me only in my most pessimistic moods, I must confess that there is only too much evidence to warrant some such conclusion. Society of course is full of charming girls, cultured and sweetly dignified, but alas, there are too many others who seem to know no line between good taste and vulgarity. I am not going to lecture, but it certainly seems to me that some sort of rebuke should be administered to the young ladies who conceived and carried out the gum chewing entertainment which was exploited in the papers the other day as the principal attraction of a dinner over at Ross. I will mention no names, for after all, personalities are unimportant in a matter of this sort; it is purely a question of taste. I do not think that any of the young people present at that dinner would allow themselves to be seen chewing gum in public; in fact I think that they would look down with scorn upon the hardworking factory girl who displayed the habit in their presence. And yet when their hostess, after dinner, handed each of them two packages of gum, with instructions to chew it all at once and then compete in modelling pigs out of the sticky nasty mess, nobody demurred. It was voted great fun and no doubt the prize-winners were quite proud of their cleverness. Now candidly, is this the sort of diversion of which young men and women can afford to be unashamed? Is it not rather the sort of play that would be rebuked in the nursery? To my old-fashioned notions it is a sad commentary on the intelligence of the young folks who took part in this gum chewing contest that they should be pleased with so vulgar and so inane a pastime and when next I meet any of them I am going to tell them so.

Why Men Fight Shy of Society

Now I do not pose as an arbiter elegantiarum, and I have no divine call like Chrysostom of old to scourge the follies of the elect, but this spectacle of youthful members of our exclusive families wagging their jaws over great wads of chewing gum affects me very disagreeably. May we not find in such diversions as this the explanation of the lack of men at social affairs concerning which there is a perennial wail from the leaders of the various sets? Is a man of good intelligence and healthy interests going to frequent houses where he may be asked to mold chewing gum into the graceful lines of the pig? I use this incident as an illustration only; the participants were young and much may be forgiven youth; but it cannot be denied that local society has long been indulged in bizarre incidents of this sort, among which the grewsome appendicitis dinner stands out in memory. Hostesses have responsibilities just as weighty as those which rest upon their guests and they cannot be too careful about the character of the diversions which they inaugurate. Let them blame themselves if eligible young men prefer the festive highball and the giddy lights of the automobile route to the society of young ladies with pig-modelling proclivities. There was no dearth of men at the recent dinner given by the clever Spinners' Club and the reason is not far to seek; the Spinners are women of brilliant attainments who are seriously endeavoring to make the world a little better for their presence and consequently the right sort of men will go out of their way to enjoy their society.

The Carolan Gondoliers

Among the several good stories being told as an aftermath of the elaborate dinner given recently by Mrs. Francis Carolan at her recently acquired country home "Beaulieu" near San Jose, is the "tale of the gondoliers." The dinner was an outdoor affair and all the details had been arranged to make it an event in the social annals of California. An Italian setting was decided upon as being the most spectacular and MacKenzie Gordon, Charley Dickman and others were invited to be part of the local color. For a consideration they consented to pose in a gondola in the pretty little artificial lake, and sing the love songs of the sunny south. The consideration was rather a handsome one; in fact, to be perfectly accurate, each gondolier had a check for a hundred dollars signed by the mistress of the mansion tucked away in his bright hued tunic when he stepped jauntily aboard the tiny craft. The only thing lacking and perforce the only thing not attainable even with Carolan money, was the correct variety of weather. It poured torrents upon the hapless Italian cavaliers who with their water logged guitars strove to live up to the parts for which they had contracted. It was a painful ordeal and only expurgated editions of their conversation afterward would be permissible in polite society.

Filmy Treasures Stolen

Gossip in the fashionable apartment houses of Los Angeles, writes a friend in the southern city, was given unusual zest last week by the theft of a large assortment of expensive lingerie from the apartments of the wife of a well-known mining man of Randsburg. The filmy things had just been brought over from Paris by the unlucky owner, who immediately took to her bed upon the discovery of her loss. Several pieces of handsome lace were also included in the loot of the pilferer. Surrounded by doctor, nurse and detectives the fair matron described the articles that are missing and the fact that most of the things taken are of a single size and cut supplied the only clue and a rather hopeless one at that. One of the choicest and sheerest pieces of muslin that disappeared was a rarely fine robe de nuit from the capital of the world, bearing upon its bosom a beautifully embroidered stork, cherub and other emblems of a happy event portending. So far no progress has been made in the hunt for the person with a fancy for fine things from alien wardrobes.

Lieutenant Shean's Desertion

Friends in this city were shocked to read of the elopement of Lieutenant Daniel Shean and his wife's trained nurse from Fort Crook, Nebraska. Mrs. Shean was formerly Ursula Stone, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stone, the sister of Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas, and the cousin of Miss Helen Baker. A brother, Charles B. Stone Jr., is an army officer. Lientenant and Mrs. Shean have two little children and the devotion of this

EVERY WOMAN

Covets a fresh, smooth, satiny complexion, and what satisfaction and peace of mind its possession brings. The lines of age, worry and overwork are rendered well nigh powerless by Mrs. Nettie HARRISON'S LOLA MONTEZ CREME. A wonderful soother, healer and protector to a dry, contracted or chapped skin. It is Complexion Insurance. A Jar (3 months' treatment) 75 cents at all Druggists. To convince you of its remarkable power, I will send a free sample and "Beauty Book" on request. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON, San Francisco.

E. B. COURVOISIER

The well known Art Dealer and Frame Maker announces to the public the opening of his new store at 431 Sutter street between Stockton and Powell.

young couple was often remarked upon. Mrs. Shean as Miss Stone was one of the most attractive and popular young girls in the ultra smart set here. Late letters to friends in this city teemed with glowing accounts of her happy married life and her recovery from a recent illness. She seemed charmed with her husband's new station and it almost seems incredible that he should have abandoned her.

Lady Kesketh Was Annoyed

The wedding of Miss Florence Breckenridge to Thomas Hesketh about which the bavardes have written so much of late reminds me, rather bromidically perhaps, that time works many changes. I remember very well that when Sir Thomas Hesketh married Flora Sharon, Mrs. Breckenridge, alone among the friends of the newly wedded couple, persisted in calling her Mrs. Hesketh. This happened several times one day at a reception, to the amusement of most of the guests but to the visible annoyance of Lady Hesketh, for the little bride was pardonably proud of her new name. And now Mrs. Breckenridge is Mrs. Fred Sharon, the sister-in-law of Lady Hesketh and Florence Breckenridge has become Mrs. Thomas Hesketh. By the way, letters received here indicate the brilliancy of the ceremony in the British embassy chapel in Paris in a manner not conveyed by the press dispatches. They also bring the news that Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon expect to return to California in November.

The Palace Opening

Although the opening of the new Palace is over a month distant, invitations are already in the mails and the most elaborate preparations are under way. Everybody who is anybody in central California is planning to have a share in the frolic. Instead of having a tedious fatiguing banquet, as first planned, the intention now is to permit the friends of the hotel to enjoy themselves after their own fashion and scores of dinner parties are to be given that night. Reservations for the entertainment of 1,500 have been made, exhausting the seating capacity of the three dining halls, the ball room and the concert room. Among some of the largest dinners to be given will be those presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Havens, John Lawson, Senator and Mrs. Francis Newlands of Nevada, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Peixotto, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

The Wanamaker Wedding in Paris

Letters received within the last few days from San Franciscans sojourning in Paris have much to say about the recent marriage of Miss Fernanda Wanamaker, granddaughter of John Wanamaker, and Arturo de Heeren, a Spanish grandee who lives in Paris and Biarritz. Aside from the splendor of the marriage and the beautiful gowns which were in evidence, matters over which the San Franciscans present at the affair wax very enthusiastic, the most interesting feature of the marriage was the fact that three ceremonies were performed. The bridegroom being a Roman Catholic the first ceremony was performed at the church of Saint Philippe du Roule; then followed a Protestant ceremony and finally there was the civil contract at the mairie. Ambassador White who was one of the witnesses said after the wedding that he was pleased to attend the Catholic ceremony because the Vatican, in contradiction to what had occurred at the time of his daughter's marriage, had agreed to the Protestant ceremony. The ambassador added that he had determined never to attend an American wedding where his countryman's religion, whatever it might be, was ignored. It will be recalled that when Mr. White's daughter Muriel was married last April to Count Scherr-Thosa at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church the ambassador refused to attend the ceremony because Cardinal Kopp, the Bishop of Breslau, refused to grant a dispensation for the mixed marriage except on condition that the bridegroom refrain from attending any other religious ceremony. Mr. White gave his consent to the wedding, but as a protest against the action of the church authorities refused to attend the services.

The Williams' Ball

Everybody is glad that Mrs. Henry Williams has decided to entertain again this winter, for a more hospitable home than the old Williams place at the top of Octavia street, near Sacramento, it would be hard to find any where. Mrs. Williams belongs to the ancient regime, having come to San Francisco with the first exodus from the south at the time of the slavery agitation. They brought with them the grand manners of the south and considerable wealth and ruled over society long before the parents of the present social dynasty discovered their gold in the Nevada hills or made it in other ways less romantic. Mrs. Williams gave the first ball of the present season in honor of her three grand-daughters, the daughters of the Harry Alston Williams of Berkeley. It was first intended as a coming-out party for Miss Florence, the oldest daughter, and the friends of the other two girls, Miss Muriel and Miss Corona, were of course also included in the festivity. Then Miss Florence who is a pretty girl with a mind of her own, announced that she preferred continuing her art studies while the two younger girls, both of the typical bud type, decided to remain at school. But their grandmother who is one of the gracious lovable women of the old school, wanted the girls to have their frolic just the same. And what is more, she promises to give two or possibly three other balls this winter, one of them a fancy dress affair, and the younger set is cooing with joy at the prospect. Miss Florence Williams was a picture the night of the ball, in a Parisian gown of dull white satin covered with chiffon and over this a filmy lace dress all covered with tiny crystals. She received such loads of flowers that it was difficult to choose and she changed flowers several times during the evening. Miss Muriel and Miss Corona, their flowerlike faces aglow with delight over their first ball, wore the daintiest of pink chiffon frocks, made bouffant in the flowing princess style which seems so popular this winter. All the debutantes of last winter and the belles of the season before were there, doing their utmost to make Miss Williams' first ball the tiptop success it turned out to be.

A Gold Medal For Rosa Hooper Plotner

A young California woman who is receiving the congratulations of her many friends is Mrs. Rosa Hooper

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FRITZ MULLER & SONS, Props. Seating Capacity, 1800
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239 Grant Ave. Between Post & Sutter Streets

Plotner, the talented miniature artist who was awarded the "Grand Prix" at the Seattle exposition for her miniature paintings. When it is remembered that she competed with artists from France as well as from all parts of the United States, her achievement appears a very enviable one. Mrs. Plotner is the youngest daughter of the late Major William B. Hooper and granddaughter of the late Judge Selden S. Wright. As a very young girl she began to study with Miss Evelyn Withrow, afterwards going abroad where she studied under the celebrated Herr Otto Eckhardt of Dresden. It was a keen disappointment to Herr Eckhardt when she declined to remain in Dresden and work with him in his studio. Later she went to Paris where she studied with Madame De Billement. Among the promient people here whom Mrs. Plotner has painted are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. Amy Talbot, Mrs. William Breeze and Mrs. Norwood. As soon as the miniatures now in Seattle have been returned to Mrs. Plotner she will give a large tea at her studio, 1515 Bush street and exhibit them to her friends.

In the Social Spotlight

Judge William Hunt of Montana, the former Governor-General of Cuba, is stopping at the Hotel Knickerbocker. He is a brother of the late Randall Hunt and the uncle of the Misses Natalie and Floride Hunt of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear have taken one of the Kellogg apartments in Taylor street between Washington and Jackson. Miss Ernestine McNear is one of the debutantes of the season.

Letters received by relatives in this city announce the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kohnk of Hamburg. Mrs. Kohnk was formerly Miss Cara Pickens Noble of this city.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies left during the week for the east. She will visit relatives in Georgia and attend the Confederate tree planting.

Mrs. John Kirchen, wife of John Kirchen, the well known mining man of Tonopah, is in town on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Bronte M. Aikens.

Mrs. Bessie Riddell, formerly Bessie Tilden, daughter of the late Joseph Tilden, who has been making her home with her sister, Mrs. Oliver B. Bidwell, in Baltimore for the past year, has been spending a few weeks here with old friends. She will leave early in November for the east but will return next spring to reside here permanently.

Dr. and Mrs. Carroll Buck, formerly Mrs. Inez Shorb White, will arrive in San Francisco early in December. Mrs. J. De Barth Shorb is slowly recovering from her recent severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens of Oakland will spend the winter in San Francisco. They have engaged apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams and family have returned to their home in Pacific avenue after spending the summer at Shasta where they have a handsome place.

Mrs. J. O'Neil Reis has rented the home of the Merritt Reeds in Gough street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden of Ross Valley have closed their home and with their daughter, Miss Margaret, will pass the winter in New York.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney of New York is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harold Havens in Berkeley. She was the motif of an elaborate dinner during the week; among the guests were Mrs. Harry Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Engs, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Sidney Pringle, Walter Liemert and Dr. Porter.

Among recent arrivals at Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Reed, F. W. Churchouse, M. Mecklenberg, Frank C. Brewster, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cantilow, C. W. Hornick, S. B. Tony, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Girvan, R. G. Stech, James H. Hamil and Mrs. John H. White.

Mr. and Mrs. Liao Nyang are at the Fairmont. Mr. Liao Nyang is the Minister from China to Havana, Cuba, and is returning to his country after a long term of service.

Mrs. Latham McMullin who has been spending the summer at her country place has returned to town for the winter and has taken her apartments again at the Fairmont.

H. B. Jackson, assistant manager of the beautiful Empress Hotel in Victoria, B. C., was a guest of the Fairmont during the Portola week.

It is rumored that the next girl to announce her engagement will be Miss Marjorie Shepard, the younger daughter of A. D. Shepard and the sister of Mrs. Edwin C. Long, wife of Captain Long of the Presidio.

Among the visitors at the Fairmont are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Linforth, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne.

Among the recent arrivals at The Tavern of Tamalpais were J. Baumgarten, M. L. Cahn, Daniel E. Hayes, Albert Houston, M. V. Van Fleet, J. W. Partridge, Geo. Satterfield, G. L. Gregory and wife, A. C. Tetzon, Dr. Joseph Pettyjohn and wife, Miss Helen Hughson, W. S. Hughson, Geo. W. Hughson, Miss Bradley, Rose W. Klingenburg, T. W. Klingenburg, R. E. Braun, John T. Kidd, W. N. Nelson, Mrs. Grace Cook, Ruth Gregg, Mrs. M. L. Gregg, Mrs. J. R. Atchison, Mrs E. L. Seaver, J. C. Anderson, Mrs. J. S. Prior and Miss A. E. Chase.

Miss Genevieve Harvey and her friends, Miss Chesebrough, Miss Telen Chesebrough, Miss Amy Brewer, Mr. P. S. Westcott of San Francisco and Mr. Arthur Foot of Grass Valley returned to Del Monte last week from their camping trip down the coast. They will remain at Del Monte playing tennis and gold as long as the fine weather continues.

Ernest Lawford whose interpretation of the leading man's roll in "Love Watches" has been one of the hits of the season, was host at a delightful luncheon in the St. Francis the other afternoon. Miss Billie Burke was the guest of honor and those who enjoyed Mr. Lawford's hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, the Misses Jolliffe and Dr. Tracey Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and their daughter Miss Truman will be at Del Monte for a short time.

Mr. George V. Baxter of Berkeley accompanied by Mr. F. W. Learby, motored to Del Monte in his Kissel-Kar, the latter part of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt with their little son James motored from San Francisco to Del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Hansen with their son Albert Hansen and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Kahn of San Francisco motored to Del Monte recently.

Mrs. J. J. Henderson of San Rafael has been enjoying a family reunion at Del Monte, with her mother, Mrs. J. B. Horton and her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Horton of Baute Mt., Nevada.

Mr. J. K. Harrington of Santa Barbara who represents the Pacific Improvement Company's holdings there, has been at Del Monte for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Y. R. Castellanos and Mr. Jesus M. Rives with his daughter, of Guadlajara, Mexico, have been at Del Monte for the week just past.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Bishop of Honolulu have been warmly greeted by their many local friends since their arrival at the St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Ellenwood spent a few days of quiet and rest at Del Monte the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson of San Francisco, motored to Del Monte in a seven passenger Packard recently.

Lieutenant S. V. McClure, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. McClure from Los Angeles are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. George Wilclutt will be the hostess at a large reception in the St. Francis, November 6, in honor of Miss Olney, one of the most popular debutantes of the season.

Mrs. Carl Case of Boston is spending a few weeks at the St. Francis. Mrs. Case was a great favorite in local society as Miss Belle Spofford.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aiken came up from their ranch, Los Altos, a few days ago, and registered at the St. Francis.

Templeton Crocker will spend the winter in town at his apartments in the St. Francis.

One of the prettiest luncheons of the past week was given in the St. Francis by Mrs. William Lange to about thirty of her friends.

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Famous Suicides

Aristarchus starved himself to death out of weariness of life. Lucretius, the great Latin poet, stabbed himself in a fit of disgust with life. Cassius fell by his own dagger, after the battle of Philippi—the same dagger, it is said, with which he stabbed Caesar. Homer, it is said, hanged himself in extreme old age because, after a long trial, he could not solve the "Fisherman's Puzzle." Saul, the first King of Israel, killed himself rather than be slain by the Philistines. Defeated in battle and his

PARISIAN FASHIONS

Gown of green velours embroidered in silver and rose. The mantle is also of green velours trimmed with fur.

kingdom gone, he had nothing to live for. Like his great guest, Hannibal, Mithridates killed himself by poison to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans. He preferred death to appearance in the triumphal procession of a Roman General. The great Zeno lived a quiet and happy life until the age of 98, when one day he accidentally stumbled and broke his thumb. He interpreted the accident as a summons from earth, and so he forthwith hanged himself.

Cato was the typical Roman suicide. He killed himself with a dagger on the approach of Caesar's forces to Utica, knowing that the cause of liberty was lost, and being unwilling to survive the downfall of his country.

Sardanapalus, the luxurious Oriental monarch, finding himself hard pressed by his enemies, gathered his guards, his wives, concubines and children together, with all his treasures, and set fire to the building, thus thwarting the hope his foes entertained of taking him alive.

Sappho killed herself by jumping from the Lover's Leap, a Leucadian cliff. This leap was often taken by love-sick persons, who believed that if they survived the fall they would be effectually cured of a hopeless passion. Boats were in attendance below to pick up the leapers if they came to the surface of the sea after the plunge. Sappho had a passion for a young man who did not return her love, and leaped from the cliff in order to be cured. Marc Antony gave the world for a woman's love, but he found himself so poorly compensated by the exchange that, in desperation at the approach of Octavius, and being informed that Cleopatra was endeavoring to make terms for herself by surrendering him, he stabbed himself with his dagger. Being revived, he received the message sent by Cleopatra that she desired to see him; he was carried to her place of refuge. Cleopatra and her maids raised him by ropes to the window of the tower where the Queen found her last home; he was lifted in, and died in her arms.

Defeated at Zama, Hannibal fled to the East to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans, and found temporary security in the dominions of Mithridates. He incited this monarch to engage in a Roman war, and his advice as to its conduct being rejected, the war proved unsuccessful, and Mithridates was required, as one of the conditions of peace, to deliver up Hannibal to his enemies, the Romans. The unfortunate Carthaginian heard of his approaching fate, swallowed the poison which for years he had carried about his person, and expired just as the envoys arrived to take him in charge. Suicide was a fitting termination to the career of a monster like Nero. Deserted by every friend and in momentary danger of falling into the hands of his enemies, he could not summon up courage to take his own life. By turns he wept; prayed to the gods and cursed his fate. He begged some of the attendants to die first, in order to teach him fortitude. They respectfully declined. There was a knock on the door of the miserable abode. Soldiers sent by the Senate to arrest him had come. In desperation he seized a dagger and gave himself a slight wound in the throat. But the effect would have been a failure had not his freedmen lent assistance and pushed the dagger into a vital point. He had sufficient strength left on the entry of the soldiers to mutter: "Is this your fidelity?" and immediately expired, even in death his countenance retaining its appalling ferocity.

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Maxims and Reflections

(Translated from Goethe)

It is no wonder that we all more or less delight in the mediocre, because it leaves us in peace; it gives us the comfortable feeling of intercourse with what is like ourselves.

Reading ought to mean understanding; writing ought to mean knowing something; believing ought to mean comprehending; when you desire a thing, you will have to take it; when you demand it you will not get it; and when you are experienced you ought to be useful to others.

We should know one another better if one man were not so anxious to put himself on equality with another.

At all times it has not been the age, but individuals alone, who have worked for knowledge. It was the age which put Socrates to death by poison, the age which burnt Huss. The ages have always remained alike.

If I know my relation to myself and the outer world, I call it truth. Every man can have his own peculiar truth; and yet it is always the same.

To live in a great idea means to treat the impossible as though it were possible. It is just the same with a strong character; and when an idea and character meet, things arise which fill the world with wonder for thousands of years.

Kepler said: "My wish is that I may perceive the God whom I find everywhere in the external world, in like manner also within and inside me." The good man was not aware that in that very moment the divine in him stood in the closest connection with the divine in the Universe.

To be and remain true to one's self and others, is to possess the noblest attribute of the greatest talents.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 2728 N. S., Dept. 9

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY M. DEFFEBACH, an Incompetent.

It appearing to this Court from the duly verified petition this day presented and filed by G. H. EMBSEN, the guardian of the person and estate of Mary M. Deffebach, an incompetent person, praying for an order of sale of certain real and personal estate belonging to said incompetent; that it is for the advantage and best interest of the said estate and said incompetent that a sale be made of some portions of the real and personal estate; that it is necessary that such real and personal estate should be sold;

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said incompetent and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Friday, the 19th day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the courtroom of this Court in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real and personal estate;

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 20th day of October, 1909.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

VOGEL SANG & BROWN, Attorneys for Petitioner,
20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANOR A. DALEY, Sometimes Known as and Called HANOR A. DAILY, Deceased.

Elizabeth O'Brien, administratrix of the estate of HANOR A. DALEY, sometimes known as and called HANOR A. DAILY, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain real property belonging to said estate, particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of November, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of such real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 20, 1909.

THOS. P. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed October 20, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, [illegible]
Attorneys for Administratrix.
1110 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-4

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgr. Phone Market 500

THE LEADING PLAYHOUSE

Tonight, Sunday Night and All Next Week. Matinee Saturday

Henry B. Harris Presents

THE THIRD DEGREE

By Charles Klein, Author of "The Lion and the Mouse"

November 1—"THE TRAVELING SALESMAN," a Big Comedy Hit.

VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, near Thirteenth. Phone Market 17

Starting Sunday Evening, October 24, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Second and Last Week. Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.), Present

THE RINGMASTER

A Powerful Drama of Wall Street Intrigue, Direct from the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York. Metropolitan Cast.

Special Popular Prices—25c to $1.00. Seats on Sale at the Box Office and Emporium.

Commencing Sunday Night, Oct. 31, Eddie Foy in "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway."

The Garrick (Former Orpheum) ELLIS AT FILLMORE PHONE - WEST 1194 This Week—Matinee Saturday "Honeymoon Trail"

Starting Sunday Afternoon, October 24, the Successful Play with Music

ROBERT PITKIN, ELIZABETH GOODALL, JESSE HUSTON and Chorus of 50—10 Musical Numbers—3 Scenic Surprises.

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL

Popular Prices. A Good Orchestra Seat for 50 Cents.

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Monday Evening, October 25, and Throughout the Week

A Magnificent Production of

BECKY SHARP

Adapted from Thackeray's Ever-Popular Novel, "Vanity Fair," By Langdon Mitchell.

ITS FIRST PRESENTATION IN STOCK

Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.

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ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE

MLLE. BIANCI, in her repertory of Classical and Novelty Dancing; HAL GODFREY & CO.; KENO, WALSH and MELROSE; "GENERAL" EDWARD LA VINE; HOWARD and HOWARD; MARTINETTIE and SYLVESTER; BALLERINI'S CANINE TUMBLERS; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Great Success of GEORGE BLOOMQUEST & CO., in "NERVE."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE Oakland, Cal. Direction H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, October 25. Only Matinees Saturday and Sunday

BISHOP'S PLAYERS Presenting for the First Time in Oakland

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

Entire House, 25c and 50c. All Performances.

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4 Afternoons and 4 Nights, Commencing Thursday, November 4,

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

Over Half a Hundred Players Assisted by Miss Frances Hoyt, Soprano, Miss Grace Hoyt, Mezzo-Soprano, Miss Florence Hardeman, Violinist, Herbert L. Clark, Cornetist, and Ten Instrumental Soloists.

Seats, 50c, 75c and $1.00, ready Monday, November 1st, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum.

GREEK THEATRE BERKELEY

MONDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING, November 8,

And Wednesday Evening, November 10th at Stanford University.

Coming—Mme. Jean Jomelli, Soprano (Manhattan Opera House), in conjunction with Miss Marie Nichols, Violin Virtuoso.

Two Performances

By Edward F. O'Day

Fernanda Eliscu in "The Third Degree"

It should always be a pleasure for the appraiser of dramatic values to hail the advent of a fine player. Carping at mediocrity is an easy but a very unpleasant task while the adequate appreciation of genius or great brilliancy as displayed on the stage places the critic on his mettle and necessitates the employment of all the knowledge with which experience and study have endowed him. I would like to set down here all the thoughts and feelings with which Fernanda Eliscu inspired me when I witnessed her portrayal of the role of Annie Jeffries in "The Third Degree." There was a great deal of wonderment in my mind. Here was a girl—she cannot be more than twenty-five years of age—who only recently emerged from a little Yiddish playhouse on the East Side of New York. She has been entrusted with an extremely difficult part in a big drama, yet from first to last she is the unfaltering mistress not of her role alone but of the whole play. Perhaps the dramatic instinct grows in Miss Eliscu's nature; of her parentage I know nothing. Perhaps the training of the wonderful Yiddish stage can impart poise and an appearance of maturity which would be regarded as precocious in a young woman trained on the American stage strictly so-called. If my estimate of Miss Eliscu's age is nearly correct she is a good many years short of the ripeness of her art, but it is difficult to imagine any excellencies which she could bring to her portrayal of the role if she were an older woman. This is as near an intimation that Miss Eliscu is perfect in her mastery of her part as one with a dread of superlatives can supply. It may be fanciful to attach too much importance to Miss Eliscu's antecedents, to her ancestry even; but I venture to surmise that this young woman feels the part she plays almost as keenly as she would if fate had cast her for it in the pitiless drama of real human suffering; also I venture to offer what may or may not be an explanation of this. If correct it goes far to explain the naturalness of Miss Eliscu's art. This young actress is not pretty; she has a face that is refreshingly different from the doll baby countenances which so often constitute the young actress' sole claim to stellar distinction. But it is a very mobile face, molded—who knows?—to its plastic lines which so easily change from poignant sorrow to quick but uncertain joy by how many generations of suffering? Miss Eliscu belongs to a persecuted race; she has come out of that congested district of New York which is the modern American counterpart of the ancient Ghetto where, no doubt, her ancestors wore the contumelious yellow in pride and shame. There is a crooked smile that fleets from time to time across her face which seems to me the epitome of sorrow. The tears come easily to eyes that have looked sensitively on pain and if Miss Eliscu has escaped the sadness of life, it is more, I take it, than her ancestors did. This may be fanciful but I do not think so. Physiognomy does not often deceive us when the faces studied are of the kind which have never been allowed to wear the mask of cynical indifference to good and evil. And if it should be fanciful, then is Miss Eliscu a more marvelous actress than I give her credit for being; to me it seems that she brings to her part in "The Third Degree" the pent-up feelings of more years than she will ever live. It is a big part and a long one; it carries the weight of the entire play. Annie Jeffries has been made to stand alone by the author, pitting the strength and weakness of her femininity against the powers of the police, of hard-hearted wealth, of legal tradition and of womanly selfishness and hypocrisy. Miss Eliscu makes Annie Jeffries conquer in a melodramatic conflict without recourse to the melodramatic weapons which were placed within her reach. She wrings the heart-strings of her audience; why should it seem in the least unnatural that she should win her battle for the life and love of her weak boy-husband after the same fashion? It is a deft unobtrusive craft which this actress uses, never once suggesting theatricality in the bad sense of that word. It is so natural that it scarcely conveys the suggestion of intensity; but the illusion is continuous until the last curtain drops. It will be too bad if we are not given an early opportunity to see Miss Eliscu in another part, a part radically different. All my calculations are good for nothing if she be not possessed of versatility. Of the supporting company too much in praise cannot be said; and of the play I think no higher compliment can be passed, seeing that Klein wrote it as an indictment of police methods, than to set down here that a captain of police and an "upper office man" who witnessed it on the opening night seemed much disconcerted at certain turns of scene and dialogue.

Tully Satirizes the Carmelites

"Cupid, the Cow-Punch" is certainly an innocent enough title for a theatrical entertainment but the drama which Dick Tully has fashioned out of the novel of the same name by his gifted wife and which Bishop's players are pioneering at Ye Liberty Playhouse, is loaded with dynamite. The explosion will probably take place the first time one of the litterateurs that dwell in Carmel-By-the-Sea journeys to Oakland to witness the play. It will not be a resounding public explosion, but a perfectly genteel one, a discreet explosion which will set Dick Tully's ears a-tingle and blow him into smithereens of apologetic explanation. It is not until the last act that the dynamite in the drama is revealed but once uncovered there is no mistaking its import. "Cupid, the Cow-Punch" travels in leisurely fashion from the Bar Y ranch in Oklahoma to the shabby purlieus of "chromo-bohemianism" in New York. Arrived there the play becomes the stuff out of which social and literary broils are fashioned. In a room of shaded lights and punk-laden atmosphere the "bohemians" of music and poetry foregather to pose and epigrammatize and drink beer and applaud one another's productions. Tully lays on his colors with a slap-dash hand and the place is redolent of culturine. The climax of the satire comes when a poet, swelling beneath the adoring eyes of the ladies, reads a versicular trifle which is nothing less than a parody of certain lines in "A Wine of Wizardry." This audacious incident is thoroughly enjoyable but what will be George Sterling's greeting to Dick Tully when next they meet in the haunts of the Carmelites? I imagine there will be a very realistic Carmel whirl over the satire. The collective indignation of the colonists who abide in what Mirza Ali Khuli Khan has called the artistic hub of the universe will be lifted to the boiling-point by the inferential ridicule suggested when the brow of the poet who parodies Sterling is wreathed with bays. To accentuate the piquancy of the satire he wears the drooping leaves over his eye-lashes for the rest of the scene and discourses about his inspiration. I am no prophet but it strikes me that Tully has started trouble in Gath. As for the play in toto, it is too long, a fault easily rectified. There is in it an amount of material which David Belasco could mold to fine dramatic lines, as he did with the crude mass of Tully's former effort. Florence Oakley gives a capable interpretation of the heroine while Sidney Ayres is rather too soulful, too moist-eyed a cow-puncher. The honors of the production belong to that capable veteran of the local boards, George P. Webster who made a delightful cowboy and to Robert Lawler who enacted the unctuous role of the poet.

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Stage

"Becky Sharp" at the Alcazar

For the first time by a stock company anywhere "Becky Sharp" will be presented next Monday evening at the Alcazar. As its title indicates, the play is founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Langdon Mitchell made the adaptation expressly for Mrs. Fiske who appeared in it ten years ago at the California Theatre, where it ran three weeks at high prices. In the Alcazar production Evelyn Vaughan will have the title role. Other notable portrayals will be that of Rawdon Crawley by Will R.

MISSES FRANCES AND GRACE HOYT
Who sing duets with Sousa's Band.

Walling, the Marquis of Steyne by Louis Bennison, Sir Pitt Crawley by Charles Dow Clark, Pitt Crawley junior by Howard Hickman, Lieutenant Dobbin by William Garwood, George Osborne by Harrison Ford, Joseph Sedley by James Corrigan, Major Loder by George Baldwin, Amelia Osborne by Bessie Barriscale, Miss Crawley by Adele Belgarde, the Marchioness of Steyne by Christie MacLean, Lady Jane by Grace Travers and Briggs by Anne Lockhardt. Sumptuous staging is made admissible by the places (London and Brussels), the period (1815-28) and the people of the play. The ball-room scene made famous by Byron's poem will be the most elaborate and beautiful ever presented in the Alcazar.

Danseuse at the Orpheum

Mlle. Bianci who with her company of terpsichorean artists, heads the Orpheum bill next week is the leading exponent of the classic dance in Europe. This is her first American tour and the patrons of the Orpheum can rely on a rare treat. For her engagement here she has designed four numbers which exhibit her grace, skill and versatility to the greatest advantage. She has named them "The Dresden China Dance," "Egyptian," "La Dance En Volant" and "Satanella." Hal Godfrey and his company will present "A Very Bad Boy" in which they recently appeared at the Tivoli Music Hall, London. Keno, Walsh and Melrose, comedy gymnasts, appear in what they term "The Revolving Arch." "General" Edward La Vine, "the man who has soldiered all his life," has a comedy juggling act. Next week will be the last of Howard and Howard, Martinettie and Sylvester, Ballerini's Canine Tumblers and George Bloomquest in "Nerve."

Musical Comedy at the Garrick

The pace started by "Honeymoon Trail" bids fair to be surpassed at the Garrick by the next offering, the popular "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" which was the Van Ness's musical hit of last year. The company coming this year comprises Elizabeth Goodall who made a hit as the nurse at the Van Ness, Robert Pitkin, a former favorite of the Kolb and Dill forces and Jessie Huston, the soubrette who caused a rumpus lately in Sacramento by accusing a society leader of talking with her over the footlights. The original chorus of show girls and "ponies" is drilled in Ned Weyburn's thorough style. The ten musical numbers include "Thursday is

JOHNNIE HICKS AND "THE NURSE"
In "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" at the Garrick.

my Jonah Day," "The Waning Honeymoon," "Blow the Smoke Away," "I don't like your family," "Don't you tell," "First and only," "Dixie, I love you," and "Uncle Sam's Best Girl."

The Sousa Concerts

Will L. Greenbaum will open the musical season with eight stunning and novel programs by John Philip Sousa and his incomparable band. The concerts will begin in Dreamland Rink on Thursday, November 4. Greenbaum promises programs replete with masterpieces by such composers as Sibelius, Sinding, Grieg, Friedman and Tschaikowsky and also a novelty in the vocal line—duets sung by Miss Frances Hoyt, soprano, and Miss Grace Hoyt, mezzo-soprano. There will be three new Sousa compositions, one of which is a Bachanalian Suite entitled "People Who Live in Glass Houses" and another a patriotic march called "The Glory of the Yankee Navy." The programs are so full of good things that a booklet containing all of them wil be distributed at the box office which will open Monday, November 1 at Sherman Clay & Co.'s. Mail orders should be addressed to W. L. Greenbaum at that address. At matinees the young folks will be given choice seats for 25 and 50 cents.

Comedy Coming to Van Ness

Charles Klein's "The Third Degree" will be seen at the Van Ness for a second and final week commencing with Sunday night. There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The comedy season at the Van Ness will open Monday night, November 1 with the appearance of "The Traveling Salesman." This is a merry play from the pen of James Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady" in which Rose Stahl appeared here. Mr. Forbes in his latest effort is said to have shown "life on the road" as successfully as he depicted "life behind the scenes." Seats go on sale Thursday.

Business Drama at Valencia

"The Ringmaster," a drama of intrigue and graft in Wall Street will begin its second and last week at the Valencia Sunday evening, with the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. This first work of Oliver Porter, a young New Yorker, holds the interest by the force of its appeal to the elementary human love of a contest. In it there is quick action, excitement and love enough to satisfy the most ardent devotee of melodramatic entertainment. Eddie Foy, by many considered America's greatest musical comedian, with a company of seventy-five, will appear in "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" at the Valencia commencing Sunday night, October 31. "There are many stranger things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy," said Hamlet to his friend, and Eddie Foy's Hamlet is one of them. It is the strangest Hamlet that the stage has ever seen and that it is the funniest goes without saying.

"Sweet Kitty" at Ye Liberty

Next Monday evening the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will give the playgoers of the cities across the bay their first opportunity of enjoying "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," David Belasco's delightful romance of Old England. Florence Oakley should fit delightfully into the title role. She has the youth, grace and good looks required by the part, and should be fetching in the quaint old costumes. With Sydney Ayres as Lord Verney, George Fried as O'Hara, Henry Shumer as the old Colonel, and Robert Harrison, Laura Hudson, Maude Odell, Mrs. Gleason and the rest of the favorites an excellent cast is assured. Scenically, the play can be present on Ye Liberty's big revolving stage as it could no where else. "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" is announced for one week only, after which comes "Shore Acres."

Fabiola Benefit at Ye Liberty

One of the biggest events of the season in Oakland society circles is promised in the Fabiola Hospital benefit jinks scheduled to take place in Ye Liberty Playhouse, Tuesday evening, November 2. Society on both sides of the bay has taken a keen interest in the entertainment since it will include a number of the features that figured prominently in the fashionable show given at Menlo several weeks ago. Among San Franciscans who will participate will be Miss Kathleen de Young who will repeat her clever song "Do You Know Mr. Schneider?" and her sister, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin who will give an amusing number from "Dream City" entitled "Tit for Tat." The first part of the program will be the Burmese music-drama, "The Pagoda of Flowers," by Amy Woodforde-Finden. This will be given for the first time in dramatic setting on any stage. The solo parts will be taken by Miss Georgie Cope, who has just returned from abroad and who is directing the production; Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, Carl Anderson and Lowell Redfield. Paul Steindorff will conduct.

The Original Swain's Bakery and Restaurant announce the opening of their new place at 140 O'Farrell street, opposite the New Orpheum, where the best of service and good things to eat and drink will be found, including Bread, Candies and Ice Cream Sodas of their own make. Open after the Theatre.

THE YACHTING SCENE FROM "THE RINGMASTER"
Which is now occupying the boards of the Valencia Theatre.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusiyely for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

New Fabrics and Modes

While it seems to be expected each season that there will be some one pattern or shade especially in vogue and while it often so happens, it is not the case this season. Gray and blue are equally prominent and brown for ultra fashionables is trying hard to come to the front. There is, however, one thing certain, that stripes or stripe effects have been displaced this season with little checks, plaid or plain effects and the stripes shown are not very prominent. They are very appropriate for the heavy or stocky man. Oxford blue and leather shades are shown somewhat. One can also find combinations of light

MODEL OF A "FESH" SACCO

Which shows one of the patterns described.

gray with lines of purple, distinct black and white or brown and white Shepherd plaids, or reverse weave or herringbone with finer red overplaid, or brown with overplaid of brown and green. Great favorites also are Harries homespuns, Donegal, Tipperary and a fabric on this order from Nova Scottia.

For the Rainy Season

This season there is really something new to be seen in the Rain Coat Line. The new coat is called the Piccadilly or semi-Yeo coat. In appearance this coat is a Raglan with a low chincollar and weather straps under the cuff bands at the sleeve so that it can be used for auto or driving. This coat can also be used as a duster for it is absolutely dust proof. This coat is taken from the old Yeo (Yeomany) coat which was specialy designed and introduced by the most famous English Raincoat maker to meet the requirement of the horseman generally. Moreover, as a coat for general use, it can be said without a doubt that the Piccadilly has distinction, untility and comfort if compared with any other garment purporting to be of like shape at present before the public.

"Our American cousins," this great English maker says, "have tried to put something like it on the market, but it goes without saying that 83 years of making these lines of coats count for something."

The Piccadilly is essentially a slip on, which by critics is defined as "a great coat thrown loosely over the shoulders like a cloak," but the term slip on has long since signified a coat of its own style with sleeves cut in to the neck of the same material. The material used is a wool mohair on the outside with silkized rubber on the inside.

LIQUEUR

PÈRES CHARTREUX

GREEN AND YELLOW

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Luqueur Pères Chartreux."

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Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
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VOTE FOR

H. I. MULCREVY

FOR

COUNTY CLERK

(INCUMBENT)

Union Labor Party Nominee

Endorsed by the judges of all the courts, members of the bar, and the general public.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

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Rooms with Bath, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

$1.00 per day and up.
With bath, $1.50 and up

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor

Army Reform in China

(Continued from Page 9.)

death of the Emperor Kwangsu the Prince Regent seized the opportunity of removing the powerful satrap from power. It must be borne in mind that Yuan Shih Kai, who seemed to possess the power of a Warwick the Kingmaker, was a Chinese by race, and the Manchus regarded him with secret fear; but the question remains open how far the disappearance of the true army reformer of China has affected the new organization of China's military forces. The army now consists mainly of seventy battalions of infantry of 1,000 men each. They are muscular fellows who in stature and physique would compare favorably with any other army in the world. The weak point of the army is believed to be in the regimental officer, but as a matter of fact it is largely in the Government itself. China has never been in greater need of a man than at the present hour. For whilst there are great forces at work which should make for regeneration, there is apparently no one to control or guide those forces, and, failing such control or guidance, they may either waste themselves in ill-directed efforts or they may break out into violent explosion. Yuan Shih Kai was perhaps never a statesman in the highest sense of the word. He had not the necessary knowledge or education. His character was in many respects not beyond reproach. But he possessed judgment and strength of will. He had realized that the old isolation of China, even if desirable, was no longer practicable, and that if China was to take her place amongst the nations she must equip herself with the material weapons and adopt the methods of organization which could alone enable her to meet them on equal terms. He had for the first time introduced order and discipline into her armed forces and what he knew to be the basis of order and discipline, adequate and punctual payment. As Governor of Shantung and Viceroy of Chih-li he had done something even to reorganize the administration of those provinces, and with a freer hand in Pekin his will-power might have infused some measure of energy into the amorphous organism of the Central Government. At least, so long as he was in Pekin there was some one who in any serious emergency could be relied upon to act with decision. For he was not afraid of responsibility, and he knew that it is deeds that count and not words. Since his disappearance there seems to be no driving power anywhere. Neither foreigners nor Chinese are able to name any one individual or group of individuals who exercises any decisive influence on the course of public affairs. The Prince Regent is still an unknown quantity. In home affairs he seems to lean mostly on the Manchus, and it is amongst the Manchus that, to the surprise of many foreign observes, some of the most progressive elements are at present to be found. The old Empress was, of course, a Manchu, and at Court the Manchus were always dominant, but it was upon Chinese that she mainly relied for all executive and administrative work. Even before her death, however, a tendency showed itself to increase the number of Manchu officials on the Government boards and in the highest administrative posts of the Empire, and that under the present regency. If one can pick out here and there isolated examples of what can be achieved by individual effort, it only serves to bring into relief the lamentable absence of any collective or co-ordinated effort. The masterful hand of the old Empress at least steered the ship—sometimes, it is true, almost on to the breakers—but under her hand the ship at any rate obeyed its helm. The present rulers of China are face to face with a situation in many respects more complex and difficult than ever before. In the first place, whereas formerly the Chinese people accepted misgovernment with a sort of passive resignation, as if it constituted some providential dispensation at which it was useless to cavil, there is now a very large and exceedingly articulate section which not only resents it, but denounces it in the most vigorous terms. A native press has sprung into being which is already a power in the land, and it rings every day with protests against the corruption and incompetence of the Administration.

A Connemara Tragedy

(Continued from Page 10.)

Mary: "It was, long life to your honor."

Clerk (reading): "Margaret Manisty, my daughter-in-law, whom I now see, then struck me on the shoulder with the head of the tongs (produced)—"

(Together)
- Doctor: "No, on the head."
- Sergeant: "On the head, with the shoulder of it."
- Prisoner: "It was on the head I shtruck her."
- Magistrate: "With the shoulder, on the head of her, wasn't it, Mary?"
- Stranger: "The shoulder of the tongs, not—"
- John: "Ay, and the wall all shpattered with blood."
- Constable: "Sure it wasn't the head of the tongs at all."

Clerk (correcting): "On the head with the shoulder," etc.

And so on. The dreary little tragedy was reconstructed step by step, the rich quavering wail of the old woman with the great grey eyes and wrinkled face answering the briefer speech of the men and the sweet quiet tones of the younger woman. Through the open doorway, golden in the dying sunlight, lay all of the world that some of them had ever seen—the plain and

UNION LABOR NOMINEE

VOTE FOR

THOS. F. FINN

FOR

SHERIFF

Letters

Hewlett's New Novel

Maurice Hewlett will shortly have published a new novel the title of which is still under consideration, but which will probably be "The Open Road." It will be a continuation of his "Halfway House," in which that unconventional nomad, Senhouse, will be the hero. The resemblance between Senhouse and Gower Woodseer of Meredith's "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" has already been noted, and it is well known that Meredith had Robert Louis Stevenson in mind when he conceived the character of Woodseer. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" was suggested likewise by certain characteristics of R. L. S., of whom it has been said that if he were cast away in a wilderness he would people the desert not so that he could see the people but so that they might see him. The "Letters to Sanchia," by Hewlett now current in Putnam's, also takes up the character of Senhouse, who is the inditer of the epistles.

"The Bar B Boys"

One of the first of the holiday juveniles to see publication is "The Bar B Boys," which chronicles the beginning of another series with scenes laid in the western cattle country. This first volume is so replete with incident that one wonders what Mr. Edwin L. Sabin has reserved for future recitals, but being a writer experienced in this particular field, no doubt his imagination will furnish adventures enough for half a dozen. Phil Macgowan, convalescent from pneumonia, was on his way to California to recuperate. Crossing the Rocky mountains, as the train slowly zig-zagged over the grade, with an eastern lad's fine contempt for all things western, he stepped off to pluck wild flowers, and before he realized it the train had gathered speed and he was left alone, without an idea of where he was, much less of how he was to go elsewhere. His efforts to cut across and catch up left him only more bewildered and lost than before, and for the first time in his life he spent a night out doors, without shelter, food or fire, but this was only the beginning, for within a few hours after his foolhardy adventure in leaving the train he had fallen in with a gang of cattle rustlers and heard enough of their plans, though he understood nothing, to make it advisable for them to kill or at least capture and hold him. Next he was picked up by a party of Indians, the old chief of which determined to carry him as far west as Utah and hold him for reward, and again the Indian train was overtaken by a party of cattle men who insisted with the Indians that their prize should be released. It happened that the leader of the cattlemen was known to some of Macgowan's relatives and he had no difficulty in gaining the permission of his father to change plans and remain at the Owl Creek Ranch, where he was speedily initiated into the rudiments of "cow punching." Mr. Sabin has written with more care than the average caterer for youthful literary palates, who is apt to forget all else in his eagerness to be "stirring." He has not preached, but he has written in a way that affords both instruction and entertainment. The book is from the press of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

"The Game and the Candle"

This is not only an exceptionally good novel as such things go in these days, but a decided novelty as well, since it is probably the first since the "Prisoner of Zenda" in which Americans of either sex and royalties have come together without some sort of an amorous complication. The prologue introduces us to two young men, brothers, sincerely attached to each other. They have been brought up in luxury but now, in their early twenties, they discover that their supposed fortune is a bubble and that they and their beloved aunt and cousin are face to face with poverty. It is out of the power of either of the Allards to earn more than a meager income, but in any case that would not satisfy them and their relatives. An immense fortune is required and immediately. They have no capital with which to speculate or to engage in business, and the only outlook is for one of them to deliberately become a felon, to separate himself from his class and kind, disappear, and in case of retribution, to maintain silence and enforce it on the other. It is the elder brother, John, upon whom the lot falls, and accordingly, he is called away, to South America. Some few years later a gang of counterfeiters is unearthed. All escape save one Leroy, unknown to the authorities, supposed to be French. He refuses the usual immunity offered to the traitor and is sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In time there comes as a visitor to the prison, the Grand Duke Feodor Stanief, who, recognizes in the trusty polishing brass work a former acquaintance with whom he had spent some pleasant weeks incognito. Moved by the confidence he had learned to place in his unknown friend, he contrives an escape, takes Leroy to the royal yacht and installs him as private secretary. Allard then resumes his own name and station, and the main part of the story deals with his new life in the semi-oriental court where the Grand Duke Feodor, now regent until the coming of age of his young cousin, passes a stormy life of three years of constant suspicion and intrigue directed against his best efforts. The young Emperor Adrian has been trained to distrust, especially of his regent who would be his heir if he were removed, and the one character in whom either has any confidence is the American, John Allard, who has been attached to the imperial household while his heart is with the regent. It is a trying position in which his straight forward honesty is in contrast with the scheming of the court officials, but he acquits himself well. The action focuses in the coronation of the young emporer who, it is assumed, will make the banishment of the Grand Duke Feodor one of his first imperial acts, but, though there is no sudden and violent change of policy, just the opposite proves to be the case. The youthful emperor, unboyish as he is for his years, is something more than a petulant tyrant and has been wise enough to make his own observations and draw his own conclusions to the discomfiture of some of his most confident advisors. Although the story deals with court intrigues and political plots, the usual fascinating adventuress does not appear nor does she even work wires from behind the screen. On the whole it is far more convincing than court novels generally, and once admitting a Grande Duke Feodor, the rest does not make too great a demand on credulity. Eleanor M. Ingram is a new name in the literary calendar but this, her first book, is so far above the average that it awakens pleasurable anticipations for its successors. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Sometime ago an act was passed by the United States government authorizing the purchase of an official automobile for Hon. Joseph Cannon, speaker of the house. After the government experts had examined the claims of the various cars they unanimously decided to purchase a Studebaker. Now "Uncle Joe" possesses two of these cars and is constantly seen touring in and around the nation's capital.

A Domestic Eye Remedy

Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Law. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes. It Soothes.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5950, N. S. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, (also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of CAROLINA DEMATTEI, administratrix of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell a part of the estate of said deceased in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or may accrue hereafter during the administration of said estate and that it will be to the best interest, advantage and benefit of said estate and of all the persons interested therein.

It is ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof in the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said County and State, on the 3rd day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all that part of the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein which said part of said parcel of real property is described as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street distant thereon Two Hundred (200) feet Northwesterly from the Northwesterly line of Silliman Street; running thence Northwesterly and along said Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street and the point of commencement.

Being part of Lot No. 1 in Block No. 37, University Homestead Association.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated, this 27th day of September, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 27, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS, Attorneys for Petitioner,
806 Bank of Italy Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, Also Known as I. H. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, Attorney at Law, 806 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased.

HANNAH JACOBS,
Executrix of the Estate of Isaac H. Jacobs, also know as I. H. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1909.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL and HENRY A JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executrix,
806 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, 912 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS HIRSCH, deceased.

MICHAEL SAVANNAH,
Administrator of the Estate of Louis Hirsch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administrator,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased—No. 8061—Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of King & Kirk, attorneys for said Administratrix, 518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased.

EMILY R. FERRENBACH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Otto Ferrenbach, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1909.

KING & KIRK, Attorneys for Administratrix,
518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, Deceased—No. 8189, Deptartment 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH MORAN, deceased.

RICHARD GEORGE MORAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth Moran, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Administrator,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

THE NATURAL FLAVOR

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8100, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FRANK VIERHUS, an Incompetent Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court duly given and made on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, CLARENCE CLAUDE VIERHUS, guardian of the person and estate of Frank Vierhus, an incompetent minor, will sell, at private sale, subject to confirmation by the said Court, all of the right, title and interest of the said estate, described as follows:

A two-ninths interest in that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-five (175) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of "I" Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of 12th Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the said Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Six Hundred and Sixty-two (662).

Said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1909; offers or bids to purchase the interest in said real estate or portions thereof, will be received by the undersigned, at room 508 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Gold coin of the United States, cash.

Dated, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1909.

CLARENCE CLAUDE VIERHUS,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Frank Vierhus, an Incompetent Minor.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

Berkeley Professor—What is the difference between the North and South Pole?

Fresh Student—All the difference in the world.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal) H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES B. STETSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Harry N. Stetson, Executor of the Will of JAMES B. STETSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Deamer & Stetson, being said Executor and his attorney, at Room No. 926, Mills Building, at the northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES B. STETSON, deceased.

HARRY N. STETSON,
Executor of the Will of James B. Stetson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

WILLIAM W. DEAMER, Attorney for Executor,
926 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, Deceased—No. 8366, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Matthew H. McManus, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, 545 Mills Building, at the Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased.

MATTHEW H. McMANUS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Livermore, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executor,
Room 545 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-05-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA DANERI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LAURA DANERI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

EUGENIA DANERI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Laura Daneri, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will of ELLEN HOGAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, R. F. Mogan, No. 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELLEN HOGAN, deceased.

MARY E. HOGAN and WILLIAM A. HOGAN,
Executors of the Last Will of Ellen Hogan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 25, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Executors,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,

vs.

JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-2

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7926, Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN GEHERTY, Deceased.

CECELIA GEHERTY, the Administratrix of the Will annexed of the Estate of JOHN GEHERTY, deceased, having heretofore presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an Order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain real property, in said petition particularly described, belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to the Court that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property in said petition described, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration and the family allowance, and that it is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of the estate and those interested therein that said real estate be sold:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before the above-entitled Court in the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix with the Will annexed, for the sale of all said real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

FABIU'S T. FINCH and PAUL F. FRATESSA, Attorneys for Petitioner,
660 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-25-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8101, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PHILIP ARTHUR VIERHUS, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court duly given and made on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, S. TRAVIS KENYON, guardian of the person and estate of Philip Arthur Vierhus, a minor, will sell at private sale, subject to confirmation by the said Court, all of the right, title and interest of the said estate, described as follows:

A two-ninths interest in that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue, distant thereon One Hundred and Seventy-five (175) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of "I" Stret; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of 12th Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the said Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Six Hundred and Sixty-two (662).

Said sale will be made on or after Monday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1909; offers or bids to purchase the interest in said real estate or portions thereof, will be received by the undersigned, at room 508 in the Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Gold coin of the United States, cash.

Dated, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1909.

S. TRAVIS KENYON,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Philip Arthur Vierhus, a Minor.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of CARRIE E. HAMILTON, Otherwise Known as C. E. HAMILTON, and Sometimes Known and called CADDIE E. HAMILTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law offices of H. M. Owens, 412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

FOREST F. ISRAEL,
Administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 16, 1909.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

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Over the Wine and Walnuts

Once a captain in the army was cornered by the enemy and he addressed his men as follows: "My men, fight like demons until your powder gives out, then run. I'm a little lame, I'll start now."

Easily Found.—Recently when looking for the horse of a cousin in a town unfamiliar to myself, I inquired of a passing negro where I should find it. "Down dar, sir," he replied, indicating a number of houses down the road. "What's the number?" "You'll find dat on de door, sir."

It was during the Civil War that a captain of a New York regiment was inspecting his company. At length he came to one private whose shirt was badly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the officer. "Here, yer honor," promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

Judge Lindley, of the St. Louis Circuit Court, like many another good judge, is fond of a quiet joke. A raw German, who had been summoned for jury duty, desired to be relieved. "Schudge," he said, "I can nicht understand English goot." Looking over the crowded bar, his eye filled with humor, the judge replied: "Oh; you can serve! You won't have to understand good English. You won't hear any here."

While Mr. Webster was once addressing the Senate on the subject of international improvements, and every Senator was listening with close attention, the Senate clock commenced striking, but instead of striking twice at 2 p. m., continued to strike without cessation more than forty times. All eyes were turned to the clock, and Mr. Webster remained silent until the clock struck about twenty, when he thus appealed to the chair: "Mr. President, the clock is out of order! I have the floor!" To say that a long and loud laugh from every Senator and person in the august chamber was indulged in is a faint description of the merriment this exquisite pun produced.

Patrick Murphy was conspicuous for a very homely face. He used to say that it seemed like "an offince to the landscape," a conclusion in which his acquaintances fully concurred; and he was as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him and said: "And how are ye, Pat?" "Mighty bad," was the reply. "It is shtarvation that is starin' me in the face." "If that is so," said his neighbor, "sure and it can't be very pleasant for aither of ye!"

Wu Ting Fang, His Excellency the Chinese Minister, on one occasion listened with intense approval and much industry of thought to William Gillette's performance of his own play, "Secret Service," and asked in reverential courtesy to be presented to the actor-author. Into Gillette's four-by-six milk-white dressing room crowded his excellency and his suite, all bowing gracefully and unrolling their pretty little tan hands from silk sleeves to be clasped in Gillette's firm American grasp. "Do you work this way every night for many weeks?" asked the diplomat, driving a piercing glance at Mr. Gillette. "Yes; many months, and years if people will stand it." "How do you make this sort of a play—so beautiful a story—not interfered with in any way by the characters?" To this question Mr. Gillette could not unfold an impromptu drama-recipe, so he took refuge in the ambush of the special Gellette wit in its solemn vein of boyishness, and answered, "The best way is to write your play first, and then chuck in the characters where they do the least harm."

We ask four things of woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, modesty in her forehead, sweetness in her mouth, and labor in her hands.—Chinese Proverb.

When a woman explicitly condemns a given action, she apparently gathers courage for its commission under a little different conditions.—Howells.

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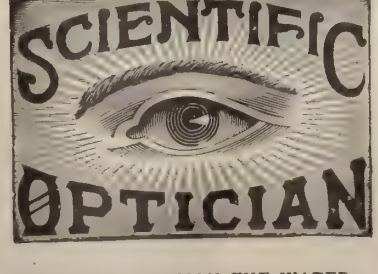

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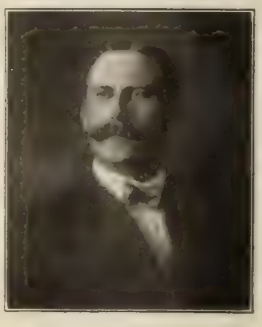
FOR MAYOR



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FOR

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Election November 2d

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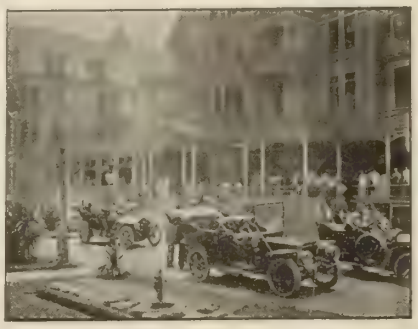

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, October 30, 1909. No. 896.

THE GREAT ELECTRIC BELL

Which shed its colored lights for a million revelers who passed Third, Market and Kearny streets during the nights of the Portola celebration.

TOWN TALK

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Two Supervisors

Harassed by clashing parties, opposed opinions and the passionate discussions of perspiring artisans of speech, the popular mind, vibrating to clamorous appeals, finds it somewhat difficult to take a calm and rational view of things. So much noise is being made by the candidates for two of the offices of our city government, that none of the other candidates are able to make themselves heard above the din. It were well in the circumstances that the people should close their ears and do a little thinking. They should consider, for example, the character and affiliations of the men who are candidates for the Board of Supervisors. Many of the incumbents who are candidates for re-election are commending themselves to us on the score of their honesty. They are said to be honest because of them it is generally conceded that they would scorn to take a bribe in money. Now it is well to remember the old proverb, "The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint." It is also well to inquire, "What is honesty?" A poet has made reply that he is an honest man "whom neither force nor fawning can unpin or wrench from giving all their due." How many Supervisors of the current dispensation are guided by this principle of honesty? We regard it as somewhat significant that two of them have not been endorsed by the Good Government League, a political organization that makes subserviency to two tyrannical millionaires the test of efficiency in public office. Now in our opinion these two Supervisors—Comte and Broderick—are more deserving of the confidence of the people than any of their associates. Their honesty in the vulgar acceptation of the term, is as far above question as that of any of the puppets of the men who employ the forces of government to punish their enemies; not even by the Good Government League is the honesty of either Comte or Broderick questioned. The refusal of that League's endorsement, is, we take it, a priceless tribute to the character of the rejected ones, since it implies that they are devoted to that exalted principle of honesty which enjoins a square deal to everybody in spite of force and fawning. We bespeak in behalf of Comte and Broderick the support of the voters of San Francisco.

Seducing the Mob

From the veracious dailies we learn that the tender-conscienced virtuoso of the Spreckels cabal is still circulating through the town, calling Heaven and Earth to witness the sincerity and righteousness of his purpose. How patient and indulgent are the dear people! Without the slightest fear of public ribaldry this unblushing patriot for revenue only, whose record of dissimulation and deceit is now an open book, solicits with his old-time effrontery the favor of the rabble. From all accounts he is as blithe and debonair as in the days not long past when, with a duplicate immunity contract in his pocket, he was painting word pictures of the unspeakable Ruef in convict's garb and eructating invective against the weekly press for leveling against him the awful accusation of taking money from Spreckels. Mr. Heney has been found out; has been found to be even worse than his enemies suspected, and yet so far as the mob is concerned the spell of his fascination has not been broken. Of course his following has undergone a perceptible diminution, but the credulity of the class whose raw passions he appeals to has not been exhausted. Among them there are no signs of an awakening. Not all of them, perhaps, regard him as a man of bracing moral influence, but they certainly believe that he can make a great deal of trouble for men of wealth, and they dearly love to see rich men pursued. Mr. Heney is addressing himself to this particular class with great fervor. When last heard from he was advancing as a reason why the voters of San Francisco should support him that in the event of his election Patrick Calhoun will have to put a million dollars in circulation. This is the sort of argument that thrills the hysterical multitude, and doubtless it is approved by the culturines of the Women's Heney Club who have yet to realize that what they stand for is the corrupting of justice to reclaim a city.

Where The Money Comes From

The thrifty Heney estimates that up to date the graft prosecution has cost Patrick Calhoun a million dollars, and he believes he is calculating conservatively when he predicts that further fruitless prosecution will entail the expenditure of a million more for defensive purposes. He argues therefore that it is to the interest of the people from the pecuniary standpoint to co-operate with him in his efforts to stimulate the flow of wealth from Calhoun's plethoric purse through the thirsty channels of trade. This unquestionably is a captivating argument for persons in a state of intellectual abeyance who are immune from what is known as an insult to intelligence. Also a disingenuous argument this, but nevertheless it throws a white light on the current inspiration of the Graft Prosecution. The conviction of Calhoun is of course a consummation recognized as hopeless by Heney and his masters, but as there is infinite gratification for this implacable crew in the harassing of the object of their vindictiveness they are appealing with all the lungs they are able to hire for the facilities to carry on their beautiful enterprise. The election of Heney will certainly enable our sinister patriots to "bleed" Patrick Calhoun, but are we to feel that the more we are plagued the less we are to be concerned? Are we to derive any benefit from this species of phlebotomy? While Calhoun has been spending money for the defense of himself against the infamous methods of Heney and Burns have not the taxpayers of San Francisco been spending their money to lighten the burdens of that bloated young bondholder who presides over the destines of the First National Bank? This distinguished son of an illustrious sire is not such a game sport as the newspaper lackeys and kept lawyers, the panders and parasites who are getting a living by the sweat of their tongue, would have us believe. Though the possessor of a purse not less tumid than his high-blown arrogance this illiterate young millionaire is no spendthrift. His capacity to horde money more than balances his aptitude for disbursement. Before he began venting his spleen against Calhoun he was never tracked by the nickels he dropped. The money that he has spent in the indulgence of his conceit and vindictiveness is a drop in the bucket compared with what his private feud has cost the people of this city. Mr. Spreckels inherited a sense of thrift that restrains him from throwing money to the birds. Above all things a good hater, he will go some distance

in the pursuit of revenge, but inexhaustible as that ugly, primal passion is in the Spreckels breast it is less luxuriant than the consuming love of gold. Hence the vociferous solicitation of subscriptions from the unsophisticated, and the quartering of an army of gumshoe men at the public crib. For every dollar that has been spent by Rudolph Spreckels on his moral unlift the easy taxpayers of San Francisco have spent ten. Spreckels has supported a few cheap lawyers and he has spent some money on spies, editors and parsons, but all the while we, the plain people, have been under prodigious expense. We have been paying the salaries of numerous officials, who, had they been attending to the ordinary routine of business, would have saved us many thousands of dollars which were spent for the support of prisoners who have been awaiting trial at our expense in the county jail, but who should either be at liberty or living at the expense of the State in the penitentiary. We have permitted the personally conducted graft prosecution to monopolize two courts for nearly three years. We have spent a fortune on juries and another fortune on spies. The Graft Prosecution has certainly put a great deal of money in circulation, but most of it has come from the City Treasury. Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns are doubtless eager to keep up the steady flow of the pactolian stream, for they are growing rich, and incidentally they are facing the prospect of being themselves pursued for some of the things that have been done in the name of justice. If the continuance of the feud is desirable as a means of circulating money, why not put Mr. Spreckels himself on the defensive for awhile and compel both millionaires to rely on their own financial resources? The mob that hates the rich ought to be able to derive as much gratification from the pursuit of Spreckels as from the hounding of Calhoun.

Dr. Eliot's Idealism

Some time ago Dr. Eliot, formerly of Harvard, promulgated the principles of a religion grounded in ethics without supernatural authority. At the time Dr. Eliot gave utterance to his views on this subject we did not suppose he was laboring under the delusion that he had given birth to a new idea. Nor have we any reason now for supposing that Dr. Eliot regards himself as the prophet of a new sect, but we find that his views have been seized upon by many magazine and university philosophers who believe that the man from Harvard has given them something worth experimenting with in the interest of mankind. Which goes to prove that nothing seems so new as that which is extremely old. Dr. Eliot's system of religion is nothing more than a rehash of Matthew Arnold's Moral Idealism, the basic idea of which is that conduct is three-fourths of life. Matthew Arnold conceived that all would go well in this world if men guided by higher principles would lean on their own character and trust to their noblest sentiments. Yet for that brilliant essayists theories of religion we have only to turn to the study of Confucius to see the same views exhibited with an elaborateness, a finish and a consistency in comparison with which the teachings of our modern idealists are but the vaporings of superficial thinkers. The religious views of Dr. Eliot come as far-off echoes from "the teacher of ten thousand ages," the "most holy, prescient sage Confucius," as his disciples loved to call him. Now Confucius like Dr. Eliot believed that man could attain a high moral and intellectual place by personal virtue, by right feeling, by correctness of purpose and cultivation of the mind. He did not think it necessary to practice any of the forms of religion that Dr. Eliot would have us reject in favor of a species of idealism. Dr. Eliot is unable to sympathize with the wants of minds constituted different from his own. So was Confucius. The state of feeling which makes reliance on the unseen Powers the only consolation of the soul was beyond the comprehension of the Chinese sage. Spiritual beings Confucius did not care to discuss. Now what would Confucius find were he to visit to-day the people to whom he gave a national religion? He would find that while his name is venerated, while every line that he ever wrote is cherished with a respect similar to that which the orthodox Jew entertains for the Pentateuch, the Mahommedan for the Koran, at the same time in every shrine he would see offerings to genii and demons, to spirits and spectres; and he would see aspiring scholars burning incense to win the favor of gods and propitiate the anger of devils. In short he would see that the enemy had entered in at the door he had neglected to guard. Despite the great influence of Confucius, the Dr. Eliot of China, the idealist and preacher of scientific ethics, the Chinese are today the most superstitious people on the face of the earth. Is there nothing of significance in this to the idealists who have failed to appreciate the religion that has its domain in the recesses of the soul and that finds expression in the piety that communes with God through the spiritual balm of prayer?

Our Pacific Shipping

That American shipping on the Pacific is declining and that it is in danger of total extinction is the opinion of Dr. Ernest Schultze, who in a German magazine draws a very gloomy picture of conditions and makes pessimistic predictions as to the future of our merchant marine especially as regards trade between the United States and the Orient. He calls attention to the fact that our wheat shipments to Japan are now exceeded by our imports of Japanese goods, and that our cotton trade with China was only one-sixth the amount in 1907 that it was in 1906—a condition brought about, he says, by the anger of the Chinese who, offended at the treatment they received from the United States, refused to buy our cotton goods. Besides this falling off in exports the shipping trade in the Pacific Ocean is deserting all other flags and is turning to that of Japan. The sharp com-

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petition of the Japanese is looked upon by the writer quoted as a most serious factor. "How has the Japanese merchant marine been able to attain such success?" he asks. "But fifteen years ago,' he says in answer to his own question, "outside of the paltry sampans used in coast trade they had scarcely any merchant vessels. The policy of exclusion so religiously followed for three centuries had totally ruined Japanese shipping. It is only in the last twelve years that Japan has sent her ships to China, India, Australia, England, and America. The coastwise trade of East Asia is almost exclusively carried on by the Japanese lines, which send out their vessels at least once a week. The ship-subsidies granted by the Japanese Government have contributed greatly to this rapid development. But it must be borne in mind that the government was in a large measure forced into this policy; so many steamers were acquired in the war with Russia and so much capital had been expended upon them that some use had to be found for them after the war; and added to them were the captured vessels. That for the rest the Japanese would be able to develop a shipping of the present magnitude they themselves would likely have doubted as late as ten years ago. Their ships were then commanded by white captains—mostly Americans or Englishmen. The crew, too, were mostly Americans, only secondarily Japanese or Chinese. Today officers and crew of the two greatest Japanese marine companies are almost exclusively Japanese or Chinese. The pay of the yellow sailors is notoriously very much lower than that of the whites, while their board, too, is far less expensive. In addition to this, ship-building is much cheaper in Japan than in America, even overlooking the fact that the shipyards also receive government aid. But wages are materially lower in Japan than in North America; while wood, which is still the most indispensable material for ships, is considerably cheaper than in the United States. For Japan still possesses twenty million hectares of well-cultivated forests, while the United States, though still in command of stately stretches of woodland, has suffered frightfully through the irresponsible devastation which has been going on for decades. What the Japanese did not until recently possess and had to purchase at high rates from abroad were marine-engines, steel-plates, rivets, etc., but the government has established large work-shops in order that such things, too, may be furnished at home as far as possible. Thus Japanese shipping in the Pacific is steadily undermining not only American but European shipping also. The tonnage of their merchant marine rose from 477,430 tons in 1898 to 1,115,880 tons in 1907." The only ray of hope that Dr. Schultze sees is that Japan may bankrupt herself in paying subsidies.

Perspective Impressions

Theodore Roosevelt has congratulated Peary. On what? Doubtless on having called Cook a liar.

Next week we shall learn whether we really like to be embittered by human malignity.

The selection of a liveryman as King of the Portola was not, let us hope, intended as a rebuke to the effete monarchies of Europe. We have no taste for international complications.

"The keynote of our campaign," said the chairman of a Leland meeting, "is the home, and—." At this point a peculiar noise distracted the speaker. On investigation it was ascertained that Jimmy Phelan had snickered in his sleeve.

"William Hoff Cook opened his address," says the Examiner, "by stating that this was not a campaign of apology." As this is the same Cook that divulged a private conversation with his brother for campaign purposes it seems like a joke for him to pose as an authority on the amenities of polite society.

Listen to Fuzzy-Wuzzy; hear the whiskered poet sing his own panegyric; mark him as he points to himself with pride; hark as he chants the glad song of self-approval: "That this event (the carnival) should have been carried so successfully off as to become monumental in the history of the city just before my administration is to come to a close seems almost like a crown upon it." From this it is evident that Fuzzy-Wuzzy really knew that we had a carnival.

BACK ON HIS NATIVE SOD

Mr. Taft probably will find time to try out that golf course they started to get ready for him last spring.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE TRAVELING SLEEPER

—Washington Star.

Behind the Scenes of the Portola

Being an Appreciation of the Committeemen Who Have Overturned All Precedents by Subordinating Their Personalities to Their Aims; Also a Feeble Attempt to Do Them the Honor They Deserve

By Edward F. O'Day

So effectually was the machinery of the Portola festival hidden from public view that only the participants in the labor of preparation and a few newspapermen realized the tremendous amount of work that was being done. Had the carnival turned out a failure there would have been the usual army of "knockers" seeking out the responsible persons to load them with contumely and the still more irritating army of epimethean wiseacres discoursing volubly of what ought to have been done. Most fortunately however the Portola festival was so far from being a failure that that dreary word which a great playwright blotted out of the lexicon of youth has never once suggested itself in connection with a single item of the five days' celebration. The Portola was an epoch-making success for San Francisco, a success, we may be optimistic enough to hope, which will have far-reaching effects upon our future. That being the case it is not surprising that everybody should be curious for a look at the aforesaid effectually hidden machinery; that they should be exhibiting a belated interest in the men who started the Portola and in the methods which they adopted to carry it to so extraordinarily happy a consummation. In the aftermath of discussion there has been unstinting praise bestowed upon these men and their methods; but to most of the praise-givers the men have remained anonymous and their methods unexplained. That is a unique feature of the Portola and one to which too much significance cannot be attached. Hitherto in our local celebrations there has been no such modesty on the part of the workers. The names of innumerable committees and an intolerable number of photographs of the "active workers" have been published in all the papers; there have been rivalries for the limelight and jealousies when one distinguished citizen received more prominence than another; with the result that the bickering and ill-feeling have cast their shadow over the celebration and diminished its success. With the Portola celebration it would almost seem that we have entered upon a new era of development in which this provincialism is to disappear and we are at last to experience the delights of a liberal and unselfish civic spirit. If Don Gaspar de Portola has really discovered a new San Francisco we must never allow his memory to fade.

To tell here the origin of the Portola will serve the purpose of giving due credit to the men behind the scenes of the spectacle. In the parlous days after the fire, when all knew that the movement of business would naturally tend toward the old downtown center but when many feared that the reflux would be slow, uncertain and disorganized, San Francisco developed a wide-awake and thoroughly efficient Downtown Association. One of this association's achievements was the last New Year's Eve celebration which revived the carnival spirit that had been slumbering since the disaster of 1906 and infused renewed determination into our businessmen to return as quickly as possible to their old locations. Only the rain interfered with the complete success of that festive night; in all the elements which human foresight and effort could control it was a pronounced triumph. Best of all, from the business viewpoint, it left no deficit to be made up; the association footed every bill. W. D. Fennimore was president of the association at the time of that celebration but shortly afterwards Andrew G. McCarthy succeeded him. Impressed with the abilities displayed by the executive committee, Dent H. Robert, the general manager of the San Francisco and Los Angeles Examiners, suggested to McCarthy that the association immediately lay plans for another celebration a year later, designed on bigger lines and so advertised as to draw visitors from all parts of the country. McCarthy called a meeting of the executive committee and the project was heartily indorsed. At that meeting of the committee were present Andrew G. McCarthy, P. T. Clay, Milton H. Esberg, John A. Hammersmith, Edgar D. Peixotto, Paul T. Carroll, Robert A. Roos, W. D. Fennimore and Vincent Whitney. Clay was chosen chairman of the executive committee for the new festival and to the men who have been mentioned were added Louis Sloss, James Rolph Jr., James A. Johnston, J. H. Crothers of the Bulletin, Charles W. Hornick of the Call, Dent H. Robert of the Examiner, Charles De Young of the Chronicle, S. Fred Hogue of the Post, Charles C. Moore, Governor Gillett and Mayor Taylor. Homer Boushey, an experienced newspaperman, was made executive secretary.

With this unusually representative working force the plans for the festival rapidly matured. Fearing that a repetition of the fete at New Year's might again be the signal for the disfavor of the pluvian god, the committee took counsel of the weather bureau and found that for twenty-five years there had been no rain in San Francisco between October 19 and 23. Thereupon it was decided to hold a five days' fete covering that dry spot in the calendar. Much ransacking of Bancroft followed and several members of the committee simultaneously dragged old Don Gaspar from obscurity to serve as the motif of the celebration. After considerable difficulty the official sanction of the city government was obtained for the Portola festival and the preparations began in earnest. With the most spectacular items of preparation all San Francisco is familiar. It was Vincent Whitney who suggested that foreign governments be invited to send warships to the fiesta and although the idea was considered too ambitious by many members of the committee who feared the ridicule which would attach to a failure, Charles C. Moore offered to undertake this part of the preparation. How Moore broke through the meshes of red tape at Washington and had himself accredited by the state department as a special ambassador to the courts of Europe is a story in itself and everybody knows of his brilliant success. It was the presence of the foreign warships in our harbor which drew the eyes of the world to the Portola and helped to bring the Dutch and Spanish ministers to San Francisco. Another spectacular element of the festival was the President's toast to San Francisco which was drunk all over the world and the credit for which belongs to Robert A. Roos who also engineered the cheering of the school children in New York and Chicago at the same hour that the toast was drunk by their elders.

These were pleasant auspices but when the committee started out to collect funds they had many disheartening experiences. They found San Francisco unenthusiastic and sceptical about the celebration. Money was scarce, they were told, and could not be afforded for a celebration which after all its booming would probably settle down to a village festival with the usual queen of beauty. These were not the only criticisms; men who withheld their money were lavish of ridicule and banter. Along the streets, in the clubs, at the exchanges and wherever the members of the Portola committee went they were freely derided for their enthusiastic efforts to father a doubtful experiment. That these men per-

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Yellow Overcoat

By Henry F. Urban (From the German)

Old Claflin was proud of two of his sons who were in trade, but of his third son Winfred he never spoke without wrinkling his forehead. "He is a good-for-nothing," he once said of Winfred. "He writes—makes verses, and of course he doesn't make a living."

With Winfred Claflin, who was said to be a little "off," things really did not go particularly well. He lived in New York between Madison avenue and Park avenue, in a house where everything creaked and rattled. It had formerly been a private residence; then the owner had changed it into a "studio-building" and given it the pompous name "The Apollo." Only artist lived there: a painter, a comic-magazine illustrator, an Italian singing teacher, a German music-teacher, an architect, a lady who photographed infants, and a French fencing-master named de Mirabelle. The latter claimed to be a Count waiting for a great inheritance in France. Claflin was the only representative of belles lettres. His abode was in the top story, the fourth, at the rear. It consisted of a little workroom with two windows, a tiny alcove, in which he slept, and a still tinier bathroom. Herr Weiss, the German landlord, served breakfast in the room at a moderate cost. Frau Weiss kept the room tidy, also at a moderate price.

The roomers knew one another, visited one another now and then, and talked about their great hopes and great misfortunes, though Claflin was considered the most unfortunate. He had published three volumes of poems and two novels, which only a few knew, and had written two comedies which lay in some theatre-office or other. Just now he had another volume of stories at the publishers. If he had not been a permanent assistant on a weekly paper, he would have been at his wit's end.

Moreover, he was by no means a young man, but along in his thirty's. Already his wits were beginning to shine through the hair on the top of his head, as he used to say. But his slim figure and his beardless face, with its prominent Indian nose and satirical mouth, made him look younger than he was.

Winter had brought the last piece of ill-luck. Claflin needed a new overcoat and had not enough money for one. Already it was becoming unpleasantly cold. He improved matters by putting on his cotton summer underwear, his half-woolen autumn underwear over that, and his all-wool winter underclothes on top. That kept him warm. When he met acquaintances who remarked, "Cold today, isn't it?" he answered with a smile:

"Cold? You are joking. To me it's quite comfortable."

Fortunately, after a few weeks he got a cheque for three poems and a short story. Eight dollars of it were left for a winter overcoat.

"Eight dollars for an overcoat?" said the painter, the illustrator, the music-teacher, the piano-teacher, the architect, the photographer of infants, and Count de Mirabelle. "We are anxious to know where you'll find one. For that amount you would only get the lining of a coat."

But Claflin did not despair. He went into a well-known shop down town and said:

"I need a winter overcoat, but I can't pay more than eight dollars for it. Have you such a coat?"

"Sorry," said the clerk with a smile. "We have none under fifteen dollars and they are nothing extra."

Claflin went away. In every decent shop he received the same unfavorable reply. Just as he was turning to go out of the fourteenth shop, the clerk remarked:

"A moment, sir. We have a very odd coat which an Englishman had made to order for himself but didn't call for, because he had to hurry off to Argentina. We could probably give it to you for that price."

He went to the back of the shop and returned with the coat. It was a most unusual garment, of a cut unparalleled in all New York. But the queerest thing was the color, a shrieking yellow. Down the front, it had two long rows of dark-brown buttons, each as large as a silver dollar, and above a high collar of dark-brown velvet.

"Oh holy Apollo!" cried Claflin in horror. "This cut, and above all this color are impossible! There would be a revolution if I should appear on the street with it."

"Yes, it's pretty yellow, I admit," answered the salesman. "But these Englishmen often have curious tastes. The gentleman wanted it made just so, no different. At any rate it is nice and warm. Just look at the lining. And it's of excellent material. It will last for years. And then—it will never turn yellow!" The clerk laughed heartily at this joke. Claflin also laughed.

"Quite right," he assented. "It can't very well become much yellower. But would it fit?"

"Try it right on."

Claflin slipped into the coat which the clerk held for him. It reached almost to his feet.

"It sets as if moulded to you," said the clerk, and he stroked the coat admiringly. "Just look in the mirror."

"Hm—it really does set as if moulded." Claflin viewed himself from all sides. "What a canary bird! Don't you think I look like a canary?"

"But like a very prosperous canary." The clerk snorted again.

"And like a warm canary," continued Claflin. "Unquestionably it is comfortable plumage. But, as I said, it is impossible. Wait, though—not at all." An idea seemed to have struck him suddenly. "I'll take it even though the sparrows should fall dead on account of it. I'll keep it right on. Here are the eight dollars. You can send me the old overcoat," he added with a smile, and the clerk guffawed again.

He intended to walk home, although it was cold and cloudy. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. He remarked at once that he was exciting attention. Everyone who is dressed differently from others excites notice in America, for it is the land of uniformity. People who met him, smiled.

A boy who drove past him on a truck called out in a gay voice:

"Hey! Who let that canary out?"

Whereupon some one answered, "Don't frighten him—he may fly away!"

Claflin heard it all without worrying. On the contrary a sort of roguish joy was in his face. Besides, he felt wonderfully comfortable in his coat. That was the principal thing. Proud as a millionaire he strutted up Broadway.

"A very sensational garment," people said and stared back until they ran against the lamp-posts.

Street-car conductors who saw the overcoat forgot to ring up the fares. Cab-drivers ran into one another with their carriages and cursed so loud that the panes rattled in the houses. Policemen wondered whether they had a madman on their hands and if they should telephone for a hospital ambulance with straight-jackets. Everyone was sure about one thing, that the yellow man could not possibly be an American, but came from some place else, probably from England or Germany or France, or even from Russia. Everyone on reaching home would rush into the house with the news:

"This afternoon I saw something incredible. On

(Continued on Page 33.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
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American Jackies Officers of the German Cruiser Arcona

The Mikado's Men on Parade

NAVAL HEROES OF THE PORTOLA CARNIVAL

The Spectator

The Portola a Success

Now that our blood which raced feverishly along during last week's festival has slackened to its ordinary work-a-day pulsation I think that we can take stock of what we planned and what we accomplished in something of a cold impartial spirit. Looking at the Portola celebration in this fashion I do not hesitate to say that it was an overwhelmingly successful affair; in fact I do not believe it to be exaggeration to add that it was a success which transcended all the expectations of the most optimistic San Franciscans. I think that Charles C. Moore, Andrew McCarthy, Dent Robert and the other gentlemen who organized the festival have exhibited qualities of administration which they never before knew that they possessed; they surprised and outdid themselves. The streets of San Francisco never before knew such tremendous crowds; I think it is not rash to estimate that on different days of the carnival there were at least one million souls within our gates. And such crowds as they were! Not the dour, frowning, unprepossessing and closefisted men and women who have come before in many thousands on occasion of some religious or fraternal convention, but the pick of the earth, a merry-hearted laughing invasion of revelers who knew and loved San Francisco's ways and scattered their appreciation and their money with an ungrudging hand. It was the crowd, the San Franciscans and the visitors, which made the Portola carnival a glorious success. Although the hard-working committees devised various ingenious ways of amusing old and young, the revelers contrived a hundred others for themselves and bade defiance to time and fatigue in their mad glad hunt for excitement.

The Undiscriminating Papers

For various reasons the newspapers were careful to censor all Portola news which did not reflect credit upon everybody interested and they were equally careful to exercise no discrimination in lauding the entertainments of the different days. One might imagine by reading them that all the three processions were equally beautiful; that there were no jarring notes at any time in the general chorus of happy revelry; in fact that the festival went off with a clock-work precision and a miraculous absence of blunders. This of course was not the case and none know it so well as the editors and newspaper proprietors who helped to manage the celebration. No newspaper would dare to say that in the big parade of Thursday the native sons with their time-honored but very tiresome and unimaginative displays were completely outdistanced by the Chinese and Japanese who exhibited a gorgeousness of coloring and a fine taste of decoration which filled the eye and the mind like a glowing dream of the orient. As a matter of fact it was the Chinese and Japanese who made the Thursday parade an artistic success while some of the orders and associations and parlors which participated did everything in their power to make it vulgar. Again on Saturday night the Chinese and Japanese achieved an artistic triumph, bewildering the onlookers by the elaborate richness of their display. The floats, I think, were rather disappointing. So much had been written about them that no doubt we were lead to expect too much. One alone came up to my expectations and that was Haig Patigian's effective conception of the god of sunshine.

Queen Vergilia's Difficult Position

Anybody, from reading the newspapers, would imagine that last week was a succession of soul-satisfying triumphs for beautiful Miss Bogue, but unfortunately that was not the case. Queen Vergilia had a very trying time of it, and it is immensely to her credit that she bravely hid all traces of the unhappiness which she was forced to endure by envious and selfish women. There is no gainsaying that Miss Bogue was every inch a queen; divinely tall and most divinely fair, she comported herself on every occasion with a stately and winning dignity which entirely justified her choice as the supreme figure of the carnival. It was not until the splendid possibilities of the Portola festival dawned upon the ladies of our exclusive society that they began to realize the position which Miss Bogue would occupy. They found that it was to be no village festival at which she was to preside and that she was to be no tawdry and ridiculous goddess of liberty; but that she was to queen it in a carnival of so much international interest that foreign ministers and the officers of crack foreign battleships counted it an honor and a delight to be present. When some of our society ladies—and not a small number, either—appreciated fully the glorious bigness of the Portola they surrendered themselves to the influence of the green-eyed monster. Their unfriendly attitude was first made apparent during the reception at the St. Francis on the first day of the celebration. Miss Bogue was there submitted to an ordeal beside which "the third degree" would be a pleasant diversion. Dames with tongues that have been sharpened through constant use stood within hearing distance of her and sought to wither her with lorgnette and caustic remarks. Dainty damsels of her own age who ought to be open-hearted and kind, turned up their noses and let her know that she was not going to have their homage. Miss Bogue bore it bravely with an appearance of unconsciousness of it all which won the hearts of those who entertained no envy or jealousy and accordingly had room in their breasts for unfeigned admiration. The same sort of treatment continued throughout the festival. At the grand ball at the Fairmont many of these women not only kept a studied distance from the queen but withheld their men also. It was the same story at the masquerade ball too. Members of the committee who found time to dance with some of the ultra smart maids and matrons on the floor completely overlooked Queen Vergilia. Of course the secret of this snubbing is that these society women who are more exclusive than human and prouder of their social standing than of their reputation for womanly kindness, felt that they had made a grievous mistake in allowing Miss Bogue to capture the honors of the greatest week in the history of San Francisco. Everyone of them felt that she or her daughter would much more fitly queen it in the presence of ministers and naval and army officers. Having committeed a blunder of judgment in the beginning by sniffing at the festival, they saw their mistake too late and sought most ungenerously to punish Miss Bogue for it. Next time San Francisco has a carnival, I venture to predict, society will offer its fairest flowers in competition for queenly honors; but I doubt that we shall ever be able to find a more queenly queen than Vergilia I.

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Society's Stamp of Approval

The attitude which a great part of society maintained toward Miss Bogue was shown toward the whole festival before it was well under way. All the hammers of all the knockers swung in a deafening chorus whenever the ball at the Fairmont was mentioned in the hearing of our elect. Of course, they said, New Greenway might take charge of it, but it would be a mixed gathering of all sorts and conditions of men and women outside the pale of exclusiveness and really, you know, it would be no place for us. That sort of talk was very common. Yet when the time came the most exclusive sets were brilliantly represented at the ball. Society had changed its mind. There were to be distinguished visitors present; men whom it would be an honor and a pleasure to meet. So society went to the ball and enjoyed it immensely. Exactly the same process of reasoning with regard to the masquerade ball resulted in a surpassing success for that function also. Society had loaned some of its best men to manage the affair and at the last moment decided to go and help them out. It had no reason to regret its decision.

Risque Revels at the Masquerade

There are many toothsome morsels of gossip in circulation since that masquerade ball. One of them concerns a doubly-gilt scion of millions who only recently arrived in town after a long absence. He did not leave the masquerade when the rest of the brilliant box-party of which he was a member ordered their limousines; but without seeking the shelter of a mask, he strolled down to the floor and soon joined a gay party of women as frail as they were beautiful. All unmindful of the looks that were bestowed upon him by the curious he kept the wine flowing generously and devoted himself to a violent flirtation with a girl who is known familiarly wherever the mad lights gleam along the city's long night line. A near-by party speculated on the sort of scene which would have ensued had this millionaire darling of society been surprised by his wife at that unpropitious juncture. But if the onlookers were intensely interested at this daring disregard of the conventions they fairly gasped when this millionaire's brother dashed up to the wine-laden table and waltzed off into the center of the Auditorium with another beauty of the democratic social set who distributed proud stares to those of her acquaintances who dared to hail her in such lofty company.

A Disappointed Domino

Really this particular table was not only the cynosure of all neighboring eyes but it was as redolent of adventure as of champagne. Another of its frail occupants, gowned and jeweled in an exquisite taste which made her beauty quite dazzling, attracted the attention of a handsome young chap who is visiting this city and who will have a long tale of adventures to retail to his intimates when he returns to the Antipodes. The attraction was evidently mutual, for when he came forward to request a dance she laid her diamonded arm on his black domino and away they went together. They had not one but several dances, keeping up an interested conversation as they promenaded in the pauses of the music. To say that the black domino was enthralled is putting it mildly. When he finally returned to his friends and asked one of them who knows the town tolerably well, the name of his enchantress, he was astounded at the answer which included several piquant particulars of her career. "By Jove," he commented, "I thought they were ——— ———'s guests (naming the millionaire at the table) and that I was dancing with one of the socially elect." And then, being a very sensible chap with no particular desire to invade society's inclosure, he laughed heartily at his own expense and ordered the wine.

When the Dawn Was Coming

These incidents of course occurred after three o'clock when most of the boxes were deserted and careful mamas had crowded their glowing-cheeked daughters into taxis and whirled them away to bed. It was a feverish rout for the following hour. The last faint shadows of conventionality were banished and folly reigned supreme over a hilarious court. I am not going to tell all that happened in that furious crescendo of mirth. You may have heard whispers of a gay society girl and a joyous matron who danced a can-can which would have been applauded at the Bal Bullier. You may have heard of the young chap, much sought of managing mamas, who insisted on dancing with the young woman who displayed her attractive figure in tights. You may have been told of the pretty daughter of a man of national repute who came from the St. Francis, unaccompanied by the gay widow who presented her to society in Los Angeles and who yielded to nobody in her enjoyment of the exciting scene. And you may have caught some fleeting whisper about the beautiful wife of one of our prominent lawyers who, much earlier in the evening, startled the ladies in the cloak room by producing a jeweled cigarette case and puffing away with unconcealed enjoyment. I suppose the story of the fight between a burly fellow who had obtained, nobody knows how, a committee domino, and a waiter who did not pour his champagne properly is public property. It is not complete unless the narrative describes how Willus Britt rushed into the melee and separated the combatants without even changing the angle of his long black cigar. You may infer that the revels were rowdyish as well as hilarious but remember that these unpleasant incidents were crowded into the last hour of the masquerade when a number of undesirables had arrived. The affair was over, so far as the committee and the representative element were concerned; it had been a splendid success and these little happenings took place too late to spoil the evening's fun.

Not Blows But Gayety at the St. Francis

Some malicious person started a rumor that on the occasion of the reception to Queen Vergilia at the St. Francis on Tuesday, Don Nicholas de Covarrubias in his character of Don Gaspar, cuffed Jonkheer Loudon, the minister of the Netherlands because that dignitary tried to take precedence of him. I do not believe the story and have been unable to trace it to anybody who claims to have seen the incident. It is unfair to our courtly Don Gaspar to impute such unpolished behavior to him. But I am going to tell you a story in which Don Gaspar appears as the central figure. It is the story of how the Portola festival actually started on Saturday, October 16, instead of on Tuesday, October 19. A crowd of good fellows was gathered in the St. Francis bar late that night. It included several attorneys, railroad and other professional men, some millionaires of local and eastern origin, a newspaperman or so and several Central American dignitaries, one of them closely related to President Cabrera of Guatemala. Don Nicholas and several wine agents completed the group. Although the

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hour had arrived when the bar usually closes, the fun was so fast and furious that the hotel people had not the heart to stop it. Musicians were brought in from another part of the caravansery and the volume of noise not being sufficient, an eastern millionaire swelled it by beating two empty cigar boxes together.

Don Nick Springs His Speech

To music succeeded oratory, for your vintage wines exercise a marvelously loosening influence on lips that are wont to be silent. One of the Central Americans astonished everybody by a remarkably incoherent and remarkably serious speech in which, on behalf of the whole of Latin America, he thanked San Francisco for her cordial reception. Rising to the occasion a gay young attorney whose firm name is known all over California and Nevada, replied on behalf of San Francisco with a brief address which was a masterpiece of mock-heroic banter. This was too much for Don Nicholas de Covarrubias. All week long he had been committing to memory a speech written for him by the dean of local newspaperdom which was to have been delivered for the first and last time at the opening of the festival on the Tuesday following. The worthy Don Gaspar simplycouldn't hold that speech within his bosom any longer and he arose, executed his most kingly bow and his most captivating smile and delivered his Portola speech. It was received with great laughter and applause and the Portola festival was thereupon solemnly inaugurated, three days in advance of schedule time.

When Don Nick Sulked

Don Nicholas was in a different humor on Wednesday night, the evening of the grand ball at the Fairmont, when I saw him in that same St. Francis bar. Achilles was sulking in his tent and everybody was seized with consternation. Don Nick had announced that he would not attend the ball at the Fairmont and every conceivable argument was being used by the committeemen to induce him to change his mind. It seems that through some oversight, no carriage had been provided for Don Nicholas and he got it into his head that he had been intentionally slighted. The situation looked exceedingly embarrassing for a long time during which Queen Vergilia had to wait, for of course it had been planned that she should enter the ballroom on the arm of Don Gaspar. Finally some of the newspapermen who have been very chummy with Don Nicholas since his arrival in town took him aside and put the matter in such a way that he decided that it would not be beneath his dignity to recede from his position.

No Enthusiasm Over the Mayor

If anything were needed to prove the rapidly waning popularity of Mayor Taylor, it was supplied one night during the display of fire works in Union Square. The square and all the streets about it were thronged with people who showed particular enthusiasm over the beautiful set pieces. One of Queen Vergilia brought forth roars of applause. Then followed one showing in lines of colored fire the counterpart presentment of Dr. Taylor with the legend, "Our Mayor" beneath. There was a dead silence throughout the throng. For the first time the chug-chug of automobiles and the clanging gongs of the cars were distinctly heard.

A Crepuscular Critic to Saltus

Having been one of those who took exception to the honors which have been lavished on Portola, not out of any lack of sympathy with the celebration of last week but solely on the score of historical unworthiness, I presume that I am included among the "crepuscular critics" at whom Edgar Saltus launched his withering scorn in the Examiner. If I must betake me to the obscurity of the twilight to which Saltus condemns all who differ from him, let me at least linger on the way to point out a mistake which none of the pedants, the "spectacled spiders of the bookshelves" would have been guilty of but which the correct and correcting Saltus has committed. Saltus compares Portola discovering the bay to Cortez discovering the Pacific. I am surprised at Saltus. I will consent to accept correction at his hands when he foregoes John Keats as an historical authority.

Our Festive Exiles

At the Portola banquet in New York Colvin Brown, according to the Sun, plumbed new depths in after dinner oratory. He said that the San Francisco girl's complexion was "like the pearl of an abalone shell." The Sun explains that as Brown's listeners were Californians he did not have to explain that "an abalone shell is not like the shell of a blue point for instance"; and the Sun adds, "This startling simile was accepted with the largeness of heart that Californians boast of as their distinctive possession." President McGowan of the Board of Aldermen, who was called upon to defend New York against the overwhelming claims of San Francisco, administered a few gentle reproaches. "You do so love San Francisco's products," he said, "that you give us imported wine to drink this evening; you do so love San Francisco that you come to live in New York." Of course the graft prosecution was touched upon. "We wash our dirty linen in public," said Colvin Brown, "but we don't erect a plaster of paris statue of liberty in the street while we're doing it." The New York Sun informs its readers that Portola is "the ancient Spanish gentleman adventurer who happened to stumble upon San Francisco Bay, and who is now made to shed his mothballs and become the patron saint of the rebuilt town by the Golden Gate."

Sportsman (displaying trophies of hunt)—Yes, I shot this crocodile, this California wildcat and this polar bear—all within three days.

Disinterestd Witness—He is as great and veracious a hunter as Teddy Roosevelt.

A Celebrated Case

The Boughten Bulletin is visibly affected with the megrims as a result of the order from Washington directing the discontinuance of the prosecution of Dr. Edward B. Perrin who was indicted jointly with John A. Benson for conspiracy in land frauds. The freebooter of journalism in its undeflowered and unblemishable simplicity regards this order with suspicion, and intimates that Perrin exercised improper influence upon Attorney-General Wickersham. We are told, and it is true, that during the Roosevelt administration Attorney-General Bonaparte refused to order the prosecution of Perrin to stop; also, that "it is lucky for Perrin that his case outlasted the Roosevelt administration." Finally, we are informed that Perrin's escape "does not prove his innocence." Of course this last proposition is irrefutable. A jury found Perrin guilty, and no court has pro-

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nounced him innocent. But Perrin has said that his conviction was accomplished by means of perjured testimony, and from the action of Attorney-General Wickersham it is just to infer that after his investigation of the case he concluded that Perrin was the victim of the concienceless zeal of certain unscrupulous persons. Upon what evidence, or by what process of reasoning he reached this conclusion, I am unable to say. Nor have I sufficient information to warrant the assertion that the action of the Attorney-General reflects great discredit, if nothing worse, on one William J. Burns, the gumshoe artist who laid the foundation for the prosecution of the land fraud cases. All that can be said with any degree of certainty on this subject is that during the investigation of the Perrin prosecution Burns was under fire; that he was accused of influencing the Grand Jury that indicted Perrin by representing that President Roosevelt was in favor of his indictment; and that he also exercised a sinister influence over the principal witness who has since altered his testimony. But to be just to Burns it should be said that the charges against him have not been substantiated.

Older and Burns

That Detective Burns is not at all pleased with the action of the Attorney-General in the Perrin case I am led to infer from the Boughten Bulletin's strictures on Mr. Wickersham. The Bulletin's editorials are usually dictated by motives that are grounded in the personal interests of Mr. Fremont Older, an emotional gentleman, who is much enamored of the Graft Prosecution's chief spy, a circumstance that may seem to be somewhat singular since every friendship bespeaks a similitude of nature and manners. Between the average journalist and the average human bloodhound there is nothing in common, but Mr. Older is not an average journalist. The average journalist, even though he be devoid of the instincts to which the business of a professional spy is repellant, has done some of the illuminative reading that, Dr. Johnson tells us, maketh a full man, and he knows that both history and fiction teach that the qualities of a successful detective are identical with those of a successful crook. Balzac's most capable police officials were ex-galley slaves; Sejanus was the greatest criminal in the days of the Caesars; Jonathan Wilde was a successful thief because as Fielding tells us he was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, resolute in executing them and unrestrained by any of those weaknesses which are comprehended in one general term of Honesty. Now William J. Burns is reputed to be a successful detective, but he is nevertheless one of Mr. Older's most intimate friends. Mr. Older is bitterly resentful of every invidious imputation cast against this side-partner of Heney's, not merely because the reprobation of Burns is injurious to the graft prosecution but rather on the score of true friendship. Mr. Older's friendship is sincere and ardent, almost of consuming febrility—while it last; but it is surprisingly liable to extinction. The spoiled darling of caprice, his friendship is ephemeral; it gets out of breath rushing to its height, but for the present he and Burns are like two berries moulded on one stem. To impugn the conduct of Burns is to incur the enmity of the illustrious time-serving champion of the great moral uplift. Burns and Older are not merely professionally intimate; they are social cronies in the fullest sense of the term, from which fact one might argue to a shocking conclusion, for the Burns who is Mr. Older's intimate was Abe Ruef's sincerest admirer when the fallen boss was in Judge Dunne's private jail promising to be a good dog. Ruef was frequently the host of the whole Burns family. What strange bedfellows this graft prosecution has made!

He Was Benson's Partner

As I have said I do not know whether Attorney-General Wickersham's order dismissing the Perrin case reflects discredit or odium on William J. Burns. My suspicions in the matter are entirely due to the Boughten Bulletin's hot resentment, which always carries with it more or less of significance. As a matter of fact, as the Bulletin has truthfully asserted, the innocence of Perrin has not been established; nor has the guilt of Burns. Furthermore if the charges that have been made against Burns were proved it would not follow that Perrin was innocent. There is not the slightest doubt that Perrin entered into an illegal contract with John A. Benson for the fraudulent acquisition of timber land. Benson has been convicted of a crime committed under that contract. Perrin's defense is that he didn't know the law and that he guilelessly permitted himself to be used as a tool in a deal from which he was to derive considerable profit. Now aside from the inspiration of the Bulletin's attitude in this matter there is a phase of the case of far more interest to me than that which concerns the friends and admirers of Mr. Older's boon companion. I have in mind the part that has been played by that severely virtuous personage the Hon. Barclay Henley, whose sublime soul in perpetual revolt against the sinfulness of this world, is mirrored in an honest face that wears a solemn aspect eloquent of preoccupation with the mephitic odors of civic corruption.

Henley's Dual Attitude

By reason of the Perrin case Mr. Henley occupies a somewhat anomalous position in this city, the psychology of which is an interesting study. Mr. Henley is one of the Bulletin's most ardent sympathizers. He believes in the virtue of the whole Graft Prosecution from Spreckels the apostle of civic purity unto Gallagher the immunity bather. He is convinced of the righteousness of all the methods and designs by which the uplifters have sought to accomplish their purpose. He is indignant at the courts that have not given the prosecutors full swing, and that have dared to challenge the principle that the end justifies the means. He has publicly maligned the Chief Justice of the State for refusing to violate his conscience in deference to the whims of certain impeccable patriots. Thus briefly have I pictured Mr. Henley the vociferous reformer. Now let us look on another picture. The same Barclay Henley that has absolute confidence in William J. Burns and all his works in the capacity of evidence gatherer for the graft prosecution is the same Barclay Henley that made two trips to Washington at $1,000 per trip in the interest of Dr. Edward B. Perrin. It was this same Barclay Henley that pleaded for the dismissal of the Perrin case on the ground that his client was the victim of a "frame-up." Mr. Henley's client has asserted that he was badly treated both by Heney and Burns, and Mr. Henley's views apparently coincided with Perrin's, but Barclay Henley, the reformer, championing the cause of civic righteousness in San Francisco, has faith illimitable in

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the attorney and the zealous hawkshaw. So far as the graft prosecution is concerned Mr. Henley has a passionate intuition of the transfiguration of the men that contributed to the success of the prosecution in the Perrin case.

How He Got Perrin Off

How easy it is for Mr. Henley to adjust his viewpoint is evidenced not only by his change of attitude toward Detective Burns; further illustration is to be found in the antithesis of his sentiments with reference to the administration of justice. Agreeing with Mrs. Gerberding, a lawyer by instinct, in preference to agreeing with the lawyers by training and education of the Supreme Court, he thinks the members of that tribunal should be censured for pronouncing the indictment in the Schmitz case fatally defective. Justice he believes to have been outraged by our Supreme Court. Yet this same virtuous Mr. Henley has no unfavorable opinion of his own conduct in the Perrin case. A jury found Perrin guilty, and a court of appeal declared that he had a fair trial, and yet Mr. Henley went to Washington and used the political influence of the Perrin family, which is considerable in several Southern States, to induce the Attorney-General to take arbitrary action in favor of the wealthy land grabber and in defiance of the processes of law. But there cannot be anything wrong with Henley for he has the approval of Mrs. Gerberding.

His Hatchet Men

Some time ago there was formed for the transaction of business in the civil and criminal courts the law firm of Heney, Cobb and Dwyer. For the bludgeoning of his enemies in the criminal courts Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, according to his own testimony, has paid into the coffers of this firm the sum of $63,500, distributed as follows: to Mr. Dwyer $13,500; to Mr. Cobb (whose bill was $50,000) $26,500; to Mr. Heney $23,500. This firm is still engaged in the transaction of civil and criminal business, but no member of it has yet been retained in the civil litigation which Mr. Spreckels is conducting, and which calls for a wider knowledge of law than is usually displayed in the criminal courts. Members of the bar who have a sense of humor and keen powers of discernment regard the situation as somewhat amusing, and some of them have explained Mr. Spreckels' apparent neglect on the theory that he assigned the members of the firm of Heney, Cobb & Dwyer to the rough work of "hatchet men" in his Tong war. At the same time, they suggest, that the election of Mr. Heney to the office of district attorney would be of great benefit to Mr. Spreckels even in his civil litigation, for with that office in his hip pocket he would be able to wield considerable influence in the grand jury room and intimidate jurors in civil as well as in criminal cases. This fact, I hear, has been obtruding itself of late on the somewhat obtuse perceptive faculties of the Call's nominal proprietor.

Father—Let me see, John, how old are you now?
Son—Just thirty.
Father—Don't you think it about time to take your medical degree and start to work?
Son—Oh, no, father; people have so little confidence in young doctors.

Maeterlinck's Production of Macbeth

None of my San Francisco friends in Paris seem to have been among those present at the unique presentation of Macbeth made by Maurice Maeterlinck, the "Belgian Shakespeare" in the wonderful old abbey of St. Wandrille in Normandy which is now the summer home of the great writer and his wife, best known as Mlle. Georgette Leblanc of the Opera-Comique. Surely nobody who had the privilege of seeing that production will ever forget it for it is said to have been the most beautiful interpretation of any drama ever given. The whole abbey constituted the stage, the select group of spectators, principally Parisians who, by the way, paid an almost incredible sum for the privilege of being present, not staying in any one spot throughout the piece but moving about to follow the action of the tragedy. Mme. Maeterlinck herself portrayed Lady Macbeth and the company was carefully selected and laboriously rehearsed. The genesis of the production and the best description of its progress have been given by the temperamental wife of the great mystic herself. She has contrived to convey the atmosphere of the old abbey as well as the weird beauty of the scenes of the play in a manner of which her husband has no reason to be ashamed.

The Genesis of the Project

"Chance placed in my hands last summer, at Saint-Wandrille," writes Mme. Maeterlinck, "Victor Hugo's translation of Macbeth, a rough, but, it seems, a faithful translation. I read the play as I strolled through the cloisters, the ruins and the great deserted rooms; and, little by little, it appeared to me as though the images created in my mind by the great poet were living on every side of me. I shall never forget my emotions of that day. Between the pages of the little volume which I clasped in my hands slept a command. Suddenly, on this fair summer's day, it springs into existence, guides my footsteps, enlightens my will and obliges me to move from room to room, from the cloisters to the garden, from the terraces to the ruins, from the chapel to the refectory. I hurry along, following the scenes that shift before my mind's eye. Here is the spot in the park, wild, neglected, interspersed with heath and bracken, where the witches dance. Macbeth and Banquo will arrive over there, from across the plain; before we see them, we shall hear the sound of their voices and the neighing of their mounts; they will alight to question the bearded crones with the choppy fingers and the skinny lips; and, after the prophecy, they will draw closer, they will come so near the spectators as to be able to whisper their secret; and Macbeth, now alone, Macbeth, already caught in the toils of his ambition, will think his horrible dream aloud. But I cross the room from which I have just watched this first scene; and Lady Macbeth stands before me. She holds the letter of which she already knows the contents; she is lit up with joy; even now she is wholly obsessed by the idea which holds her and which will not leave her before the last moment has come. We saw the man debating, resisting and struggling, but in the weaker woman the thought encountered no obstacle. A sound of voices in the court within;

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spurs ring against the flagstones; and the hero enters. A trumpet sounds in the distance. It is the death-knell of the unhappy Duncan. We are now on the terrace of Saint-Wandrille, or rather on the terrace of Macbeth's castle of Inverness; for by this time the real performance has joined hands with my dream and the two are blended in my thought. Seen through the branches of the trees, torches strew stars in the forest; one guesses the presence of a cavalcade descending the hill-side. Lady Macbeth stands motionless on the threshold. And this wait, made tenfold as vivid by reality, becomes a formidable thing."

How Maeterlinck Translates

After Mme. Maeterlinck had communicated her idea to her husband and they had discovered that the project would be feasible, it was found that the Hugo translation of Macbeth would be inadequate. So Maeterlinck, continues his wife, "resolutely undertook to make a new translation, in which the rhythm, the lilt, the movement, the color, the accent and, above all, the scenic qualities of Shakespeare's text (hitherto neglected by all the translators) should be reproduced as faithfully as possible. Then began for me a delight which I never hoped for nor expected. It was the revelation of Shakespeare. Unacquainted with the English language, hitherto I had known the great poet only through his translators and I had often asked myself why the poets of all ages bowed before him as before the uncontested sovereign. Now destiny answered my question with a strange eloquence. Shakespeare was revealed to me in an unequaled fashion, more mysterious, more immense than if I had been reading him direct in the original text. We worked day by day in the marvelous peace of the forest of Saint-Wandrille. First, Maeterlinck reads a phrase, constructing it according to the French form. Then he repeats it, tearing away the French garb which did not suit it; and already it makes me start. It hardly appears, yet it appears, beyond the form, on the other side, as it were, of the word! And once again he repeats it, disjointing more and more the first sense that had presented itself. Then, above a heap of words that fall clattering like so many empty shells, the real thought of the poet looms enormous, immense, untranslatable, and stands before my eyes as it must have arisen in the mind that gave it birth, half-way between thought and shape, infinite because not yet expressed and bound in words."

Reality Wedded to Illusion

"For my humble part," writes the gifted woman in summarizing the impression made by the drama, "I can loudly admit that never until that evening had I felt so perfect a communion to exist between myself and those who listened to me. Certainly, the most absolute reality confined and facilitated our movements, magnified and restricted them by turns, but without ever hampering them; for its orders were necessarily logical. And are we to believe that this reality dispelled the illusion? Because the illusion had adopted a new form, was it therefore wiped out? I believe that it was all the stronger inasmuch as it was more cunning. At the theatre, it is there, before us, behind the curtain; it attacks us face to face; it has no secret left for all of us who expect it and admit it in advance. But now, suddenly, its frame has disappeared, no curtain can veil it or reveal it to our senses, it no longer has its fixed place; and for this very reason it is thought no longer to exist. What a mistake! It is everywhere, on the contrary; it attacks us so treacherously, from every side, that we are all steeped in it, players and audience alike. It has only lost the appearance which centuries of habit had lent to it; and we are powerless against it, because we do not know where it is. It possesses us, guides us, dominates us; it mingles with reality until we are driven to recognize that they are now not at all hostile and that a masterpiece can sometimes unite them. The performance of Macbeth at Saint-Wandrille has signed a treaty of peace between reality and illusion."

Gaynor on Hearst

The mayoralty contest in New York is supplying the lovers of scurrility with a lot of entertainment. Mr. Hearst is heaping personal abuse on his opponents with his accustomed enthusiasm, but he is far from having it all his own way. Judge Gaynor has been pouring hot shot into the newspaper publisher, and he has been getting his share of the plaudits of the groundlings. According to Gaynor Hearst is the biggest mountebank of the age. Pretending to be the friend of the people he exposes the swindles of plutocratic malefactors only when they fail to let him in on the ground floor. "Where was Hearst when Metropolitan street railway stock was boomed up to $265 a share?" asks Gaynor. "Was he exposing the swindle. No! Having got in on the ground floor he was probably down in Wall street getting out on the roof." After denouncing Hearst as a liar and a traitor to his friends Judge Gaynor said: "Hearst's newspaper suppressed the facts of the sugar weighing frauds. The only comment by Mr. Hearst on this poor and miserable fraud upon the public was that no trustee of the sugar company, no big man, was privy to the fraud or knew of its operation. No, of course not! The money stolen from the people by those frauds was equal to the sum required to pay a dividend of 6 per cent upon every share of sugar stock. Of course no one but ignorant dock wallopers knew of this fraud. Of course, Mr. Hearst said that none of the rich men knew of it, so of course they didn't. Yet I observe that a United States jury has indicted one Parsons for implication in those frauds. Of course the United States Grand Jury was misled, because Mr. Hearst has assured his readers that none of the important men of the sugar trust was guiltily cognizant of these miserable frauds, and Mr. Parsons is an important man. Important? Why, he is the father of the Parsons who has discreetly made a public statement to the effect that he utterly divorces his politics from the affairs of his father's business. He is the father of the man who objects to me because I received one of my nominations from a man said to be in control of one of the boroughs of the five boroughs which gave me my nomination. But, my friends, although Mr. Hearst has given a clean bill of moral health to the elder Parsons and thereby established a clean ancestry for the younger Parsons, if I were compelled today to select, as for his integrity, between the younger Parsons and the man in control of Tammany, restricted in my choice solely to the ground of relative integrity, it does not seem to me that my choice would go to the younger Mr. Parsons, despite the fact that Mr. Hearst is confident that the sugar frauds in no wise tainted any rich man associated with the sugar trust." (Yep! Wow-wow!)

Gaynor Indulges in Innuendo

One night at the Academy of Music Judge Gaynor invited his hearers to go and take a look at William R. Hearst and "to look at that face." "Not content with his own newspapers," said the candidate in reference to Mr. Hearst, "he has hired columns in other newspapers. And he advertises himself as though he were a patent medicine or a nostrum." At this point, according to the New York Sun, Judge Gaynor "repeated an inelegant statement which he had made before while speak-

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ing on the subject of Mr. Hearst and his campaign. He intimated that the whole subject had an unpleasant, nauseating effect on his stomach." We are also told that Gaynor, referring to the fact that the private lives of candidates had been dragged into the campaign, "shot in another innuendo against the independent candidate "with reference to the appearance of his name on the ticket under the Goddess of Justice"; furthermore that "he made a veiled reference to a supporter of Hearst's campaign," a man "whose name he felt to be too obvious to mention." He said that Hearst "threw himself into the arms of this man." From all of which it is evident that the great apostle of yellow journalism is getting some pretty nasty doses of his own medicine. The game of politics is assuredly being played pretty low down in the great metropolis. Perhaps never before in this country was it characterized by such disgusting personalities as are being exchanged between Gaynor and Hearst.

Hearst Retorts

From the Sun I also learn that Mr. Hearst is making a whirlwind campaign which has something of the hurrah spirit of 1905. The night after Gaynor made his scurrilous assault on him Hearst addressed four meetings, and, according to the Sun, "it took a strong arm to rip a way into any of the halls after 8 o'clock. He first appeared at the Yorkville Casino. William De Ford was telling some 1,800 extremely enthusiastic folk that Judge Gaynor had been talking entirely through his hat. Up in the gallery they saw Hearst boring a way toward the stage with the assistance of half a dozen panting policemen and it was all off with De Ford's speech. The crowd got up and yelled for five minutes with the able assistance of a band that switched from "The Star Spangled Banner" into "Die Wacht am Rhein" so fast that the bass drummer gave up in despair trying to follow the music and just swatted away manfully. Mr. Hearst told the audience that he merely felt sorry for a certain fussy old gentleman who had become ill natured, vituperative and a little vulgar. He said he had been disposed at first to feel bitter toward the Judge, but that he realized that evil communications had indeed corrupted good manners. There was a time, said Mr. Hearst mournfully, when Judge Gaynor was really a nice old fellow from whom much was expected. But Mr. Gaynor! He couldn't stand for Mr. Gaynor. The audience broke into deafening applause.

"I see from the despatches that Chauncey Depew now approves of Mr. Hearst."

"Poor Chauncey! he hasn't had the courage to disapprove of anything since the insurance scandal."

Poet of Zionism and Vagabondia Dead

How many of our litterateurs and esthetes have marked the passing of Naphtali Herz Imber, true poet? How many of them have ever heard of him? Those who are fond of imagining that the lot of the modern singer is sweeter and easier than it was of yore should ponder the miserable life and lonely death of this remarkable man who wrote the Marseillaise of Judah's restoration known to all Zionists as the "Hatikwoh" or Hymn of Hope and who was portrayed in Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" under the name of Melchitsedek Pinchas. A romantic wanderer through many lands, generally miserably poor, the prey of disease and an outcast among his people, this strange creature composed the song which has fired thousands of Jewish hearts in Zionist convention assembled while its unhappy author hovered outside to catch its strains and perhaps to surprise a look of appreciation from somebody who recognized him as the source of that beautiful inspiration. When Imber died a few days ago he left the following curious will in which the bitter humor of his nature and the cynical indifference of his attitude toward life and men were epitomized: "To the rabbis I leave what I don't know; it will help them to a longer life. To my enemies I leave my rheumatism. Between the Republican and the Democratic parties I divide the boodle they have not yet touched. To the Jewish editors I leave my broken pen so that they can write slowly and avoid mistakes. As an executor there shall be appointed a man who knows Barnum's philosophy through and through. Written on my deathbed. Witness, Mr. Pluto, of the Underground, and his Famulus, the Doctor. As an afterthought I leave to my publishers the last bill unpaid by me. They can frame it and keep it as an amulet to ward away that class of authors." As soon as he had breathed his last Zionists who had neglected him in life were disputing for the honor of burying him.

A Sweet Singer of Israel

To Zionists Imber is best known for the great hymn already mentioned; the general reader may place him as the author of the stirring "Watch on the Jordan" translated and published in his Ghetto volume by Zangwill. Imber wrote his poetry in Hebrew and his prose in English. He was a ready writer when the inspiration was upon him. Once in St. Louis while he was lying on the operating table of a hospital, ready to undergo a dangerous operation, he called for pen and paper and composed his "Confession" which he regarded as his finest poem. He was not liked by the orthodox rabbis, although Rabbi Hirsch was one of his benefactors. His views were radical, his pen free and he found his inspiration often in women and wine. A Francois Villon of the Ghetto, he gloried in a wanderlust which carried him to every clime; yet he never seemed to have money and he got little for his poems. Once he went about the country asserting that he was a mahatma, a "wise man of the Indies." He not only had a dark skin, but the tan of the tramp, and he let his black hair grow long, so that he looked like a real Hindu philosopher. As a mahatma, for several years he traveled about enjoying himself, incidentally delivering lectures on Buddhist and Hindu philosophy—lectures consisting of incomprehensible, vague, and ecstatic outpourings, which the Hebrew mahatma did not himself understand. One of his works was an essay on "Traces of Fire Worship in Ancient Judaism." If he had one surpassing love it was Palestine. He was taken to Palestine by Lawrence Oliphant in 1879 but was afterwards expelled from the country by the Turkish Government because he wrote the revolutionary "Watch on the Jordan." "I never would have left that country otherwise," he declared, "because I loved it so well." He often declared that he was a believer in Zionism but not in Zionists; at the last Zionist banquet in New York he made his way into the hall when contributions were being made and advanced to the front with a grandiose flourish, crying: "Imber gives a nickel." Eccentric, a poseur, Imber hid the true poetic inspiration beneath his wretchedness; his work will live to be his best memorial when his weaknesses are forgotten, but if he needed an epitaph Stendhal's might be applied to him: "He loved much and wrote much, therefore much should be forgiven him."

Judge—You say you didn't assault him on account of the ace up his sleeve. Then why did you assault him?

Prisoner—Because of his explanation of how the ace got up his sleeve. He said that a mustard plaster on his back must have drawn it there.

VOTE FOR

P. J.

KELLEHER

UNION LABOR NOMINEE

FOR

Public Administrator

An Erring Minister

We think that we are having all the trouble there is in the world right here in San Francisco—that the division of our town into factions is about the most serious thing that is happening anywhere. But to one who reads many papers the fallacy of this is apparent and likewise the truth of Gilbert Chesterton's epigram, "For every little town that is, God made the stars to shine especially." Clear over on the other side of the world there is a little community all ripped to pieces as a result of a bitter controversy over a preacher's prayers. Peniston, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, is the place, Canon Turnbull is the preacher. From a Newcastle paper I learn that Canon Turnbull plays favorites in his prayers. When praying for the royal family he prays for Victoria dead and turning to clay instead of for Edward who is very much alive and in need of salvation. Sometimes he omits the name of the sovereign altogether. Just about as reprehensible is his occasional prayer for Parliament when Parliament is not in session. When rebuked for this offense the miscreant said, "Well, you know I do not read the papers, anyway." It is not the seriousness of the vicar's offense but their own argument over it that has brought about the trouble among the good people of Peniston. Some maintain that an occasional prayer for the late monarch can do no harm and might do some good, while others contend that the present ruler of England is in need of all the supplications that can be uttered in his behalf. Then they argue hotly about Parliament. That body, some say, needs all the prayers it can get, whether in or out of session, while others quibble over the technicality that when there is no session there is, perforce, no Parliament. It is as strenuously held by others that the mere fact of a meeting does not make a Parliament—that Parliament is an institution that exists both in the abstract and concrete, and that the one form needs praying for as much as the other. As to failing to read the papers, the Canon has all the editors lined up against him for that, while the old-fashioned folk who resent the tinge of saffron that is creeping into British journalism rally to his support. Really it is an amusing mixup, and it is not without its pathetic side. It is of no particular interest to us, except that it shows us that we have not cornered all the wickedness in the world. Peniston, as I have shown you, has an arch criminal, one who jeopardizes his own soul and shocks the sensibilities of his parishioners by his unholy discrimination. Really, he is a subject for a grand jury.

The nomination of Mr. Kelleher by the Union Labor party for the important and responsible position of Public Administrator was a merited endorsement of his record in all its phases of activity. Mr. Kelleher is a member of the well known tailoring firm of Kelleher and Browne, 11 Seventh street. As a merchant Mr. Kelleher ranks high in the commercial world of San Francisco. He has always taken a lively interest in the municipal and commercial affairs of our city and is ever ready to assist in the furtherance of every wise civic improvement. Mr. Kelleher has built up his fine business by sheer energy and ability, and despite strong opposition. For a good many years Mr. Kelleher has given his services willingly and without charge to every worthy movement here or elsewhere. No charge has ever been exacted by him, and this generous spirit has won legions of friends for him. He has demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is capable of successfully conducting great enterprises, and therefore can be relied on to perform the duties of Public Administrator in a manner that will reflect credit on himself and give satisfaction to all the citizens of San Francisco.

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Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,
A suppliant whose prayer may be denied,
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate;
But thy heart's affluence lavish, uncontrolled;
The largess of thy love give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow!

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Union Labor Candidate for Treasurer

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks: The decline in stocks in the past week has been the result of the international monetary trouble in Europe which has affected our market here by considerable liquidation of securities from that center. Over speculation in German industrials has necessitated the check by the Imperial Bank of Germany raising its discount rate to five per cent. This was followed by the Bank of England raising its rate to five per cent to hold its gold reserve intact. The matter is looked on by foreign bankers as not productive of serious results. On the contrary, an adjustment of the money situation is expected in the next few weeks or sooner, when normal conditions will prevail. Meantime it is not unlikely that considerable outflow of the yellow metal may occur in accordance with the rate of foreign exchange which is practically at the gold exporting point. Hence we find in the foregoing a sufficient check to speculation in our own securities and the chances favoring some further liquidation in stocks. Fundamental conditions of trade could not be better, and every indication points to industrial activity. We may say the security market has discounted in many instances such a favorable condition in industry; as at this period of the year, when money rates harden, it is not unnatural to see a cleansing of the speculative position in Wall street.

Grain: Cash premiums for wheat gave the market another lift. The country grain dealers and millers have been the big bull element looking to the futures to compensate them if the present cash prices hold. A long headed speculative crowd anticipating a repetition of July and September have been loading up on December. The price has gone over May and made the shorts uneasy. However the immediate outlook is not altogether clear, for the price has brought out a lot of wheat the past week. Receipts at the primary markets were 2,500,000 bushels over the same week last year, the first week to show a heavy gain this season. It is well to watch the receipts, for a continuation of the present volume will force a lot of selling by the country bulls, especially if premiums disappear. Number 1 northern and Chicago is just even with the market and this is contract. Duluth has shipped moderately to Chicago. The winter wheat premiums remain and they will check a heavy decline should receipts continue. While the theory of a shortage in the grain is tenable, it is based on movements to date, and as liable to fall before facts as to be sustained. Trading should be conservative at this level and this situation and quick turn in position may be required. The consumption of the new wheat is only normal and the difference in the visible only equals the shortage of receipts to date. The long view is still bullish and we are approaching a period when winter wheat millers will be forced to use considerable shipping wheat to supply regular trade. We are completely out of touch with Europe and trading on an apparently domestic basis, hence world movements are without influence. The price is simply a question of receipts from this time on.

Corn holds to its high level and the short interest is large. There has been little development in corn; farmers holding above Chicago parity. A spell of wet damp weather, now developing south of the lakes, will defer deliveries and shipment and a run in of shorts will take place if it makes good. The south is a big buyer of corn and oats and has been held back from a broad purchasing by the expectation of lower prices. There is more short corn at Chicago than will be delivered by the farmers between now and the year's end.

Cotton: A wave of outside speculation has come into the market during the past week and carried prices into new high ground, January selling at 14.22, March at 14.29, May at 14.33 and October at 14 cents while spots were quoted at 14.40, just 40 points above the price of October contracts which will mature in 5 days. The third of a series of 10 reports was made public on Monday morning at the opening by the U. S. Census Bureau and served to establish more conclusively the claims of the bulls for a very short crop. It is probable that a greater percentage of the crop has already been ginned than to the corresponding date in any previous year. The largest percentage of a crop ginned to October 18 was 53.7 in 1902, a year like the present, the October condition of 1902 having been 58.3 against 58.5 this year. Therefore, it is safe to say that at least 55 per cent of the total crop has been ginned and on this basis the indicated crop is about 10,000,000 bales or about in keeping with our estimate. Mr. Ellison, the English authority on consumption, estimates this year's requirements of America at 235,000 bales less than last year or 12,625,000 bales against 12,860,000. If the loss in weight be considered, about two per cent, it will be seen that it would take more American bales this year than were used last year, or about 12,890,000. To get the cotton will be another question; it will be impossible unless spinners eat up all their invisible reserves. Of foreign growth, Mr. Ellison estimates that the world will consume 2,650,000 bales against 2,109,000 bales or 541,000 bales more than last year. Total requirements of all kinds have been estimated at 15,275,000 against 14,969,000 last year, or 306,000 larger, which we consider very bullish and the price will simply have to advance to such a high figure that consumption will be restricted. We should have 15 cent cotton by November 15, 18 cents by Christmas and possibly 20 cents afterwards.

Local Securities: Last week's Portola festival sort of

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tended to take the edge off trading in local securities and, in consequence, business was rather small with very few price-changes. The real feature of the recent local trade is the resumption of activity in Hawaiian Sugar stocks. Advances have been made in Honokaa, Hutchinson, Makaweli and Paauhau, while Hawaiian Commercial and Onomea have remained rather steady. The strength of the New York raw sugar market together with the bright outlook down at the islands are helping the sugar group. Associated Oil has also been an active trader and, as predicted in last week's review, has had an advance. I understand that dividends on this stock are not hoped for, for some time yet, and in that case, the Oil Company's recent contract with Japan is causing the advance. Alaska Packers has had some little setback but I feel that its position is becoming stronger by reason of this selling and as the buying orders on the stock come from authoritative sources, it should soon recover. Fireman's Fund Insurance stock has had a nice rise to $201, the highest price it has brought since the fire of 1906. I hear that this company's earnings are increasing at an encouraging rate which will soon show up in the form of increased dividends. Those of our stocks which have the largest call in New York, Telephone and Pacific Gas stocks, have been very quiet lately. There is nothing of alarm in this neglect as I feel that the monetary situation both in New York and abroad is causing the easterners to devote their attention to their own securities and they have put our California stocks temporarily on the shelf. The local bond market has been a trifle dull but the general firmness of the bond list, during the quiet period, is an interesting feature. For the future, I feel that the leading California stocks are purchases on any setbacks or even at present prices as no one can deny that our offerings have much merit and where that is the case, nothing but a bright future can be looked for.

A Bird's Revenge

By J. M. Hammond

Do birds think?

I have heard this question often asked by people who make a study of the habits of birds. Some time since, there stood in front of the house where I lived and not more than thirty feet from the porch, two soft maple trees; one on the right and one on the left of the board walk, running to the street walk. The one on the right was large with long limbs trimmed almost bare, for much of their length. The other was a smaller tree, with dense foliage, so thick that the eye could penetrate it only here and there. In this dense thicket of leaves, a number of English sparrows had built their nests of strings, grass, feathers and everything else these industrious and much hated birds could carry, and from which they kept up an almost incessant and rasping chirrup. At an early hour one morning while sitting on my porch, reading the morning paper, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a large blue-jay, who, in all of his pride of feathers and person perched himself on one of the bare limbs of the larger maple and began arranging his morning toilet. He was discovered by the irrepressible sparrows and they seemed to organize themselves for an attack. First, one sparrow would fly swiftly past the blue-jay, followed by another and another and so on in quick succession, each nipping or pulling at the pretty blue feather dress of the blue-jay, and so persistent and energetic was their attack, that sometimes they would pull the blue-jay from the limb.

This proceeding lasted, not to exceed three minutes, when the blue-jay straightened himself up on the limb and, like a flash, darted into the maple where the sparrows had their nests and for about a minute, amid the painful shrieks and chirrups of the sparrows, the blue-jay scattered the strings, feathers, grass and sticks in every direction until the nests of the sparrows were in ruins. When the blue-jay had finished his work of destruction he flew back to his former perch on the maple and began to make his toilet of blue undisturbed. Was this revenge?

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Is Young Spreckels Engaged?

A great deal of curiosity was aroused at Mackenzie Gordon's musicale last Sunday evening on account of the presence of Miss Mary Adele Case, the young lady of Oregon City with whose name that of Claus A. Spreckels Jr. has been so persistently linked by the bavardes of two continents. Those who saw Miss Case for the first time pronounced her a very attractive young woman; but they were rather puzzled by her attitude toward the newspaper rumors of her engagement to the grandson of our sugar king. Miss Case, I am told, did not endeavor in any way to discourage the gossip about her engagement; in fact, it seems that she rather gave it added impetus by her oblique references to the subject. The presence of the young lady in this city has greatly upset John D. Spreckels who has been doing everything in his power to shatter his son's romance. One of the latest stories to disturb him was that of an offer made to Miss Case by a Chicago vaudeville manager who was willing to pay her $1,000 a week if she would accept an engagement as a vocalist. Of course the fact that her name has been conjoined to that of the promising scion of the house of Spreckels would make her a drawing card in the windy city. Everybody is waiting on the tiptoe of expectation to see how Miss Case and young Spreckels will act when design or fortuitous circumstance brings them together here.

Miss Case to Sing Here

Miss Case is a contralto and will be soon heard in concert here. She comes from quite humble origin and by hard work, some of it even manual, has climbed to a fine position in the world of music. For some time she has been contralto soloist at the American Church in Paris and it was while officiating in this capacity that she met young Spreckels who fell violently in love with her and followed her to this country in the hope of inducing the fair singer to become his wife. Miss Case will keep on with her musical work and it is predicted that within a very few years her name will be enrolled among the world's greatest contraltos. Her voice is said to possess a sympathetic quality that reaches right into the hearts of her auditors.

Villolabar Studies Society Manners

If one cared to indulge in any unkind reflections, one might relate the story of the frosty fiasco which society made of its sole and only attempt at maintaining the city's reputation for hospitality during the recent festivities. I refer, of course, to the reception on Monday night to His Excellency, Marquis Villolabar, minister from Spain at Washington. This was to have been a society affair and all of the "exclusives" were duly invited. A splendid musical program had been prepared by Senor Wanrell and the Spanish Choral Society which had been rehearsing for weeks. Music had been sent from Madrid and everything was to be in accordance with the rank of the guest of honor. One regrets to admit that this was the one and only failure of the entire Portola program. Society which had been "bored to death," as the sacrosanct ones insisted upon informing us, dawdled in when the reception was half over and gossiped its small talk during the concert; then observing that the ball room of the St. Francis was by no means filled, society suspected that the affair was not one patronized by "our set" and dawdled out again into the corridors to chat and display its costumes. So dismal was the reception that Marquis Villolabar, during a good-natured chat with one of his countrymen, remarked that he had no idea that San Franciscans had such an antipathy towards the Spanish—that being his deduction. The singers, disgusted with the indifference of the listeners, gave but half of the program. Of course there were a number of splendid exceptions to the bad manners displayed by the majority. Gertrude Atherton, for instance, as well as the de Young girls and Mrs. de Young, seemed to be really enjoying the concert. The charming Miss Maud Fay who came with Thornwell Mullaly gave deference where honor was due, but her splendid conduct naturally could not make up for the rudeness of the rest.

Photo, Bushnell

MRS. ROSA HOOPER PLOTNER

The talented miniature painter whose studies of society women have won her local renown as well as the grand prix of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

The Astor Divorce

Newport society is once more preoccupied with the details of a divorce scandal. This time the persons involved are of the very head and front of the so-called smart set. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the complainant, is the most influential woman in the aristocracy of Newport and Gotham. She is the acknowledged leader of the 400 that was organized by the late Ward McAllister. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the females of the Mills family and the lesser lights of the plutocracy are her satellites. No one is regarded as of the inner circle of New York society who has not been admitted to the Holy of Holies presided over by Mrs. Astor. The Astor ball is always the premier event of the season. It was Mrs. Astor that supplied editorial writers throughout the country with a pregnant topic of discussion some years ago, when,

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for the purpose of effacing the widespread impression that the key to New York society was of pure gold, she made the announcement that no man was a gentleman who had not received a college education. At one time Mrs. Astor closed the portals of society against divorced persons, but she assumed a different attitude toward delinquents after Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton figured in a salacious intrigue with Hallet Alsop Burrowe which developed into a scandal of international proportions, to which a romantic tinge was imparted by a bloody duel. Mrs. Astor's change of attitude was due to the circumstance that Mrs. Drayton was a daughter of the house of Astor. The rehabilitation of Mrs. Drayton was personally conducted by the New York society leader. The process began in England with the approval of Albert Edward who gave the lady social recognition after she became the wife of Ogilvie Haig. A little later the King's old chum, Lily Langtry, came to this country and was given social recognition at a charity ball by the exclusive Mrs. Astor. Thereupon it was surmised that in thus giving notice to the smart set that the notorious actress was not to be considered beyond the pale she was carrying out a bargain with the King made in the interest of Mrs. Ogilvie Haig.

Photo, Genthe

MISS JENNIE LEE

A young lady who has made her home in this city since the fire and who is an intimate friend of Miss Vergilia Bogue.

They Fled From the Portola

The Edward Schmiedells, the Albert Dibblees and Wharton Thurston, who were among those who took to the woods during Portola week, had a rather dismal time of it on their trip to Tahoe to the Schmiedell cottage. They encountered deep snow drifts on the way, but even that was considered nothing compared to the alternative of having to participate in the Portola frolickings. Mrs. William Tevis who arrived with the four boys from New York on Monday, whisked her family away on the eve of the town's rejoicing at its rebuilding, and even Dr. Harry Tevis, usually included among the public-spirited ones, hied himself away to New York on the day of the festival's opening. Ever so many other society people betook themselves to distant places, far from the noisy crowd's hilarity, and still, odd to relate, the fiesta was a great success, including even the ball at the Fairmont which the "Smart Set," with vehement indignation, asserted it would not attend. Everyone with an observing eye voted Mrs. Henry T. Scott the handsomest of the matrons in local society at the ball. She certainly looked the regal grande dame in her frock of pale violet satin with its handsome embroidery of violet and steel beads. Few women dress with as much taste as Mrs. Scott. Another much-admired matron at the ball was Princess David Kowanan-akoa who was holding court all evening, the officers flitting about the dark-eyed beauty even to the exclusion of the younger girls. The princess wore a white satin with an overdress of pearls and rose point, with strands of pearls about her throat. "Princess David" as she is known among her friends, was much feted in

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS MARY CUTTER LUNDEEN

Daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Lundeen, whose engagement to Lieutenant Edwin E. Pritchett of the field artillery was recently announced.

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Washington and in New York, but whether she is to be taken into the local circle of the Chosen Few, still remains to be seen.

Our Own Navy Was Forgotten

Everybody is wondering how it happened that no invitations for the Portola ball at the Fairmont were sent to the officers of the United States navy until within a few hours of the affair. The foreign officials, naval and others, all received their cards in plenty of time but the Americans were completely overlooked. The strange circumstance was called to the attention of the committee late in the afternoon. Messengers were immediately dispatched in every direction with the belated invitations and they succeeded in reaching all the officers who had been ignored, forgotten or what you will. Naturally they were very indignant and averse from going but better counsel prevailed and most of them put in an appearance. But there has been an infinite deal of talking about the blunder of the committee.

Greenway List Rigorously Censored

The Greenway dances are to undergo a rigorous sifting, the lists having been reduced to just two hundred and forty, no more and no less. The fiat is issued by absolute command, coming from Burlingame, and there is therefore no appeal to any higher majesty. What wailing and bitter heartache this will occasion no one knows but those swept into the outer darkness, far from the scintillating glimmer of the lights that will shine upon the bejeweled backs of the dancers at the newly organized cotillon. That the dances are to be of crystalline fineness may be judged from the fact that the patroness list includes Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. James A. Folger, Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. Laurance Scott. Each sponsor has subscribed the sum of one hundred dollars and will be allowed the privilege of inviting ten of her friends. As there are to be twenty-four patronesses in all when the list is completed, the final selections will eliminate a great part of Greenway's list which formerly included some six hundred.

The Alexander-Swift Feud Still On

I am informed that the ill-feeling existing between Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. John F. Swift has become so intensified by a recent incident that the two ladies are now deemed irreconcilable. You remember, of course, the storm which stirred society when it became known that Mrs. Alexander had refused Mrs. Swift a card to the Colonial dances. As Mrs. Swift occupies a commanding position among the older families of the city, Mrs. Alexander's action bred wide-spread enmities which still endure. This year Mrs. Alexander sent cards for the Colonial balls to Mrs. Swift and her sister Mrs. Norris. The astonishment of those ladies may be imagined when they read her letter, requesting them to join the dancing club. The olive branch was not accepted; the letter was tossed into the waste basket and still remains unanswered. Naturally both of the feudists are more embittered than ever and everybody is wondering just how far the influence of their quarrel will extend.

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Mrs. Lloyd Osborne Angry

The bad feeling which has been known to exists for a long time between Mrs. Lloyd Osborne and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has at last become so much a thing of public property that he who runs past the queer old Osborne-Stevenson home on Russian hill may read all about it. Mrs. Osborne has posted a notice on her house announcing that it is not a convent and furthermore, that it never was the property of Robert Louis Stevenson and that he spent elsewhere the years during which he is supposed to have resided there. The Osborne and Stevenson homes are in one building, the Stevenson half of which has passed, through the generosity of Frank J. Sullivan, to the Carmelite nuns. Evidently Mrs. Osborne objects to having her half of the property mistaken for that which formerly belonged to her mother-in-law. I hear also that Mrs. Osborne is furious at Frank Sullivan, first of all because he was the means of installing the convent next door and also because some of the alterations made for the nuns have interfered with her light.

Not an Engagement Tea

The majority of those invited fully expect that at the large and elaborate tea which Mrs. George Wilcutt will give on November 6 at the St. Francis in honor of Miss Olney, the engagement of that attractive young lady to young George Wilcutt will be announced. However from no less a person that Mrs. Wilcutt herself I learn that there is not a word of truth in this story. The Wilcutt and Olney families have been intimate friends for years and the tea is simply a pretty compliment to a charming young girl who will be one of the debutantes of the season.

Miss Baker Returns a Beauty

The return of Miss Dorothy Baker after a year in Europe with her aunt, Miss Kate Stone, is creating a genuine furore of excitement among the belles who are wondering how on earth such a marvelous transformation was wrought, for Miss Dorothy, who went away a not particularly pretty girl, returns as a positive beauty. Her complexion is of a rose-petal pinkness, clear as pearls and her big brown eyes are radiant with the sparkle of perfect health. Now all the girls are wondering where Miss Baker found this enchanting fountain of beauty. Certainly should Miss Stone care to act as chaperon for any of the other belles, and there are several whose season of two has resulted in listlessness and faded coloring, she could easily find any number of rich daughters willing to accompany her to Europe. Miss Baker returns with a mountain of trunks, full of the most bewitching gowns, so everyone is very keen about her forthcoming debut.

The Tobin Luncheon For Miss de Sabla

Quite the most elaborate as well as the daintiest of the semi-informal affairs that have been given to herald the debut of the season's buds was Mrs. Clement Tobin's luncheon this week at the Fairmont, to which Mrs. Tobin invited a few of her friends and the buds of last winter to meet Miss Vera de Sabla. Mrs. Tobin who is lissome and exquisitely fair with a cream and pink complexion, has the reputation in Paris and the fashionable Alpine resorts, of being the most beautiful of all the much-lauded women who annually go abroad to emphasize the fame of Californiennes. One of the fashionable foreign journals recently lauded her artistic taste in gowning her-

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self, and certainly the dresses which she brought back a month or so ago, and with which she is delighting her friends, are proof that the praise was not unmerited. Miss Vera de Sabla resembles her handsome sister as a rose bud resembles the perfect rose. She is very shy, an unusual trait for a California girl, but as she is convent-educated, her reserve is most attractive. At the luncheon this week Mrs. Tobin looked unusually handsome in a gown of black silk cachemere, the skirt draped in true washerwoman style, while the bodice was a close-fitting affair of gold net embroidered in blue iris blossoms. The dainty Miss Vera wore a girlish-looking blue printed foulard, made short of skirt, quite full, with a tunic, and the bodice was draped in fichu style, with Irish lace trimmings.

Consuelo Complained to King Edward

One of my gossipy friends who is enjoying the delights of London writes me that a great deal of talk centers about the social difficulties which the American Duchess of Marlborough who was Consuelo Vanderbilt has experienced since her separation from her ducal consort. It seems that the latest development came in no less formidable shape than a protest addressed by the duchess to the king himself on account of the slight which has been administered to her rank by the functionaries of the court and the officers of the most exclusive order in Europe. The duchess, it seems, did not receive an invitation to attend the investiture of King Manuel of Portugal as a Knight of the Garter at Windsor Castle. To such a ceremony, the most courtly and exclusive necessarily, the wives of those who wear the Garter are always bidden. Etiquette directs even the splendid robes the women must wear on the occasion. The Duke of Marlborough is a Knight of the Garter. The members of that order consist only of the Sovereign of England and twenty-five knight companions, most of whom are reigning sovereigns or heirs-presumptive. The only woman who is a member is the Queen of England, the Duchess of Marlborough's dear friend, and the only wife of a Knight of the Garter who was not invited to the investure of Portugal's young King is the American born Duchess of Marlborough. Her friends say truly that her social position cannot be affected by her absence from Court. But they insist that it is perfectly conceivable that she should resent any implied slight or injustice put upon her. The Duke of Marlborough received an invitation to King Manuel's investiture as a matter of course. It is worthy of note that this is the first Court function to which he has been bidden since he and his wife separated.

Religious Mary Garden

I do not know whether the great singer Mary Garden is consciously taking George Moore's Evelyn Innes as the model of her operatic career, but I was struck by certain close resemblances between the experiences of the fictive and live singers at the time that Miss Garden's quarrel with her patroness disclosed some of the incidents of her early life in Paris. And now Miss Garden offers herself once more in a role which irresistibly suggests Moore's heroine. Miss Garden says that she is going to take the veil; yet, lest any music-lover be inclined to melancholy over the prospective loss to the stage of a fine singing voice, let me hasten to explain that Miss Garden places the time of her entrance into conventual gloom far away in the dim and mysterious future. Miss Garden is quoted as saying: "I am spending all my spare time studying for the Roman Catholic religion, so as to fit myself for a nun. I am tired of the pomp and vanity of this wicked world, and when my operatic career closes I shall retire to a convent and live, in poverty and humility, the higher life." That Miss Garden should defer her retirement to the life of a Sister Teresa until the distant date when her operatic career has closed, reassures those of us who are anxious to have her remain upon the stage long enough to give us an opportunity to hear her. Miss Garden is still young and the impulse toward the higher life of poverty and

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humility was probably a passing fancy bred of transient disappointment or a fit of the blues and seized upon avidly by her industrious press agent.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Robert Findley Monteagle is on her way home from abroad, having arrived recently in New York. Among other things she is bringing back a handsome French touring car. Mrs. Monteagle lately inherited an immense fortune from an uncle who died several months ago in the east. She was formerly Miss Daisy Paige, daughter of the late T. Paige, a well known resident of this city.

Gertrude Atherton will leave during the first week of November for the east.

Invitations have been issued for a large tea that Mrs. William Boericke and her pretty twin daughters, the Misses Ruth and Dorothy, will give at their home in Washington street on November 6.

The death of Mrs. Mary Jewett, wife of John H. Jewett, the well known banker of Marysville, which occurred at Oak Ridge near Kenwood on October 23 was a great shock to their many friends. Mrs. Jewett was formerly Miss Mary Burtis, a sister of Mrs. Thornburg and came of an old and well known pioneer family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilly of San Rafael have taken the Bermingham house in Pierce street for the winter.

Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman left last Saturday for St. Louis. Later she will visit Fort Hamilton where she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Robert McMillan, wife of Captain McMillan of the Artillery corps. Mrs. McMillan was formerly Leontine Blakeman of this city. I'm told the stork is hovering over her household.

Mrs. W. G. Brokaw of New York City and maid spent some time at Del Monte before taking apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Bessie Hooker and Jennie Hooker will arrive within a few days from their tour abroad.

Mrs. Robert N. Graves will return this week to her home in Sacramento street after passing the last five months at Edge Hill, Napa county, the handsome summer home of Mrs. Dichman.

Mrs. Holden and her daughters, the Misses Holden, gave a tea recently in honor of Mrs. Charles Stockton Pope, formerly Miss Marian Holden, who is visiting here from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Starr Keeler of San Rafael will give a children's Hallowe'en party tonight at her home.

Mrs. Henry James Morton was hostess at a bridge party on Thursday at her handsome home in Pacific avenue.

Paul C. Jones entertained Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson and Miss Buffington at dinner Monday night at The Tavern of Tamalpais.

Late letters from Mrs. E. Walton Hedges announce her arrival in Paris where she is comfortably settled for the winter. Mrs. Hedges is perfecting herself in German and Italian and taking lessons from a celebrated vocal instructor.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale entertained Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowdan at luncheon Saturday at The Tavern of Tamalpais. After luncheon the party visited Muir Woods.

Mrs. Maud Dunsmuir gave a delightful musicale this week at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Shoobert, in Sausalito. She was assisted by Mrs. Thomas Claussen. About thirty people were present.

Mrs. A. E. Kent and Mrs. Crane spent Saturday at the Tavern.

Late news from Miss Marian Miller reports that she is rapidly recovering from her recent severe illness and will leave Paris on October 22, arriving here about November 15, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado recently were John M. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilbur and E. T. Parsons.

The Laurel Court of the Fairmont has been the scene of many pretty teas, luncheons and parties during the past week. Among the notable luncheons was that of Mrs. Clem Tobin who entertained a score of her friends on Monday. Some of her guests were Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Dillingham, Mrs. Thos. Driscoll, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Hopkins and Miss Martin.

Another pretty luncheon party on the same day was that of Miss Jean Gallois whose guests included Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Keeney, Miss Foster, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Coffin, Miss Claire Nichol, Miss Helen Baker and Miss Dolly McGavin.

Today Minister Jonkeer Loudon of Holland will give a luncheon to some thirty of his friends in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont. This will be in the nature of a farewell party as Herr Loudon will leave for his post at Washington very shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Coe of Boston will spend the winter at Del Monte, as has been their custom for some year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Strecker of Boston will be at Hotel Del Monte for a short time, resting after the excitement of the carnival days of the Portola.

Mrs. W. B. Murray, wife of Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha, arrived at Del Monte recently with her friend, Mrs. Goodsell. They were accompanied by Mr. L. M. Cheshire, representative of the Union Pacific on the coast, who is acting as their escort while they are in the State.

Among those registering at Del Monte from New York during the past week are the following: Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Reed, Mr. Frank MacGovern, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Griswold, Mr. P. E. Zinkersen, Mr. C. G. Freeman, Mr. H. B. Pendenis, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Crane, Mr. Spencer Turner and Mr. W. H. Evans.

The combination of unusually warm weather and the advent of the Japanese man-of-war, Idsumo, in the quiet waters of Monterey Bay on Sunday afternoon brought out a large crowd of sightseers and soldiers. The long pier and promenade at the Del Monte bathing pavilion was crowded until long after the sunset gun had boomed across the hills.

Mrs. J. B. Hume, the President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles Spear at the Hotel St. Francis last Saturday. The other guests were Mrs. E. L. Baldwin, Mrs. J. W. Orr, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mme. Tojetti, Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. James Crawford, Mrs. W. S. Leake, Mrs. Will Madden and Mrs. B. Weaver.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose have been passing Portola week at the Hotel Fairmont. A handsome dinner was given in their honor at the Fairmont before the Portola Ball by Judge Houghton of New York. The guests were General and Mrs. W. E. Dougherty, the Misses Harrison, Captain and Mrs. Thomas S. Ashburne, Mr. Orrin Peck and Captain Wilcox, U. S. A.

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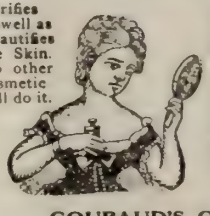

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"Becky Sharp" and Thackeray's Vanity Fair

By Edward F. O'Day

There are few, I take it, who have not visualized to the inner eye the principal characters which move through the inimitable pageant of Vanity Fair. Several perusals of the masterpiece in an edition which contained Thackeray's funny illustrations have given me certain treasured mental pictures of Becky and the rest which, of course, I am firmly convinced come closer to Thackeray's ideas of his creations than those which are entertained by any of my friends. This sort of self-satisfaction is one of the greatest luxuries to be derived from the reading of the great novels and there is no species of contention more enjoyable than that which consists in backing your idea of, let us say, Agnes Copperfield or the Duchesse de Langeais or Dominie Enfilden against the perfectly preposterous ideas of those human beings entertained by everybody else. It is great sport, but it is not encouraged by plays like "Becky Sharp." To reduce Becky Sharp or Rawdon Crawley or meddlesome old Briggs to terms of flesh and blood, to clothe and bewig and rouge them into the semblance of the originals and more especially to make them talk and act as somebody besides their creator thinks they might have talked and acted is, quite obviously, impossible. The experiment would be pardonable with most of the books which are dramatized but it is rather hopeless with a work like Vanity Fair; there are too many sentimental memories twining around the characters of such a book to allow even the most case-hardened critic to divest himself of his prejudices and to judge the play simply as a play and not as a making over of the novel. So I confess that I was not satisfied with Evelyn Vaughan's Becky. Miss Vaughan is too winsome for Becky; there is too much sweet womanliness in the glow of her pretty eyes and in the turn of her graceful chin; there is too much heart-throb in her voice. Becky was not pretty; she had red hair and green eyes and sharp features and no heart and she used to show her teeth and clench her fists and exhibit all the rest of the unlovely traits of the eternal feminine feline which are beyond the scope of Miss Vaughan's fragrant personality. I was a little better satisfied with the Marquis of Steyne; the fringe of red hair which Thackeray lets no reader forget was there and the cruel eyes and the cynical mouth; but E. L. Bennison was a doddering old amorist which Steyne was not. Steyne was a debauchee past his prime but not the enfeebled old libidinist portrayed at the Alcazar. I do not think that Steyne sprawled in such rickety fashion when Rawdon struck him or that he whined as he left the house; he was a virile old scoundrel with enough physical vigor to balance his mental keenness and make him the overtopping figure which the autor intended. Will Walling's Rawdon Crawley, I think, is the most faithful picture in the play. Walling looks the part of the gambling, cursing, raking, slow-witted guardsman who is the most lovable character in the book. Rawdon would wear his hair and mustache in just that way; he would laugh in very much that fashion; and when once aroused to the perfidy of his wife, would rage in the wrecking madness which Walling simulated. I do not think there was enough of the gentleman in Howard Hickman's Pitt Crawley; Thackeray made him a very polished hypocrite. As for old Sir Pitt Crawley, Charles Dow Clark made him dirty and vulgar enough, but erred in having him speak like a cockney. James Corrigan's Joseph Sedley was scarcely fat enough to fill the proportions of the eidolon in my mind. Adele Belgarde's Miss Crawley was rather a parallel of Thackeray than Thackeray himself. Harrison Ford's George Osborne was not Thackeray's for the simple reason that the writer of the play did not make him so. As for Amelia

EDDIE FOY AND SOME OF HIS CHILDREN

As they appear in "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," coming to the Valencia Theatre Sunday night. The quaint comedian is the happy father of twelve, and he and Mrs Foy have adopted seven more.

Sedley and Dobbin I never could take enough interest in their milksoppy personalities to make it worth my while to visualize them but I remember very well how Thackeray drew them in his illustrations and must allow that Grace Travers and William Garwood make fitting presentment of the pictures. It may seem a dubious sort of compliment to these players thus to dissect their interpretations; nevertheless I sincerely regard it as a real tribute to their mimicry that they stir one to interesting comparisons with the great originals. Certainly I found the evening spent at the Alcazar in calling up the old memories of Russell Square and Park Lane and Curzon street and the lodgings at Pumpernickel with which Thackeray has so vividly impressed our minds, one of the pleasantest I have had for many days.

Stage

"The Traveling Salesman" Next Week

On Monday night next at the Van Ness a two weeks' engagement will begin for Henry B. Harris' latest comedy success, "The Traveling Salesman" by James Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady." "The Traveling Salesman" is a play that deals with that very interesting character, the "drummer." Naturally it embodies no discussion of serious topics; it is a play intended by the author to amuse and entertain. It ran in New York for over nine months, following which it had a run of six months in Chicago. The company will include Mark Smith, James O'Neil Jr., Clifford Strok, Lawrence Shechan, Theodore Kehwald, Daniel Jarrett, Guy B. Hoffman, Emmett Shackleford, Robert Hamilton, Miss Miriam Nesbit, Miss Diana Huneker, Miss Marion Stephenson and Miss Virginia Hamilton.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
"The March King"

Eddie Foy After Many Years

The last performances of "The Ringmaster" will take place at the Valencia this Saturday afternoon and evening and on Sunday night the Shuberts announce Eddie Foy, the great funmaker, in his newest musical whimsicality, "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway." Edgar Smith is responsible for the book in which the melancholy Dane is travestied. "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" has to do with the efforts of a summer colony in the Adirondacks to present an out-of-door performance of Shakespeare's play. In the cast supporting Mr. Foy will be found Belle Gold, remembered for her work in "The Ham Tree," and many other favorites. Seventy-five people take part in the production and there are at least a score of catchy musical numbers. The only matinees of "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" will be given on Saturday and on Tuesday evening Mr. Foy will read election returns from the stage in his own unique style. Foy was a great favorite in San Francisco in the days of the David Henderson extravaganzas.

The Sousa Concerts

The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning for the eight concerts to be given by Sousa and his band at Dreamland Rink, commencing with a matinee next Thursday afternoon, November 4, and ending Sunday night, November 7. At each concert an entirely new program will be given. For the opening night the numbers will be: Overture, "Spring" by Goldmark; Cornet Solo, "Showers of Gold" (new), Clarke, Suite, "People Who Live in Glass Houses" (new), Sousa; Duet for soprano and mezzo-soprano, "Contes D'Hoffman," the Misses Hoyt; Prelude to the Russian Drama, "Crime and Punishment," Rachmaninoff; "Entr' Act," Helmsburger; March, "The Glory of the Yankee Navy,"

MINNIE SELIGMAN
The famous emotional actress who will begin an engagement this Sunday afternoon at the Orpheum.

Sousa; Violin Solo, Miss Florence Hardeman and "Slavonic Rhapsodie" (new), Friedman. On Friday night, November 5, a special program devoted entirely to Wagner and Sousa has been arranged. Monday afternoon and night, November 8, Sousa will give special programs at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. On Wednesday night, November 10, Sousa will appear at Stanford University.

"In Old Kentucky" Again

"In Old Kentucky" will be presented at the Garrick for a week starting with a matinee tomorrow. The play is now almost a classic. It is in its seventeenth consecutive season on the road. The tale of the wild-flower girl from the Kentucky mountains is as well known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a detailed description of how brave little Madge Brierly saves her lover's life by swinging across a chasm on a slender rope, and later saves his wealth by riding his beauty "Queen Bess" to victory, is quite unnecessary. This will be the last of the John Cort attractions at the Garrick, and following "In Old Kentucky" comes the long heralded "Three Twins," said to be a great musical comedy. Gottlob, Marx and Co. of the Van Ness assume the Garrick management with this engagement.

The Jomelli Concerts

The opening concerts of the Greenbaum season will be given by Mme. Jean Jomelli, the Dutch soprano from Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company and Covent Garden. Mme. Jomelli is one of the most successful singers on the concert platform and is said to possess a voice of marvelous beauty. She will give three concerts in this city, presenting programs of songs in French, German, English and Italian and will sing some new operatic numbers including selections from Charpentier's "Louise," Massenet's "Thais" and Pucini's "La Tosca." Associated with Mme. Jomelli will be Miss Marie Nichols, a young American violin virtuosa, who has won her laurels with the great symphony orchestras of Berlin, Leipsic, Dresden, Paris, London and America. She has appeared both in Boston and on tour with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mary Adele Case at the Novelty

The greatest interest is being manifested in the concerts to be given at the Novelty Theatre by Mary Adele Case, the young Oregonian contralto who has been singing with great success in Paris at the famous American Church and who recently completed a long tour with Harold Bauer. Miss Case came home to visit her mother without intending to appear in concert but she has been induced to make a few public appearances before her return to Paris. Manager Greenbaum heard of the splendid work the artist has been doing and induced her to give him a few days of her time and two concerts are announced, the dates being Friday night, November 19 and Sunday afternoon, November 21. Miss Case will have the assistance of Mr. F. M. Biggerstaff, a pianist who is too seldom heard in public. Seats will be ready on Tuesday, November 16, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

"Shore Acres" at Ye Liberty

The offering of the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, for the week commencing next

THE FAMOUS POKER GAME SCENE IN "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN"

At the Van Ness Theatre next week.

Monday evening will be "Shore Acres," James A. Herne's celebrated play of American life. This piece has not been seen across the bay since the author himself starred in it a good many years ago, and as the stock players are also giving it its first popular price presentation there, it should be an exceedingly popular offering. Henry Shumer has been entrusted with the Herne role, and all the other favorites will be happily

MISS MAGDALEN WORDEN

Pianist-composer who will appear in concert with Jomelli, the Dutch soprano.

cast. "Shore Acres" will have the usual one week's run, after which the Bishop players will be seen in the first Pacific Coast presentation of "The Traitor," the play taken from Thomas Dixon's novel of the south.

Minnie Seligman at the Orpheum

The well known actress Minnie Seligman and William Bramwell will appear at the Orpheum next week in Gerald Villiers Stuart's one act play "The Drums of Doom," which created quite a sensation when originally produced in London by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Lewis Waller. A clever and agile acrobatic act will be given by the Bounding Gordons. The work of this trio is gracefully executed and the youngest is a "bounding wonder." With the aid of a flexible mat he throws backward and forward somersaults alighting on the shoulders of his companion in a pyramid position. Katchen Loisset, a recent Orpheum importation, will appear for the first time in this city. She sings English and German songs and introduces her trained pigeons and a mimic dog called "Honey." The Bootblack Quartette has an ensemble of melody and fun. Next week will be the last of Hal Godfrey who will be seen in a new comedy of New York life by Edmund Day entitled "The Liar." It will also be the final week of Keno, Walsh and Melrose, "General" Edward La Vine and of Mlle. Bianci. There will be new motion pictures.

Rural Drama at Alcazar

No other play of American rural life possesses the charm of "Shore Acres," which is to be the Alcazar's offering for a week, commencing next Monday evening. Stage director Fred J. Butler whose greatest hit in the Alcazar was made when he played Uncle Nat about two years ago, will reappear in the part, and Will R. Walling will again be seen as Martin Berry, with Adele Belgarde as his good-hearted wife, Evelyn Vaughan as their daughter and all the other favorites suitably cast. The entire scenic production will be new, including the wonderful lighthouse effect with a foundering ship in the distance. This scene had much to do with winning for the play the popularity it possesses for admirers of stage realism.

Maugham's New Comedy

According to the London critics, Mr. Somerset Maugham's latest comedy, "Smith," soon to be seen in this country, would be all the better for a little judicious editing. In his zeal for the enunciation of wholesome truths he has permitted himself to forget the requirements of good taste. Apparently he has been taking a leaf out of the book of Alfred Sutro. His hero, after a term of useless, wasteful, demoralizing years in London, has been converted into a strong and healthy man by a course of hard labor in colonial backwoods, and—coming back to town—is disgusted with the shallowness, the immorality, the luxuriousness, and the general irresponsibility of fashionable society. He wants to know what has become of the wives and mothers and scatters

FRED J. BUTLER

Who will play Uncle Nathan'l Berry in "Shore Acres" next week at the Alcazar Theatre.

virtuous platitudes in all directions with superb faith in his own virtue and originality. Some of his talk is in Mr. Maugham's best vein, and is exceedingly amusing, some of it—if truth be told—is not a little tiresome, while some is objectionable. But there is no doubt of the success of the piece. After seeking in vain among his social equals for a wife capable of fulfilling all domestic duties, including those of motherhood, he finds her finally in "Smith," the pretty housemaid. At first the damsel refuses him, on the score that she is no believer in unequal matches, but when she discovers that he can draw a cork better than the butler, she throws herself in his arms. On the whole "Smith" seems to be more valuable for its amusing than for its didactic qualities. It may be doubted whether, as a rule, marriage with a housemaid is the final and wisest solution of all matrimonial problems.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

The illustration this week portrays the latest style of Feather Weight Storm Coats, which have become the rage in London and New York. These storm coats are warranted to be absolutely waterproof as well as dustproof, and are able to stand all sorts of climates. The distinctive feature of these productions is the "feather weight" character of the materials, garments averaging in weight but 2¼ pounds. These storm coats

MEADOWBROOK STYLE

48 inches long, designed for town or country. The Raglan Sleeve is a correct and distinguishing feature of storm apparel.

are perfectly made, finished with seams cemented, sown and strapped. They are unhesitatingly recommended to gentlemen who need protection from the heavy rain falls and whose pleasure or business calls them into the open in heavy rains.

Sweater Coats will be more fashionable and popular than ever. At the end of last fall season, sweater coats became very popular and dealers foresaw this demand. Their supply was inadequate to the demand and left many patrons wanting for them this year. The reason for this sudden demand is that these sweater coats can be put to many uses, walking, driving, playing golf, etc. These coats are produced from $2.50 up as high as $15.00 and are often finished with silk sleeves. Motor scarfs are also made. These sweater coats are put up in the following colors: oxford plain, oxford and maroon, oxford and navy, tobacco and tan, navy plain, oxford and cardinal, tobacco and green, tan and seal brown and heather.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE Oakland, Cal. Direction H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, November 1, Every Evening, Matinees Saturday and Sunday

BISHOP'S PLAYERS Presenting James A. Herne's Best Play

SHORE ACRES

Entire House, 25c and 50c. All Performances.

Next—Thomas Dixon's "The Traitor."

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgr. Phone Market 500

Two Weeks Beginning Monday, November 1st, Matinee Saturday

"I'm the Best Laugh You'll Get This Season"—Bob Blake.

Henry B. Harris Presents

THE TRAVELING SALESMAN

A Comedy in Four Acts by James Forbes, Author of "The Chorus Lady."

VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, near Thirteenth Phone Market 17

This Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "The Ringmaster."

Starting Sunday Night, October 31, for Two Weeks. Only Matinee Saturday

Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.), Present America's Favorite Funmaker

EDDIE FOY in

MR. HAMLET OF BROADWAY

The Great New York Casino Success. A Company That Can Act—and Does. A Chorus That Can Sing and Dance—and Does.

Reserved Seats from 50c to $1.50, on Sale at the Box Office and Emporium.

Note—Mr. Foy will read Election Returns from the stage Tuesday night.

The Garrick (Former Orpheum) ELLIS AT FILLMORE PHONE - WEST 1194

Week Starting With Sunday Matinee. Matinee Saturday.

17th Annual Tour of

IN OLD KENTUCKY

50 Rollicking, Frolicing Picaninnies—6 Kentucky Thoroughbred Horses—The Famous Picaninny Brass Band.

Popular Prices, 25 cents to $1.00.

Next—"The Three Twins." Seats Wednesday, 25c to $1.50.

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE Cor. Sutter and Steiner Class "A" Building Phone West 1400

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.

Monday Evening, November 1st, and Throughout the Week, James A. Herne's Famous Play

SHORE ACRES

With Fred J. Butler as Uncle Nathan'l Berry.

Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c. Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

NEW ORPHEUM O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell Phone Douglas 70

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day

ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE

MINNIE SELIGMAN and WILLIAM BRAMWELL in "The Drums of Doom"; THE BOUNDING GORDONS; KATCHEN LOISSET; BOOT-BLACK QUARTETTE; HAL GODFREY & CO., in "The Liar"; KENO, WALSH and MELROSE; "GENERAL" EDWARD LA VINE; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week, Great Terpsichorean Triumph, MLLE. BIANCI in her Classical and Novelty Dancing.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

DREAMLAND RINK STEINER STREET AT SUTTER

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

Assisted by Misses Frances and Grace Hoyt, Vocalists, Miss. Florence Hardeman, Violinist, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, Cornetist.

4 Afternoons at 3:15—4 Nights at 8:15, Commencing Next Thursday, November 4.

Friday Night, Great Wagner-Sousa Program.

Prices, 50c, 75c, and $1.00. Seats read next Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programs may be obtained.

SOUSA at GREEK THEATRE (BERKELEY)

Monday, November 8, Afternoon at 3 and Evening at 8.

Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland, Reed and Tupper's, Harmon and Geary's, "Sign of the Bear," W. C. Crowl's and The Co-Op Store, Berkeley.

EXTRA!!

MME. JEAN JOMELLI

Prima Donna, Covent Garden, Manhattan Opera House, etc., and Miss Marie Nichols, Violin Virtuosa; Miss Magdalen Worden at the Piano.

Three Concerts at Novelty Theatre—Friday Evening, November 12, Sunday Afternoon, November 14, Tuesday Evening, November 16.

Seats, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, ready Tuesday, November 8, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Oakland Concert—Wednesday Afternoon, November 17 at "Ye Liberty"

Baldwin Piano Used

Coming—MARY ADELE CASE, Contralto.

Behind the Scenes of the Portala

(Continued from Page 9.)

sisted in spite of all obstacles must ever be scored to their credit. Funds came in slowly but at times with gratifying liberality. Although the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads which were to reap a golden harvest from the Portola refused to contribute one penny, Patrick Calhoun wrote a check for $5,000; the Emporium gave $1,000; the St. Francis a similar amount; the Fairmont, $500; and James D. Phelan, besides contributing $200 in cash, allowed the committee free office space in his building which amounted to $1800. The total collections were about $90,000 and although the total expenses amounted to about $120,000 the committee is confident that they will have no difficulty in making up the deficit from the voluntary contributions of merchants who refused to give in advance but who have derived such business benefits from the festival that they experience a tardy generosity. What these business benefits were cannot be accurately calculated; but as there were at least 750,000 visitors and perhaps more, within the city during the days of the festival, it must be a conservative estimate to say that at least $5,000,000 were spent in addition to the usual volume of trade.

The great question of the past week has been: What brought the crowds here? That query can only be properly answered by the men who had charge of the publicity campaign and of these Homer Boushey was the chief. Beginning with the beauty contest for the choice of a queen of the carnival, 4,000 papers were furnished with matter regarding the Portola. Thereafter 8,800 newspapers in all parts of the country were reached systematically through the Associated Press and the United Press, the two great news bureaus. This work began in February with a weekly service of news bearing on the Portola and gradually, as the days of festival drew near and in accordance with advices received from the railway companies, the field was narrowed until 1500 papers in different parts of the country were being supplied twice a week with readable news sent in matrix ready for the stereotyper or in the form of printed and "headed" copy with appropriate photographs. All the railroads were induced to issue special Portola folders; the Portola posters were sent to every hotel and bank in the United States and to many abroad; 25,000 booklets entitled "The Exiles" were addressed to San Franciscans in all parts of the world, calling them home; 5,000,000 stickers were sent out by local business men on the envelopes of their correspondence; mercantile houses with eastern or European connections enclosed circulars with their mail; 1,500,000 postals went to all parts of the globe; 500,000 letterheads and envelopes were used in official Portola correspondence. Every convention which has been held in this country since February was attended by a special envoy from San Francisco who explained the purpose and scope of the festival and invited visitors.

These were some of the wheels of that mysterious machinery of Portola which the unselfish committeemen have kept in concealment. Is it any wonder that the Portola succeeded? That the distressing blunders which marred the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York were avoided? That the Spanish minister declared that never in a world-wide experience had he been so royally entertained, every wish so carefully anticipated, every comfort so zealously provided? Similar encomiums might be repeated here from other distinguished visitors who participated in the celebration, but after all the greatest tribute to the affair and to the men who conducted it is the unanimous acknowledgment of all San Franciscans that their greatest anticipations were outdone, that their doubts were shown to be groundless and that their laggard faith in their own people had received a fillip so stimulating that it will probably never fail again.

Mr. Don. McKay, manager of the Seattle branch and F. O. Nelson, manager of the Los Angeles branch, arrived in the city Saturday and will accompany Mr. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Co. to Akron, Ohio, for the yearly conference.

The main road from Bakersfield to Maricopa is in exceedingly poor shape at the present time, according to Louis Oldcese, the Studebaker automobile agent in that part of the State. After leaving Conner's lane the big stretch of alkali is encountered. This, while passable, is soft and full of treacherous ruts. Beyond that point the automobiles have smooth sailing until the west road along the San Emidio fence is reached. This is terribly cut up, being full of dangerous chuck holes and ruts for miles and an automobile can make but little time over it. This portion will be improved after a good rain, but, the alkali will be well nigh impassable after a thorough soaking. In and around Maricopa and between Moron and Maricopa the roads have been placed in good shape.

Pardon me, madame, I think I have seen you somewhere."
"Very likely, I go there very often."

E. B. COURVOISIER

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Railroad Ties, Telegraph Poles, Shingles, Split Shakes, etc.

CROCKER BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Yards and Planing Mills—6th and Channel Streets

The Yellow Overcoat

(Continued from Page 10.)

Broadway there was a man walking around in the most sensational overcoat I ever laid my eyes on." Then would follow an exact description of the coat; and the whole family would shake their heads and laugh.

When Claflin reached "The Apollo" that evening with his coat, a cry of horror arose. Count de Mirabelle, the fencing-master, wrung his hands in distress and swore:

"By Louis XIV, to whom I am related, very closely related, ladies and gentlemen,—I should not know Monsieur Claflin if I met him on the street."

Armstrong, the comic-magazine artist, urged him to pose as a model for him in the coat. Hendricks, the architect, roared like a lion when he spoke. When they asked him why he roared, since nobody was hard of hearing, he replied:

"It's the overcoat. It's so loud that a person can't hear himself speak." At this joke everybody shook with laughter. Claflin laughed with them, though nothing could rouse him from his Olympic calm.

"I admit," he answered good-humoredly, "that the coat is really a little loud, but I shall wear it nevertheless. The fact that all other men wear different coats seems to me no reason for my taking it off. There is nothing more cowardly, foolish, and spiritless than the tyranny of fashion, which has never been so cowardly, stupid, and spiritless as among us. In other countries they are much more tolerant about it. As a man of character, I am above this tyranny. I wear what suits me, not what others prescribe. But the true reason why I bought this coat is a different one. It is to bring me the long-sought fame which my works have not brought. In the land of sameness one only needs to do something that the rest do not do to attract notice. Let's wait; I know my countrymen."

Every afternoon at three o'clock Claflin used to lay down his pen and go for a walk on Fifth avenue and Broadway, partly on account of his health and partly in order to get new impressions or to refresh himself with the sight of pretty girls, for he was a great worshipper of the fair sex. Punctually at the accustomed hour he appeared the next day on Fifth avenue. It was the same story. Everybody stared at the yellow coat and walked along surmissing who the man could be. In the Cafe Martin, where he rested according to habit, the ladies ceased ogling and commented to their escorts upon the strange coat and its wearer. Claflin sipped his sherry flip calmly and smiled to himself.

"These idiots," he said half aloud. "But my plan doesn't seem to be so foolish."

When he left the cafe, he wandered up Fifth avenue again on the east side, doubtless the most observed man on the whole avenue. At Forty-second street he decided to cross in order to continue his walk on the other side of the avenue. With the heavy traffic at this busy crossing, that was no trifle. The policeman now and then stopped all the vehicles in order to let the pedestrians cross the street without accident. Just as the policeman gave the vehicles right of way once more, Claflin slipped quickly between some carriages. With a powerful leap he flashed past a young, skittish cab-horse like a huge, frightened canary bird. The horse shied at the unusual sight and ran away, up the avenue. A great commotion arose. Men yelled, women screamed, everyone jumped aside, policemen blew their whistles shrilly. A mounted policeman galloped down like a tornado, seized the horse, turned him round, and brought him to a stand-still when he was within a hair's breadth of smashing into a carriage. A very distinguished gentleman, pale as chalk, sprang hastily out of the cab. In a twinkling a crowd had collected.

"It was that d-d-damned canary! The horse shied at him," cried the driver, panting for air, as he looked round wildly from his high seat. "There he is—he's over there."

Claflin was coming along very calmly. A policeman ran over and forced him to go to the carriage.

"Not too near—stay behind the carriage, you miserable canary bird," yelled the driver. "The horse will run away again!" The crowd received Claflin with stormy laughter.

"The driver thinks you were the cause of the horse's running away," said the policeman.

"Maybe so," answered Claflin. "What can I do about it?"

"How can a person walk on Fifth avenue with such a coat?" asked the cabby.

"That doesn't concern you," said Claflin, with the greatest good humor.

"So it's none of my business if you make my horse shy and cause murder and death? I want that fellow arrested at once!"

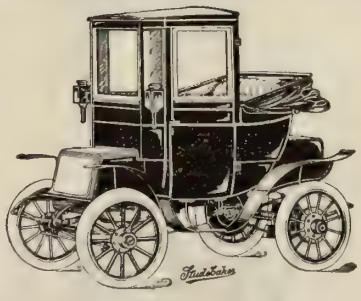
"Well," said the policeman, "I can't arrest him on account of his coat, though it certainly is very yellow and remarkable."

"I think so, too," chimed in the distinguished gentleman in the cab, with a polite smile. "But if you will allow me to give you a piece of good advice, sir," he turned courteously to Claflin, "wear your striking overcoat only in the evening."

"Much obliged," answered Claflin. "Still, I don't understand why the worthy cab-horses should not rather grow accustomed to my coat. First comes the public, then the horses. They have had to become used to the automobiles. Mr. Vanderbilt has not been required to sell his 'yellow devil' because the horses were frightened at it. Good day, sir."

He raised his hat to the gentleman and went away unhindered. The people laughed. He had not gone far when a fat young man with red hair overtook him.

LET IT RAIN!



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BLACK AND WHITE

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IT IS THE BEST

NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

"Pardon me," said the young man. "Are you not Mr. Winfred Claflin, the poet and author?"

"I am," answered Claflin, "and who are you?"

"I am Robert Bubbles, the reporter. I happened to be a witness of the exciting incident and intend to write something about it. May I ask you how you came by this sensational coat?"

"At your service." And as they walked along, Claflin told how he had gotten the overcoat. But he took care, wisely, not to tell him why he had bought it. Bubbles thanked him, asked a few more questioned about Claflin's latest works, and went his way. At home in "The Apollo" Claflin said nothing about his experience. They would learn the whole story from the newspapers.

And so it happened. All his comrades rapped at his door the next morning, held their sides with laughter, and wanted to know how it had all come about. Oh, he would experience other things with his foolish coat, they prophesied! Bobby Bubbles' report was most detailed. It was exceedingly humorous and was even adorned by a caricaturist with pictures which represented the occurrence in comical fashion. Now Claflin discovered why such importance was laid upon the affair. The distinguished gentleman whose neck was almost broken was one of New York's millionaires.

"Great! great!" said Claflin, rubbing his hands. "You see the overcoat is beginning to work for me already. Fine! What did I tell you?"

When he appeared in his yellow coat on Fifth avenue the next afternoon, he made the surprising discovery that almost all the people he met knew him.

"Here comes the poet Claflin with his yellow coat," they said, and stared at him as though he were a wild animal.

"Idiots," thought he, and walked on calmly.

Or: "There is the poetic canary-bird who makes the horses shy."

"Idiots," thought he, and went ahead solemnly.

Or they said: "There is Mr. Claflin! Let's wait a moment. Perhaps another horse will run away."

The policeman at Forty-second street greeted him with a "How do you do, Mr. Claflin?"

In a confectionery shop where he drank his coffee, he was the center of interest for the elegant epicures of excellent families.

"Really," thought Claflin, "I should write a satire about it—about a very yellow overcoat which in two days created more attention for an author than the work of years. Idiots! Would one think it possible?"

That was only the beginning. His publisher wrote him that an unusual demand had suddenly arisen for his works. The ladies would come into his shop, so he wrote, and ask for the works of the poet with the yellow coat, as they laughingly said.

"It's all right, it's all right! Go on!" cried Claflin in delight.

Before long he was a famous man in the city. As a keen business man, his publisher made use of the fact and hastened the publication of Claflin's new stories. They found not only favorable mention but purchasers—less on account of their worth than because the poet with the yellow coat had written them. For now, as formerly, between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, Claflin strolled on Fifth avenue and Broadway with his overcoat. He even became one of the sights of New York. Often when the "Seeing New York" cars came along the guide bawled:

"This is William K. Vanderbilt's house—here is the most beautiful church in New York, the Cathedral—the man with the yellow overcoat is the poet, Winfred Claflin!" And all necks would be craned to see Claflin. The ladies eyed him with especial interest and remarked:

"Why, how fascinating he is!"

And they took his books home with them to Ohio and to Minnesota and Carolina and Louisiana, and told how in New York in broad daylight they had seen a real live poet, the famous Winfred Claflin, who used to walk on Fifth avenue and Broadway in a remarkable yellow overcoat.

Old Claflin? Yes, one would hardly believe how proud he is now of his son Winfred.

"Just think," he confided lately to a friend, "Winfred has already made two thousand dollars with his new book. A fine fellow! This idea of the overcoat is delightful! It's an idea that Rockefeller needn't be ashamed of."

And Claflin's friends in "The Apollo"? They have all borrowed from him, one after another, and Count de Mirabelle considers it a special honor when he, who is related, very closely related, to Louis XIV, is allowed to go walking with Claflin on Fifth avenue.

"Do you know," he said to the poet recently, "if Mrs. Vanderbilt's horses should run away on account of the overcoat, that would be a puff, wouldn't it?"

And Claflin answered condescendingly, "My dear friend, I don't need that any more."

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Auto Notes

It is to be regretted that the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" entered in the Portola Road Race met with a most unfortunate accident while running in the third lap of the race between the grandstand and Melrose, which forced it to withdraw. The Chalmers-Detroit started in seventh place but on the first lap gained fourth position. On the next lap the car jumped into second place and it was while attempting to pass another car on a bad turn that it was forced off the course smashing a wheel, which prevented the car from continuing the race. Considering that this car was entered by a private owner against special racing cars of double its horsepower and price, it was most unfortunate that this accident should have happened inasmuch as it was fast overtaking the leader of the race and would without a doubt have given some very interesting exhibitions of speed. In the practice trials previous to the race the car showed a speed of better than seventy-five miles per hour. Mr. Howard Warner who piloted the Chalmers-Detroit showed great daring.

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast Manager of the Diamond Rubber Co., stated the other day that an accurate count of the pneumatic tires exhibited on new 1910 models at the Emporium automobile show gave Diamonds 30 cars while the total of all other makes of tires combined was but 29. When the number of other makes represented on the coast is considered this showing indicates what a remarkable demand there is for the Diamond product.

John Brichetto of Banta has now legal evidence that he owns a fast car. Although one of the oldest drivers in the State, he was told in the park Thursday that his Thomas seventy was going a trifle too fast to suit the local officer and the chances are that he will be called upon to contribute to the city fund.

The Diamond Rubber Co. are just in receipt of a very nice letter from W. R. Withee, Franklin agent at Pendleton, advising that before entering his car in the Pendleton relay race, the Diamond Tires thereon had already covered 5,000 miles and went through the entire relay event after that mileage, without the least trouble.

Ralph Phillips of Laton, California, is another visitor for the week, having driven up in his 1910 Chalmers "30."

Arthur W. Goodfellow, another Fresno motorist, is in town with his new six-seventy Thomas.

Dr. W. J. Young of Stockton took delivery of a Chalmers-Detroit "30" a week ago and in company with H. H. Thompson of the Central Auto Company, drove from the Oakland Mole to the Stockton Courthouse in record breaking time, two hours and forty-five minutes.

The following telegram which has just been received by the Pioneer Automobile Company from the factory, will give an idea of the popularity of the Hudson runabout: "Working night and day to increase production Hudsons. Shipping twelve more this month, thirty November, thirty December, increased shipments thereafter."

W. R. Taylor of Florin, Sacramento County, accompanied by Mrs. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Upenheimer arrived in San Francisco Thursday after a six hours trip from their home, by way of San Jose. They had a most excellent trip in Mr. Taylor's thirty horsepower Chalmers-Detroit, without even a puncture to mar their pleasure. In speaking of the trip Mr. Taylor said that the roads were in excellent condition. He was more than pleased with the journey and intends to travel back at night. Mr. Taylor has been one of the fortunate ones in the handling of his automobile, his expenses having been absolutely nothing for repairs.

While in Fresno President Taft was taken over the famous Kearny Drive in Mr. George Roeding's Thomas Flyer. The President was greatly pleased and astonished that the drive was not more celebrated outside of California.

F. W. Miller of Santa Cruz arrived in the city recently, having driven his Chalmers-Detroit "30" up in four and a half hours. This is considered remarkably good time as there were five grown people in the party, with their baggage, weighing in all about 700 pounds. Mr. Miller drove over the Santa Cruz Mountains by way of Los Gatos and San Jose. This road, he says, is very fine just now and much better than the Chittenden Cut Off. There is a stretch of about ten miles on leaving Santa Cruz which might be improved, but after that one could not ask for a better road. There is no dust and it is as smooth as a boulevard.

The Howard Automobile Company, distributors for the Pacific Coast of Buicks and Oldsmobiles, is exhibiting a complete line of the 1910 products of those factories at their salesrooms.

The Howard Automobile Company, together with several other automobile dealers did not participate in the automobile show, preferring to use its own salesroom which is more commodious and spacious.

The big "Oldsmobile Limited" with its 42-inch Jinrikisha wheels, the innovation of the Oldsmobile factory which never fails to create interest everywhere it makes its appearance, is always the center of admiration.

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Letters

"The Silver Horde"

With the salmon pack of the Columbia river canneries alone valued at eleven million dollars for the season of 1909, it will be seen at once that Rex Beach has taken no small and transient industry as the background for his new Alaskan novel, "The Silver Horde." One would like to state at the outset that this is not a woman's story, in the hope that the natural perversity of the sex would send a few hundred thousand of them on a quest to discover why, but at any rate it is far more likely to interest men than women, for the sentimental is often submerged by the practical, and though women are not above nagging the men of their own households for losing dollar opportunities, they dearly love a hero who will throw fortune to the winds at the beck of a lily white hand. It is a young Chicagoan, Boyd Emerson, who has set out to the northland to win a fortune with which to claim the daughter of the richest man in America. Boyd has nothing but the optimism of youth and faith in the girl who really is not worth the exertion of a tramp to cross the road for, but it takes him a long while to learn it. Her father, Wayne Wayland, organizer of trusts, has seemed to smile on the courtship, and it is only when Boyd formally presents himself as a suitor that he discovers that he has been in a sort the victim of a plot, for Mr. Wayland has deliberately given the impecunious youth every opportunity to bask in the society of plutocrats in order that he might see for himself how much of a fortune it will require to maintain Miss Mildred in her accustomed luxury and how little opportunity there is for him to acquire it. With a promise from the girl to wait three years, when the conquering hero expects to return laden with Alaskan gold, Emerson sets out for the northland, and when we meet him it is a beaten man, discouraged and spiritless, returning to the "states." He has just missed fortune a score of times, by as narrow a margin as the trick could be turned. Having broken through the ice with his companion and their dog team, he meets a new and singular development of the cold shoulder, for, despite their miserable condition, wet through in a freezing atmosphere, they are refused food and shelter at every place that they ask for it, not only refused, but threatened and driven away until, in sheer desperation, at the next cabin, instead of knocking and asking they enter and demand. Here they meet not only hospitality but an explanation of the surliness of the other inhabitants, who are the care takers of the canneries, closed for the winter, under strict orders to admit no one under any pretext lest they be themselves turned out. The owner of the hospitable cabin is an old friend of Mr. Beach's readers, Cherry Malotte of "The Spoilers," and just as generous, sensible, practical and whole hearted as she was in the Nome days. She is unknown to Boyd Emerson though his companion, Frazer, of many aliases and a past too black to be called checkered, recognizes her at once but has the grace and decency to keep quiet. Indeed, scalawag and good for naught that he is all through, Frazer has the virtue of a still tongue when often, by a word ill considered, he might work endless harm. To Emerson, who has gone into the north straight from plutocratic society, to whom there has been so much new and strange, and who is so absorbed, moreover, in the failure of his own plans, as to be all but indifferent, there is nothing mysterious in the fact of a rather young woman living by herself with her half breed servants, especially as she explains that she is in a partnership with prospectors, her share being to "stay by the stuff." It is in the couse of her explanation of the surly conduct of the Swede keepers that Cherry tells of the enormous profits to be reaped from the short salmon season, the determination of the cannery companies to discourage any invasion of the Kalvik river and their unscrupulousness as to means or results as long as they shut out competition and interference of every kind. Her recital arouses Emerson to action once more. He sees a chance to redeem himself and claim Mildred if only he can break into the fishing business, and Cherry it appears, once took up an available site on the river, and likewise, the cause of big George Balt, a primitive giant who knows but two things in the world, fishing and fighting Balt had once been an important factor in the fishing business It was he who built and put into working order the Marsh cannery and he had been superintendent of the works afterward, but he had a streak of obstinacy in his make-up that impelled him to hold on to a site of his own which Marsh wanted not because he needed it but simply through the spirit of greed and grasp which is the essential of a "successful" American business man. So George was outlawed as completely as if he had been living in the sixteenth century with a bill of attainder against him. No one could or would employ him and no store would furnish him with necessaries, even for coin payment. No one could hold communication with him on pain of similar treatment, and Cherry Malotte was the only person of either sex or any nationality who dared be independent. With Balt's knowledge of the fishing and canning business, Cherry's site and Emerson's enthusiasm and confidence in his ability to raise the necessary capital the new company was formed, and now begins a heart-breaking story of a superhuman fight against tremendous odds. In order to have the factory ready for work at the beginning of the new season hours and minutes were as years at another time. When steamers make a port of call once in two months to be ever so little behind is a disaster, and yet under some conditions, to venture forth at all is to court death. Secrecy was another essential to success in this case for at best it was but a fighting chance. No sooner was the new firm fairly under way when Emerson discovered that though hitherto there had been no incorporated combine of the salmon canneries, now, under the guidance of his prospective father-in-law, the North American Packing Company had been formed, and Willis Marsh, the most unscrupulous, law defying and tyrannical of the old owners was high in command in the new interest. Marsh was, likewise, a suitor for the hand of Mildred Wayland, favored by her father, though the lady herself, as veritable an example of the "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" as ever was put into existence, was really too egotistically selfish and cold to care for any one, and Emerson was too busy to perceive it. The exasperating interferences which the new company began to experience as soon as their plans were discovered—the refusal of the banks all over the northwest to advance money they had promised ,the side-tracking of cars of machinery, the failure of the lumber companies to deliver cargoes, the delays in receiving machinery and the apparently unaccountable loss of essential parts, the cancelling of the ship charter, the strike of the stevedores, the mobbing of the fishing crew, and all the heart-breaking devices to defeat them, with the superhuman efforts by which they were overcome, are set forth in graphic style. There are some remarkably fine bits of description in "The Silver Horde," notably that of the salmon run. Mr. Beach might have made his story as revolting as Upton Sinclair made "The Jungle," but he has wisely refrained from going into any unnecessary particulars. The characters are all distinctive, and as is often the case where east and west come together, the honors are with the west, even the disreputable Frazer showing to better advantage than Alton Clyde, the insignificant little shrimp who deserved to be fed to the salmon if they could have been induced to eat him. Mr. Beach may lack "literary finish," but he knows how to tell a story, and that is the first business of the novelist. Published by Harper and Brothers.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased.

ANGELE KLEINCLAUS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Gustave Kleinclaus, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

A COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

10-30-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES HARRINGTON, Incompetent.

Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 11th day of October, 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, Mary Harrington, guardian of the person and estate of JAMES HARRINGTON, incompetent, will sell at public sale, as a whole, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1909, at 12 o'clock noon of said day on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County, all the right, title, interest and estate of said JAMES HARRINGTON, an incompetent, in and to that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land with the improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Fell Street, distant thereon sixty (60) feet Westerly from the Southwesterly corner of Fell and Laguna Streets; running thence Westerly along said line of Fell Street twenty five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly eighty-five (85) feet to the point of commencement. The same being part of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Twenty (220).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase price to be paid to the undersigned at the time of sale, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court and tender of deed. Deed at expense of purchaser.

MARY HARRINGTON,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of James Harrington, Incompetent.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 11, 1909.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for said Guardian,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Otto Irving Wise, Attorney at Law, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,
Executor of the Estate of Bertha Laventhal, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LACEY, Deceased—No. 8502, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1110 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased.

EDWARD V. LACEY and
FREDERICK F. LACEY,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Lacey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, Deceased—No. 8383, N. S., Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased.

LYDIA M. HOPKINS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Reuben T. Hopkins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executrix,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,
vs.
LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)
H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff.
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

She—How you have changed! Before we were married you used to say there was no one like me.

He—Yes, and I say so still.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA DANERI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LAURA DANERI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

EUGENIA DANERI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Laura Daneri, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANOR A. DALEY, Sometimes Known as and Called HANOR A. DAILY, Deceased.

Elizabeth O'Brien, administratrix of the estate of HANOR A. DALEY, sometimes known as and called HANOR A. DAILY, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain arel property belonging to said estate, particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of November, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there ot show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of such real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 20, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed October 20, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
1110 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, Deceased—No. 8366, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Matthew H. McManus, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Neal Power, 545 Mills Building, at the Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD LIVERMORE, deceased.

MATTHEW H. McMANUS,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Livermore, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 2, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executor,
Room 545 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-05-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of CARRIE E. HAMILTON, Otherwise Known as C. E. HAMILTON, and Sometimes Known and called CADDIE E. HAMILTON, Deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law offices of H. M. Owens, 412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

FOREST F. ISRAEL,
Administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 16, 1909.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adiudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-2

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs.

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, Also Known as I. H. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, Attorney at Law, 806 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased.

HANNAH JACOBS,
Executrix of the Estate of Isaac H. Jacobs, also know as I. H. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1909.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL and HENRY A JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executrix,
806 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5950, N. S. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, (also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI), Deceased.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of CAROLINA DEMATTEI, administratrix of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell a part of the estate of said deceased in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or may accrue hereafter during the administration of said estate and that it will be to the best interest, advantage and benefit of said estate and of all the persons interested therein.

It is ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said TOMASSO DEMATTEI, also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 thereof in the Grant Building, situated on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said County and State, on the 3rd day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in the petition, should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell all that part of the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale, for the purposes mentioned in the petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein which said part of said parcel of real property is described as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street distant thereon Two Hundred (200) feet Northwesterly from the Northwesterly line of Silliman Street; running thence Northwesterly and along said Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the Southwesterly line of Holyoke Street and the point of commencement.

Being part of Lot No. 1 in Block No. 37, University Homestead Association.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated, this 27th day of September, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 27, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. R. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS, Attorneys for Petitioner,
806 Bank of Italy Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-5-2

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 2728 N. S., Dept. 9

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY M. DEFFEBACH, an Incompetent.

It appearing to this Court from the duly verified petition this day presented and filed by G. H. UMBSEN, the guardian of the person and estate of Mary M. Deffebach, an incompetent person, praying for an order of sale of certain real and personal estate belonging to said incompetent: that it is for the advantage and best interest of the said estate and said incompetent that a sale be made of some portions of the real and personal estate; that it is necessary that such real and personal estate should be sold;

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said incompetent and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Friday, the nineteenth day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the courtroom of this Court in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real and personal estate;

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this twentieth day of October, 1909.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

VOGELSANG & BROWN, Attorneys for Petitioner,
20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased—No. 8061—Dept. No. 10

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of King & Kirk, attorneys for said Administratrix, 518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased.

EMILY R. FERRENBACH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Otto Ferrenbach, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1909.

KING & KIRK, Attorneys for Administratrix,
518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

Emil Steinegger
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924 Grove St (above Fillmore), San Francisco.
For appointments phone Merritt 2845
Thursdays, 2701 Regent St., Berkeley

Donald Maclean
SINGING—Pupil Seagle and De Rezske
STUDIO, 1613 GREEN ST. Phone, Franklin 3153

Samuel M. Shortridge
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO
Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor
Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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Wit and Humor

"Well," said the first bicyclist, "we ought to be right in the middle of Bliggville, according to the map, yet, as you may see for yourself, we are on a mud road some miles from anywhere." "I can't understand it," said the second bicyclist, "unless the map was made by some of those naval experts."

"Willie," said his father as he proceeded with the laying on of hands, "I am sorry to have to do this—it hurts me more than it does you." "Well," returned the precocious youngster, resignedly, "I never did believe in these here sympathetic strikes anyhow. They always do more harm than good."

The star boarder, who was reading his paper at breakfast, suddenly gave a low shriek and fell to the floor. The more curious among those present picked up the paper and saw what had shocked him. It was an item, reading: "California will ship 60,000,000 pounds of prunes to the Eastern markets this year."

"Now, look here," said the lawyer, shaking his fist at the witness, "I want you to understand that you can't bamboozle me in this court simply because you're a woman." "Why," she asked in her sweetest tone, "is your wife present?"

"Pa, what's the first requisite of a patriot?" "That he belong to our party."

The Bishop—Wouldn't you like to be born again, little girl? The Child—No, ther; I wath born in Bothton the very firth time!

Wild-Eyed Man—I want to arrange for a divorce! Polite Shopgirl—Two aisles down. This is the counter where we marry people.

Claribel—You told me you were never going to write to young Hankinson again. Adelina—He's sent me a dozen letters I haven't answered; but in his last one he left a page out, and I had to write and ask him what it was about.

"Could you do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons'?" asked the manager of a seedy actor. "Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many landlords."

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark." "How does she do it?" "She makes me get up and look at the clock."

An old woman entered a savings bank the other day and walked up to the desk. "Do you want to withdraw or deposit?" asked the clerk. "Naw, Oi doant. Oi wants to put some in," was the reply. The clerk pushed up the book for her signature and said: "Sign on this line, please." "Above it or below it?" Just above it." "Me whole name?" "Yes." "Before Oi was married?" "No, just as it is now." "Oi can't wroite."

As the daily train reached a Vermont village the other day, an antique-looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room and briefly shouted: "Sonny!" A bright-looking boy came up to the window. "Little boy," she said, "have you a mother?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you go to school?" "Yes, ma'am." "And are you faithful to your studies?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you say your prayers every night?" "Yes, ma'am." "Can I trust you to do an errand for me?" "Yes, ma'am." "I think I can, too," said the lady, looking steadily down on the manly face. "Here is five cents to get me an apple. Remember, God sees you."

Mature Beauties

Diana de Poitiers was over thirty-six when Henry II, just half her age, became attached to her, and she was held to be the most beautiful woman in court up to the monarch's death and the accession of Catherine de Medici.

Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus and she maintained her ascendency to the last.

Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France. She was seventy-three when the Abbe de Berais fell in love with her.

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte; Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

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"Mutual Confidence and Foreign Capital"

From "THE CITIZEN," issued October 26, 1909

The man who has the strength of purpose and of character to gather together tens of thousands of citizens and organize them successfully into a body which betters the condition of toiler, merchant and business-man alike, is surely a man in whom the world must have confidence. If P. H. McCarthy has possessed the patience, determination and unalterable honesty necessary for the perpetuation of the Building Trades Council of this city and State, without tolerating tyranny or injustice to any man, he must surely be recognized as a man who has the intelligence, genius, and skill to govern. There can be no disputing the fact that P. H. McCarthy has organized workingmen, conscientiously and with care, to the inestimable benefit of the business and social world at large. If P. H. McCarthy has been able successfully to organize the workingman, it is undeniable that he is likewise able to organize capital.

P. H. McCarthy, when Mayor, is not going to scare away capital, nor deter the investor from coming here. To the contrary, he is, as a man who understands the rights and the aims of all elements, going to inspire absolute confidence in the men of this Coast and of the East who would invest their money here, and he is going to attract by his ability and integrity, the investor who would be reluctant to enter a city with his money where bosses reigned, or where factional or industrial strife was likely to flourish.

Capital is never quite so content as when there is absolute peace in a community, and a small likelihood of industrial trouble. The workingman has reason to repose confidence in P. H. McCarthy for he has been put to the test and weighed in the scale for many years. The capitalist and banker likewise have reason to entrust their interests to a municipality governed by P. H. McCarthy, for he has treated them with absolute fairness in the past, has never deceived them nor inflicted an injustice upon them. He has been as quick to defend them against wrong, as he has been to champion the toiler who stood in the shadow of calamity.

P. H. McCarthy, when elected Mayor of San Francisco, will call to his side for counsel and advice, representative men from every walk of life—men who work for wages; men who conduct small business establishments; and men who guide banking institutions. There will be no one-man government. There will be no class government. There will be, for the first time in this city, government BY the people, and to any sincere person, no matter who he may be or what he may possess, who may have a worthy suggestion to make, P. H. McCarthy, as Mayor, plans and intends to give this person his earnest consideration.

Foreign capital ever was, and ever will be, looking to this fair section for investment. Foreign capital will, when P. H. McCarthy is Mayor, have a tangible guarantee against factional and industrial strife, and will come into this city for permanent employment assured that all factions of the people are to sit down together, as one great family, and consult and work for the advancement of the city. Foreign capital stands ready for investment. P. H. McCarthy is the one man in San Francisco in a position to show the way.

Vol. XVIII. No. 897. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 6, 1909 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, November 6, 1909. No. 897.

BESSIE CLIFFORD

The "Yama Yama" girl in "Three Twins" which is coming to the Garrick.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
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The Triumph of Decency

Never have we been able to persuade ourselves into the acceptance of Abraham Lincoln's dictum about the impossibility of fooling all the people all the time. Philosophy as taught by example in history has inclined us to the view of Roscommon the poet that "the multitude is always in the wrong," but we are constrained to confess that since last Tuesday this inclination is not so strong as formerly. In a measure it has been demonstrated that the credulity of the public is not inexhaustible; that at any rate to fool the people all the time there must be employed more skill and ingenuity than have been exhibited by the over-confident and self-constituted promoters of civic purity who have had this community by the ears for about three years. The term civic purity has a specious sound and a noble bearing, but there is nothing more repugnant to the instincts of generous manhood when it is found to be serving as a mask for the embodiment of hypocrisy and vindictiveness. The people of San Francisco have seen behind the mask. By their vote they have declared that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right. They have affirmed in ringing tones that the end cannot justify the means; that a moral crusade which is productive of demoralization, which tramples upon the fundamental rights of American citizens and presumes to sweep aside the elemental principles of American justice is not to be tolerated in an American city. The people were a long time emerging from their trance, but considering the insidious and persistent efforts to prolong the obsession, the wonder is that decency and sanity were ever able to triumph. Emphatic enough, however, to suit the most bitter and unreasonable partisan was the rebuke that was administered to our self-righteous uplifters. What these pharisaical gentlemen received was nothing short of a good smashing jolt. When they heard on election night of the overwhelming vote that testified to the detestation in which they are held there must have come over their minds like a picture flashed in the dark a swift but merciless review of the cruel and brutal things that they have done in the name of justice, and poignant indeed must have been their reflections if they are at all accessible to the emotions of the average mortal. The vote that was cast against them is especially gratifying because it extinguished all doubt as to what public sentiment is not only on the subject of the graft prosecution, but with reference to the policy that has been pursued in municipal affairs by the political puppets of the Hon. James D. Phelan. The election of Charles M. Fickert would not have sufficed to indicate how the people felt about the administration in general of the municipal government. The election of P. H. McCarthy makes the matter perfectly clear. It is an overwhelming and humiliating repudiation of all that Mayor Taylor has stood for in his attitude of hostility toward the leading capitalists of the city with whom both Phelan and Spreckels have quarreled. But of course the election of McCarthy is a matter of minor significance in comparison with the defeat of Francis J. Heney, the man who served as the medium through which Justice was debauched in her temple. From his defeat we have learned that the conscience of the people has been shocked by the criminal methods pursued by him at the behest of his unconscionable masters. Upon those methods it is unnecessary for us to animadvert at this late day. With them the readers of this paper are familiar. We have been unsparing and unequivocal in our criticism of them from the moment that it was made apparent that it was the purpose of the Graft Prosecution to convict men by hook or by crook and to compel the higher courts by threats and by every species of intimidation to acquiesce in the outrageous perversions of justice practiced by trial judges of easy conscience and illimitable potentialities in roguery. There is but one shadow on us in our hour of triumph, and it is the recollection of all that has been done to prepare people abroad for the revulsion that occurred on election day. Throughout this land has been propagated the belief that the opposition in this city to the graft prosecution was grounded in considerations entirely sordid, and today unquestionably the misconception prevails that the election in San Francisco was not a triumph of decency but rather the sacrific of public honor on the polluted altar of commerce. The responsibility for this misconception rests upon Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan, and, we regret to say, is shared by certain misguided ministers of the Christian religion who are generally regarded as humanizing elements in society and from whom we might have expected during our Reign of Terror the outpourings of large and liberal sentiments, but who proved themselves hard, narrow, cruel and implacable.

Significance of the Scramble for Office

"Despumation," says the New York Sun, is regarded as an apt characterization of the revolting Hearst-Gaynor contest. Casting a retrospective glance over the political campaign which has happily come to an end in this city we find that an adequate idea of the nature of it is not to be conveyed by the word which is regarded as eloquently descriptive of the mayoralty contest in New York. A much stronger word, one that is really the sign of an idea; a good virile epithet that has blossomed out of the vernacular; a pungent word that by its very sound is a vehicle to the meaning—that is the sort of word that we need to describe the turbid stream of scurrilities that rolled on during the campaign nauseating us with its superheated vapors. We have a suitable adjective in mind, but we feel that of more importance than an apt characterization of the indecent series of exhibitions of personal spleen and rancor by which people of ordinary sensitiveness were revolted during the past month, is a little wholesome reflection on the significance of such a campaign as that to which we gave countenance. It has been said that the people impart their character to their leaders, and that the active men in a state are a true sample of the mass. If these active men are coarse, brutal and depraved the commonwealth is not sound. Is it not somewhat discomforting to ponder the character of some of the men chosen by us at the last primary election to compete for the highest public offices? Have they not made it clear to us that the greed of office has transformed them into a kind of savages; that they are capable of trampling over friendship and honor and all the finer qualities of the human heart; that self-interest becomes with them an absorbing principle inducing not merely indifference to considerations of decency but to the immutable claims of humanity and justice? We are asked to believe that such men, who indulge in the most revolting brutalities, who slander one another and resort to every available species of de-

ception, are animated by patriotic principles. And thus are we reminded of Dr. Johnson's observation that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. Nothing can be more lamentable than that furious fanatical spirit of partisanship that manifests itself in falsehood, detraction and calumny, filling a whole community with the basest of passions and extinguishing all the sentiments of good nature, all the finer instincts that are believed to be propagated by Christianity. Indubitably there is much room for improvement in the affairs of this city, but it is evident that we must mend our manners before we can hope to patch our morals. How absurd it is to expect to elevate the tone of the community through the medium of men who have neither self-respect nor sense of decency!

A Notable Change of Attitude

Some weeks ago we reported that there had floated into our ken a vagrant rumor respecting a change of attitude on the part of that ostentatiously moral journal, the Call, toward the appellate courts of our State. Now rumor, when it is not the messenger of defamation, is not to be despised. It is not always a pipe blown by evil surmises and malicious conjectures. Dame Rumor often proves herself a most worthy, if not the duly accredited messenger of the sublimest of things, the plain truth, which sometimes adapts itself to the sinuosities of worldly affairs instead of traveling in straight lines. Such appears to have been the office of the myriad tongued one when disseminating the report of the impending change of attitude on the part of the Spreckels journal, for something in the nature of verification occurred on Saturday last when the Call in a leading editorial respectfully and approvingly discussed some remarks made by Justice Shaw on the expedition with which litigation was handled by the District Courts of Appeal. This is the first time in about three years that the Call has been able to discover anything commendable in the performances of the courts that pronounced the indictment in the Schmitz case fatally defective. Hitherto the Call has been one of the most virulent and vicious of the inspired critics that have inveighed against the higher courts for their courageous disregard of the intimidations practiced by our unprincipled uplifters. That the Call has repented the ugly part which it played in the conspiracy to blacken the character of our higher courts that the people might be persuaded of the honesty of men by whom justice had been prostituted, it would please us to believe, but we confess that we are sceptical. Meditating on the Call's change of policy we find it difficult to banish from our mind all thought of the current contest over the estate of Claus Spreckels. Here is something that seems to justify the suspicion that a motive far from creditable might have actuated Mr. John D. Spreckels in paying a belated tribute of respect to the tribunals before which he must come in the course of the litigation by which the question of the validity of his father's will is to be determined. If Mr. Spreckels once believed that our higher courts could be intimidated by calumny, it is not unreasonable to assume that he is now laboring under the delusion that they are to be cajoled by flattery. Praises from an enemy smell of craft, says Milton in not exactly those words; and we have come to regard the Call as the enemy of the higher courts. Mr. Spreckles may be truly repentant, but if so it is unfortunate that self-interest should seem to point the way.

More Sinews Wanted

Now comes the news that Home Rule in Ireland will be realized inside the next five years. This is not a joke though it certainly has the flavor of one for people who have reached the meridian of life and who are tolerably familiar with the history of what is known as the Irish Cause. The news comes to us on the authority of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Irish Nationalist, M. P. and journalist. Mr. O'Connor's faith in the Irish Cause is as strong today as it was in the days of the lamented Parnell. His faith never wavers. He is vindicating it at this moment by his presence on American soil, for he has come to us to gather more funds for the cause that is dear to his heart; and he is bubbling over with enthusiasm at the exhilarating prospect of England's bestowal of home rule on the long-suffering people of Ireland. "This is Ireland's great chance," he says, "to strike for the freedom of her sons and daughters and the right to govern herself; this fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon the Irish Americans to whom I am appealing." Impressing this fact on Irish Americans at this late day, Mr. O'Connor will find, is not the easy task that it was twenty-five years ago when the Land League of America was supplying the sinews of political war to the patriots of the green isle in the fond expectation of the consummation that, according to Mr. O'Connor, cannot now be delayed beyond five years. The enthusiasm of Irish Americans for the Irish Cause has abated somewhat, but perhaps the magnetic O'Connor will be able to communicate sufficient of his own to serve his purpose. In justice to Mr. O'Connor and his associates it should be stated that they have not been fighting in vain. The land bill which they obtained from a Tory administration has brought about a vast improvement of conditions in Ireland. Ireland is now comparatively a prosperous country, and it is becoming more prosperous every day. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why Irish Americans are not so deeply concerned as formerly about political affairs in the home of their forefathers.

Has anybody heard of Professor Boke?

The Slaves of Literature

T. P. O'Connor says there are not more than four authors in England who make over five thousand dollars

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a year by their writing. In a measure confirmatory of this statement was the plea made the other day by Stephen Phillips when he failed to comply with an order summoning him to London on some legal matter. He said that he had not the money necessary for the railway fare. Every now and then some author whose name is widely known and whose books are believed to be popular is placed on the civil pension list and thus rescued from some less dignified form of public relief. Comparatively few English authors depend on their pens for a livelihood. Many of them hold salaried positions in the government offices and many more have some business of their own which furnishes them with the necessaries, leaving their literary income to provide the luxuries. When one considers the enormous output of the press today and the circumstance that the average life of a book is about six months, at the end of which time it is literally swept out of sight by the new flood, it is easy to realize that sales must be phenomenal to more than clear expenses before the day of oblivion. As in Great Britain forty thousand copies is reckoned a large edition, the performance of a simple problem in arithmetic will suffice to convince any one that the usual royalty of ten or fifteen per cent on the whole would not produce ten thousand dollars, even if there were no question of the publication expenses before profits were reckoned. Authors of the first class and those who rank high in the second do not bring out one new book a year, or one in two years or even three, and the prolific producers of popular pot boilers are content with the sale of four or five thousand copies of their "masterpieces," which produces an income from pen labor so small as to preclude the supposition that bodies and souls are held together by it. Current delusions respecting the enormous returns from literature cause thousands to waste their lives attempting the impossible. They believe without question the reports of the high rates of compensation, so much per word or page; and assured that with a little practice they can compose a definite number of pages a day, down they sit with a pint of ink and a pound of paper, to scratch out a fortune. Many are encouraged by the wretched mediocrity of the stuff they see in print. They are unaware that a large portion of it is never paid for at all. They are ignorant of the fact that some of America's most notable literary men were glad to accept editorial positions and to hold them long after they had made names for themselves. Consular appointments have furnished many with a means of subsistence, and not a few have labored in other professions to eke out an existence. The old saying that literature is a good staff but a poor crutch holds as good today as when it was first uttered.

Educational Reform

There are signs of an awakening in educational circles. For a generation or more the policy of schools, high and low, has been to encourage numbers without reference to anything else. Everything has been done to attract the crowd and to keep as many as possible as long as they could be coaxed to stay. To that end discipline has been not only relaxed but discarded, while the elective system and the play theory have eliminated the necessity for effort. The idea has been that learning should be converted into a pastime and that what the pupil did not care to exert himself to accomplish must be, in some subtle way, detrimental to his peculiar mentality. The result is obvious. We have established a royal road but unfortunately it does not lead to learning nor to anything else but petulant gratification of a momentary whim. The colleges, which have been overshadowing the secondary schools to such an extent that they have become only feeders instead of independent institutions, now complain that their own work is hampered and set back by the appalling ignorance of the new classes coming up, who know nothing whatever save the data required for matriculation; and Horace Greely's cynical classification of college graduates with "other horned cattle" takes on new significance every year when the batch of graduates is turned loose in the world of work. It has suddenly dawned upon the educational world that there is merit in discipline as well as in pleasure, and that the ability to buckle down to what is not highly enjoyable has its uses in this sublunary sphere. Not only have educationalists done their best in the past to make learning a process of unconscious assimilation; they have likewise given encouragement to the unfit. The growth of the athletic course has resulted in a premium being put on brawn, and many a husky youth qualified by nature for nothing higher than a blacksmith shop has been virtually paid to forsake his obvious destiny and lend his strength to the football team. The Nebraska State University is first in the field with a project for weeding out the undesirables, discouraging the toughs who are attracted only by athletic opportunities and the immunity enjoyed by "students" when they run amuck, as well as that class denominated "sissy-boys," who are intent only on making social acquaintances. A similar course of action might well be directed against the "co-eds" who, like their college brothers are too often bent on a good time without the exacting surveillance of more conventional society—hooligans, for the most part, who, as college "girls," albeit they are well advanced into womanhood, indulge themselves in antics which would bring ostracism upon saleswomen in any respectable shop.

A Chinese Idyll

Oh, Wing Tee Wee
Was a sweet Chinee,
And she lived in the town of Tac;
And her eyes were blue,
And her curling queue
Hung dangling down her back,
And she fell in love with gay Wan Sil,
Who wrote his love on a laundry bill.

And Ting Tung Told
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed in a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah, me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee;
But his valiant heart had sunk:
So he drowned his woes in a sparkling "fizz,"
And he swore that the maid would yet be his.

So bold Ting Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid of the town of Tac;
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea
And never more came back;
For in far Chinese the maids are fair,
And the maids as false as they are elsewhere.

At the Play

Amid a multitude we sat alone,
By friendly half-lights screened from wondering gaze;
Hand clasped in hand we watched the stage ablaze
With rainbow fires—saw Richard to his throne
Stride through his kinsmen's blood, to lose at last
Throne, life, and soul. What tragic forces swayed
This world in counterfeit. Yet undismayed,
Half in a dream we saw the scenes shift past;
And when the curtain fell upon the strife
We turned and smiled into each other's eyes
With unchecked love—as under broader skies,
When this strange pageantry which we call life
Has flitted by, somewhere we two shall sit.
Together, smiling at the close of it.

—Ione Kent.

Perspective Impressions

If reason were always a match for prejudice what a happy world this would be!

As a prosecutor and as an attorney the Hon. Francis J. Heney is now in the Barclay Henley class.

Some people will never learn that it is folly to figure out the results of an election before it happens.

The despatches tell of a girl who threw her jaw out of joint while laughing at a joke. And yet it is said that women lack a sense of humor.

With all due deference to the Supreme Court we respectfully suggest that there has been too much delay in the Dunne disbarment case.

Another American philosopher has expressed himself in favor of marriage for a term. He is a poor philosopher who has failed to appreciate the fact that making the best of a marriage is a form of discipline of the highest value.

Judge William P. Lawlor is in the East but his ear has been to the ground.

The Methodist Episcopal ministers of St. Louis have resolved that "it is a matter of exceeding regret" that Isadora Duncan danced in their midst in "a skirtlet slit to the belt, a fabric so diaphanous that she was virtually naked." A matter of regret to persons devoid of imagination, but Miss Duncan cannot afford to take chances in a puritanical American city.

Mrs. Brigham Young Jr. is fighting for possession of a daughter who eloped with a gentile. There was a time when heirs were so numerous in the Young family that half a dozen could elope without being missed.

"Gifford Pinchot sounded a note of warning yesterday which the people of this country will do well to heed."—Examiner Editorial. Perhaps the people are gradually becoming surfeited with that dear old familiar strain which has been incessantly played from time immemorial on that battered eolian instrument, the jawbone of a patriot.

AN APPEAL TO THE WORLD
—Detroit Free Press.

DESTROY IT ROOT AND BRANCH
—Philadelphier Inquirer

Four Books Made in Local Shops

With No Apologies Offered For Waxing Enthusiastic Over the Splendid Craft of Paul Elder and Alexander M. Robertson—a Rubaiyat That Gives Every Student a Chance to Participate in the Omar Controversy

By Edward F. O'Day

Here are four finished products of our local bookshops, beautiful testimonials to the artistry which Paul Elder and Alexander M. Robertson bring to their gentle craft.* They are volumes to be handled daintily, with careful fingers—the "observant thumb" would desecrate if it dared to leave its smudgy lines anywhere on their generous margins. It is a joy to turn them over and over and note their perfect beauties; from back to back, from title page to colophon, they show no flaw of editing or workmanship. Do we of San Francisco rightly appreciate this sort of book-making? Are we frank and quick in our recognition of the technical mastery displayed by the publishers within our gates or do we look for the names of the widely heralded houses of Europe and the East before we venture to place the seal of approval upon the volumes we buy? I am afraid that, to say the least, we have not been lavish in our praise of intramural book-craft; that we have rather taken it as a matter of course that Elder and Robertson should serve us so luxuriously in the literary wares to which they affix their names. Yet it should not be so. If it be provincially narrow to exalt the works of the parish merely because they are the works of our parish and not of another, it seems to me that an equal bigotry is shown in denying fine workmanship its due simply on account of a paltry fear that others may account us ridiculously circumscribed in our tastes. "A poor thing, but mine own" is a mean sentiment if mine own is equal to the best. Elder's and Robertson's craft in bookmaking are equal to the best anywhere; let us therefore fittingly acclaim it so.

Here is a new Omar that every enthusiast of the Rubaiyat will want to add to his collection. It is printed in clean type on wide-margined Italian handmade paper and bound in hand-made oriental boards. It has the sympathetic Gilbert James illustrations and is edited from Fitzgerald's final revisions by Arthur Guiterman who has added, for the benefit of students, a literal version of those quatrains of the original upon which Fitzgerald's poem was based.

That addition of the original quatrains was a happy thought. What Omar did for Fitzgerald and what Fitzgerald brought to Omar is a frayed topic of discussion; all that can be said about it has been reiterated many times. It is no stuff for controversy now. But there is a knottier problem about which the lovers of the "idle singer 'neath the blossomed bough" delight to wage their war of words and now that the original, literally construed, has been placed within reach of every student, all who will may form their opinion and range themselves on one or the other side of the argument. The dispute, of course, has to do with the interpretation of Omar's philosophy. Was he an idle singer or a serious-minded philosopher? Did he mean to flout all of the two-and-seventy jarring sects or are his sweetly flowing numbers the pretty covering beneath which an ascetic creed is hidden? Was the great Richard Burton right when he declared that Omar spiritualized Sufism and that he used "wine" in its mystic sense of entranced love for the Soul of Souls? Fitzgerald evidently did not think so; otherwise he would not have made Omar speak contemptuously of a "Sufi pipkin," (quatrain LXXXVII). The student, by reference to this new Elder edition, will find that the expression was not used in the original. Nicholas, one of the great French authorities on Omar, agrees with Burton and it was only recently that Mirza Ali Khuli-Khan lent the weight of his authority to the same side of the dispute; but then, of course, Mirza saw a vision in which Carmel-By-The-Sea had become the artistic hub of the universe; so he may not be an altogether reliable authority.

Without having delved too deeply into the question, I must confess to a predilection for the literal interpretation of Omar's rosy verses. I like to include him in that long line of poets who meant "wine" when they sang the grape and whose numbers flowed unequivocally "when the booze burned in the brain." It is a glorious succession which extends far into the mists of antiquity beyond Anacreon and will by no means come to an end with poor Louis Robertson. Omar is honored in this hierarchy and I see no reason to read interminably confusing esoteric meanings into his quatrains. If his was not a hedonistic philosophy I will not be bothered unravelling its true inwardness. I prefer Lucretius or Richard Burton whose Kasidah or "Lay of the Higher Law" is a greater achievement in the metrical exposition of a serious system. Rabelais' oracle of the bottle—"Drink!" might be inscribed on all of my Omars and I would not complain.

Robertson gives us another sort of publication. It has a distinctly local flavor; one of those books that should be in the library of every loyal San Franciscan. It is called "The City That Is" and it comes from the able pen of Rufus Steele, Sunday editor of the Call. It is a rare pleasure to praise the work of a friend and in this instance there is no need that friendship should eke out sincerity. Steele has handled the romance of our three years of rebuilding with a brilliant touch; he has cast over the story of steel and brick and mortar the spell of a poetic enthusiasm so that the heart throbs to the stirring details. Robertson has done justice to the author's work. The book is printed on a fine glazed paper in two colors and is illustrated with full-page half-tones of the city's rehabilitation. The binding is of Cadmus boards and the cover carries Rohrhand's striking design of St. Francis "loking for the scar," an illustration which appeared in a local newspaper and excited a great deal of favorable comment. The whole of "The City That Is" is beautifully done.

It was a happy thought of Edna S. Little to arrange the scriptural accounts of Christ's work in the form of a continuous narrative; the result is "The Works of Jesus." The Bible is too little read, either as an inspired testament or as a literary performance of transcendent beauty. A little compilation of this kind will attract readers who think of the Bible as a sacred but cumbersome volume opened at great intervals for the recording of births, marriages and deaths. It will convince them that aside from its religious significance the Bible is a good book to read and when once they have realized that, of course they will only be satisfied with the Gospels as a whole. It is a beautiful book, this of Miss Little's. It is bound in Fabriano boards and has as a frontispiece Da Vinci's picture of Christ, taken from the "Last Supper." I wonder how many, buying this gem of Elder's book-making, will read the entire Sermon on the Mount for the first time?

One other of Elder's books is before me, a new edition of a little Christmas book of verses entitled "You and

* The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam. (Fitzgerald). With the Literal Omar. Edited by Arthur Guiterman. Boxed. Paul Elder and Company. $1.50 net.
The City That Is. By Rufus Steele. 112 pages. A. M. Robertson. $1.00 net.
The Works of Jesus. Christ's Healing Acts, followed by the Sermon on the Mount arranged from the Bible. By Edna S. Little. Boxed. Paul Elder and Company. $1.25 net.
You and Some Others. Poems For Occasions. By Agness Greene Foster. New and enlarged edition. Boxed. Paul Elder and Company. $1.25 net.

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Some Others" by Agness Greene Foster. This is printed on Fabriano hand-made paper and bound in Fabriano boards. It is tastefully decorated by Will Jenkins and has as a frontispiece a photogravure of Hunter's "My Lady's Garden," one of the treasures of the great Tate Gallery of London. Miss Foster's stanzas are written "for occasions" and possess the merits which occasional pieces may boast; they are sentimental, sympathetic, tender, never deep or in the least disturbing. One stanza will illustrate:

"A Christmas might be Christmas
Without a thing to cook,
But, oh, the joyless Christmas
Without at least one book."

It will be noticed that Miss Foster is idealistic; nine families out of ten would relinquish the book for the cooking, if they had to choose their Christmas cheer in such a niggardly manner. But by all means let us have both the turkey and cranberry sauce and the good books, Miss Foster's or others.

The Palate for Novels

One makes discoveries about his changes of taste as time passes which bring a shock of surprise. Up to a certain period of life holiday times always embrace as one of their joys in store, when serious business ceases to be the first consideration, the prospect of reading at least several novels. No doubt it was always in contemplation that it would not be possible to continue reading even the best of novels without a break, unless perhaps one were a woman or a woman of a certain kind; still there was no difficulty in conceiving that the appetite would not be over-sated even after reading continuously say three or four novels. What has happened to us when the holiday comes round, and, having brought away our selection of novels, we find on sitting down to read that they have no interest for us? Analysis shows that the change is in ourselves. We recognize according to the external tests of criticism that the novels are not in any way below the literary standard which a fairly fastidious, but not too fastidious, taste demands. That is sufficiently ministered to. The explanation does not lie in any deficiency in that respect. As novels the books would have amused or interested or aroused our curiosity, but not now, and with a feeling of something like alarm we wonder whether we have outlived one more taste, and whether in the future we are to be deprived of another accustomed means of pleasure. This is a very serious matter for a man who is advancing to mature age, and who has felt his range of positive pleasures, as distinct from the capacity of enjoying comfort, growing more and more contracted. Is the romantic and the sentimental taste, which has for a considerable time ceased to find its gratification in the theatre, also to find the novel insipid and unstimulating to its palate? It is very dreadful if it must be so. The novel is the cheapest and most facilely comfortable form perhaps in which one can take enjoyment; and one would expect the combination of facile comfortableness and literary pleasure to make its appeal to us more persuasively as age advanced. But no; we find it does not and we can explain the fact in no other way than by a change in ourselves. It is not the novels that have deteriorated; not at least to the extent that it would be impossible to find something that would be for our market if we had not ceased somehow to be normal as we once reckoned normality. We search for comparisons, being convinced that for mental and emotional changes there is always an analogy or parallel to be found in the physical world. We recall the time when we could eat sweets with a relish, though we now very much prefer the savory, or speaking generally, the dry.

In reading it is as in eating and drinking; as youth departs the taste for the dry takes the place of the sweet. Who in middle life, if we take men at any rate, cares for the love motive of novels? Much does he prefer the story that deals with facts bare of emotion. It may be history, or biography, or science in some of its multifarious forms, but not the conventional romance of the callow youth and maiden, that he cares to read; though perhaps intellectual curiosity may even die out to such a lamentable extent that the daily newspaper may come to provide all the information the man of advancing years cares for. If novels are read at all by such a one they will be the older novels, and especially those of novelists such as Thackeray and Trollope; neither of whom was good at what is called the love interest. Anything but that the mature man can put up with. Women tolerate it longer, but a man becomes convinced long before a woman does that the love interest is as secondary in importance in the novel as it is in life itself. When a man has passed through the cycle of emotions called love he has had his adventures; other people's cease to have a personal bearing and he anticipates nothing further from them. It is not so with the young man or woman who, as the proverb says of the young bear, have all their troubles before them. The world of love, so full of mystery for them, has become to the maturer man translated into the concrete terms of domestic life and the relations of man and woman pass into the domain of fact that can be tested by experience. Yet novelists do not seem to understand this psychology of the mature man, and they continue to make the love story their chief staple; so that they are read chiefly by young men and women as callow as their own heroes and heroines. Pecuniarily they are of course catering for a larger market; the number of the immature by age and the immature by nature are always the larger part of mankind. But whatever may be said of the educated woman, the ordinary man becomes sooner out of touch with the insipidities of the conventional novel than the ordinary woman; and it is for the woman more than for the man that most novelists appear to cater. They probably do so because for the most part they themselves are very much on the same mental level as their readers. The higher class shirk the inanities of the love story: Scott; Thackeray, and Trollope have all recorded the repugnance with which they approached that part of their story in which they had to work out the love-making: it was positively nauseous to them. They were mature themselves and had exhausted their emotions in that line: and their mature readers are in touch with them. The mature man asks for a presentment and a criticism of the kind of life he now lives and that his friends live who are engaged in what they take to be serious affairs, where the possibilities of the future are not sentimental but practical. Or he asks for pure adventure which frankly gets outside of ordinary life. One wants to read of things which he can test by experience, or of things which lie altogether out of his experience and which therefore do not stir the critical faculty to protest against a parody of the life he himself knows at a stage when, as he thinks, life in its only real sense can be said to have begun. Men marvel more and more at the complexity and richness of human nature and life as they grow older. Imaginative representations grow ever more and more inadequate and even futile to them; they have an in-

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

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creased consciousness of the deficiency and a growing impatience with the efforts of blunderers to reproduce a world that is infinite. Genius only can make efforts which do not seem ludicrous attempts at the impossible. And men of genius like the late Mr. Meredith, for example, conceal the inadequacy of their creative reproduction by brilliant criticisms which refer us rather to life as we know it in our own experience and reflection than as they give it us in their characters. We prefer his thoughts on love in its mystical sense as the basis of life, to the adventures of his young lovers, as to whom and whose doings the most that can be said is that they and other novelists' lovers are a crude symbolism of that love. In short the palate gets finer as we advance in life, and it becomes harder to find exactly the flavor and body that pleases it.

The Master Glassworker

By Augusta De Wit (From the Dutch)

The great shop of Graffi, a treasure-house of the richest Venetian glass, is ablaze with the noonday glare. The row of mirrors along the wall is turned to a flood of pure light, forming a soft white radiance on either side of a fountain that sends up its trembling, sunlit spray. The gold of the mosaics flames. Among the glittering crystal hang swarms of sparks, dazzling in color and motionless.

All the windows are open. Without lies the glory of Venice and the June sky. From the glowing zenith, blue as blue fire, still more brilliant light comes streaming in. The blazing Piazza throws back its sharp, fitful colors into the shop: a wealth of purple and many-tinted mosaic from the basilica, with dashes of gold radiating from the cupolas; the reddish yellow and brilliant orange of sunbeams; and above these the white dazzle of the Procuratia Nuova, resembling some white summer cloud filled with sunlight. And between the splendor of city and sky lies the emporium of vitric art, like the burning heart of a jewel flooded with the sparkle of its own thousand-fold broken light.

Within there is a restless glitter of purple, blue and emerald glass, of clear flame-jets burning at the points of multitudinous crystals, of iridescent rays in the beveled edges of the mirrors. In shadowy spaces, softer mother-of-pearl colors float about like thin soap-bubble films; inexpressibly soft tints of opalescent glass hang trembling between the broken, harsher colors of the mosaics. Up above hang the crystal chandeliers, like a transparent mist darkened in places to a smoky brown. And whenever all this floating crystal is gently swayed by a draft from the door sharp glints of light shoot through it in every direction.

The manager of the factory himself conducts a couple of notable strangers through the throng of visitors and customers—a gentleman with a rosette in his buttonhole and an expression of diplomatic reserve on his face, and a blond, girlish woman who looks about her with something like rapt amazement. Slowly they hove through all that soft and vivid glitter. The young woman, with a motion of the hand, as if she were plucking flowers for a bouquet, takes an object here and there from the brilliant rows—a vase luxuriantly covered with strange colored blossoms on a twisted stem; a beaker clutched in the golden claws of a dragon-shape with fiery red wings; a filmy ewer of gossamer glass, in which drops of light hang suspended like dew in the silvery threads of a spider's web; small wings that seem cast out of molten jewels. But ever more and more beautiful things attract her gaze—innumerable curious forms of beauty, countless tints, clear and soft, of that noble Venetian glass which seems the product of the three primary elements—of transparent water, serene air and purest fire; which is like a thing of still life, the wonder-growth of that wonder-isle—bells and bubbles rising out of the dark green waters of the sluggish canals, dream-blossoms of the lagoons; restless, changing beauty caught from the shimmer of the sunlight upon the foam of the sea, and blossoming forth under the protection of the marble seawall. And into some vessels the red and orange of passionate evening skies have trickled down, while others have closed their leaves over a glint of the moonlight that lies peacefully upon the voiceless streams. Over there hang chandeliers of clear, pale yellow and opalescent glass, crystal branches twisted in bundles and twigs drooping in bending shapes, on whose tips the yellow-red blossoms seem ready to open in the wax-light. Here are mirrors that seem pellucid springs rippling between a stark inclosure of ice in the midst of a brilliant glitter of needles and cones and white-ground sherds. And, added to all, in solid forms, among all that filmy transparence, the harsh splendor of mosaics; a display of jewels and brocade-colors on a golden background, of aureoles formed with rubies, emeralds and sapphires strung together about the staring-eyed faces of saints, their motionless forms enfolded in splendid raiment, stiff with gold.

The young woman moved among it all as in a dream, halting, happy, half blinded. But suddenly she stopped and cried:

"Oh! What is this?"

In a glass case, locked and barred as in a safe, she caught the sparkle of a dark blue object. A proud smile lit the face of the manager as he answered:

"The chef-d'oeuvre of our collection. It has been purchased for one of the royal palaces; but we have permission to keep it on exhibition for a while yet."

He took the article from behind its protecting doors. It was a beaker, glistening dully, with rough surface, and heavy as a lump of ore; in the shadow a dark, rough piece of welded metal and glass; in the light, a splendid radiance of silver. Azure crystals covered its sides and base with a mottled sheen, like that of roughly ground sapphires to which still cling the damp and darkness of the black mines.

Carefully the manager placed the beaker full in the light, and a blue nimbus stood out against the white of the marble table on which it had been placed. Then the dull crystals began to sparkle with ever-changing light, and out of the black depths of the beaker's heart seemed to well up the richest of azure.

The visitor took the beaker into his hands and critically observed the heavy, almost clumsy shape of the dark glass, crusted over with thin lines of silver and set with bulging crystals. A bit of glass and a spangle of silver—that seemed all. But as he looked the magic spell began afresh, and amazement took hold of him. It was not a thing of the now and here, not Venetian glass that only yesterday came finished from the hands of the workman. It must be a relic from long forgotten times and lands unknown.

Among all that splendid glasswork, suddenly become cheap and common, among all that group of tourists, the beaker shone forth like a vision out of the Orient—out of the luxurious, cruel, terrible Asia of the Crusaders. It seemed like some lost jewel of a Saladin's treasure, for which robbers had lain in wait with long, patient cunning; clutched in bloody fists it had been dragged from one blazing camp to another, wheresoever the Crusaders' standards waved. For many silent weeks it

(Continued on Page 32.)

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Rudolph In His Tantrums

"I blame the Call as much as anything else for this," exclaimed the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels as soon as he learned that his thrifty little prosecutor had suffered defeat at the hands of the long-suffering public. Which shows that the Spreckels habit of tainting the air with the fetid and frayed family linen is strong even in defeat; which also indicates the trend of the illustrious patriot's mind. Eager for Heney's election not only for the purposes of the graft prosecution but also for possible emergencies in the contest over his father's will, he was sensible of the fact that his brother John D. was not unconscious of the undesirability of augmenting the forces of his enemy by contributing to his juridical stronghold a district attorney of the same red-rubber stamp qualities that distinguish his personal assets of the bench. Naturally he suspected the Call of having experienced a change of heart since the opening of the will contest, and certainly it was apparent that the Call was lukewarm in the campaign so far as Heney was concerned. Personally Mr. John D. Spreckels was opposed to Heney, but Mr. Spreckels, though nominally the proprietor of the Call has been precluded by reason of a contract with the business manager of the paper from dictating the policy of his eccentric journal in all matters. He could do nothing more for Heney's opponent than secure for him half decent treatment, but that was enough to enrage the inflammable Rudolph who ordered the Boughten Bulletin to swat his brother's paper and swat it hard. The pusillanimous Call meekly took the kicking, but obtained and published a certificate of character from Heney, who was afraid that if he did not supply it on demand the paper would come out for his opponent.

The Spreckels Temper

The Hon. Rudolph Spreckels is not a graceful loser. Defeat stifles him with impassioned grief. Never to him are the uses of adversity at all sweet. He knows nothing of the despair that makes victims sometimes victors. A man of strong primal passions and imperious will the only justification for which is the fortune he inherited, troubled thoughts stir the hell within him and cause him to rage and tear like the proverbial bull in a china shop. In the strenuous game of life everything must go Rudolph's way or he wont play. This unpleasant characteristic was exemplified early in the campaign much to the disgust of some of the curious reformers of the Good Government League. At a conference one day a proposition made by Mr. Spreckels was not received favorably, and he fumed ferociously and striking an inoffensive desk with his fist made the startling announcement that he would vote for P. H. McCarthy.

His Premier Stunt

Mr. Spreckels' first appearance in public life was as a member of the Committee of Fifty appointed by Mayor Schmitz to bring order out of chaos after the fire. As a member of this committee Mr. Spreckels evinced the same whole-hog-or-none tendency that makes his society somewhat undesirable. He was strongly opposed to the proposition to permit the United Railroads to resume the street car service, but one day the cars were started and all the people rejoiced at this manifestation of the big corporation's confidence in the future of the city. The next day the cars were stopped. Everybody wanted to know why. They were stopped at Mr. Spreckels' behest. He told the Committee of Fifty that an engineer employed by him had reported that the trollery wires had not been properly insulated and that there was great danger of another conflagration. Thereupon Gavin McNab conducted an investigation the result of which was that the committee again granted permission for the operation of the car system. Mr. Spreckels immediately resigned in a huff. This was the first ebullition of his hatred of Patrick Calhoun.

A Session of the Uplifters

Not the least interesting feature of the "Sunday of Justice" was the speech of the Rev. Politicus Whangbible. "What we need; what we demand; what we shall have," said the pious orator in impassioned tones, "is the preservation of the purity of our women, the moral uplift of the family." At this point the Hon. James D. Phelan, emerging from his whiskers, rose to his full height on his hind feet and brayed sonorously, "This shall be my sacred charge in the future, as it has been in the past." The Rev. Politicus Whangbible looked reproachfully at Mr. Phelan and resumed: "In the name of the great American people"—Hiram Johnson entering at this moment solemnly declared, "The American people is here. I am the American people. I have just finished my daily devotion of holding up my hands to the jungles of Africa." Recollecting himself with an effort the Rev. Politicus Whangbible resumed: "Oh for the second coming"—Another interruption. Mr. Heney arose with characteristic humility. "Ecce Deus. It has happened." A number of very truthful ladies in the audience affirmed that they saw an aura not less than six feet in diameter framing Mr. Heney's great head. At this moment the Rev. Politicus Whangbible attempted to say something, and stumbling over his own tongue, became speechless. The Pharisees pronounced it a miracle.

Hearst and Heney

Now that the campaign is over the observation may not be taken amiss that many people are trying to account for the Examiner's attitude toward Mr. Heney. Some time ago it was reported that the great Chameleon of journalism and Proteus of politics had given orders to his San Francisco lieutenants to deal impartially with the graft prosecution, and it was explained that as a result of the proselytizing of his rivals, who had availed themselves of the fanaticism systematically propagated in this enlightened city, he had lost many subscribers and was fearful of losing more. It was rather astonishing that such an explanation should emanate from the office of a rich and powerful journalist, who has been regarded by his admirers as a man of principle not to be influenced by threats or moved by any sordid considerations; but this and no other explanation was given. Now the question is being asked, What else was responsible for Mr. Hearst's change of policy? for it became ap-

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parent during the campaign that the Examiner was doing something more than pursuing religiously a policy of impartiality. Ingeniously and disingenuously the Examiner supported the man, who some months ago was denouncing Mr. Hearst as the hired agent of the higher-ups, and who was held up by Mr. Hearst to public obloquy, vituperated by him on the public platform, derided and scoffed at in the Examiner and called upon to answer charges of dishonesty.

A Great Story

In the recent campaign the Examiner was more effective in Mr. Heney's behalf than any of his frank and avowed champions, for by its affectation of impartiality and disinterestedness it deceived many people. Some day we shall probably learn how Mr. Hearst was whipped into line and doubtless it will prove an interesting story. Mr. Hearst is known to be a very good hater. He has reason according to his lights to hate Mr. Heney, and it is hardly reasonable to suppose that he conceived it to be advantageous to his paper to aid the Spreckels puppet by the practice of dissimulation. It would have been more characteristic of him to employ the arts of dissimulation to punish his enemy. That there is a distinct subterraneous understanding between Mr. Hearst and the little coterie of the prosecution cabal may be inferred from the circumstance that the baiting of the Examiner's proprietor is no longer the pastime of the paid retainers of the uplift outfit. Nothing more is said of Mutt. Has he been forgiven? Or has his employer been blackmailed into submission?

"Sir," said the prisoner, "I did not pay this man for my refreshments because I know nothing of the value of money. I am a child of genius."

"And what is your age?" asked the justice.

"Forty-two years."

"Then it is time you were weaned," and his Honor gave him thirty days away from the bottle.

"The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue"

The newspapers, in reprinting William Watson's recently published poetical diatribe, hint darkly at the identity of the woman who has aroused him to such fierce animosity. While the poem breathes a "saeva indignatio" worthy of Swift, it is not on account of its literary merit that it has excited widespread interest. Apparently everybody who is anybody in London knows just what woman Watson had in mind when he dipped his pen in gall and it is the fidelity of the characterization together with the daring of the poet in making the invective public which elevate "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue" to the dignity of a nine-days' wonder. Veiled gossip seems to fix on Mrs. Herbert Asquith, wife of the prime minister of Great Britain, as the original of Watson's verses. If this be true, then Watson has revealed a side of that remarkable woman's character which may be commonplace to the initiates of London society but which has never before been bared to those of us who, no matter how far removed we may be from the circles in which Mrs. Asquith moves, have still heard much of her peculiar beauty, her captivating personality, her inimitable wit and her brilliant career. If gossip be correct, if Mrs. Asquith be in truth the original of Watson's scathing sketch, I am sorry to be disillusioned, for in all that I have read of her there has been no hint of the darker shades which the poet has thrown across his picture. If Mrs. Asquith has a piosoned tongue, if she sneers at worthiness and blackens the characters of the dead, if she is incapable of friendship and cherishes insatiable ambition; then all those who have written of her have carefully toned down her character to make it alluringly feminine, full of the fascination of childlike irresponsibility, and in so doing have confessed that art may not paint with the bewildering contradiction of coloring used by nature.

The Original of Dodo

For years Mrs. Asquith has been the pet of London society. Emma Alice Margaret Tennant was her maiden name but her friends knew her as "Margot" and when Benson made her the heroine of his well-known book he thinly disguised this nickname by calling her "Dodo." She was the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, the head of a great chemical concern which long boasted the loftiest chimney in Scotland. Gladstone liked his daughter so much that he made the chemist a baronet and a trustee of the British Museum. One of Sir Charles' other daughters married Stanley, the great African explorer. From her earliest entrance into London society Margot Tennant was conspicuous and influential, but when E. F. Benson, the clever son of the former archbishop of Canterbury, made her the heroine of a novel which became the best seller of a former generation, her fame became international. "Dodo" was something of a shock to a novel-reading public which had not yet cultivated a taste for the highly-seasoned fiction dished out today, but it was undeniably a clever, well-written book and would have become popular even if it had lacked the adventitious interest attaching to the scarcely-hidden personality of its chief character. If examined in connection with Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" it would supply one of those remarkable instances of parallelism which are so often charged to plagiarism. Also it suggests Robert Hichens' "Green Carnation" on account of the clever nonsense with which it is crammed; no wonder Benson was suspected of having written the satire on Oscar Wilde—he was capable of it.

She Founded "The Souls"

Speaking of Oscar Wilde brings me to that curious group which Margot Tennant founded and which, by the name of "The Souls," was first internationally famous and then narrowly escaped becoming infamous. Oscar Wilde was a member of this eclectic association, although his name is rarely connected with it nowadays; so were Arthur Balfour, George Wyndham, Beerbohm Tree, Alfred Lyttleton, Mrs. Tree, Lady Granby and Lord Elcho. It was a gathering of intellectual brilliants of the most intensive cultivation; men and women who met in musky drawing rooms to utter pale paradox and purple epigram. But in the pursuit of estheticism it very nearly developed a great public scandal and when some of its members were threatened with destruction in the Oscar Wilde debacle, it crumbled to pieces. Only within a short time it has been revived in England and already the breath of scandal blows upon it.

Some of Margot's Friends

The greatest men in Europe have esteemed it a favor to enjoy the friendship of Margot. She is a personal acquaintance of the Czar and the Kaiser. Once when

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the Kaiser was in London she made a wager that she would force him to speak to her and by a clever maneuver she succeeded in doing so while riding in Rotten Row. So pleased was he with the acquaintance that he waltzed several times with her at the state ball in Buckingham Palace. Gladstone and Tennyson were also her intimate friends. She was the life and soul of the celebrated yachting party organized for Gladstone's diversion when he visited Copenhagen and had his interview with the Czar. Tennyson who was a very vain man, was bored throughout the trip; and even now Mrs. Asquith tells of the rivalry which existed between the

"DODO" ASQUITH, FORMERLY MARGOT TENNANT

The wife of Premier Asquith, thought by many to be the original of William Watson's "Woman With the Serpent's Tongue."

two grand old men, the one anxious to talk all the time and the other equally desirous to read aloud his favorite productions, until their fellow-passengers became so weary that they would glide softly away, leaving the statesman perorating in solitary grandeur at one end of the ship and the laureate declaiming from the Idylls at the other. Always the fair Margot has been the favorite of the old and wise; her quizzical repartee frightens the unlicked cubs of society.

What Margot Looks Like

Photography, I have been told, is unjust to the contour of Mrs. Asquith's face; even words seem inadequate to describe her beauty. Her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her chin, and the trick of her tongue in protruding timidly between immaculate teeth have frequently baffled paragraphers. The eyes are mischievous; when she is serious, gray as squirrels, but when she laughs, deeply and pellucidly blue. Fine eyebrows are matched by long sweeping golden eyelashes. Her skin is as white, as satiny, as translucent as a baby's; the fact that it remains today, when she is no longer a young woman, rosy and unwrinkled, has given rise to many stories but it is asserted positively by those who know that she never resorts to paint or powder. Her complexion is the result of plenty of cream and porridge when she was in the nursery; also of her regular hours—until the age of nineteen she was never up after nine o'clock at night and even now it is a matter of usual importance which takes her out of bed before ten in the morning. But it is really her expression which makes Margot irresistible. Her nose is inconsequential and critics have objected to the size and shape of her mouth; they have said that her chin is "too saucy." But the face as a whole is inexpressibly ravishing in its perpetual transitions from grave to gay, from what one admirer has styled "the divine wistfulness of a Monna Lisa to the contagious hilarity of a Beatrice."

Is She Watson's Subject?

As I have said, there has never been any hint of the forbidding qualities with which Watson endows his woman of the serpent's tongue, in what I have hitherto read of Mrs. Asquith. It is true that in "Dodo" she is represented as superbly egotistic, incapable of conjugal or maternal love and morally irresponsible; but these qualities lose their repellant aspect when joined to her Gallic vivacity, her aptitude for talking clever nonsense and her wonderful fascination of character. For the rest it has been written of her that she is a splendid amateur actress, excelling equally in Ophelia and in ingenue roles; that she is a matchmaker with a dozen successful unions to her credit; and that she has set the fashions for London season after season. Can she be the woman "who slights the worthiest in the land, sneers at the just, condemns the brave and blackens goodness in its grave?" It seems well nigh impossible and I would be more than inclined to doubt it, had not the dispatches pointed so plainly to her as Watson's original.

Margot's Style of Witty Nonsense

In order that readers may form some idea of the sort of charm which attaches to Mrs. Asquith's conversation, I will quote some of it as given by Benson in "Dodo." It must be remembered that Benson hit the mark so well that everybody who read his book knew immediately whose picture he was drawing.

"That's profane, but it's only out of the Catechism. Who wrote the Catechism? I always regard the Catechism as only a half-sacred work, and so profanity doesn't count; at least, you may make two profane remarks out of the Catechism, which will only count as one.

"Mrs. Vivian comes tomorrow. You must be awfully good to her, and take her to see all the drunken idlers in the village. That will be dear of you. It's just what she likes. She has a sort of passion for drunken cabmen who stamp on their wives. If you stamped on me a little every evening she would cultivate you to any extent. Shall I lie down on the floor for you to begin?

"Don't you like pate? Of course one's very sorry for the poor, diseased goose with a bad inside, but there are so many other things to think about besides diseased geese that it doesn't signify much.

"We must move all the sofas out of the room, because they don't look religious, and I shall cover up the picture of Venus and Adonis. I have got the sweetest little praying-table upstairs, and a skull. Don't you think we'd better have the skull,

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Edith? I think it makes one feel Sunday-like. I have found two dreadfully nice lessons. I forgot the Bible was such a good book. I think I shall go on with it. One of them is about the bones in Ezekiel which were very dry.

"Have some tea and give me another kidney—two, I think. What happens to the sheep after they take its kidneys out? Do you suppose it dies? I wonder if they put india-rubber kidneys in? Kidneys do come from sheep, don't they? Or is there a kidney-tree? Kidneys look like a kind of mushroom and I suppose the bacon is the leaves.

"I've got an admirable conscience. It is quite good, without being at all priggish. It isn't exactly what you might call in holy orders, but it is an ecclesiastical layman, and has great sympathy with the church. A sort of lay-reader, you know.

"I've upset a lot of salt over your coat. Pour some claret upon it. Oh no, that's the other way round, but I don't see why it shouldn't do. Have some more steak, Jack? Where's the gravy spoon? Jack, have you been trying to steal the silver?"

William Watson's Poetry

If the startling "Woman With the Serpent's Tongue" serves the purpose of calling wider attention to Watson's poetical worth, it will not have been written in vain. Watson is one of those singers from whom timid readers are alienated when they hear that he is a "literary poet." I imagine the critic who applied that phrase to Watson had never gone further in his volume than the first two poems, "Wordsworth's Grave" and "Shelley's Centenary." It is true that Watson has devoted himself less than most poets to the passion of love, preferring to sing the songs that are inspired by patriotism, the love of nature, especially in its grander manifestations, like the mountains and the sea; and that he has delighted to do honor to the masters of his craft who have gone before him. But if there is a greater poet writing in English today, it would be interesting to see his claims presented, if only for purposes of comparison. Watson's verses show a cultivated mind working with inspiration and technical mastery on splendid subjects. His ideals are lofty and clothed in the language of dignity; the reason, it may be, why he is not better known. Only the sincere lover of poetry appreciates a poet who never stoops to the meretricious themes that are so popular at present; and Watson must be read with the mind alert for beauties, as he is no cultivator of the obvious. It has often been said that if the laureate crown were awarded in England strictly on poetical merit, it would have been given to Watson; certainly he would grace that position, instead of making it ridiculous, as Alfred Austin has done. In one of his epigrams Watson writes:

> In youth the artist voweth lover's vows
> To Art, in manhood maketh her his spouse.
> Well if her charms yet hold for him such joy
> As when he craved some boon and she was coy.

It will be to Watson's lasting credit that he has never put away Art, his chosen spouse; that he has been faithful to her through many years; that he has served her with modesty and humility, giving her the best of which he was capable; and always striving to make that best still better. Of how many contemporary poets can the same be said?

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Wheeler in Berlin

News comes to me from far-away Berlin of that eminent educator Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the Hyperion of Berkeley who is now giving light to the benighted mortals of Germany. To be more explicit, Dr. Wheeler is now edifying the Germans in a course of lectures refulgent with information pertaining to the broad topic of human progress on this continent. This is a subject that Berkeley's beacon light of culture has specialized in. He knows his America as the Arab knows the desert. So far as the realities of American life are concerned Dr. Wheeler is no doctrinaire. He is intensely practical and keenly observant. He is a good mixer, and in his quest of knowledge he plays no favorite. The intimate friend of Mr. Roosevelt when that gentleman was in power, at the same time he fawned upon Mr. Harriman in the interest of sociological research. A purist in politics, he cultivated the friendship of Mr. Ruef when the unspeakable one was at the zenith of his glory, and conferences between them were of frequent occurrence at late and unusual hours when the virtuous were wrapped in slumber and only Belial's sons were abroad. So the overlord of Berkeley will be worth while to the Germans.

Headlong Into Print

As a purveyor of information Dr. Wheeler is not confining himself while abroad to the lecture platform. Even in Germany it appears he has not lost that characteristic boyish dash, that excessive predisposition to action that leads to precipitancy and the public prints. Dr. Wheeler is a man of strong and tenacious habits. To strip him of his habits would be to flay him alive. Consequently in Berlin as in Berkeley he retains the authoritative air of the dogmatic schoolmaster, and talks oracularly for publication. The occasion of his appearance in German print was a statement by Professor Lamprecht, the learned Leipsic historian, to the effect that German universities no longer lead the universities of the world. This statement was made in the course of a lecture. It was the statement of a scholar who has had some experience of universities throughout Europe. This statement Dr. Wheeler of Berkeley, philologist, versed in seven languages but unable to hold his tongue in any one of them, seized upon as a pretext for aerating his views and challenging the rationality of the distinguished historian's. "It is not a question of better or best," said our illustrious pedant, presuming without apparent rhyme or reason to set up a thesis of his own; "where universities are concerned it is a question of which is better adapted for the work it has in hand as constituted for it by social conditions."

The Wheeler Idea

When Professor Lamprecht read the interview with Dr. Wheeler he probably felt like saying to the gentleman from Berkeley as Socrates did to Polus, "My friend,

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of course you are right, but will you explain what you mean, as you are not intelligible." But probably Professor Lamprecht has been kept busy conjecturing what the American idea of a university really is. To add to the German scholar's perplexity Dr. Wheeler observed incidentally, "Long ago I gave up drawing comparisons between things that are not essentially comparable." Thus was Professor Lamprecht soundly rebuked for postulating that universities are essentially akin and assuming that they have in common the general purpose of educating the young. German scholars still believe that a university in its elemental idea is the same as it was in the centuries when Athens drew to her bosom the youth of Europe and sent them back to the business of life. Dr. Wheeler will undertake during his sojourn in Berlin to dissipate the fallacy abiding there in academic circles, that universities should strive to cultivate the public mind and raise the intellectual tone of society. The scholars of Berlin are way behind the illuminati of Berkeley. The idea of a university adapting itself to social conditions instead of endeavoring to improve them, will strike the average German scholar as a bit of mischievous heterodoxy, but Dr. Wheeler will explain the importance of provincialism in all universities. He will point out that it is all wrong to suppose that education is a debt due from the present to future generations; that on the contrary education should be designed to fit men for the duties pertaining to their immediate selfish and material welfare, and to that end that universities should aim to deter men from becoming anything but creatures of their environment.

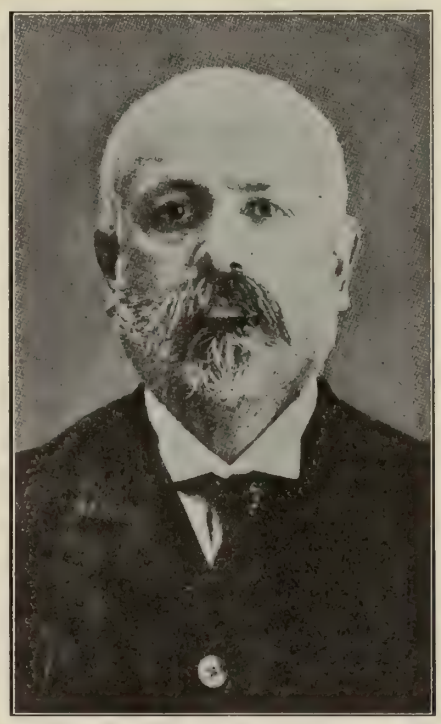
His Pregnant Laugh

Dr. Wheeler has made the announcement accompanied by a laugh that before leaving Germany he will discuss the subject of the American press. The Wheeler laugh is said to be pregnant with significance but hard to construe. It has a cold glitter as of ice. Why Dr. Wheeler should have laughed when he announced his intention of lecturing on the American press, it would be folly at this distance from the seat of his facial disturbance to conjecture. Having received no authoritative description of the laugh that accompanied the important announcement I can be sure of nothing save that it did not resemble the crackling of thorns under a pot; whether it was the grin Syncrusian or the horse-laugh sardonic or the subtle smile ironic, it will be impossible to determine before receiving information about the lecture. Meanwhile it is to be hoped that Dr. Wheeler has no intention of censuring the American press, for journalism in this country today is largely in the hands of university men. The tendencies of our university system are saliently exemplified in the press. The great American exponent of yellow journalism is a university man. Nearly all the leading editors and magazine writers are university men. Many of the magazine shriekers are university professors. The American press which is today forming the social conditions to which our universities, in Dr. Wheeler's opinion, should be adapted, is a subject that the eminent pedagogue should discuss cautiously and with no external symptoms of levity.

"This medical journal says that man is 90 per cent water."
"And yet the Prohibitionists are not satisfied."

The Execution of Ferrer

It is not the fault of the radical politicians of Europe that the execution of Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish anarchist, has so far failed to develop into an "affaire" similar to the Dreyfus case. No means of inflaming popular sentiment against the government of Spain has been neglected. Anti-clericals, anarchists, republicans and anti-militarists in Spain, Italy, France and England have tried Ferrer on the platform and in their newspaper organs and after triumphantly acquitting him, have



FRANCISCO FERRER

The Spanish anarchist whose execution for inciting the Barcelona riots has been used by the ultra-radicals of Europe as an argument for the propagation of their dangerous ideas.

invoked vengeance for his blood upon the head of King Alfonso. They have declared that his conviction before the military tribunal was secured by the use of forged evidence; that his death was forced by the Spanish clericals who dreaded his influence upon the youth of Spain; and that his execution has made revolution inevitable. The United States has caught the contagious fever and many of our papers have joined in the denunciation of the Spanish government for condemning Ferrer to death. As the American police authorities have at times dealt with anarchists, notably Emma Goldman, in the most arbitrary fashion, particularly after the assassination of President McKinley, it may seem inconsistent that so much hostile criticism should be leveled at Spain; but consistency fades before partisan hatred and even journals noted for their cold-blooded weighing of both sides of every controversy have lost their head when dealing with the Ferrer case. Thus we find the New York Evening Post speaking of "the de-

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plorable folly and blindness that were responsible for the execution of Ferrer" and stating, without proof of any kind, that he was not given a fair trial. One of the subtlest means of arousing sympathy for Ferrer and animosity toward his executioners has been the institution of comparisons between the Spanish anarchist and Tolstoy. The esteem in which Tolstoy is held among the Anglo-Saxons and the Slavs, it has been said, is similar to that which Ferrer enjoyed among the Latins.

Some Facts About Ferrer

The ingenuousness of absolute truth-telling is not to be looked for among men who have been excited by the military execution of their leader and it is well to delve deeply into the case before blaming the Spanish authorities for the course which they pursued. Ferrer used his wealth in establishing what have been called "lay schools" for the youth of Spain and it is usually charged that the clericals hated him on that account. But that a "lay school" in Spain is not precisely the same as a lay school in the United States may be gathered from Ferrer's own description of the purpose of his various foundations: "to make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics, and of militarism, and to prepare their brains for the social revolution." How long would the inculcation of such destructive views meet with favor in this land of freedom? Ferrer's defenders have laid stress upon the fact that he was a philosophical anarchist and that he deprecated all violence; yet Current Literature, although inclined to be sympathetic with his admirers, admits that there is a "suspicious nebulosity" in his theorizing relative to the right of the oppressed to assassinate a monarch and that his essays on this dangerous subject were more than once confiscated by the police. Let it not be forgotten that among the people employed by Senor Ferrer in the school he conducted in Barcelona was Morral, the infamous ruffian who attempted to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain on their coronation day. When Alfonso was last the target of an anarchist bomb Ferrer was arrested, but the inconclusiveness of the evidence against him lead to his speedy release. In view of these facts the charge made against Ferrer by the Spanish authorities that his schools taught revolutionary violence and that the reign of terror in Barcelona was the direct consequence of these teachings is not without plausibility, to say the least.

Unfair Criticism of Spain

It might be thought that international courtesy, such as exists between the chancelleries of two nations, would prompt politicians to start with the assumption that Spain knew better than they what was the best course to pursue toward Ferrer, but they have not shown this common fairness. The anti-clericals of Italy and France have been particularly rabid in inveighing against the Vatican as the cause of Ferrer's execution, though it is well known that the Pope appealed to Alfonso for clemency. Of all the papers which I have seen the Saturday Review of London alone suggests that Spain pursued the course of justice in dealing with Ferrer. "So far as French protests are concerned," says this paper, "there is not the slightest reason for believing that Senor Ferrer would have had a fairer trial or more lenient treatment in France. In a state of siege accused persons are tried and dealt with by military methods. If Senor Ferrer was guilty, it cannot be contended that his sentence was otherwise than deserved. If he was guilty, he has been stirring up the people of Barcelona to change their government by violent means which actually resulted in death and disorder. People who embark on propaganda of this nature are well aware that they take their life in their hands; if they fail they must expect to pay the penalty. If the ministry intended to protect public order effectually there was no course but the one adopted. It is alleged, of course, that the trial was unfair, but that is not a matter on which outsiders, certainly not foreigners, have any means of judging. There is no reason at all for supposing that the evidence against Ferrer was otherwise than convincing. He was clearly very well defended, and the case was carefully reviewed by the military governor, and finally by the Cabinet, who must have weighed in the balance all the possibilities of prejudice being created in foreign and friendly countries if the sentence were enforced."

The Menace of Anarchy

One of Ferrer's associates was Lerroux, a member of the Spanish Parliament. Of Lerroux the secretary of the Spanish society of "Spanish Labor Solidarity" declared at the Ferrer mass meeting in Paris: "It is the republican party of Lerroux which stirred up the Barcelona movement." That Lerroux would be the last in the world to disavow this responsibility is evident from the following interview which he gave to the Matin's correspondent in London: "Spain is ripe for revolution. The events of Barcelona prove it. So my friends and I are going to begin again as soon as possible an energetic revolutionary propaganda. . . . Yes, I know you will ask me, What do you do with humanitarian principles? A revolution is sure to bring with it the shedding of blood. Unfortunately, this is only too true. But if we have the army on our side, we may hope to reach our end without too much bloodshed. We do not desire a bloody revolution—a guillotining revolution. But what do a few lives count when there is question for an entire people to shake off the yoke that enslaves it and to conquer its liberty?" Such utterances as there should give pause to those sentimentalists who are disposed at first blush to sympathize with the view that Ferrer's execution was a judicial murder. Ferrer kept very bad company and the old adage may be applied to him. Those who denounce his executioners are undeniably pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the anarchists and extreme socialists; just as those whose hearts go out to him on account of his "lay schools" are undoubtedly—though in many cases ignorantly—indorsing the creed of "neither God nor master" which the anarchists and extreme socialists are teaching.

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How Hotaling Was Outwitted

Those who have seen—and it is hard not to see—the immense electric sign which proclaims from the slope of Nob Hill the virtues of a celebrated beer, may not know that Dick Hotaling feels personally aggrieved every time he looks at it. Not that Hotaling takes offense at the lack of artistic beauty in this huge advertisement or that he disapproves of the particular brew which it celebrates, but simply because its being there at all is due to the fact that he had "one put over on him," to use a vulgar but expressive phrase. Hotaling happens to own the property on which the sign has been erected and when the agents of the beer in question came to him to negotiate the lease of the property for advertising purposes, it immediately occurred to him that his own mercantile house had a beer of its own which might profit by that sort of exploitation. So he refused to make terms and put Shakespeare out of his head long enough to set about evolving a striking advertisement for this point of vantage. Meanwhile the agent, in no wise discouraged, employed a stranger to negotiate a lease of the property and when the stranger called around, he offered such tempting terms that Hotaling decided that the location was too valuable for advertising purposes and closed the deal. Of course nothing was said about beer signs, either by the stranger or by himself; what was his chagrin, therefore, when electricians began the erection of the huge electric trade mark. Hotaling has not been so unhappy since Henry Miller consigned him to the "unfortified city of Oakland."

Renaud Goes to the Chronicle

As one of those who scan the dailies religiously for the rare scintillations of wit, the scanty gleams of humor and the few-and-far-between flashes of literary style that lighten the gloom of the local newspaper output, I am always glad to proclaim a journalistic step in the right direction. One of these steps has been taken by the managing editor of the Chronicle and another by Ralph E. Renaud, erstwhile dramatic critic of the Bulletin. The two steps in the right direction have brought these two gentlemen, not into collision, but to an understanding which has its visible sign in the brightening of the dramatic pages of the Chronicle. In simple terms, Renaud has quit the Bulletin for the Chronicle and is serving his brilliant views of things theatrical on a larger and more appreciative circle of readers. I am mighty glad of it. An afternoon newspaper is a poor medium for a writer of Renaud's unusual ability and I hope that he will now begin to receive that recognition at the hands of the public which has been his due for a long time. Renaud is a dramatic critic with temperament; he is sensitively alive to the dramatic appeal; has never allowed his critical faculty to be cheated with brummagem; and knows how to put on paper the delicate shades of appreciation with which the true critic greets the artistic excellence of theatrical representations. I congratulate the Chronicle on the fact that it is to have genuinely interpretative criticism, I hope the lovers of the drama will learn to turn to the Chronicle for theatrical guidance and I hereby wish more power, not to Renaud's pen, for of course he doesn't use a pen, but to the fingers with which he pounds a responsive typewriter.

George Lask's Return

After a protracted absence George Lask, one of the theatrical men whom San Francisco is proud to sponsor, is back in town as business manager of "The Traveling Salesman," the Forbes comedy playing at the Van Ness. Lask is just as genial as ever and has been holding nightly receptions at the lobby-rail, exchanging amenities with scores of friends who are delighted to see his familiar countenance beaming on local theatredom. When our San Francisco theatrical men go East they are received with a deference which would open the eyes of some of the local pessimists who regard everything on this western rim of the continent as provincial and inferior. Lask relinquished the stage directorship of the Princess Theatre to hie him to the dramatic center of America and was promptly pounced upon by a New York theatrical manager as the best man to chaperone "The Naked Truth" company in its invasion of London. The task appealed to Lask because he rarely lets a year go by without crossing the ocean to look in at the big theatres around Charing Cross and Oxford Circle and assimilate the very latest ideas in dramatic production. He returns to his old habitat with a lot of new notions and a bundle of new yarns which will be filtering through the smoke of the club rooms and the bustle of the hotel lobbies in the course of the next few weeks.

"See to it that Mr. Jones does not drink too much."
"Does he fight when drunk?"
"No, he recites."

The New Theatre

At this writing New York's repertory theatre is an accomplished fact and is about to receive its first practical test in the production of "Antony and Cleoptara." All who take a genuine interest in the stage will await with interest the verdict which will be pronounced upon the project by experts competent to judge. Certainly the New Theatre starts under most favorable auspices. It

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has a very promising company, a home of great artistic beauty, a repertoire of varied interest and—most important of all—substantial financial backing. The president of the New Theatre is William K. Vanderbilt; its vice-presidents, Clarence H. Mackay and William B. Osgood Field; treasurer, Otto H. Kahn; secretary, Henry Rogers Winthrop; director, Winthrop Ames; manager, Lee Shubert; literary manager, John Corbin. No suspicion of faddism or crankiness will attach to these executives;

NEW YORK'S REPERTORY THEATRE

The handsome structure on Central Park West at Sixty-second street wherein, backed by brains and money, able players will try to present the best that the drama has to offer.

it is an eminently practical group of money-makers and experienced theatrical men. Another augury of success is the personnel of the box-holders; there are Vanderbilts, Twomblys, Iselins, Whitneys, Morgans, Harrimans, Wideners, Gerards, Guggenheims, Crockers, Hydes, Clews', Fricks, Schiffs, Astors, Stillmans, Belmonts and many others in the list, so that the new playhouse on Central Park is assured of a fashionable clientele. But of course, the success of a theatre is not in the direct ratio of its fashionable patronage; it must appeal strongly to the humble gallery gods or it is doomed to failure; and here again, the New Theatre seems amply fortified. Its appeal, in fact, will be to all classes of theatregoers except to that bad class which loosens its purse-strings most willingly to see vulgarity or libidinosity, a class which may be safely neglected, even in New York.

A Promising List of Players

At the head of the list of forty players stand E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, two of America's best and sincerest dramatic artists. San Francisco will be interested to know that Eugenie Thais Lawton, a local favorite, and Miss Vida Sutton, a California girl, are in the list. Some of the top-liners will be Charles Cartwright, an Englishman who has played with Mrs. Fiske; Albert Bruning, a German who has played with Booth, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Henry Stanford who has been with Sir Charles Wyndham and Eleanor Robson, Ben Jonson who supported Salvini, Rowland Buckstone, Rose Coghlan, Olive Wyndham, Mrs. Sol Smith Russell, Jessie Busley, and Beverly Sitgreaves. The plays to be presented have conditioned the selection of the company, so that the present aggregation is tentative. It has great possibilities and no doubt, if experience demonstrates that the founders of the New Theatre have builded a permanent institution, there will be no difficulty in obtaining the best talent. Certainly, on the score of comfort, the players will have no complaint to make. There are model dressing-rooms with the latest conveniences, baths, offices and a green room, something which New York has not known since Augustin Daly's death.

An Interesting Repertoire

The opening performance at the New Theatre on Monday night will be "Antony and Cleopatra" with Sothern and Marlowe. Then will follow a light and fantastic comedy by Edward Knobloch called "The Cottage in the Air"; and then Edward Sheldon's serious play of Southern social conditions entitled "The Nigger." "Strife" by John Galsworthy and "The School for Scandal" will also be given. These plays will be produced at intervals during the first six weeks in true repertory fashion. In all probability twelve plays will be presented during the season of twenty or twenty-four weeks and thereafter the company will pay short visits to a few large cities. For one night and one matinee every week during the first year of the New Theatre's foundation opera will be sung; and on Sundays Damrosch and his orchestra will give concerts there. Great emphasis has been laid on the freedom of the New Theatre from any histrionic quackery; the "isms" are to have no place. It is to be a home of fine dramatic entertainment and whatever "elevation" or "uplift" may flow from it will be a natural

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effect of its methods and not a forced growth. That it may be a great success and may light the way out of the bondage in which the drama in America has been held for too many years should be the sincere wish of all who love the stage.

Glad News For Music Lovers

Signor Antonio de Grassi and Madam de Grassi—Winifred June Morgan that was—violinists both, more power to their elbows, or wrists, rather; Strongbows though they be, now live this the better side the bay, namely, at 130 Presidio avenue. Some of these fine treaful days, our sleepy sister city will wakeup to her loss and our gain, and vociferously claim Signor de Grassi as "her Antonio" by right of prior residence, even as we, after her departure for appreciative Europe, claimed Miss Parlow as "our Kathleen"—that is to say all of us save only Town Talk which very early in Our Kathleen's career owned her claim to the attention of the world and gave due credit to her master, the world's great dead Henry Holmes. The world's great living Kathleen Parlow and Antonio de Grassi are ours only in proportion as we appreciate their genius rather than the glorifying fact of their residence in our midst. By the way, 'tis to be hoped that the de Grassis will keep up the habit of last-Sunday-in-the-month at homes when their friends and Art's foregather to hear that heavenly music and laughter so uncommonly good for what ails the burdened with this solemn and unmelodious existence. But maybe I malign life. Certain it isn't wholly what I call it. Else I wouldn't be here to tell the sorry tale. Certain, however, it is too lean and inharmonious, and good beyond question it is for such as enjoy the best things thereof to be at de Grassi's of a Sabbath evening, to listen to music as is music and between times grow fat. Ask Fred Maurer if it isn't. He knows a thing or two of these affairs—and is, by the same token, Our Fred, for all that he has deserted us in the flesh for "Berkeley the Beautiful." With the de Grassis in the near future will house a golden throated Bohemian tenor. Look out for your laurels, Mackenzie Gordon!

A Celebrated Scandal

Brief mention was made in the despatches the other day of the death in England of Arthur Wilson, owner of Tranby Croft. This is the Wilson that figured in the famous baccarat scandal of twenty years ago, the sequel of which was the sensational trial of the slander suit brought by Sir William Gordon. The most interesting incident of that celebrated case was the appearance of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, on the witness stand. After he had given his testimony, and was stepping down from the witness stand he was summoned back to the chair by a small man, who arose in the back of the jury box and said in a sharp, clear voice with a Cockney accent:

"Excuse me, Your Royal Highness. I have a question or two to ask you."

The royal witness was happily equal to the occasion. He wheeled around and stood at attention. The sharp voice spoke again and in dead silence asked the two questions for which everybody was thirsting but which counsel on both sides had strangely omitted. The first question was whether the Prince had seen Sir William cheating, and the second whether he believed Sir William was guilty of cheating. The Prince's answers were as direct as the questions. To the first he said "No." To the second question, in spite of the fact that Sir William's loss of the case entailed his conviction as a cheat, the Prince declared he did believe he cheated. Gordon's fiance, a daughter of Commodore Garner of New York, stood by him devotedly and their marriage took place almost immediately after the trial. Arthur Wilson was the son of Sir Samuel Wilson, for years known as the Croesus of Australia and Member of Parliament for Portsmouth. He married Lady Sarah Isabel Churchill Gordon, sister of the Duke of Marlborough.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks: The recovery in stocks the past week would seem quite logical in view of the character of selling that depressed values the week previous. Commission house liquidation and short selling made a strong technical situation to rally the market on. With fairly liberal shipments of gold out of the country, we find money rates undisturbed, hence we see little or no fear of stringency later on as long as speculation in Wall street is kept in check. The rise in copper stocks in the past week has been the only new feature in the market situation. The rise in these securities can be attributed to two causes, a better outlook for the metal and a demand which is likely to assume important proportions later on; also an undercurrent of feeling in conservative circles that a merger of the leading copper and smelting companies is not improbable. More stability may be looked for in the copper industry in the future. Reports from the important trade circles of the United States indicate that business in all lines continues to improve slowly and railway returns show heavy increases over a year ago at this period on the important trunk line properties; hence we find a strong incentive for the present range of values in leading securities and in some instances opportunity for further substantial improvement on dividend prospects, etc., at a period when less tension exists in the money situation. We hardly believe the time opportune for stock market operations on an extensive scale at the moment, and we doubt if anything more than a comparatively narrow trading market as seen recently will occur in the next two or three weeks.

Grain: Strong buyers have come to the wheat market and there has been a steady accumulation of December by people who believe that shorts will be unable to deliver. The heavy Northwestern receipts have not proven burdensome, as shown in the small increase last Monday in the visible. There is a steady movement of spring wheat by way of Chicago, Detroit and Toledo to millers south of the Lakes, extending to Kentucky and Tennessee. There is no longer a doubt as to depleted supplies of wheat on the farm east of the Misouri River. The winter varieties have held their stiff premiums everywhere. While there is a curtailment of flour shipments from the mills that work on orders, domestic millers report a good trade and no increase of retail stocks. Export flour trade is out of the question at present prices, though large operators in this line made good hedges at a dollar and under in the Chicago and Minneapolis markets and shipments are confined to this class. The Pacific Coast wheat is moving in moderate volume and holding up the export volume. The advance the last three days will bring big receipts next week, and a decline in the market is due, unless the big buyers of December protect the price, though on their theory of ultimate higher prices, they should welcome a decline for further purchases. A scalp only on the downside is in sight at this

Corn has held firm on heavy selling by the Patten and related interests. The shorts are basing their play on heavy receipts from Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. So far there has been no rapid selling. The Ohio grain dealers report that corn on the average will not be fit for market before December. Indiana makes similar complaint and Iowa announces that the big yield section had too much moisture and the grain will not be ready for shipment for several weeks. Should a period of damp weather develop south of the Lakes the shorts will come in quickly. The whole corn situation looks strong.

Cotton: Spot cotton continues to dominate a very firm and advancing market, and at the week end traders have come to look upon 15 cents just as they learned to regard 14 cents a little while ago, and 13 cents a few weeks further back. The demand for the actual stuff is of a character that suggests no let-up in the near future, and if there is to be no let-up in the near future, the pigmy size of the remnant will sooner than usual probably balk any attempt to bring about a serious decline in the late season, unless values in the meantime shall have climbed to higher levels. Trade gossip latterly has centered on the buying of March deliveries in America by spot people who do business both in this country and Europe. Straddlers who have sold the Spring deliveries on this side and bought the same deliveries at Liverpool were not at all pleased over this development. Interior buyers are now buying some needed and otherwise unobtainable supplies at New Orleans. Interior prices are relatively high. In all under-supply years, local conditions in New Orleans exert maximum influence on values in the individual primary markets. A few days ago the New Orleans middling spot quotation was raised an eighth to 14 7-16 cents. Simultaneously, Memphis, which, were conditions correct, would be one of the interior markets supplying the port market at New Orleans with cotton, raised her quotation an eighth to 14¾ cents. Under such circumstances, efforts to draw free cotton to New Orleans from that supply center, which ought to enjoy a minimum freight rate because of the navigable river, are about on a par with an attempt to force water to gravitate up hill. At this time the South is literally overrun with men who are endeavoring to buy cotton, and the price they are willing to pay proves that the supply is inadequate to meet the requirement. Mills other than those of New England want this cotton. Very few millmen have as yet signed the Arkwright Club's agreement to curtail production. Most of the others seem to base their refusal upon the fact that the orders they hold are in such volume as to necessitate the operation of their machinery during many months to come. That consumption must be reduced is a fact that admits of no argument. But in the process let us have fair play. High discount rates, high cost of clothes, economies and other normal factors will do the work well, and in keeping with trade's most immutable laws. The integrity of the cotton market is not to be destroyed by the ruling passion of a few zealots or the fixed idea of a few fanatics, nor does the cotton world care a fig what the cross-grained point of view of a single set of men is so long as the spirit of the law designed to serve the general welfare be not broken.

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Local Securities: California securities have been rather dull during the past week or so, with the main activity confined to the Hawaiian sugar group. With Cuba centrifugals quoted at 4.30 cents in New York and general conditions improving down at the islands, this section of stocks have lately become very popular and have had some very fair advances. Honokaa, Hutchinson and Paauhau have been the chief traders and have moved steadily toward higher prices. Hawaiian Commercial, Onomea and Makaweli have been less active but their prices have remained firm. Pacific Telephone stocks remain dull with preferred holding very steady, by reason of its regular dividend of $1.50 every quarter, and the common stock has been weaker if anything. Alaska Packers has had some very heavy buying and bids fair to bear out the bullish predictions on it. Spring Valley has displayed an easier tone, though the selling on it has not been of much magnitude. Associated Oil is having a slight reaction but those who are well posted say that it is only a temporary recession. Pacific Lighting common paid its first quarterly dividend of 75 cents per share and in consequence rose to about $52½. Giant Powder has experienced some quiet buying and has risen a point or so. Fireman's Fund is going up by leaps and bounds and it is rumored that the immense earnings of this company will justify an extra dividend at the January meeting. Bond trade has been somewhat reduced with a firm tone in Pacific Telephone 5s as a feature. There have been no important moves either way in the local bond list for some time. Unlisted stocks have been rather neglected, save an excellent demand for California Wine Association stock. Pacific Gas stocks have been temporarily put on the shelf by reason of a reduction of outside buying orders. As the general money market plays an important part in California security dealings and in view of the fact that money is being gradually relieved of the strain that has been on it during the past month or so, our local stocks and bonds should soon feel the effect of a renewal of outside buying and the general list should continue its upward trend. I feel that now is a good time to purchase the leading California issues.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR

Hath our lady seen a ghost,
That her rosy cheek doth pale?
Oh, what is it that doth ail
Our dear lady, who doth boast
The proud beauty that's our toast?

Yet, good sooth, what ghost could scare
Our sweet lady? She is brave.
'Tis no ghost from out the grave
Hath transfixed our lady fair—
'Tis a beauty's first gray hair.

Ghosts may come in many a guise,
Trooping toward us, too, as fast
From the future as the past;
When that thread doth meet her eyes,
Her own ghost doth seem to rise.

Her own ghost doth rise up, gray,
As she standeth gazing there
At that one prophetic hair,
While her glass doth seem to say,
"Beauty lasteth but a day."

—M. N. B.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Does Cupid Hide Among the Orchids?

When a young lady receives orchids every day and wears them with an obvious delight not altogether chargeable to the exquisite beauty of these expensive blooms, the wise ones arch their brows and smile and whisper with every appearance of knowing what's what and who's who. That is just what is happening now to Miss Elyse Schultz, the strikingly beautiful brunette who is such a close friend of Miss Enid Gregg. Not only is Miss Schultz wearing orchids but she is seen constantly in the company of a young newspaperman whose uncle is one of our best known newspaper proprietors. This chap's deep devotion to Miss Schultze has been a great deal remarked upon for some time and was particularly conspicuous during our recent Portola entertainments. Another favorite of society who is wearing orchids insists that there is no romantic meaning attached to her affectation of this particular flower. This is Miss Ethel Shorb who crosses her heart and hopes to die if there is any sentimental reason for her receiving them from "an old friend of the family." Miss Shorb's friends have heard all about lovers' oaths and are somewhat sceptical.

PRINCESS DAVID KOWANANAKOA

The beautiful daughter of the Campbells of Honolulu who has been extensively entertained here during the past few weeks.

The Rumor About Two Bachelor Maids

But while we are speculating about the heart-affairs of the younger ladies, let us not by any means overlook the gossip which is being tossed about the tea tables and which has to do with two of the most prominent bachelor maids whose debuts were of great note in days gone by. One of these is a charming cultured woman prominent in the Burlingame set who is said to have been captivated by the mischievous little god after many attempts in which he was continually worsted. The gentleman whose name, it is expected, will be linked with hers in a forthcoming engagement, is an eligible widower. If this gossip is correct there is a surprise in store for society. The parties who form the subject of the other bit of gossip are almost equally interesting. The bachelor girl is the daughter of wealthy parents who are both dead and the man is well known; but I am sworn to secrecy and must not say another word.

Miss Boericke's Romance

Those who have been bidden to attend the elaborate tea over which Mrs. Boericke and her interesting twin daughters, the Misses Ruth and Dorothy, will preside this afternoon confidently expect to hear the announcement of Miss Dorothy's engagement to the only son and heir of a well known bank president and a prominent club woman. While spending the summer in Mill Valley this eligible young chap made Miss Boericke the guest of honor of all his dinners, rides, drives and theatre parties and gave everywhere and at all times evidences of the most devoted attachment. He returned the other day from Santa Barbara where his mother spoke before the Santa Barbara Club.

MISS CORINNE ADAMS

A pretty and interesting society girl of Oakland who entertains extensively.

The Century Storm Over Miss Bogue

In its normal condition the Century Club is a temple of cultured enlightenment where no petty feminine bickerings disturb the atmosphere and where the serenity of reposeful scholarship goes hand in hand with placid contemplation of exterior turmoil. But these are parlous days at the Century Club and quietude has fled before the onrush of a tempestuous broil that has divided the membership of the club into two irreconcilable factions. The trouble is all about Miss Vergilia Bogue, the beau-

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
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tiful and queenly mistress of our late revels. During Portola week the Century Club planned a reception and the committee on invitations became tangled in the knotty problem of recognizing or ignoring Queen Vergilia. Some members declared that Miss Bogue certainly ought to be invited; others insisted that she certainly ought not to be included in the list of guests. It was argued on the one hand that Miss Bogue symbolized the Portola carnival and that a Portola reception which would exclude Miss Bogue might just as well not take place. They said Miss Bogue was a very charming, a very cultured and a very representative young Californienne and that any club should consider itself honored in honoring her. The opposing faction retorted that the Century Club was not entertaining symbols; that her charm and her culture and all the rest might be conceded but that she did not occupy the position in the social firmament which would entitle her to twinkle in the frosty exclusiveness of the Century empyrean or words to that general and exceedingly chilling effect. The upshot was that Miss Bogue was not invited, a cir-

MISS DOROTHY BOERICKE

A very popular belle whose name has been coupled in an interesting manner with that of a well known society chap.

cumstance which I regret to chronicle, as I feel that it reflects a great deal of discredit on the Century Club. I take my stand unequivocally with the champions of Miss Bogue and I can sympathize with the feeling which has prompted one very cultured member to declare that the club has prepared a true bill of provinicialism against itself and will never regain its self-respect until it pleads guilty and repents in sack-cloth and ashes.

The Bruguiere Toupee

The affairs of Emil Bruguiere have filled columns in the press for a week, but nowhere have I seen mention of the Bruguiere toupee. Yet among the friends of the young millionaire it is a matter of interested comment only second to the news of his alleged devotion to the Princess Braganza. Mr. Bruguiere brought it home from Paris with him. It is a perfect work of art that entirely conceals the familiar bald plate, and only the memory of Mr. Bruguiere's former appearance serves to reveal it as such. It is said that when Mrs. Bruguiere first saw her husband hatless at the dock when she arrived from Tahiti she had difficulty in recognizing him.

Freddie Greenwood "Lost Out"

Fred Greenwood's departure for Portland last Tuesday has revived the rumor of his devotion to a well known belle of the northern city. But let it be explained at once and forthwith that the "well known belle" is now a prominent young matron of Portland society, so there is no immediate danger that Mr. Greenwood will forsake bachelordom. It seems that for once an interesting bit of gossip traveled slowly; so slowly that by the time San Francisco had received news of Mr. Greenwood's deep admiration for the sister-in-law of one of Portland's society leaders who was formerly a belle of this city, this same lovely girl had become the bride of another. True enough, three months ago the young San Francisco millionaire appeared to be a favored suitor, but time works changes and a New York stock-broker "won out." The wedding was a recent event in Portland's smart set. All of which should be most re-assuring to the mystified friends of Mr. Greenwood who were unable to conceive him in the role of Benedick. Mr. Greenwood's present trip is purely a business one. It is not generally known that the millionaire dilletante is in trade. He owns an artistic shop in Portland where one may buy rare antiques and objets d'art gathered during Mr. Greenwood's travels which have extended well over the world. He will go abroad again within a few months to make purchases for his store and doubtless also to secure additions to his private collection of art treasures which is one of the finest in the state.

Angling For Jennie Crocker

A correspondent writes me from London that Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has been in Paris buying frocks for Miss Jennie Crocker who has been her guest for some weeks. Miss Crocker is to be one of the debutantes of the London season, and it is said that already a number of titled beaux are looking forward to opportunities for the cultivation of the rich young woman's acquaintance. She has become the subject of discussion in London drawing-rooms, and match-making dames are urging their bachelor friends to solicit the recommendation of Mrs. Reid who will doubtless in Miss Crocker's behalf keep her eye open for eligible young men. My correspondent also informs me that Mrs. Reid recently received a letter from her niece Lady Granard, telling her that a pair of bronze gates by Benvenuto Cellini could be bought from an impoverished French nobleman on two conditions—that the buyer pay the price set and, to save the nobleman's pride, that his name be kept secret. These gates are modeled in miniature and the nobleman will not allow any would-be purchaser or the curious to inspect the originals. The gates were offered to J. P. Morgan two years ago but he refused to pay the sum asked. So did Lady Hasketh five years ago, although she inherited a fortune from her father, Senator Sharon. The owner refuses to deduct one sou from his figure, but Lady Granard doubtless will buy them, for she has been searching for a pair of massive gates for the main entrance to the banqueting hall of her new and splendid home, Mortimer House. She will buy them because her grandfather, D. Ogden Mills, has told her, in effect:

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MRS. WAINWRIGHT, Housekeeper, on premises.

"Buy gates of jasper if you please; I will pay for them."

And Lady Granard is determined that the gates shall swing wide only to admit royalty to the feast; guests of commoner clay must seek admission by another entrance.

Princess David of the House of Campbell

Princess David Kowananakoa seems likely to become quite as much of a social celebrity here as she was in Washington, New York and several capitals of Europe where she was always the center of the clever coteries that find diversion in society apart from the wining-dining-dressing monotony that comprises so large a part of the average social program. She is such a brilliant conversationalist in the several languages she speaks that one did not wonder at the vogue she enjoyed during the recent visit of the foreign officers and diplomats. Then too, she is uncommonly good to look upon and is quite a queen in her fashionable evening array. Small wonder she held court so prettily at the several affairs of Portola week. Princess David has taken the handsome Merritt house at Presidio Terrace, one of the most attractive locations in town. Her Honolulu place is one of the celebrated homes of the islands and every visitor of note, literary, ambassadorial, artistic or otherwise, has been entertained there. Princess David was of the Campbell family whose history is blended with that of the islands, and her husband, Prince David, was the heir to the throne at the time of the abdication.

The Changed Social Aspect

With ever so many well-known families leaving for the Orient and Europe this winter, including several of the debutantes of last season and the winter before, and with so many returning who have been away while San Francisco was undergoing the messy process of restoring its destroyed architecture, the social assemblies have quite a different aspect from those of last winter. Then too, the entrance of the score or more of debutantes, with their friends in the foreground, further changes the social aspect. The Ashtons, who have been abroad since the fire, returned during the past week and they will take prominent part in the winter's diversions, Mrs. Ashton being one of the patronesses of the popular Friday night dances at Century Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Howe Bancroft have taken the Huntington house in Jackson street where they will entertain for Mrs. Charles Olcott Richards and Miss Ruth Richards, thus bringing another family out of seclusion into the prominence they relinquished years ago.

Miss Baker's Wedding

The Baker-MacGavin wedding was the most ceremonious affair of the week, taking place on Wednesday at Trinity Church which was converted into a flower chapel for the occasion. Few churches adapt themselves so easily to a decorative scheme as Trinity, and this is probably one reason for its popularity with brides. The color scheme was yellow, chrysanthemums predominating. All of the trousseau came from Paris, having been purchased by Helen Baker's sister Dorothy and her aunt, Miss Kate Stone who returned last week from the other side. The wedding attracted much more attention than any other this fall, for the fashion show was well worth seeing. There were ten girls attending the bride, with Miss Dorothy Baker, looking like a little blonde Parisian beauty, leading as maid of honor. The frocks of the girls were all in pale maise color, cowwebby chiffons and laces being used, making them look like dainty flower blossoms. The bride wore the time-honored white satin, quite covered with rosepoint which had been used on her mother's wedding gown. Some of the prettiest girls among the younger set were in the processional; dainty Miss Ruth Richards, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Alex-

MISS EDNA MONTAGNE

Pupil of Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt who will give a recital at Century Hall on the evening of November 9.

andra Hamilton, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Dolly MacGavin and Miss Claire Nichols. No end of entertaining has been done in honor of the bride; in fact, her relatives are quite worn out with the constant feting, and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, who has done so much for her niece, plans to leave this week for the east to recuperate from the strain of the season's diversions.

Miss Sonntag's Debut

Miss Ila Sonntag's debut last Saturday had the charm of old-fashioned flavor, many of the guests being of the aristocratic regime that has suffered some eclipse since Burlingame wealth began glimmering on the social horizon. While Miss Sonntag is not a beauty, she has a loveable disposition and seems precisely the sort of girl to make many genuine friendships. Beauties, as a

EVERY WOMAN

Covets a fresh, smooth, satiny complexion, and what satisfaction and peace of mind its possession brings. The lines of age, worry and overwork are rendered well nigh powerless by Mrs. Nettie HARRISON'S LOLA MONTEZ CREME. A wonderful soother, healer and protector to a dry, contracted or chapped skin. It is Complexion Insurance. A Jar (3 months' treatment) 75 cents at all Druggists. To convince you of its remarkable power, I will send a free sample and "Beauty Book" on request. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON, San Francisco.

E. B. COURVOISIER

The well known Art Dealer and Frame Maker announces to the public the opening of his new store at 431 Sutter street between Stockton and Powell.

rule, seldom wear well. Miss Ila is of the demure, modest-violet type, very gracious and girlishly pretty, the type that has genuine quality and enjoys enduring popularity. She comes of the ancient regime that used to reign with autocratic exclusiveness over society in days gone by. The debut was made in the old home in Octavia street where her grandmother, who was a Dent, entertained President Grant and Mrs. Grant who was also a Dent during their visit in San Francisco. The Dents were the aristocrats in old St. Louis when Grant was a struggling youth and his marriage into the family was regarded by the Dents as a great mesalliance. Miss Sonntag is therefore remotely related to Miss Nellie Grant. Mrs. Sonntag was a Reis.

In the Social Spotlight

The many friends of Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris will be sorry to hear that she has been quite ill at the Long Sanitarium for the past two weeks. She is now rapidly recovering and will return to her home in Washington street this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Malcolm Eaton have returned from their wedding tour and are now settled in their home, 2839 Broderick street.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne will soon leave for the East. Much entertaining is being done in their honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson were hosts at an elaborate dinner at their home in Third avenue on Saturday last.

Mrs. William Parker Treat is slowly recovering from a very severe illness.

The wedding of Miss Arline Johnson and George Towne of Palo Alto is set for December. It will be a brilliant social event in Oakland at the home of the William Pierce Johnsons.

Miss Ernistine McNear's card party at her home in Oakland this week was in the nature of a farewell to her many young friends prior to her departure for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren have taken a house in Hyde street for the winter.

A charming young girl from the South, Miss Belle Riggin, the attractive niece of Colonel Stevens, U. S. A., will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Mintzer has issued cards for at home days for Wednesdays in November at her handsome home in Pacific avenue.

Major and Mrs. Andrew Rowan, U. S. A., have taken possession of their attractive new home on Russian Hill. Major Rowan has just retired from the army.

An interesting Progressive Vaudeville entertainment took place in Fruitvale on last Saturday evening. The ladies who had the aair in charge were Mrs. Daniel Crosby, Mrs. Walter Brann and Miss Marwedel.

Mrs. Harold Havens of Piedmont gave one of the most elaborate receptions of the early season at her beautiful home on Tuesday in honor of her mother, Mrs. John V. Cheney, who is the founder of the Woman's International League.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, United Daughters of Confederacy, are arranging for their annual tea which will take place at the St. Francis Hotel on December 4.

Mrs. John Boggs and her daughter Miss Alice have taken apartments at Coyne Court, Berkeley, for the winter. The wedding of Miss Boggs and Charles Dutton will take place late in December.

Charles Dutton has issued a hundred or more cards for a recital to be given at his new studio in Berkeley next Tuesday evening. Ashley Pettis, his talented pupil, will be presented.

The Claremont Country Club was the scene of an elaborate dinner last Saturday evening when Mrs. Edward Lacey Brayton made Miss Ernistine McNear the guest of honor. The dinner was followed by an informal dance.

A wedding of interest to Californians will take place in Washington, D. C., on Saturday, December 11, when Miss Jean Pedler will become the bride of Carlton Baker.

P. E. Bowles and family have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. William Niles and Mrs. W. G. Hughes of Los Angeles are guests at the Fairmont.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were E. Myron Wolf, A. J. Brander, H. L. Sale, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Maguire and Dick Corbinn.

The wedding of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick and Alan Macdonald will take place in April, about Easter time.

Miss Laura McKinstry made Gertrude Atherton the guest of honor at a large luncheon on Monday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter Miss Anna who have been at the Fairmont Hotel for the last two months have returned to their home in Stockton preparatory to an extended visit to the East during the winter.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont were W. S. Cassells, Robt. T. Massie, Toronto; W. K. Betty, Johannesburg; Dr. and Mrs. Theo. Wermer, Chemnitz, Germany; Henry P. Judd, Honolulu; Miss Hunt and Miss Mortimore of London.

Late additions to the "Service Set" at the Fairmont include Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Green, U. S. N., E. W. McIntyre, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Thornburg, Washington, D. C.

A recent engagement is that of Miss Isabel Morris, daughter of Mrs. W. F. Morris, to W. Hobart Garlick of Cincinnati. The secret was told recently to a company of girl friends who were bidden by Mrs. W. F. Morris to luncheon at the Hotel Victoria. An informal tea following the luncheon was made the occasion for congratulations to the attractive bride-elect, who is a graduate of Miss Head's school in Berkeley.

Miss Alma Thane was a recent hostess at cards, a dozen guests sharing her hospitality at the Hotel Victoria. The hour at cards was followed by an informal tea.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Victoria are Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith of Stockton, Mrs. Harrill and daughter, Miss Bernice Harrill of Bakersfield, Miss Isabel McPherson of Portland, Mrs. M. E. Heron and Miss Heron of Vallejo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Leffingwell, Mrs. E. N. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Carey, Mr. Homer Wood and Mrs. E. B. Rowley are established for the winter in apartments at the Victoria.

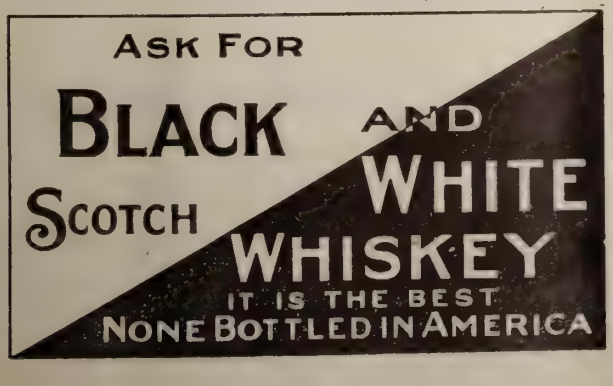
Lieut. and Mrs. Edward L. Lane are settled at the Victoria for the winter.

Among the recent guests at The Tavern of Tamalpais were Miss F. M. Hagerty, Johannes Reimers, Adeline Lemen, Alida Reimers, R. H. Schindler, Richard Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Brandenstein, C. L. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Stone, Mrs. B. F. Wise, Daniel E. Hayes, Mrs. M. P. Gleason, G. H. Cunningham, Mrs. J. Stadefeld and Clare L. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Vere Ellinwood who have been at the St. Francis since their marriage, have moved into their new home in Pierce street, near Pacific avenue.

Templeton Crocker entertained at luncheon Thursday in the St. Francis; his guests being Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Duane Hopkins and Walter Hobart.

Walter Gifford Smith gave a delightful little dinner at the St. Francis a few nights ago in honor of Princess David Kowananakoa of Honolulu. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. Marie L. Walton and Charles Pendleton.



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WE SENT our buyers to Europe for holiday novelties. THESE GOODS HAVE ARRIVED. They are exclusive---distinctive---the kind that are prized because THEY ARE DIFFERENT---novelties for maid or matron, man or boy. Prices from $1.50 to $250.

HERE ARE SOME OF THEM:

Fitted Monitor bags	Cigar and cigarette cases
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Trump markers and ash trays	Pencil desk sets
Fitted bags and suit cases	Collar bags and boxes
Portfolios	Steamer shawls
Sewing tables	Neckwear
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Jewel boxes	Picnic sets with thermo bottles

Our leather goods and novelty departments are without a peer in the West.

ROOS BROS.

Market and Stockton

Origin of the "Thirteen" Superstition

By J. R. Abarbanell

Every one knows the superstitious dread that attaches to the presence of thirteen around the table at a meal; but few know the supposed origin of the superstition. Of all these minor superstitions, perhaps the most prevalent is that of sitting thirteen at table. An idea of its prevalance among all nations may be obtained by adverting to the well-known facts that the Turks have almost expunged the number (13) from their vocabulary; that the Italians never use it in making up the numbers for their lotteries, and that the thirteenth card in one of their games bears the figure of death; that no house in Paris bears the No. 13, and that in that city the Quartorzienes are recognized persons in society who hold themselves in readiness to be invited to any dinner which otherwise would have the fatal thirteen at the festal board. The thirteen superstition, briefly stated, is that if thirteen persons, either by accident or design, dine together at the same table one will die within a year. Its origin has been traced back to the old Norse mythology, in which occurs the story of the gods sitting down to a feast with Loke in the Valhalla. Baldur was the thirteenth at the table, and had to die. It is hardly likely, though, that so obscure a tradition connected with an ancient faith limited to a comparatively small locale would be able to spread its pernicious influence so broadcast over the earth. The popularly-accepted origin may be taken as the right one. The Last Supper, which so immediately preceded the crucifixion of the Saviour, must always have excited a sentiment of awe in the breasts of the faithful, which in an unenlightened age easily degenerated into a feeling of superstitious terror. Leonardo da Vinci, in his famous painting on the wall in the refectory of the Dominican convent of Santa-Maria-della-Gracie in Milan, unwittingly, perhaps, gave the first impulse to the superstition in the minds of the ignorant masses who beheld the twelve Apostles and the Master at table. To see before their eyes the fatal feast itself must have affected them far more profoundly than could the most eloquent sermon on the subject. In this picture, too, we see Judas in the act of spilling the salt; thus it is fair to presume that both superstitions have practically the same origin.

Maxims and Reflections

Error is continually repeating itself in action, and we must unweariedly repeat the truth in word.

It is only when a man knows a little, that he knows anything at all. With knowledge grows doubt.

An intelligent man finds almost everything ridiculous, a wise man hardly anything.

The true is Godlike: we do not see it itself; we must guess at it through its manifestations.

One need only grow old to become gentler in one's judgments. I see no fault committeed which I could not have committed myself.

It is said that no man is a hero to his valet. That is only because a hero can be recognized only by a hero. The valet will probably know how to appreciate his like —his fellow-valet.

HOTEL NORMANDIE

SUTTER AND GOUGH STREETS

A comfortable, high order, uptown hotel, now under the management of

THOS. H. SHEDDEN, Formerly Manager of St. Dunstan's.

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Henry B. Harris Presents
The Season's Greatest Laugh Producer

THE TRAVELING SALESMAN

By the Author of "The Chorus Lady."
November 15th—Victor Moore in Geo. M. Cohan's Musical Play "The Talk of New York."

VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, near Thirteenth Phone Market 17

Starting Sunday Night, November 7—Second and Last Week
Only Matinee Saturday
Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.), Present America's Favorite Funmaker
EDDIE FOY in

MR. HAMLET OF BROADWAY

The Great New York Casino Success. A Company That Can Act—and Does. A Chorus That Can Sing and Dance—and Does.
Reserved Seats from 50c to $1.50, on Sale at the Box Office and Emporium.
Next—"Billy," the Big Laughing Success from Daly's Theatre.

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Two Weeks Starting Sunday Night, November 7th,
Gottlob, Marx and Co. Announce as Their Opening Attraction at this Theatre

3 TWINS

With Victor Morley, Bessie Clifford and 80—People—80
Prices, 50 cents to $2.00.
Matinees Saturday Only.

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE Cor. Sutter and Steiner Class 'A' Building Phone West 1400

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Monday Evening, November 8, and Throughout the Week
Clyde Fitch's Most Delightful Comedy

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

Introducing the New Leading Man, JOHN INCE.
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

NEW ORPHEUM O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell Phone Douglas 70

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day

ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE

"OUR BOYS IN BLUE"; LULU McCONNELL and GRANT SIMPSON; TEMPEST and SUNSHINE TRIO; BOBBY PANDOR and BROTHER; Last Week of MINNIE SELIGMAN and WILLIAM BRAMWELL in "The Drums of Doom"; THE BOUNDING GORDONS; BOOTBLACK QUARTETTE; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of CHARLES THE FIRST, the Marvelous Nearly Human Chimpanzee who does Everything but Talk, Introduced by Charles Judge.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE Oakland, Cal. Direction H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, November 8, Every Evening,
BISHOP'S PLAYERS in the First Western Presentation of

THE TRAITOR

Thomas Dixon's Story of the South. A Dramatic Sequel to "The Clansman."
Next—"The Rose of the Rancho."

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

This Saturday and Sunday Afternoons and Nights
DREAMLAND RINK
Seats, $1.00, 75c and 50c at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.
Sunday after 9:30 at Dreamland.
General Admission 50 Cents.

SOUSA at GREEK THEATRE (BERKELEY)

Monday Afternoon at 3—Night at 8.

MME. JEAN JOMELLI

Prima Donna, Covent Garden, Manhattan and Metropolitan Opera House and
MISS MARIE NICHOLS
Violin Virtuosa
NOVELTY THEATRE, Friday Evening, November 12
Sunday Afternoon, Nov. 14, Tuesday Evening Nov. 16
Seats, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, ready Tuesday, November 8, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.
OAKLAND CONCERT—Wednesday Afternoon, November 17th at 3:15
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
Baldwin Piano Used. Coming—Mary Adele Case, Contralto.

Yorick in Valencia Street

By Edward F. O'Day

From my program I learn that Edgar Smith wrote the book for "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway." That being the case, I have a bone to pick with Edgar Smith. Ingenious gentleman that he is, he has undoubtedly constructed a framework that encloses a generous portion of Eddie Foy's comicality; but I am constrained to charge him with a wilful sin of omission. The fact is that in building "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" he has been exceedingly careful to include plenty of Broadway, but he came very near leaving Mr. Hamlet out. If Edgar Smith (and Eddie Foy) will pardon an unnecessary allusion to Shakespeare, "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" reminds me of Falstaff's score; there is one half-pennyworth of Hamlet to an intolerable deal of Broadway. It may be, of course, that Edgar Smith is a cunning and calculating caterer to the demands of Broadway; he may have given that lurid thoroughfare—if it be a thoroughfare and not a lurid state of mind—just so much and no more of Hamlet as he knew it would stand. If Broadway likes its theatrical entertainment in proportion as it is scantily draped, I have no doubt that it received infinitely more satisfaction from the chorus than from Mr. Hamlet, for at times the chorus was very scantily draped indeed and there were no draperies at all on the bathing girls; they looked as though their suits were altogether too small for them in the first place and had shrunk woefully in the water. But to return to Mr. Hamlet. Edgar Smith was as niggardly in supplying him with line as the costumer was in draping the charms of the chorus girls. Of course "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" contains plenty of Eddie Foy, but it contains very little of Eddie Foy as Mr. Hamlet. And that was a keen disappointment to me. If Eddie Foy could be induced to unbosom himself, I think he would confess that in his heart of hearts he believes that in the part of Hamlet, as constructed by Mr. Shakespeare and not by Edgar Smith, he could very nearly out-Edwin Booth. That is a secret and sacred tenet of every comedian's creed. Even Louis James, a born comedian, cherished that dear delusion. I do not wish to be suspected of mental cruelty or of a morbid attitude toward the stage, but I admit that the spectacle of Eddie Foy burlesquing the part which I am sure he would dearly love to play, afforded me a sort of sardonic delight. It was almost as good fun as it would have been if Eddie Foy had been allowed to essay the role seriously. That would be a mirth-provoking spectacle which the gods would crowd out of the heavens to witness; but the substitute was a masterpiece of merriment. Only it was too short. There was a chuckle born every minute, but there were so few minutes. I had not half finished laughing at that first inimitable line: "A little less in front and more behind," before the burlesque was over. Why was Edgar Smith so stingy? We of the provinces are not afraid of Shakespeare, even when he is burlesqued; we could have stood five times as much as Edgar vouchsafed us. Think of the fat possibilities Edgar Smith overlooked. Where was the ghost? May not the ghost walk in musical comedy? And where were the players? I can conceive no funnier situation than to have the roadsters of a musical comedy impersonate a company of bad actors; it would be one of the most realistic things on the stage—and one of the easiest. But if Edgar Smith was afraid to invade the province of the box office by making the ghost walk and feared to wound the sensitive susceptibilities of the principals by having them appear as bad actors with Eddie Foy to instruct them in their art, he might at least have shown us Polonius and Laertes. Polonius delivering a code of ethics and etiquette framed from, let us say, "The Danger Mark" would have been delicious and Laertes might have wrangled with Hamlet in language culled from Commander Peary's telegrams. But alas, Edgar Smith wrote "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" for Broadway and he deliberately clipped the pinions of his imagination. I know he has imagination for he introduces a chorus of Hamlets and Ophelias singing and dancing rag-time with a company of khaki-clad soldier boys. The chorus girls looked hot and unhappy in all those clothes but the number was a decided novelty. Hamlet would surely have thought that there was something rotten in Denmark if he had seen all those Hamlets and Ophelias doing syncopated time; perhaps he would have rubbed his eyes and concluded that he was "full of bread"

MISS INEZ DIBBLEE

Who will make her debut as a dancer at the St. Francis.

or something. Or he might have joined in the dance; I think he once called himself a jig-maker. I am sure he would have enjoyed the bathing girls; some of them would have reminded him of that bare bodkin. I do not doubt Hamlet would have relished Eddie Foy. "You jig, you amble and you lisp," he might have said to him with perfect truth. There would have been little melancholy at Elsinore if Eddie Foy had happened to stray that way; with his gibes and gambols, his songs and his flashes of merriment he would have been a worthy successor to good old Yorick.

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DURING SHOPPING HOURS
Concert daily during Lunch, Shopping Hours, Dinner
and After Theatre--Under leadership of talented virtuoso, Abe Wise
Phone Douglas 4700 Under the management of A. C. MORRISSON

Stage

Alcazar Has New Leading Man

John Ince, the Alcazar's new leading man, will make his first appearance in San Francisco Monday evening as Teddy North in "The Cowboy and the Lady," which was written by the late Clyde Fitch and starred in by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott. While the play contains situations that approach the melodramatic, it never departs from legitimacy. Its comedy incidents are of a high order and its heart interest is appealing. North is a Harvard graduate who has taken up residence in the west, where he is attracted to Mrs. Weston, the wife of a characterless adventurer, and assumes the guardianship of Midge, a mountain waif who is in love with Joe, a cowboy. In the course of his recklessness Weston insults Midge in the presence of North who threatens to kill him if the offense is repeated, and also arouses the anger of Jim, a half-breed, by his attentions to Mollie Larkins, a dance-hall keeper, with whom the Indian is infatuated.

MME. JOMELLI

The great prima donna who will sing at the Novelty Theatre besides appearing before the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

From then on the play gathers intensity but comes to a happy ending. Evelyn Vaughan will play Mrs. Weston, Bessie Barriscale will be cast as Midge, and all the other Alcazar favorites will have well-fitting roles. As the plays calls for realistic staging, some effective pictures may be expected.

The Jomelli Concerts

A new prima donna from the great opera houses of Europe and America will be introduced during the coming week by Impresario Greenbaum in the person of Mme. Jeanne Jomelli. Miss Marie Nichols, a violin virtuosa of the highest order, will be with her. Three concerts will be given at the Novelty Theatre, the dates being Friday night, November 12, Sunday afternoon, November 14 and Tuesday night, November 16. Mme. Jomelli will introduce some of the arias from her great successes, Massenet's "Thais," Charpentier's "Louise" and Pucini's "La Tosca" besides songs by Wolf, Strauss, Schubert and Brahms. Among the works for violin to be played by Miss Nichols is an old French sonata by Francoeur which her master DeBrut of the Paris Conservatoire copied from a manuscript in a convent in Southern France and a rarely heard "Chant Russe" by Lalo.

"The Three Twins" at the Garrick

Gottlob, Marx and Co. will assume the direction of the Garrick beginning tomorrow night when they will present the first offering of what promises to be a very interesting season. "The Three Twins" starts a two weeks' engagement with the night performance Sunday. It enjoyed a run of five months at the Whitney Theatre in Chicago and went for a solid year at the Herald Square in New York. It is described as a musical comedy with a plot and many novel features. The show is lavishly costumed and has a fine lot of show girls. The company is headed by Victor Morley who created the leading role.

The Genial Drummer at the Van Ness

If Mark Smith who plays the title role in "The Traveling Salesman" at the Van Ness cared to forsake the stage for the busy marts of trade, it is a safe wager that many of our big commercial houses would bid for his services. Smith has the commercial traveler's temperament raised to the top degree; he exudes geniality and plausibility and it would be a hopeless customer who could resist the fascination of his good-nature. Decidedly the audience at the Van Ness likes Smith's "line"; in lieu of orders they give him applause and follow his course through the bright clean play with a tribute of chortles and giggles which he quite obviously

MIRIAM NESBIT

Who appears in "The Traveling Salesman" at the Van Ness Theatre.

enjoys. "The Traveling Salesman" will pack his trunks and depart after Sunday, November 14. Victor Moore in George M. Cohan's successful music play, "The Talk of New York," will open an engagement of two weeks at the Van Ness on Monday, November 15. Moore comes here with all the people who supported him during the long New York and Chicago runs of the comedy and the scenic embellishments will be a feature of the attraction. The character of "Kid Burns" will be played by Moore.

Miss Inez Dibblee's Debut as a Dancer

Miss Inez de la Guerra Dibblee of the great old Spanish house of de la Guerra whose name is closely identified with the history of California, is to make her debut as a professional dancer. Miss Dibblee lived for some time in Paris studying music, art and dramatic expression and has derived some original ideas from observation of the classical dances of Miss Isidora Duncan, Loie Fuller and others. People who have seen her work in private and at a fashionable charity function in San Rafael say that she has a style and quality entirely her own and Herman Perlet, the well known conductor and composer, speaks very highly of her. Her debut will be made at the first event of the St. Francis Musical Art Society where she will occupy a place on the program with Mme. Jomelli. She will do some Oriental and Spanish dances to music by Rubinstein, Saint-Saens and Grieg. Her laces and scarfs are those in which some of her ancestors appeared at the court of Spain.

Military Stunt at the Orpheum

The Orpheum program for next week will have as its chief attraction "Our Boys in Blue," a military spectacle. Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson will give a bright little comedy called "A Stormy Hour" by Lester Lonergan. It was specially written for Miss McConnell. The Tempest and Sunshine Trio, consisting of Florence Tempest, Little Sunshine and Junie Ijames will be quite an attraction. This trio of fascinating young beauties was a feature of Ziegfeld's first revue, "The Follies of 1907" and last year they were with the original production of "Little Nemo" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York. The Russian-Roumanian gladiators, Bobby Pandor and Brother, appropriately styled "The Modern Hercules," will present a series of athletic poses on a specially constructed cabinet. Next week will conclude the engagements here of Minnie Seligman and William Bramwell in their little drama, "The Drums of Doom," the Bounding Gordons and the Bootblack Quartette. It will also be the last of the marvelous chimpanzee, Charles the First, who does everything but talk and who has created a real sensation in vaudeville. A new series of motion pictures will finish the performance.

The Final Sousa Concerts

Sousa and his band will be heard for the last time this season at Dreamland Rink this afternoon and night and tomorrow afternoon and night. The program for the Saturday night concert will include Sousa's descriptive suite, "The Last Days of Pompeii," a new tone poem called "Finlandia" by Sibelius and Liszt's "Fourteenth Hungarian Rhapsody." For the farewell concert on Sunday night "Les Preludes," Edward German's "Welsh Rhapsody" and other interesting works are promised and by special request Sousa will give his comic fantasy, "The Band Came Back" and repeat his new suite "People Who Live in Glass Houses." On Monday afternoon and night Sousa will occupy the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. In case of inclement weather the concerts will be given in the Harmon Gymnasium. Two special programs have been prepared for these events including several works not played at the other concerts.

Another Week of Foy

The last week of Eddie Foy and the Shubert company in "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" will commence at the Valencia Theatre tomorrow night, with the only matinee Saturday and from present indications standing room will be at a premium during the rest of the engagement. "Billy," a highly original farce that kept immense audiences at Daly's Theatre, New York, laughing for six months, will follow "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," coming direct from the metropolis.

Sequel to Clansman at Ye Liberty

Commencing Monday evening the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will offer the initial production given in the West of "The Traitor," the play

SCENE FROM "MR. HAMLET OF BROADWAY"

In which Eddie Foy and the big Shubert company are making such a hit at the Valencia Theatre.

made from Thomas Dixon's story of the South. Coming as it does after the storm of criticism and discussion caused by "The Clansman," a previous dramatic work by the same author to which it is a sequel, "The Traitor" will unquestionably excite keen interest among trans-bay theatregoers. The play concerns the fortunes of rival Klans rather than the issue between the whites and the blacks, and in justice to those who found much that was objectionable in the stage presentation of "The Clansman" it should be said that nothing of the kind exists in "The Traitor." Sydney Ayres was the original

MARIE NICHOLS
Violin virtuosa with the Jomelli concerts

Ben Cameron in the New York production of "The Clansman," so he should be good in "The Traitor," and with Florence Oakley in the leading feminine role and the remainder of the favorites in the cast, it should be a strong one. After "The Traitor" a revival of "The Rose of the Rancho" will be given in which Florence Oakley will make her farewell appearance with the Bishop players.

Conservatory Has New Virtuosa

The California Conservatory of Music announces the engagement of the violin virtuosa, Madame Eileen O'Moore, for its violin department. Madame O'Moore studied in Leipzig with Hans Sitt and was awarded the Mendelssohn scholarship of the Conservatorium. From there she went to Brussels and became a pupil of the celebrated Ysaye, finally finishing her studies with Sevcik in Prague. Madame O'Moore will be presented at the third concert of the Conservatory which will take place on Friday, November 12, at the hall of the conservatory, 147 Presidio avenue. The program will be: Schumann, Faschingsschwank in Wien op. 26 for piano: Hermann Genss; Songs for Tenor: Bendel, Wie beruhrt mich wundersam; Gade, Lebe wohl, teures Gretchen; Becker, Fruhlingszeit: Charles Bulotti; Concert for Violin by Paganini-Wilhelmj: Madame O'Moore; Canon for two Sopranos and Alto by Rossini: Misses Hazel and Myrtle Wood and Miss Grace Brown; Spohr, Adagio from Concerto No. 9, and Sarasate, Zigeunerweisen for Violin: Madame O'Moore.

Rudolph Barth, watchmaker and jeweler, now permanently located at 56 Kearny street.

A Rothschild a Playwright

After having served a dramatic apprenticeship by writing several curtain-raisers under an assumed name Baron Henri de Rothschild, of the famous family of bankers, has come out openly as a playwright in Paris. His latest production is a three-act drama entitled "La Pampe" ("The Footlights.") It deals with the irresistible attraction of the stage. In one daring line he speaks of the fascination the stage has for millionaires, thus disclosing beyond mistake his own impulses. The play is intensely dramatic in some situations. It tells the story of a society woman allured by the stage. She deserts her husband to take up with a famous actor. Her talent is pronounced, although she cannot adapt herself to the private life of theatrical folk. Love of the art, however, carries her to the front in public esteem. Her success with the Parisian public provokes the jealousy of her actor lover, who tries to drive her from his company. She prevails on him to see the rehearsal of a new play in which she is to appear. This play has a poison scene and as she acts it she takes real poison and dies with her lover looking on. The critics all commend it, agreeing that it shows strong constructive power. Public opinion confirms the professional estimate of the work, which promises to hold the boards for a long time. Apart from his skill as a writer Baron Henri de Rothschild has achieved fame as a doctor and scientist.

Two of Klaw and Erlanger's most notable attractions, "The Round Up" and McIntyre and Heath in their newest musical diversion, "In Hayti," are to be seen here during the season.

Although the opening of the new Columbia Theatre is yet two months off there have been over fifteen hundred inquiries regarding that event and the office of Gottlob, Marx and Company is daily besieged by those who seek to make some arrangement regarding seat reservations. Absolutely nothing has been done in this regard and full announcements will be made in due time.

LULU McCONNELL
The delightful and versatile comedienne who will begin an engagement this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

Are we, in our ready-for-service garments, coming to the fashion that prevails in English clothes? Are not some of the most advanced of American stylers already reaching after the soft, unpadded smaller garments of our English cousins, the smartly attired fashionables of London who do know how to dress? This fall one of the largest metropolitan manufacturing retail clothiers introduces its new garments without shoulder pads and only just enough artificial extension in the sleeve-head to insure smoothness. And this little cotton is still included, perhaps, because here the clientele has not yet begun to appreciate or fancy the softer lines and graceful natural shoulder of the English garment. Or does the bit of cotton serve to obtain an effect not possible without it, only through very good and careful tailoring? The coats are shorter and smaller, being less full than the general cut of the sack of present vogue.

In our forthcoming spring styles we will have the better fitting, shapely sack coat, having a low curving waist and a fall over the hips that will be rather more snug and hip-forming than anything so nearly like the English lounge we have had since we took up here the extreme flare and the obtrusive side-creasings of present vogue. But in the exaggerated fullness of the chest that has now approached an extreme extension of the forepart, making the difficulties of a good fit more and more troublesome, we are adding more of that hercules bulk to the masculine figure that came in with abnormal shoulder pads, and to these we also add big elbow sleeves. Little wonder then that there is an outcry against big shoulders and sleeves and bulging chests and loose clothes that are increasing the hazards of both manufacturing and fitting our garments. And with the protests against these extreme proportions there is coming to be felt a need for garments with less padding, more natural shoulders and foreparts that are less chesty; garments, on the whole, that are smaller and fit better than the long, loose exaggerations now in vogue.

Immediately following the bringing out of freak clothes there came a sensible demand for conservative styles as essential to a safer business. And at once we go into the extremes of big chests and big ungraceful sleeves. While their creators defend their works by proclaiming that the young men want these things and will have nothing else, there are those sitting in judgment who give decision in effect that these clothes should fit properly and becomingly.

An Expert's Criticism

An expert on fashions and the making of clothes pays high tribute to the wonderful advance of the ready-for-service clothing when he states that such well-made clothes as our industry is today turning out are a threat to the custom tailors. And he touches weak points that are still retained in our styling when he says that, excepting for the exaggerated dip of the coats, still one of the worst features of our styling, our coats are well cut. The shoulders, he says, no longer protrude at each side as if the man inside were a Sharkey or a Jeffries, and there is a decrease in the number of queer cuffs, vertical pockets and vents, which have been so pronounced as style features in our clothes. He adds that the thing that seems most difficult for our manufactures to get away from is the heavy look over the shoulders, a thing that is noticeable in the best dress coats, which ought to be light, if any garment should; for there's no reason why a dress coat or dinner jacket should have the look of a football jacket over the shoulders. The reason he gives why it is so hard to do away with pads is that our industry finds it is easier to make clothes fit by the use of much padding. He charges the custom tailors, many of them, with resorting to the same means for making clothes fit. Some of our clothes, he claims, look as if they were made for knockabout comedians on a vaudeville stage; and the big shoulders and chests in some of our overcoats make the wearer look as if he had on a straight-front corset. Because of the many exaggerations, this expert, while very impartially giving credit to ready-for-service clothing where credit is due, characterizes many of our fall styles as being freakish and crazy.

Where such appellations would fit they applied only because the garments thus criticized showed the style exaggerations that have never done anything for the ready-for-service clothing industry except to increase the risks of selling.

If we are ever to come to the soft, graceful fitting clothes of the best dressed of our English cousins, it will be necessary to eliminate the padding, reduce the size of the arm scye, make smaller sleeves, natural shoulders and chest. And that we are slowly drifting thitherward is apparent in the significance already attached to smaller shoulders without pads, shapelier and smaller garments, and a reduction of the peg-top proportions of trousers by the most advanced thinkers in the trade.

After all is said and done the refined dresser finds pleasure in clothes without exaggeration, and the greatest compliment is paid to the merchant tailors who are top-notchers when the ready-for-service man is trying to imitate them.

Ghirardelli's

Candies, Cocoa and Chocolates

are acknowledged the Best the world over.

Only the highest grades of raw materials, tested by our chemists, are allowed to enter into the same, and the blending of all materials is supervised by experts.

All our Fruit Juices and Flavors are scientifically prepared from Fresh Fruits only, right at our own Plant, and nothing but Ripe and Perfect Specimens are used.

What with the careful workmanship, as well as scrupulous cleanliness in our plants it is not surprising that

Her First Choice,
Her Last Choice, and
Her Choice at all times
is the UNEQUALLED

MATCHLESS Ghirardelli's

ANNOUNCEMENT

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Suits as they should be made — No connection with any other ladies' tailor

Cook

FINE MILLINERY

1803 FILLMORE STREET
AT SUTTER

The Master Glassworker

(Continued from Page 10.)

had swung against a plodding camel's side in some caravan that crossed the Syrian desert sands; it had lain concealed in the hold of some Levantine galley whose sails bellied toward the West.

In its sombre blue there still lingered a glow like that which filters through the multicolored trellises of a harem—shades saturated with mysterious light and shadows. What white fingers, their tips ablush with henna, had last laid their dull, uncomprehending touch upon this cup? And the scent that still lingered about the rim, was it sherbet of roses cooled in the snow, or some gentle breath whose fragrance is perceptible only in dreams?

Hesitatingly, as if she wished to test the reality of the azure marvel, the young woman touched the glass. "Oh!" she murmured, "how can such beauty be possible?"

Her husband had scanned the beaker with the calm pleasure, the instinctive appreciation of beauty that makes the fine in art as much a life-necessity to the heir of immemorial wealth and luxury as good wine, horses of the finest breed or courtly manners.

"It is a masterpiece," he declared with conviction. "Even the antique glasses in the Musee Cluny are not more beautiful. Who is the maker?"

The manager named him. "Alvise Berovieri. He is our best artist in Venice. We have even called him the Benvenuto Cellini of glass." And, as if lost in thought, he moved a finger caressingly along the beaker's rim. Then he went on: "He is getting old; alas, old! But his eyes are still strong, and the entire day he sits bent over his work, yonder in his lofty atelier in the Palazzo Faler."

With evident pleasure the distinguished connoisseur repeated the name: "Alvise Berovieri." In his thoughts the splendor of the creation and its creator formed a harmonious accord. He saw it as a scene out of the Italy of the Renaissance; the old artist, seated in a hall of the princely palace, handling the gold and glass and splendid enamel in the light that fell through slender, arched windows on his bent head and beauty-creating hands. And when his beautiful companion cried impulsively: "Oh, I wish we could visit him in his atelier!" he merely smiled and answered: "I see no objection to that." And they went.

The gondolier found the distant canal and the dark old palace from whose eaves eagles threatened to swoop down, fierce with outstretching heads and extended wings. A coat of arm surmounted the arched windows of the sculptured balcony above the entrance. The marble steps rising out of the water to the deep, dark gateway were green with slime from the rising and falling tide. In the shadow of the colonnade which surrounded the sunny inner court a young woman was seated, making lace. She looked up at the call of the gondolier for Berovieri. He was in his workshop, she said; upstairs there. She would show his excellency the way.

The two followed up a stately marble staircase which ascended past faded frescoes hanging loosely from the walls, past empty niches and columned portals with their mosaic floors still bright. Then followed a second flight of steeper, narrower steps of gray stone which seemed unending, boring upward with repeated turns. Then, still steeper and narrower, a third flight, till at length they reached the hot, dizzy steps of a garret and a door shorn of paint, shrunken and cracked by the scorching heat, through which filtered the rays of the sun. A pungent odor of turpentine assailed their nostrils. Without knocking the padrona pushed the door open and, pointing with her hand, merely said, "There he is," and was gone.

In a glare of sunlight on white-washed walls they saw a low, bare, little room with a square window through which the blue sky was visible. On shelves along the wall was a glitter of glassware. Before the window sat a small, lean old man in purplish shirt-sleeves, with a leather apron hanging sideways about him, his shining bald skull bent over his work. A child with black, curly locks lay stretched at full length on the floor, making stars and other fanciful figures with many-colored bits of glass. On perceiving the strangers she scrambled up and snuggled close against the old man, murmuring in her lisping Venetian dialect. The workman turned his head and, seeing the visitors halting on the threshold, slowly arose with the stiff, painful movement of one who has been sitting for hours in a cramped position.

His figure was small and thin, withered and bent like a piece of dried timber, with a sallow face covered with a network of furrows and wrinkles, and weary eyes, black as night, between his red eyelids. His faded shirt hung awkwardly about the sharp, long shoulders and sunken chest. In his hand was a shining implement.

"One of his assistants, doubtless—a polisher or something of that sort," said the visitor in his own tongue. Then, in Italian, he explained his appartnet mistake to the workman.

"We would like to see the signor himself—Signor Berovieri."

The little man blinked his weary eyes, multiplying the network of wrinkles.

"I am Berovieri," he said.

"Signor Berovieri," the stranger repeated with emphasis, "the artist in glass."

The other nodded. "Yes, the glassworker. I am he."

The stranger merely shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "There must be some misunderstanding," he insisted. "We are

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looking for the maestro, for him who made the blue beaker at Graffi's."

"Yes, that's myself."

In amazed silence the two looked at this humble workman, with his redlidded eyes, his bent back and crooked fingers. And both at once became conscious of the wretched surroundings, the bare walls, the crippled furniture, the squalid pallet rolled in a corner, the worn-out coat hanging on a nail in the wall; and on a table, among a jumbled litter of implements and pieces of glass, the remnants of the midday meal—a bit of polenta, a pile of fish-bones, and the rind of a melon sucked down to the very skin.

In a dull, monotonous voice that betrayed years of solitude, the old man asked: "In what can I be of service to his excellency?"

The nobleman made no answer. He felt a sudden, violent disgust rising within him at the ridiculousness of the thing, at the silly position in which he thought himself placed. With almost angry contempt he surveyed the old drudge from head to foot, the fellow whom he had taken for a genius. The young woman noticed it and blushed, while sympathetic tears sprang to her eyes, and she whispered:

"We had better go back."

But he answered with an impatient gesture. That didn't suit him, now. Then he turned to the workman and said gruffly:

"We'd like to see some of your work."

"I've nothing finished," was the answer. The poor fellow seemed surprised at the demand.

On the work-bench stood a wide dish glistening in dull gold. "What's the price of this?" the stranger asked.

The glassworker shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. The price of an article is fixed when it is finished."

The evasive answer, which sounded like an awkward attempt to gain time while calculating on a higher figure, aroused the anger of the Maecenas.

"I have no time to wait for your calculations," he said sharply. "How much do you want for this dish? Without shuffling now."

The other looked at him, failing to catch his meaning.

"Well, what will you take for it?"

"I'm not allowed to sell it," answered the glassworker. "Everything I make is the property of the firm." And he pointed to the firm name cast into the base of the gilt dish.

"To be sure, the factory mark. Where will your own signature appear?"

"I am not allowed to put my own name to it. Everything passes under the name of Graffi."

"What? Your own work? But every artist does that!"

"Only the rich," the old man replied, quite simply, "those who work on their own account. I have always been merely a journeyman."

He held up to the light the dish they had been handling, and carefully wiped it. The golden reflection fell upon his features. He looked at it silently, lost in thought, as if he were alone. Half audibly the gentleman said to his companion: "You see, he is merely a common workman—handy at his trade, naturally, and with some sense of the beautiful, like all Italians."

"Y-e-s," the young woman replied abstractedly. She scarcely dared look at the poverty-stricken old man whose work sparkled in the palaces of kings. A sensation came over her as if she ought to beg his pardon for a fault she did not know, but which yet fretted her gentle soul—for her own youth and wealth and happiness, perhaps. And she felt as if she ought to tell him that she had not intruded into his workshop merely with the idle curiosity of the great; that she recognized his artistic talent and position, and honored them even in his servitude and pitiable privation. Helplessly and with deep emotion she began to speak haltingly, then stopped and blushed more deeply than before.

The little girl looked at her stealthily from beneath the black tangle of her curls. To conceal her confusion the young woman suddenly bent toward the child with a caress, asking:

"What is your name, little one?"

But the child shrank back and clung closer to the old man, hiding her face against his arm. A smile instantly transfigured the sad, weary face as he laid a hand on the curly head.

With something like bashful friendliness the young woman asked: "This is your little granddaughter, doubtless?"

"Ah, no! She is the daughter of the padrona downstairs. I have never had either wife or child."

He said this with perfect calmness; but to the young bride, so filled with the joy of living, it sounded like a cry of distress, a wail out of the depths of that life of wretchedness, of that utterly joyless existence that had never known prosperity, honor, respect or happiness; void of love, tenderness or troth; from joyless childhood to care-burdened old age, nothing but toil, indigence and utterly abandoned loneliness. And with a revulsion of soul, with something like a recoil of her warm blood from what seemed worse than the gloom of death, she cried passionately:

"Oh, that is not living!"

The old man looked up, touched by the tone of the words which he yet did not comprehend. Her lips were quivering. But the husband laid a cautioning hand on her arm. Then, turning to the workman, he said:

"We will not keep you any longer from your work." And so they departed.

The old man went back to the window and resumed his place at his bench. But for a long time he sat with the graver in his motionless fingers. As the gondola of the strangers had disturbed the still surface of the canal beneath his window whose water had but now so clearly reflected the lofty palaces, the

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Auto Notes

William M. Lunt, one of the best known automobile salesmen of this city who for the past year and more has been associated with the Pioneer Automobile Company, has joined the sales force of the Studebaker Bros. company under John H. Eagal, manager of the automobile department of the local organization.

Joe Tracey, famous as one of the greatest of automobile racing drivers when that most hazardous of all sports first came into existence and for some years thereafter, and known in the automobile industry as one of the best of automobile engineers, has just purchased a Chalmers-Detroit "30" for his own use.

Fred Swanton, in speaking of the road conditions between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, says that they cannot be beaten for this time of year. Swanton left the St. Francis Hotel at 10:30 Sunday morning for his home in Santa Cruz, going via Colma, Saratoga, Los Gatos and Hotel de Redwood, over the Santa Cruz Mountains, arriving in Santa Cruz at 2:30—four hours for the trip. Mr. Swanton did not break the speed limit at any time, which emphasizes the fact that San Francisco and Santa Cruz are very close together when a Thomas Flyer is the medium of transportation. He has run his car four thousand and eighty miles in the last ninety days, and has the original tires on the car, having had neither tire nor mechanical troubles.

W. L. Houghson, president of the Standard Motor Car Company, accompanied by a party of friends, left recently for an extended tour of the southern part of the state for the purpose of visiting the agents, in that territory, of the Ford cars. The local motorist will be away about ten days and during that time will tour in a new model of a Ford car.

An interesting bit of information was received by the Pioneer Automobile Company Wednesday to the effect that out of over five hundred second hand cars advertised in the Chicago Sunday's Tribune there was one Thomas and that was a nineteen five model. It is quite evident that Chicago people are not anxious to part with their Thomas Flyers.

The following message from the E. R. Thomas Motor Branch of Chicago had just been received by the Pioneer Automobile Company: "Sixty cars in Packers' parade today; eleven were Thomas Flyers."

That the winning car in the coming Los Angeles-Phoenix race, which is scheduled to commence at Los Angeles tonight will cover the course in twenty-five hours or under, is the assertion of Bert Latham who will be at the wheel of the Studebaker E-M-F "30" part of the time. Latham has been trying out his car over the course recently and despite the fact that the roads are reported to be in terrible shape, declares that he expects to pilot his car through in great shape.

The world's record for a half-mile track was broken at Rome, Georgia, a few days ago by a Studebaker E-M-F "30" which made five and one-quarter miles in six minutes fifty-seven and two-fifths seconds. Four popular price gasoline cars were pitted against the little Studebaker.

That Diamond Tires may be found in service in any part of the world where automobiles are used is shown by the Diamond Rubber Company receiving a letter from E. H. Todd in which he writes that with his car which he has used in the stage service around Dawson City, Yukon Territory, he has received some 8,235 miles' service from the Diamond Tires which equipped his machine. He further writes that the mileage was made between April 4 and October 3 of this year and three of the tires are still holding the original air while all four tires are capable of several thousand miles' more service.

The Pioneer Automobile Company, agents for the Thomas, the Chalmers-Detroit, the Hudson and the Randolph truck, did a splendid business at the Auto Show and report having made numerous sales. So many, in fact, as to amply justify the statement that the show has drawn together more actual purchasers who are looking for cars than could have been secured by any other means.

The season of 1910 sees many refinements and improved details in the Buick models which have been so popular the past two seasons, though there are no radical departures from the '09 product, especially in the mechanical construction.

The little Buick "White Streak" with its refinements for 1910 will without doubt continue to hold its enviable position in the public favor, and to create the admiration of all who examine it.

The Buick "40" Roadster, or Model 16, gives a greater range of options for the coming season. It is equipped with 34x4 wheels, front and rear, and may be had with detachable double rear seat, or with a toy-tonneau body of beautiful and attractive lines. The options of color are a rich shade of dark red, or a very dark blue with cream running gear.

In preparation for an increased output of 1910 cars, the Thomas company of Buffalo has broken ground and given out contracts for a large addition to its plant. The new building will be of cement 250x100 feet, and three stories in height.

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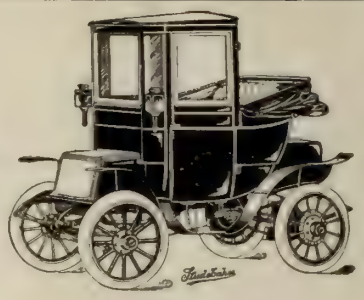

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Otto Irving Wise, Attorney at Law, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,
Executor of the Estate of Bertha Laventhal, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LACEY, Deceased—No. 8502, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1110 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased.

EDWARD V. LACEY and
FREDERICK F. LACEY,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Lacey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, Also Known as I. H. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, Attorney at Law, 806 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased.

HANNAH JACOBS,
Executrix of the Estate of Isaac H. Jacobs, also know as I. H. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1909.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL and HENRY A JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executrix,
806 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANORA DALEY, Sometimes Known as and Called HANORA DAILY, Deceased.

Elizabeth O'Brien, administratrix of the estate of HANORA DALEY, sometimes known as and called HANORA DAILY, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain arel property belonging to said estate, particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of November, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there ot show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of such real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 20, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed October 20, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
1110 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of CARRIE E. HAMILTON, Otherwise Known as C. E. HAMILTON, and Sometimes Known and called CADDIE E. HAMILTON, Deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law offices of H. M. Owens, 412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

FOREST F. ISRAEL,
Administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 16, 1909.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES HARRINGTON, Incompetent.

Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 11th day of October, 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, Mary Harrington, guardian of the person and estate of JAMES HARRINGTON, incompetent, will sell at public sale, as a whole, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1909, at 12 o'clock noon of said day on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County, all the right, title, interest and estate of said JAMES HARRINGTON, an incompetent, in and to that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land with the improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Fell Street, distant thereon sixty (60) feet Westerly from the Southwesterly corner of Fell and Laguna Streets; running thence Westerly along said line of Fell Street twenty five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly eighty-five (85) feet to the point of commencement. The same being part of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Twenty (220).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase price to be paid to the undersigned at the time of sale, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court and tender of deed. Deed at expense of purchaser.

MARY HARRINGTON,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of James Harrington, Incompetent.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 11, 1909.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for said Guardian,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-4

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners, transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of PRATT & GRIGSBY; that the principal place of business of said copartnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of the said copartnership are WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, and that our respective places of residence are set opposite our respective names, hereunto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our hands, this 16th day of October, 1909.

Name	Residence
J. R. PRATT	San Francisco, Cal.
W. E. GRIGSBY	San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 28th day of October, 1909, before me, J. D. Brown, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and who acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Copartnership,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-?

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1261 VAN NESS AVENUE AT SUTTER

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal) H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,

vs.

LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, Deceased—No. 8383, N. S., Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased.

LYDIA M. HOPKINS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Reuben T. Hopkins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executrix,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased.

ANGELE KLEINCLAUS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Gustave Kleinclaus, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

A COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Asscciation, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 2728 N. S., Dept. 9

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY M. DEFFEBACH, an Incompetent.

It appearing to this Court from the duly verified petition this day presented and filed by G. H. UMBSEN, the guardian of the person and estate of Mary M. Deffebach, an incompetent person, praying for an order of sale of certain real and personal estate belonging to said incompetent; that it is for the advantage and best interest of the said estate and said incompetent that a sale be made of some portions of the real and personal estate; that it is necessary that such real and personal estate should be sold;

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said incompetent and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Friday, the nineteenth day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the courtroom of this Court in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real and personal estate;

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this twentieth day of October, 1909.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

VOGELSANG & BROWN, Attorneys for Petitioner,
20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased—No. 8061—Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of King & Kirk, attorneys for said Administratrix, 518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased.

EMILY R. FERRENBACH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Otto Ferrenbach, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 9, 1909.

KING & KIRK, Attorneys for Administratrix,
518 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-5

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Sayings of the Children

The tendency of most doctrines is to be very narrow, and the loyalty for a particular church is "bred in the bone," as a certain little Memphis boy bears witness. His mother was telling him of the childhood of Christ, and in the course of her story said that Christ was a Jew. The little fellow looked up at her in wide-eyed astonishment, and said in an awed voice: "Why, mother, I always thought that the Lord was a Presbyterian."

After his first visit to a circus, Wallace was walking one evening in a large meadow. Looking all around, he said, in an assured manner: "I know what the world is now—a great big tent. Look, mamma; don't you see how high it is in the middle, and how it comes down all around?" "Yes," the mother said, "it does look somewhat that way, but there is no pole in the middle. What holds it up?" He looked puzzled for a while, then gravely answered: "I 'spect God holds it up on the other side."

Mother (reproving her child for disobedience)—Nobody will love you if you are naughty and disobey me. Child—Grandpa and Satan will.

First Youth—What would you do if a fellow called you a thief? Second Youth—To my face? First Youth—Yes. Second Youth—Why, I'd—er—. About how big a fellow?

Little Beth was watching with the greatest interest the making of a doll. Her mother had bought her one of those "life-size" affairs which come in the form of a large piece of cotton on which the front and rear views of the doll are printed; and Beth was observing with open-mouthed wonderment the operation of cutting out these two printings, sewing them together and stuffing the doll with cotton batting. It was wonderful, Beth thought. Her little tongue was silent, but her wee brain was evidently hard at work. At length the doll was completed, and so, evidently, was Beth's deep thinking for she said slowly and solemnly: "That's the way I was put together before I came to this country."

One day, at the table, mamma and her two children were speaking of the death that day of a sweet baby boy. Mamma had lost a baby girl—Edna—the year before and remarked: "He" (the child who had just died) "and little Edna will play together, now." Leary, mamma's seven-year-old boy said: "Yes, they will be sweethearts." Mamma explained that there would be no sweethearts, no marrying in heaven. With open-eyed astonishment, Leary asked: "Won't there be any men there?"

The children were playing funeral, and Johnny, our four-year-old boy, was chosen as the one to be buried. He was placed in a hammock and taken on the children's shoulders to the grave, made ready for him. The children grouped about the grave were beginning to sing, when to their surprise Johnny joined in. "Stop!" said Mary, "you must not sing; you are dead." "Oh, no," was the ready answer. "It's all right; I am a little angel up in heaven."

George came home from school brimming over with the story of George Washington and his hatchet. This George sometimes wavers from the truth, so his mamma thought it an opportunity for a little object lesson. She asked, "Would my little boy George have told the truth when papa came and found he had cut down the tree?" George thought a moment, then answered earnestly: "I'll tell you, mamma, I wouldn't a been there."

Freddy's mamma had a caller one day, who several times during her stay said: "Now I mnst go," always resuming her seat, nevertheless. Upon another repetition of the remark Freddy said, solemnly, "Don't you believe it until she's gone, mamma."

A Sunday-school teacher in Carthage, Ill., has a class of little girls, and it is her custom to tell them each Sunday of one little incident that has happened in the week, and request the children to quote a verse of scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones. One Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut off their tails. "Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked. There was a pause for a few moments, when one little girl arose and in a solemn voice said: "Whatsoever God has joined together let no man put asunder."

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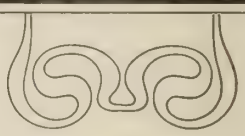

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TOWN TALK

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, November 13, 1909. No. 898.

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TOWN TALK

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Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
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Pernicious Newspaper Domination

Some of our tripod savants of the daily press are already betraying symptoms of a feverish desire to instruct and guide aright the gentlemen who have been elected to legislate for the municipality during the years 1910 and 1911. Wherefore if not on bended knees, at any rate in a state of mind bordering on hysterical solicitude, we supplicate the supervisors-elect to put behind them these volunteer but blind guides that never lead anywhere but to the ditch. It is our fervent hope that the supervisors-elect will take counsel of the experience of their predecessors who have been driven out of the temple for a craven subservience to newspaper authority, the cardinal defect of the current dispensation. This proud city has been suffering too long from newspaper domination. It is high time for us to be disillusioned, to realize that the editors of our daily newspapers are physicians who are themselves very much in need of healing. The voice of the press is not the voice of the people in this city. As a matter of fact there is nothing that the people of San Francisco are more ashamed of than their daily newspapers, all of which are the organs of individuals who are not distinguished for energy of consecrated purpose, for civic zeal or for conscience. The editors of these papers are not intellectual giants. They are educated in nothing but the technicalities of their profession. There is not one of them with sufficient ability to conduct a simple mercantile business. Yet the notion has long prevailed that when the utterance of any one of them gets into print it derives the force of revelation and is on the way to become the opinion of the public. The fatuity of this notion has been demonstrated at the polls so often that it is to be wondered at that there should ever be a public official so weak-minded as to pay the slightest attention either to their ecstasies or their lamentations. It is clear that to cultivate their esteem is as irrational as to fear their disfavor. So, now that they are all about to take up problems of popular importance and settle them to their own satisfaction for all time in the interest of the people's peace of mind, why should they be taken seriously by the men who were elected to office last week? Let us hope for an administration of municipal affairs guided and approved by the conscience of the people's servants and entirely free from the demoralizing influence of a selfish and demagogic press.

The New San Francisco

Not a city wide open with Vice flaunting herself in public places, nor yet a city with the lid on echoing to the Psalms of David, but a laughter-loving city affording entertainment and diversion to men and women that are filled with the essential spirit of youth and that are not disposed to wrap themselves in gloom in the presence of immemorial destiny—this is Mayor-elect McCarthy's conception of what the city should be that he has been elected to govern for the next two years. There is nothing of singularity in this conception. Other Mayors have had precisely the same idea but Mr. McCarthy is the first within our recollection to vindicate the courage of his convictions on this subject. For many years our public servants have deemed it prudent to pay lip deference to what they supposed was public opinion with reference to the restrictions that should be imposed upon the citizens of the city. To that end they affected a somewhat puritanical attitude toward certain phases of life which are believed to be repugnant to people of an ascetic temperament, but what they reprobated they complaisantly endured. This attitude like all things hypocritical was productive of evil, for in consequence the night life was regulated on a cash basis and official corruption flourished in a soil made fertile by the zealous champions of morality.

His Salutatory

In an interview that may be properly regarded as his salutatory to the people of San Francisco Mayor-elect McCarthy has sounded the keynote of his administrative policy, and the inspirited heart of the people vibrates responsively thereto. This keynote has a musical cadence that soothes our vague desires and makes strong within us the hope that we shall soon be able to scorn the hate of angry gods that have smitten us in their spleen. San Francisco, the Mayor-elect tells us, has a distinctive individuality, and he is in favor of letting it be developed. San Francisco is a city of temperament, he says, and it should not be made to conform with the principles of life that are suitable to the habits and tastes of the people of a New England village whose ideals are those that came over on the Mayflower. "I am opposed," he says, "to a narrow, strait-laced and puritanical San Francisco"; also, "I do not see why I should strive as Mayor to erect barriers in the path of people who are old enough to know what they want and are gifted with the speech and unity to demand it at a public election." In all the Mayor-elect says there is good sense and a refreshing freedom from pharisaism, the malady with which public office in this city has been too long infected.

The Timeliness of Him

From his salutatory we infer that the Mayor-elect knows that the Decalogue does not prescribe a wax-doll morality. Apparently he has no delusions regarding asceticism. The policy which he has outlined indicates that he is sensible of the fact that tumult, hatred, hypocrisy, the ferocity of self-interest and the tenacity of prejudice are forms of immorality that are much more to be dreaded than those transporting purple sins that give buoyancy to the night life. Aware that virtue is not so dull, nor common sense so tiresome as some people believe, Mayor-elect McCarthy comes to us as the apostle of peace and plenty, of gaiety and good-humor, promising that the sunshine of the future shall chase the shadows of the past. To hear him is to be carried back on the wings of memory to the haunts of youth in the old town that were fashioned for all ecstasy and that palpitated with the joy of living. He comes to us to enfranchise us from puritanism and pharisaism and to press a little gaiety and amiability into the service of goodness. More power to him, say we. No sour ascetic life for us. We applaud the heartening sentiments of the Mayor-elect. There is more poetry in them than in Mayor Taylor's verse. Elected contemporaneously with the discussion by our immaculate supervisors of an ordinance providing for the censoring of the drama, he has come in the nick of time to save us from everlasting humiliation. A man who has shown his grasp of the spirit of things, who is as keenly conscious as he of the manifold diversities of the world and of the

right of life to be what it is, may be depended upon to make short work of the dramatic censorship. He may not be a connoisseur of the drama, but undoubtedly he has sense enough to know that what the liberty-loving people of England regard as an intolerable form of oppression is not suitable to this city.

The Languishing Cause of Reform

The cause of municipal reform received a black eye in many cities on election day. New York is the only city in which the reformers triumphed. The chief interest outside of New York centred on the contest in Philadelphia where D. Clarence Gibboney's fight against the McNicol machine ended in a crushing defeat. Gibboney is known as the "Dr. Parkhurst of Philadelphia." He is a reformer of the Francis J. Heney type. He went about during the campaign denouncing his enemies, and representing himself as the people's champion, and the people gave the machine candidate an overwhelming vote. One of the liveliest of municipal contests took place in Cleveland, where Mayor Tom L. Johnson, posing as the enemy of public service corporations, met his Waterloo. Governor Fort's campaign against liquor in Atlantic City ended in the triumph of an incorrigibly "wet" element. Despite President Taft's attitude of hostility toward the Cox machine in Cincinnati that organization whipped the reformers out of their boots. Though Boss Murphy lost in New York City, the Fingy Conners machine triumphed in Buffalo, and so did the Barnes machine in Albany. The results indicate that almost everywhere reformers are in bad odor. Are we to conclude that there is a strong prejudice against reform in this country and an equally strong partiality for the methods of corrupt machine politicians? So humiliating a conclusion we cannot embrace. Because the people are intolerant of self-constituted reformers it does not follow that they approve the methods of machine politicians or that they do not wish to be governed economically and honestly. The probability is that the cause of reform has suffered not so much at the hands of its avowed enemies as at the hands of its pretended friends. Ever since Mr. Roosevelt retired from office indications have been spreading of a change of public sentiment regarding the type of reformers to which as the Chief Magistrate of the country the Mighty Hunter extended his ardent encouragement. Reformers of this type do not wear well. Their standard of goodness is so high that the average citizen despairs of ever being able to reach it, and the more he contemplates it the more he doubts the sincerity of the men who profess to live up to it.

The Futility of Prohibition

When the Prohibition wave was sweeping over the country some months ago we were told that King Alcohol was about to abdicate, that old Demon Rum was tottering to his fall and that the banners of the W. C. T. U. would soon be floating triumphantly over every distillery in the land. The United States was so rapidly going dry that brewers were in a panic, old topers were threatened with a fatal thirst and supply houses saw nothing ahead but bankruptcy. But now comes another story which causes us to wonder whether the enthusiasm of the Prohibitionists and the alarm of the manufacturers and purveyors of wet goods have not been unwarranted. The story comes from that authoritative source of statistical information, the capital at Washington, where the officials of the Internal Revenue Department are puzzled to know what is being done with all the whisky that is coming out of bond. Inasmuch as whisky is not being used as a liquid fertilizer in the farming districts, or serving as a substitute for gasoline as a motive power, the suspicion is strong in the minds of Government officials that the American people are not eschewing the refreshing highball or the stimulating cocktail. Returns made to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that the withdrawals of whisky from bond in the fiscal year just passed were the largest ever recorded. That this whisky is not being poured into the ocean in deference to the exhortations of the Prohibition propagandists is evident from the fact that Bradstreet and other commercial agencies report a substantial increase in the revenue of whisky dealers. Furthermore we learn that last year the American people were more generous to the Whisky Trust than ever before. The profits of the Trust in that year were ten per cent more than in the year previous. In the circumstances it is obvious that the Demon is in no immediate danger of banishment.

The Neglect of California History

The recent Portola festival has served at least one good purpose. It has called general attention to the ignorance of our own people in the matter of the history of California. The question is being asked why it is that our school children and school graduates, while they are fairly well prepared to answer queries concerning the discovery and settlement of the Atlantic seaboard, apparently believe that California just happened. The answer is simple enough. School histories and geographies have been compiled for the most part by eastern "educators," and published by eastern firms. The California teachers now in charge of the California schools were taught with minute particularization the dates and facts of the discovery and exploration of every cove and indentation of the north Atlantic states and the events of most trifling significance in the early settlements. They learned, with due regard to the credit sheet, the precise number of grains of corn which accompanied the Carver Thanksgiving proclamation and the number of arrows which constituted the challenge of the Indians before King Philip's War. They were drilled on all the minutiae of that and other uprisings which, however important to the colonists involved, were negligible in the history of the world. They know all

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about the reprehensible Dutch who sailed down the Hudson river and made faces at the pious Connecticut Yankees, and they were on terms of intimacy with the Charter Oak and Penn's Treaty Tree and the Washington Elm. Never a word did they hear of Coronado or Cabrillo or Espejo, and to this day they are ignorant of the fact that battles were fought on the site of San Francisco. Of the doings of Fremont and his army they have never heard. Among the Native Sons and Native Daughters, who are pledged to the preservation of the history and monuments of California, there is some knowledge of California history, but it is confined to oratorical ladies and gentlemen who have made research in quest of material for rounded periods on commemoration days. As the Portola Festival has stimulated interest in the romantic history of the State perhaps the Native Sons and Native Daughters may think it worth while to start an agitation in favor of persuading our school authorities to attend to a matter that has been sadly neglected.

Song by the Lake

My son, my little son, we two will rest
  Beside the water, red in sunset light,
And watch the evening fade, the lake grow grey,
  Until the moon's enchantment fills the night.

Who knows what sombre Fate stands near us now,
  What rich-robed Destiny no eye may scan,
What scented-sandalled Love? Ah, son of mine,
  Play not with Love when you are grown a man.

Feign nothing, and love greatly when you love
  And, having chosen, till the end be true;
So shall one woman out of all the world
  Keep faith in man through keeping faith in you.

For women walk the shadowed ways of life,
  Their hearts know sorrow and they are afraid.
Creatures of hope and high expectancy
  They dress the bier on which their joy is laid.

The world says: Promise little and no thought
  Of faith unfaithful holds you from your sleep.
So rots the world. Nay, rather be it yours
  To promise greatly—and your promise keep.

Night comes, the moon is full, the quiet lake
  Lies listening to the laughter of its streams.
Sleep you upon my breast—above your head
  My brooding thoughts shall weave a web of dreams.

Perspective Impressions

How charactertistic of Mr. Hearst was his victory in New York!

Let us hope that the horse cars will soon be taken off Market street.

King Edward celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday this week. And he still has an eye for the beautiful.

Several prominent citizens are looking these days as if they had been rubbed down with sandpaper.

Samuel Gompers says he is willing to go to jail in defense of his theory of free speech. Then there is no need of a motion to make it unanimous.

Judge Dooling, Professor Boke, Charles S. Wheeler and Francis J. Heney have resolved upon a general reform of the law. Will nobody nominate for membership in the Society of Tooley Street Tailors the Hon. E. P. L. Troy?

"I haven't heard," says the Hon. James D. Phelan, "whether Mr. Heney intends going back to the Federal service." Mr. Heney has no more chance of getting into the Federal service again than has Mr. William J. Burns. So far as the service is concerned they are outcasts.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that a snow-covered landscape "wears its white mantle with the dignity of a Roman Senator supporting his toga." Which goes to prove that to the prosaic all things are prosaic.

IN THE SAME OLD PLACE
—New York World.

WELL, THE TIGER GOT THE JUDGE
—New York Herald.

Patrick H. McCarthy, Mayor-Elect

Being a Brief Review of the Chief Incidents in the Career of the Labor Leader Who Will Govern This City for Two Years, With Some Piquant References of His to Local Celebrities.

By Robert McTavish

Patrick H. McCarthy who will succeed Dr. Taylor as Mayor of San Francisco, is a self-made man and if he is unduly proud of his maker, the feeling does not come aggressively to the surface when he discourses of his life history. McCarthy is not one of those men who delight in the manipulation of lights and shadows whenever they are called upon to describe their careers; he does not superexalt the present by deepening the gloom of the past. I imagine that the past was never a gloomy present to McCarthy, but that his gradual rise, stepping-stone by stepping-stone, until he has reached the highest office in a big city has only kept pace with an expanding consciousness of his own powers. The interviewer who goes to the mayor-elect, hoping to get the conventional tale of a self-made man will be disappointed. McCarthy either does not know the formula or else he despises it. It is apparent from his account of his life that he has always regarded himself as a man of great importance in his environment; that he is convinced that he has in nowise risen above his station but has simply forced recognition from those whom he regards not as his superiors but as his peers; and that he will experience no difficulty in meeting the millionaire captain of industry, the European ambassador or any other of the great upon what he considers an equal footing. If McCarthy does not possess an innate conviction of the dignity of labor I am mistaken; and if he does not think that as a leader of labor he is entitled to as much honor and consideration as a leader of capital or of literature or of a nation, for that matter, I am doubly in error. If these premises are sound, McCarthy will feel no need of rising to his new dignity; he is perfectly conscious of being on a par with it. To McCarthy's mind, I believe, the situation is this: the mayoralty will bring no honor to McCarthy but he will bring new honor to the mayoralty.

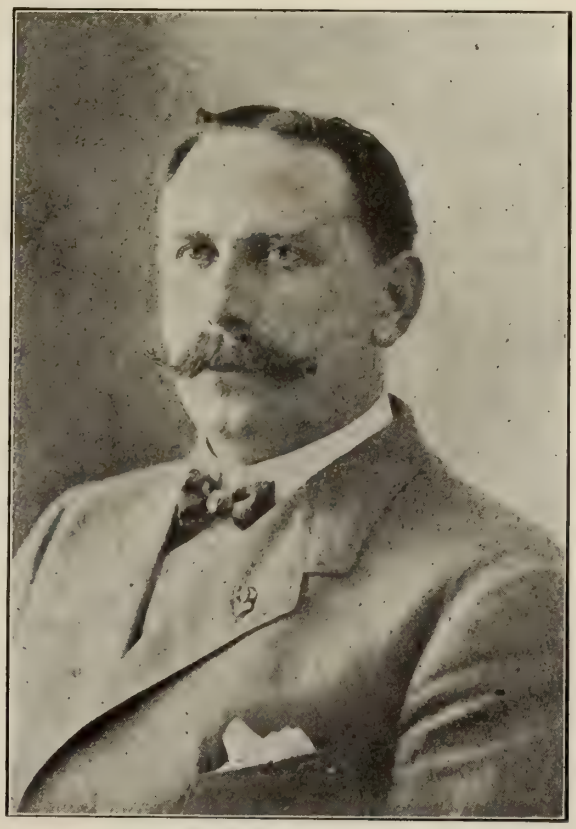
McCarthy is a native of Ireland, having been born in Limerick "of the violated treaty" in 1863. To what station he was born I do not know, but as he left the little green isle at an early age to try his fortune in America, it may be presumed that he came of that sturdy peasant stock poorly endowed with the world's goods but rich in energy and temporal courage.

Before he had reached his majority McCarthy was prominently identified with the labor movement in St. Louis. No doubt it was no mere accident which enabled McCarthy to find his metier at that early age; even his bitterest enemies—and he is plentifully endowed therewith—have never denied his capacity as an organizer of union men. He took part in a movement which resulted in the formation of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, an organization in which there are today probably not less than 200,000 members.

Casual reference has been made to McCarthy's enemies and it may be interesting to note here that in the fierce fights which have been made in this city to destroy his influence with union labor and with politicians, the city of St. Louis has more than once been fine-combed for evidence of any illegitimate transactions in which McCarthy might have participated. The silence of his newspaper enemies indicates quite conclusively that they have never found anything of this description.

McCarthy came to this city in 1886 and being a union carpenter, joined local number 22 which at that time had between 400 and 500 members. He was quickly recognized as a leader and was made president of the union, an office which he held for seven consecutive terms. Between 1886 and 1894 the cause of unionism languished in California, the principal reason being, according to McCarthy, that certain union men obtained the eight hour day through mutual agreement between the workers and the employers and promptly began to disregard the broad principles of labor combination. The result was that in 1894, again according to McCarthy, there were only 248 union carpenters in the State, 148 of these belonging to local number 22 and the balance being thinly scattered throughout other locals around the bay.

Considering the condition of unionism, that particular time may not have seemed the most auspicious for the launching of a widespread union movement, but never-



MAYOR-ELECT McCARTHY

theless it was the time which McCarthy selected for the organization of the Building Trades Council of San Francisco..

"With a number of others," says McCarthy, "I instituted the Building Trades Council, but I was too busy organizing the different departments of the building trades along union lines to assume the presidency. In 1897 I became the president of this organization and have held that position ever since. Only once have I been compelled to struggle to remain in the presidency. In 1899 the mill-owners, fearing the spread of the eight-hour day, tried to work up feeling against me as president. They got some few votes in the council but I beat them out and after a fight of six months I obtained the eight-hour day for the mills."

So great was the success of McCarthy and his associates in the organization of the men employed locally in the building industry, that in 1901 they broadened

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A Plea for Our Patriots

Based Upon the Theory That it is Our Duty to Exert Ourselves to Vindicate the World's Opinion of Us and Thus Rescue From Oblivion the Distinguished Leaders of a Forlorn Hope

By Apemantus

With something of the lassitude that succeeds an orgy I withdrew from the obsequies that were solemnized by a whole city last week murmuring to myself, "May they rest in peace!" Since then I have been reading the valedictory of William J. Burns, the renowned hero of the gumshoe brigade, the sweet-scented darling of the Ladies' League of Justice, and as a result I have brought a sumptuous variety of reflections to a subject that has been uppermost in the minds of the citizenry for fully three years, and which perhaps should not be banished summarily at this propitious juncture in our affairs. To these reflections I will endeavor to give expression, not so much for the purpose of edifying my readers as to impress them with the drab unsatisfactoriness of the somewhat jejune and sterile situation that has succeeded a protracted period of dramatic and diverting vicissitudes; nor is it so much my purpose to work on the minds of others as to ease my own. By way of further preface I will assure my readers that I harbor no feeling of resentment against our ingenious but futile uplifters whose despotic reign came to an inglorious end on election day. It is only the narrow soul, say I, that knows not the godlike glory of forgiving.

Now to come to the point with but little more illuminating circumlocution: Are we to permit the sacrosanct ones whose obsequies we so lately solemnized to sink into the gulf of dark forgetfulness or drift hopelessly on the turbid stream of oblivion? If monstrous ingratitude, the abridgement of all baseness, is to be the reward of aggressive virtue, if men of public spirit, animated with zeal for the welfare of mankind are to be condemned to eternal obscurity, how is the civic weal ever to be advanced? Surely we owe something to the memory of these heroes of reform. We owe it in our own interest if not in theirs, for to abandon them to communion with themselves—an awful fate—is to make it appear that public virtue is a sinister gift and its attendant glory but a madding and mocking shadow. If, lacking a Pindar, we cannot celebrate our heroes in the joyous and glowing images of a choral ode; if we are forbidden to apotheosize our martyrs; if we cannot obtain niches for them in a Hall of Fame; if, I say, these things are impossible we can at least rescue the deeds of the fallen from myth and fable; we can truthfully record their activities for the inspiration of posterity and supply suitable material for songs to be sung by old women for the quieting of little children.

Now if the glorious sentiment of gratitude is not sufficiently strong in this matter, or if an appeal to kindly Hesychia, daughter of Justice, that maketh cities great, be in vain, at any rate we ought to be roused out of our apathy by the vehement and resounding valedictory of that eminent spy William J. Burns which discloses his intention of withdrawing himself from green fields and luxuriant pastures where prosperity has long encompassed him. This valedictory is in characteristic vein. It is the impassioned outburst of a heart overflowing with rancor. Fuming with rage at the prospect of being separated from the Spreckels leg, vertiginous with emotion as he realizes that he must soon withdraw his prehensile fist from the pockets of our incredibly indulgent taxpayers, the great expert in "frameups" levels against the whole community the familiar accusation that has been the staple of his vaporings ever since he came to town. Every time a jury has disagreed Spy Burns has explained that somebody was bribed, and Francis J. Heney has never failed to lift his melodious voice in corroboration. Nobody ever got on a jury in a graft case that was not pronounced acceptable both by Heney and Burns, and though the juries were kept in the custody of the sheriff some person who must have exercised far more ingenuity than Burns was capable of succeded in seducing them. This is the thrilling tale, the damnable iteration of which has been vexing the ears of drowsy men for three years, and now we hear it again, this time the sensational allusion being not to a jury but to the electorate of the whole city. San Francisco abounds in corruption, according to Spy Burns; it is so far devoid of a sense of decency that it bartered its vote on election day; and to give color of truth to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative the distinguished sleuth boasts a knowledge of the sum that it cost the higher-ups to debauch us. It was exactly one million dollars.

Now what Spy Burns says about us will not tax the credulity of people in foreign parts who have kept in touch with our affairs through the amiable ministrations of Mr. Fremont Older, the Chief of the Publicity Bureau, whose duty it has been to cultivate the friendship and stimulate the energies of muckrakers in all parts of the country. As a result of the stories disseminated through the agency of the Boughten Bulletin's talented editor, the ante-election preconceptions of people all over this broad land regarding us were such that indubitably they swallowed whole the plausible explanation of Francis J. Heney's defeat made by his distinguished collaborator. Everywhere the belief prevails that we cast out our virtuous uplifters because of our desire to wallow and welter in corruption. Everywhere we are regarded as an abandoned community, the Babylonian bawd of the Republic. This may be the kind of reputation that we wish to enjoy, but if so we should attest our gratitude to the men to whom we are indebted; and to be adequately sensible of the measure of their beneficence we should conduct an investigation through the regularly constituted channels and inform ourselves of the amazing things that have been done to redeem us from iniquity.

There was a time some months ago when the graft prosecutors themselves, eager for a certificate of character, courted an investigation. That was the time that Mayor Taylor, receiving an inspiration for which he was in no sense indebted to the divine Muses, appointed a committee to investigate the doings of his mentors. The opera bouffe flavor of this incident appealed to the risibles of all of us, but in those parlous days, during every minute of which Machiavel was taking on the complexion of a saint, nobody could be found with sufficient nerve to crack a smile. Why that committee never reported nobody has been informed, but the supposition is that in the course of time the graft prosecutors themselves, realizing that public credulity was being ezhausted, became afraid of their own "frameups." The committee in all probability never will report. Therefore we shall have to look to some other body for light. In my opinion the proper body to conduct an investigation of this kind is a grand jury, one impaneled by an honest district attorney, one that will have the leisure and the zeal to scrutinize all that has been done by the gentlemen who have succeeded in getting themselves recognized abroad as the only honest citizens in San Francisco. Tolerably familiar am I with the methods and practices of the gentlemen who have been uplifting us, and I have not the slightest hesitation in assuring the District Attorney-elect that an investigation such as I have suggested will not only insure our civic patriots against oblivion but cause them to live in the archives of their beloved city if not somewhere more conspicuous. For the purposes of such investigation it will not be necessary to grant immunity to anybody. There are flaming records that speak for themselves without prompting, without fear of the ominous reproaches of spies or pettifoggers. If Mr. Fickert should deem the suggestion worthy of his attention, it would be well for him to keep track not only of Mr. William J. Burns but of some other distinguished individuals who are yet to be properly celebrated.

Simon's Father

Translated from Guy de Maupassant by Alec Clark

The last stroke of noon had sounded, the school door was flung open, and the children poured out, jostling one another in their eagerness to escape as quickly as possible. But instead of dispersing rapidly and going home to dinner, as was their custom, they kept pausing, gathering into groups and holding whispered conversations.

La Blanchotte's son, Simon, had that morning come to school for the first time.

They had all heard talk of la Blanchotte at home; and although she was well enough received in public, the mothers were in the habit of mentioning her name with a kind of contemptuous pity, which made its impression on the children without their understanding its reason.

As for Simon, they did not know him, for he never came out to join their play in the village streets or by the riverside. Thus they had no particular liking for him, and it was with a measure of joy, mingled with considerable surprise, that they had heard certain words which they kept repeating from one to the other. The words had been said by a boy of fourteen or fifteen, whose sly winks indicated that he had known all about it for a long time; he had said: "Oh, Simon!—well—you know, he hasn't got a father."

Simon in turn appeared at the school door. He was a child of seven or eight years, very pale, very neat, of appearance so timid as almost to seem awkward.

He was turning towards his mother's house, when the groups of his schoolmates gathered about him little by little, till in the end he was completely surrounded. They had never ceased to whisper, and they looked on him with the cruel and pitiless eyes of children who meditate an evil stroke. There Simon stood, planted in the middle of them, surprised and embarrassed, not understanding what they wanted with him. But the boy who had brought the news, puffed up by the success he had already obtained, demanded: "Hallo, youngster, what's your name?"

"Simon," came the reply.

'Simon what?" rejoined the other.

"Simon," repeated the child in confusion.

"Simon," cried the other, "Simon—that's no name—it must be Simon something."

And the child, on the verge of tears, replied for the third time, "My name is Simon."

The urchins around him began to laugh. The triumphant questioner raised his voice: "There, you see, he hasn't got a father."

There was a momentary silence. The children were stupefied by this extraordinary thing—a boy without a father—monstrous! impossible! They looked askance at him as an unnatural being; and they felt arising within them that hitherto unexplained despite which their mothers displayed towards la Blanchotte.

Simon was resting against a tree to keep himself from falling. He was motionless, as though overwhelmed by a disaster beyond repair. He wished to clear his position; but he knew not what to reply, or how to disprove the horrible charge that he had no father. Finally, beside himself he cried out impulsively, "Yes, I have one."

"Where is he?" asked the tormentor.

Simon could not answer: he did not know. The others, wild with glee, burst out laughing. They were children of the fields, with much of the wild beast in their nature; they were possessed by that same spirit which makes the fowls in a poultry-yard hasten to peck to death one of their number which has met with an injury. All at once Simon's eyes fell on a little neighbor, a widow's son, whom he had always seen alone with his mother, just like himself. "You haven't got a father," he said, "any more than I have."

"Oh, yes, I have," replied the other.

"Where is he?" retorted Simon.

"He is dead," declared the other with magnificent pride, "he is in the cemetery; that's where my father is."

A murmur of approbation ran through the scapegrace crew, as though the fact of having a father dead and in the cemetery had conferred a special honor on their comrade, so as to abase yet more this other, who had no father at all. And the little wretches—whose fathers were for the most part evildoers, drunkards, thieves, wifebeaters—jostled into one another and pressed closer and closer, as though they, the legitimate, wished to crush the life out of this being who had no lawful place in the world.

Suddenly the one who was nearest Simon thrust out his tongue with a leer, and cried: "Hasn't got a father, hasn't got a father!"

Simon threw himself on the boy, gripped his hair with both hands, and madly kicked his shins, at the same time trying to bite him. Then came a terrific commotion. The two combatants were separated, and Simon felt himself cuffed, torn, battered, rolled underfoot in the midst of the shrieking circle of ragamuffins. When he regained his feet he began mechanically to brush his little blouse, all filthy with dust. Someone shouted at him, "Go and tell your father."

Then he felt a great sinking of the heart. They were stronger than he, they had beaten him, and he could not answer them, for he knew that in truth he had no father. Pride alone buoyed him up, and for some seconds he sought to struggle against the tears which were trying to burst forth. He felt a choking, then he began to weep silently, and great sobs shook his frame.

At this his enemies burst into ferocious glee, and by natural instinct, like savages in their terrible merry-making, they joined hands and began to dance in a circle around him, repeating as a refrain, "Hasn't got a father! Hasn't got a father!" . . .

But all at once Simon ended his sobbing: an access of fury had seized upon him. Beneath his feet were some loose stones; he picked them up, and with all his force hurled them at his tormentors. Two or three were struck and ran away crying, and so formidable was Simon's appearance that the others were infected with panic. A crowd is always cowardly in the presence of an angry man, and they scattered in flight.

The fatherless child was left alone. He started running towards the fields, for something had come back to his memory and had quickened a great resolution in his spirit. He would drown himself in the river.

What he had remembered was that, a week before, a miserable beggar had thrown himself into the water because he had come to the end of his money. Simon had seen him dragged out. The poor creature had ordinarily seemed wretched, filthy, and repulsive; but what had struck Simon about the dead man was his tranquil appearance as he lay there with pale cheeks, long and dripping beard, and calm, wide-open eyes. "He is dead," someone had remarked; and another had added, "Well he is happy now." And Simon also was determined to drown himself because he had no father, like the poor wretch who had no money.

He had arrived at the brink and stood watching the flow of the water. Fishes were playing about, swiftly darting through the clear stream, and now and then one would make a little leap to catch the flies dancing above the surface. Simon was deeply interested; he watched and forgot his tears. But, like the gusts of wind

(Continued on Page 34.)

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The Spectator

A Grotesque Allegory

A Cheveril Conscience who had been the faithful servitor of a Civic Patriot for lo, these many years, having been summarily dismissed expressed much amazement, observing how incredible it was that the gentleman should expect to find a worthy substitute.

"I have gratified your every whim," he said. "I have made it possible for you to play the rogue and hypocrite without scruple; I have acquiesced in all your dissembling, in all your preposterous pretensions, in all your prodigious infernalities. For your sake I have been immune to compunction, insensible to every principle of decency. During all the years of my service you have kept me stretched to the highest tension without evoking a protest. Now I pray you, do me the favor to tell me why you have thus cast me off."

And the Civic Patriot made answer: "Because you are no longer of any use to me. Your flexibility is all gone. You are worn out."

With this cruel reply ringing in his ears the Cheveril Conscience withdrew from the presence of his ungrateful master, and slowly wended his way out of the great city in whose affairs he had played a conspicuous part. It was night, and the people of the city were in a merry mood, for that they had held an election the result of which filled their hearts with much gladness. Just beyond the borders of the city the Cheveril Conscience turned to take a farewell look at the scene of his professional triumphs, and much to his astonishment the city was lighted as though by the glow of a Titanic furnace. A great conflagration, he thought, was sweeping over the city; but just at that moment an automobile approached and the chauffeur explained that the ladies of the Heney League having for the first time seen themselves as others see them were blushing in concert.

Looking Backward

Even when the distance is not sufficient to lend enchantment to the view looking backward is sometimes one of the most pleasant of diversions. What could be more grateful to senses properly attuned than a comprehensive glance backward and into the abysm of curious happenings which but a few weeks ago were filling us with the most profound concern, and which in the perspective are conducive only to laughter raucous and ribald. I allude of course to the incidents of the stirring drama upon which an asbestos curtain was rung down last week amid the shrill jeers of the fickle and jaded multitude. The actors have passed off the stage and into history. They now have a keen sense of the tragic melancholy of existence. For them the sand is turned, the hour is past, the harvest is unreaped; in their ears has sounded the knell of their illusions. What a pompous lot they were as they strutted their brief hour on the stage! With what fantastic tricks they made the angels grin! Towering above all of them in the full length of his amazing conceit, there looms before the mind's eye—who? The Hon. Francis J. Heney? Guess again. Beside this portentous figure the arrogant little prosecutor is dwarfed to the size of a peanut. The swaggering personage is the Hon. Hiram Johnson, the man that sent the message to Taft—the awful message of defiance. As he stood on the platform, sawing the air with his grandiloquent fists and assuring the groundlings that he wanted the President of the United States to know that to him he owed no allegiance, being still true to Terrible Teddy, what a striking resemblance he bore to the fellow that defied the lightning. Is it not harrowing to think of President Taft's feelings when he heard how Hiram Johnson stood?

The Hale Oracle

Looking backward I see Marshall Hale of the ribbon counter, a mighty tradesman, familiarly known as a prominent cit., on the eve of election making up his massive mind for publication in his favorite journal the Boughten Bulletin. At the eleventh hour the whole city presumably had the capacious porches of its ear extended to receive the paramount tidings of how Marshall Hale intended to vote. As Marshall Hale leans in matters of State so leans the whole city. Hence the far-flung porches of the popular ear on the eve of the election. Marshall Hale is a man of great intellect. He knows calico from cambric, a hawk from a handsaw. Besides he has almost as much culture as Harris Weinstock who reforms in San Francisco and edifies the Pshawtalkqua circle of the whole State. When the Boughten Bulletin, which has first call on the Hale produce, announced that the great man had made up his mind and that Leland was his choice, everybody went home to bed satisfied, everybody but the man who winds up the ferry clock, and he gravely asked, "Who in hell is Marshall Hale?"

Enter Boke

Not conspicuous at the close of the campaign, but in it with all his heart was Professor Boke, the intrepid purifier of Berkeley, a man of fine parts who casts his luminous and penetrating mind into the very midst and marrow of sociological problems. He has done many things for his own high glory and profit and the good of the country. Boke is a man to be loved. Not to love Boke is to be insensible of the charms of an engaging personality. But nobody can love Boke more than Boke loves Heney. Boke worships Heney. The pedestal on which Boke has placed Heney is so tall that the fine figure of Boke's object of adoration is lost in the empyrean. Boke's passion for Heney is so strong that he recently christened his helpless son Francis J. Heney Boke. And to this day he shows no signs of recanting. The question may be asked, but I will not answer: "Why should a father be permitted to exercise so sinister a power over his own child?"

His Last Theatrical Stunt

If our dramatic critics are to be believed it is not unusual for legitimate comedy to degenerate into farce. But whether or not the dramatic critics are worthy of credence, it is certain that the wind-up of our comedie humaine was farce of the most grotesque and extravagant character. By way of proof of this assertion I will describe the last scene of the last act in which the chief protagonist of the play had the stage centre and the limelight all to himself. In this scene the invincible hero, Francis J. Heney, vindicated the completeness of his citizenship in the Republic of Tommyrot. Time 2 p. m., election day; place, a polling booth. Enter, Mr.

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Heney. He steps blithely down the centre and calls for a ballot. At this moment a gumshoe artist seizes his arm and whispers in his ear that a newspaper photographer who had been waiting ever since the booth opened to take the picture of the "next" District Attorney in the act of casting his vote had gone home. Mr. Heney smiles and refrains from voting. A hurry call is sent to the office of the newspaper photographer. Here suspense seizes the audience. The dramatic intensity of the situation is tremendous. From the working of Mr. Heney's plastic facial muscles it is apparent that he has resolved to show a great light to the public; the light that he discerned in the clear and sensitive vision of experience, the light that guided him through his campaign. Time hurries on with all its usual celerity, but Mr. Heney patiently watches its flight, and the audience sits open-mouthed, eager for developments. Three o'clock strikes. Mr. Heney is still waiting for the photographer. "They also serve who only stand and wait," says Milton. How true of Heney while he was close to the leg. To hold on, to hold fast, is to be patient and patience is genius. Heney proved that he had it while waiting to have his picture taken for publication. At 4 o'clock he was still waiting, as though persuaded that he that can have patience can have what he will. A half hour after four footsteps are heard approaching. Patience is rewarded. He comes,—the photographer. He poses Mr. Heney with a ballot in his hand, and the impressive picture is on the way to publication, but just as the curtain goes down it is intercepted by the heavy villain impersonated by the public who order the photograph sent to the rogue's gallery.

To the Vanishing Poet

One of the romantic figures of the approximate past still lags superfluous on the stage, musing with himself, apparently oblivious of his surroundings, and insensible of the fact that the curtain is down. To this quaint personage an occasional correspondent taking the liberty to paraphrase the lines of a living poet addresses these mournful sentiments:

Farewell to my Taylor, farewell to the singer
Whose tender effusions my aunts used to sing;
Farewell, for the fame of the bard will not linger,
This passionate minstrel's no longer the thing.

But though on his temples has faded the laurel,
Though broken the lute, and though veiled is the crest,
Old, Fuzzy at worst is uncommonly moral,
Which is more than some good poets are at their best.

Mr. Billingsgate on Bacon

"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and to the next ages." Thus wrote Francis Bacon, the most learned philosopher of modern times, a man to whom the world owes a prodigious debt of gratitude. Mankind acknowledges the debt, and despite his pathetic weaknesses reveres the memory of the author of Novum Organum; the touching sentiment so humbly expressed in his will is respected wherever there is a spark of charity, wherever men are sufficiently unhypocritical to make no pretension to freedom from sin. Did I say mankind? One dissenting voice is heard. It is the voice of the man who signed a receipt for $25,000 about which he does not dare to open his venom-dripping jaws. At a meeting of the Police Commission last Tuesday evening Francis Bacon was quoted by an attorney, whereupon the man who exposed the shame of Morris Haas exclaimed, "Is that the Bacon who was convicted of accepting bribes?" The inference is obvious. In the opinion of the immaculate Mr. Heney Francis Bacon is beyond the pale. Francis Bacon did accept bribes but he confessed. When is Mr. Heney going to come through with reference to that mysterious receipt?

Why Bell Suported Leland

One of the mild surprises of the late noisome campaign was the apparition on the groaning bema of that swaggering representative of the boisterous forces of virtue and vituperation, the Hon. Theodore Bell of Napa. The question was repeatedly asked, What induced this eccentric cow-path statesman to converge from the fragrant boskage of the vine-clad hills of his native township and seek to animate Dr. Leland's inflammatory but not infectious canvass? His admirers have made answer that he was impelled by his fatal passion for rumpling things and throwing a shriek into the proceedings. He came to town, they say, with his reserve and surplus of political sagacity, with his command of all the platitudes of the copybook to gratify the popular taste for red-hot stuff

CALIFORNIA EXILES AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

During Portola week the Californians in New York enjoyed a banquet at the big metropolitan hostelry. Many men who have left their impress on San Francisco line were in attendance, among them Henry Varian, Charles J. Brooks, Joe Grismer, Colvin Brown, David Rich, Zenas U. Dodge, C. E. Grunsky, Elmer De Pue and Colonel Kowalsky.

and shock the clapperclawing groundlings into recognition of his talents by means of his sheet iron thunder. This answer may satisfy the yokels of the interior who regard Bell as an inspiring orator, but the truth of the matter is somewhat more interesting. The fact is, I am told, Bell took the stump for Leland at the suggestion of Gavin McNab. This may be regarded as incredible by persons who remember that Bell turned the corner on McNab in the last gubernatorial campaign, and who know that the Democratic boss is slow to place confidence in anybody whom he has had reason to distrust. But the luring of Bell to San Francisco for the purpose of having him excite the hostility of organized labor should not be regarded as an act of friendship on McNab's part. I am told that Bell was advised that it was to his interest to compass the defeat of his friend McCarthy because, if elected, the labor leader would become a candidate for Governor. This is the explanation of Bell's zeal for Leland. And now that Bell is worse off than ever Gavin McNab is not all displeased with the result of his strategy. A few more years in politics and the young man from Napa will begin to learn the rudiments of the game.

"I hear that Jones wants to get a divorce from his rich wife."
"Yes, he was only temporarily embarrassed when he married her."

The Battle of Fizz Water

When Creasy or his editor brings out another edition of the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" he should include an account of the Battle of Fizz Water with the other big engagements which were fought at Arbela and Tours and Hastings and Blenheim and Waterloo. The battle of Fizz Water is being contested right here and now on the stricken field of San Francisco and let me tell you, the cannonade of popping corks is terrific. I am not going to set myself up as the Xenophon of this champagne war, because the issue is still undecided and the perspective of history must soften some of the outlines of the struggle before justice may be done to all the participants. But one incident of this tremendous engagement I shall narrate; it was in fact the corkscrew, if I may be indulged in figurative language, which let loose the bubbles of broil and fizzed the frappe passions of the gladiators. Be it known that the epochal battle commenced when a horde of wine-agents came galloping into town for the Portola, like Attila pounding along the Appian Way to the gates of Rome. King Edward the first of the house of Greenway and Mumms watched their approach from his castellated battlements and sent forth his trusty seneschal, Joe Murphy, to reconnoiter and report. The report was satisfactory and Mumms held its own during the preliminary engagement of Portola week.

They Stole a March on Greenway

But that preliminary engagement was a wearing one for King Edward and he decided that he would hie him to New York to recuperate for a month or so, leaving Murphy in charge of the defenses until the opening of the winter campaign. Alas for the king's strategy! No sooner had Greenway waved a graceful adieu to his sorrowing friends and retainers from the observation platform of the limited than the Pommery people, having dropped the erstwhile favorite Caffery, sent for Joe Murphy and seduced him from his allegiance. The price of his vinous treason to Greenway is variously stated at from $1000 to $1200 a month, a goodly advance on his salary with the Mumms people. The temptation was too much for Murphy and he joined the Pommery forces after wiring Greenway the customary thirty days' notice. Greenway got the dire intelligence just as he was embarking on a vacation which, he intended, should include no more champagne than he absolutely desired to drink, and it almost floored him. Yes, in sorrow be it said, the king of the vintages was nearly floored. There was reason for his consternation. Greenway, be it whispered, is growing old and can no longer drink wine all night as in the good old days; so he leaned on Joe Murphy whose capacity is still unimpaired, as on a crutch. It was pleasant for Greenway to desert the field at midnight and to feel, as he taxied to the hammam bath, that Murphy was capable of maintaining the battle of the beverages until sunrise. But it is difficult to find a lieutenant of Murphy's powerful receptive ability and it may be imagined how poor Greenway felt when Murphy deserted to the enemy. But the king is not by any means at the end of his resources and I shall be pleased to chronicle the future developments of this struggle for the delectation of my readers. Of course my accounts will be fragmentary, for I intend to reserve the whole story for the next decade when it will make a book worthy of comparison with "The Napoleon of Notting Hill."

When the Sleepers Wakened

Speaking of the champagne war, I dropped in at "The Traveling Salesman" at the Van Ness one night last week and the audience being small, I had no difficulty in picking out the people I knew. One of the first I noticed was Billy O'Connor, the critic and esthete who is the agent for "the widdy's" vintage. In another part of the theatre I saw Mackenzie, a Pommery man who is out here from the East to direct the fortunes of the war I have been speaking of. Just then who should lumber down the aisle with a very beautiful girl but Joe Murphy. I was just about to look around for more wine men when I was struck by a most peculiar phenomenon. Billy O'Connor was asleep, Mackenzie was asleep and just as soon as he had settled into a seat beside his fair companion, Joe Murphy went to sleep too. I was speculating as to whether the tsetse fly had bitten all the wine agents in town when one of the players arose, (it was during the poker scene), with a glass in his hand to propose a toast. At once all the wine men awoke and took notice. And I mused: "What a wonderfully developed instinct! What a remarkable faculty for being 'on the job' when drink is the topic of discussion!"

Jack Reynolds' Change of Luck

I am glad to chronicle good tidings of Jack Reynolds who is known in Nevada as the Beau Brummel of Tonopah and in this city as a thoroughly decent and

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likable young chap. Reynolds had a hard time of it with all his investments and was almost in despair of ever overcoming his streak of ill luck. His mining ventures were miserably unsuccessful; he owed $25,000 to a broker in this city; hardly knew at dinner time how he would pay for his breakfast; and worst of all, was attached to a girl whom he did not dare, in his straitened circumstances, to propose to. That was only a short time since. The other day the goddess of luck decided that he had suffered long enough. His oil-well in a despised section of Bakersfield proved a gusher and is now producing about 500 barrels a day; his mining leases all turned into gold; a relative died and left him $100,000; and the girl of his choice made the appropriate reply when he wired his heart and hand. Reynolds is a general favorite and I felicitate him, at the same time hoping most sincerely that his good luck will continue henceforth forever and a day.

The Countess of Cardigan's Memoirs

A titled lady to whom William Watson's epithet of "the woman with the serpent's tongue" might most appropriately be applied is the Countess of Cardigan whose recently published memoirs have created a decided furore on both sides of the Atlantic. This personage bears an honored name. She is a member of the de Horsey family and her first husband was that brilliant soldier who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. After Cardigan's death she married Lord de Lancastre. Scandal breathed the most odious imputations against her character, with what justice may be judged from the fact that the doors of all the leading families of England have long been closed against her. How much truth there may be in the shocking stories told with so much relish in her memoirs I do not know; some of them have the air of verity while others seem wildly improbable. Of course the book has been eagerly seized upon by the coprophilists of this country and England; any book which King Edward would endeavor to suppress would be sure of exactly the same vogue. All sorts of denunciations have been leveled at the author by the English reviewers but for scathing treatment, commend me to the following brief reference in the Saturday Review under the caption of "the declasee's revenge":

The Declassee's Revenge

"Lady Cardigan has revenged herself upon a society which refused to receive her by inventing a series of scandalous libels upon some of its members who are dead. The great ladies whose chacarters she takes away would no more have spoken to Lady Cardigan than to one of

> 'Those pedestrian Paphians who abound
> In London when the daylight's o'er.'

With one exception the stately homes whose interiors Lady Cardigan pretends to depict resolutely closed their doors upon a woman who, with every advantage of birth and fortune, chose to defy not only morality but decency. The stories told by this doting declassee have not even the excuse of wit; they are gross and brutal, but not in the least amusing. Of course, the fiction that Disraeli ever thought of marrying for her money a woman whom everybody cut is ludicrous. We understand that the book has had a great sale, at which we are not prudish enough to affect surprise. Most people like scandal about Queen Elizabeth, even when they know it to be untrue. The harm done by such a book is great. Not only are the relatives of the libeled dead annoyed, but the picture of Victorian society is accepted as true by those who do not know it. The most revolting passages are pounced upon by the halfpenny newspapers, and greedily read and repeated by the enemies of aristocracy. We cannot exonerate from blame the publishers who have published such a book for the sake of gain."

Aunt—My life has been a perfect romance.
Niece—But you've never married!
Aunt—Stupid! In modern romance the heroine never marries.

Frankie Was Furious

A somewhat bizarre incident of the Bar Association's banquet Tuesday night altogether escaped the attention of the reporters. The incident was precipitated by that impulsive celebrity Judge Frankie Dunne, who intended that it should be dramatic, but who lacked the force and capacity to make it anything but grotesque and ludicrous. Learning that among the guests of the Bar Association was an attorney from the interior who has expressed the opinion that he should be removed from the bench Judge Dunne bore down upon him with mincing gait, called him a few saucy names and hurried away. The gentleman was so astonished by this hooligan performance that he did not realize what had happened until the fussy jurist had safely ensconced himself among some of his admirers. The judge's rococo behaviour excited the indignation of some of the members of the Association, who felt that so wanton and boorish an effort to affront a guest should not go unrebuked, but they were dissuaded from taking the matter more seriously than ordinarily they would take the judge himself.

A Significant Transfer

The estate of the late Claus Spreckels appears to be going through a process of ramification these days, the object of which is not hard to conjecture in view of the efforts of Mr. John D. Spreckels to get his hands on some of his fond father's property. The other day, without exciting the curiosity of any of the dailies, Mrs. Anna Spreckels, widow of the Sugar King, transferred her share in the community property to the San Cristina Realty Company. This is a corporation of modest and recent birth. It has hardly any history. It came into existence without causing the slightest ripple on the surface of things. Its incorporators were not men of sufficient importance to cause anybody to speculate as to their plans. But now that the company has come into

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possession of a large fortune in real estate the supposition is that the capital stock is controlled by certain members of the Spreckels family who are not in sympathy with the aims of the two brothers who are intent upon having Claus Spreckels' will declared invalid. By the transfer that has been made the property has been virtually taken out of the hands of the court. It is represented so far as the court is concerned by stock in the realty company. It will not be subject to court orders. From this latest move it is to be inferred that Mrs. Anna Spreckels is entirely in sympathy with her sons Rudolph and Augustus.

"My Wife's Gone to the Club, Hooray"

I met one of our millionaires in the early hours of the morning a few days ago, imbibing copiously of liquid refreshments and far from home. I was surprised. This gentleman, I thought, had deserted the night life for good and all in favor of devotion to his very beautiful wife whose social position is unimpeachable. So I drew him aside from the rather boisterous throng of devotees at the shrine of Bacchus and asked him the reason of his unwonted indulgence. "My wife's gone to the club, hooray, hooray," he intoned with enthusiasm and it was some time before I extracted any further information from him. But when I did, it proved to be of a startling nature. I learned for the first time that one of our most exclusive women's clubs has adopted strictly masculine methods of administration. The result is that the women who are fortunate enough to belong to this organization may drop into its luxurious quarters at any hour of the night to find a game of bridge in full swing, and if the thrall of the cards holds them too long and it is out of the question to go home, they are accommodated with sleeping quarters for the night. If that is not the most decidedly up-to-date wrinkle of pamered femininity you may fillip me with a three-man beetle. No wonder my millionaire was making a night of it. His wife was doing the same, so why should he not unlimber for a little unaccustomed dissipation?

Bruguiere's Play in Paris

Last week it was my duty, as a veracious chronicler of the important doings of the town, to tell you that Emil Bruguiere had returned from Paris with a perfectly wonderful toupee which had transformed his personal appearance. This week I have a bit of news of considerably greater importance concerning this same clever gentleman. It is that Bruguiere has written another play which may be produced in Paris. It is now being read by the managers of the Theatre Comique and Bruguiere has the distinction of being the first American whose dramatic effort has received consideration at such distinguished hands. His first play was produced in this city and made a big hit.

Jealousy Over Braganza's Bride

Speaking of Brugiere reminds me that a little story in which he figures prominently has just come to me from Paris. It concerns the demure but gay American heiress of millions who has just attached herself to the noble house of Braganza. You remember of course that her name has been connected with Bruguiere's in the recent marital unpleasantness of that gentleman. When Emil went to Paris to pour his matrimonial infelicities into the sympathetic ear of his mother he found that his brother Louis was extremely devoted to the young lady in question who was soon to be a prince's bride, and everything seemed to show that she was very well pleased with the attentions of the untitled American. But when Louis presented Emil to the charming young lady, she transferred her lively interest to the newly-arrived member of the family and was much in his company during his stay in the French capital. I hear that this has resulted in an estrangement, more or less serious, between the two brothers.

Uncle—I will make you a monthly allowance, but, understand me, I will pay no debts!
Nephew—All right, uncle. Neither will I.

Walter McCreery to Publish

Walter McCreery, that rather eccentric polo player of Burlingame who manages to worry along on the pittance of $50,000 a year allowed him from the paternal exchequer, and whose domestic concerns are being exploited at length in the newspapers, is back in town. That in itself is not remarkable, for McCreery's comings and goings are sudden and unexpected. But this time McCreery arrived in town with a clearly defined determination to embellish literature with a book. McCreery's last visit to England was replete

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with various adventures; it enabled him to view social conditions in the tight little isle from many points of vantage, some of them startling. It will be remembered that McCreery's eccentricities became so intensified during his stay in London that it was deemed prudent to curtail his liberty for a while. Now that he is back in town, McCreery says nothing about that great polo project which took him across the water, but he is big with his forthcoming book and is daily edifying his friends with some of the details which will be put into its pages. McCreery declares that he will review English society from the king to the stable-boy, to use his own sweeping phrase. He says that he will pay his devoirs to Whitelaw Reid, our ambassador at St. James, for whom McCreery expresses anything but admiration. Also he hints darkly that he will have a number of things to say about San Francisco society which will be introduced quite naturally when comparison is instituted between the exclusives of London and this city. While I am far from being an enemy of Walter McCreery I must confess that I am anxious to have him write this book.

Mrs. "Bob" Montgomery's Kindness

Those who foregather at one of our big hostelries are talking about the admirable kindness which Mrs. "Bob" Montgomery showed for a bellboy in trouble and I think that it is a very pretty story. Mrs. Montgomery is the wife of "Bob" Montgomery who made a fortune out of the Montgomery Shoshone Mine before he sold it to Charley Schwab. She is a very pretty woman of the buxom type, not as polished perhaps as she might be if so much of her life had not been spent in mining camps, but with a heart of gold. Recently a little tyke of a bellboy in the hotel at which Mrs. Montgomery is staying, was stricken with appendicitis. He had no money and nobody to look after him, so Mrs. Montgomery sent him to a hospital and had the necessary operation performed. It cost her $1000 to save the youngster's life. Of course the little chap was profuse in his thanks when he left the hospital. "When I grow up and earn a good salary, Mrs. Montgomery," he said, "I am going to pay you back all that money." "My boy," answered our lady bountiful, "when you have grown up I will be a very old woman. Maybe I shall be ugly and toothless and in want. If I am, I want you to help me and I know you will because you're a good boy and are going to be a good man."

George Moore to Visit America

From an American friend of that great master of monotone, George Moore, I learn that he has at last turned his thoughts toward this continent. This is not surprising, despite the cruel things which Moore has chosen to utter about the citizens and culture of the United States. This country does not yield to England in recognition and appreciation of the great literary artists. It will be remembered that Meredith acknowledged his debt to our discrimination of taste; and George Moore also has always had a reading public here that was far more acquiescent in his eccentricities than the reading public of Great Britain. Besides I know of no British writer who is altogether detached from the thrall of financial considerations and Moore expects to turn a pretty penny during his visit with us. Moore has written an essay on "Balzac and Shakespeare, a Comparative Study," which he will deliver in Paris and with which he is immensely pleased. "If I can read the lecture as well as I have written it," he says, "I think the audience will be pleased." "My American friends," he says in the same letter, "have been pressing me for a long time to go to America, and perhaps I shall go there next October with this lecture. New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington, that's all." I hope that the author of "Evelyn Innes" will allow himself to be lured as far as San Francisco, for I should like very much to see and hear him. I have heard very contradictoory stories about his personality and personal appearance, some representing him as the embodiment of charm, others as quite repellant. One charming literary woman has told me that she cannot understand how the stories of amorous conquest which Moore has retailed in the "Memoirs of My Dead Life" can possibly be true, as

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the author is so unattractive that it is difficult to believe that any but the most jaded women would feel a romantic interest in him. But let it not be supposed that I am actuated merely by vulgar curiosity in my desire to look upon Moore. Curious I am, but above and beyond my curiosity is a sincere admiration for one of the greatest stylists Great Britain has produced.

A Master of Two Languages

I forgot to mention that when Moore gives his lecture on Balzac and Shakespeare in Paris, he will deliver it in French. Moore is a master of the French of Paris, having done his first poetical and fictional work in that medium. Readers of the "Confessions of a Young Man" will remember that when Moore deserted London for Paris he became so Gallicized that he forgot his mother-tongue and had to learn it all over again when he returned. Naturally it is no extraordinary feat for Moore to lecture in French. I do not think the English-speaking world has produced many bi-lingual authors. Oscar Wilde wrote "Salome" in French but he did not translate it himself. Lord Alfred Douglas made the English version. A greater achievement was that of William Beckford, author of that remarkable oriental romance, "Vathek" which has endured principally on account of the tremendous description of the hall of Eblis. Beckford wrote "Vathek" in French and then translated it into English. Both versions are masterpieces of polished writing. Of course any number of writers might be mentioned who have composed in English and Latin, beginning with Francis Bacon and extending down to our own day, but there is a scarcity of authors who have used two living languages. George Sylvester Viereck, the temperamental young poet of the modern Nineveh, is as happy in German as in English and has published poems which are read in Berlin as well as in New York.

The Great American Novel in the Balance

It grieves me to have to record that a trifling and rather selfish consideration is all that stands in the way of the production of the great American novel. John Fleming Wilson, one of our prolific knights-errant of the pen, who is at present in Washington, has formulated plans for this long-heralded and eagerly awaited book, but is deterred from beginning his "masterpiece in posse" by a terrible thought which he expounds in a letter to Herman Whitaker, as follows: "By the way, I am debating writing the Great American Novel—a nice modest statement of fact. I see by the papers that nobody has done it yet. I've laid out the first five volumes which are entitled as follows: Volume I, Sven Svensen: The Swede; Volume II, Michael O'Connor; Irish-American; Volume III, Friedrich J. von Willomowitz-Ollendorff: of Milwaukee; Volume IV, Gugliemo Pazzini: of San Francisco; Volume V, James Young: British-American. You can see that making each of these a separate story, beginning with the birth, environment, etc., of each hero, describing his character and why he quit his native land for America and then telling how he succeeded in the states, I shall pretty well cover the whole possible field of the Great American Novel. It occurs to me, though, that to write the G. A. N. in fitting style I should have to spend some time in Sweden, Ireland, Germany, Italy and England. This puts a new light on it. I refuse to live in Sweden for art's sake. And the climate of Minnesota is too harsh. Another goddess refuses to emerge from the marble block and be a statue."

Rostand and An American Woman

What is there in the air of Paris that drives Americans who are common-sensible at home into all sorts of assinine actions? It must be that the atmosphere of the capital of the world, like some of its best wines, is too heady for our natives who sojourn there for any length of time; they become inoculated with a species of madness which sometimes takes the form of hero-worship, sometimes of foolishness of a less pardonable kind. At any rate they do things which they would blush to see

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JOHN J. NEWBEGIN

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any of their relatives or friends indulging in at home. Here is an instance that has come to me from a Parisian correspondent who vouches for it. An American woman who is pretty well known outside of her own parish, while staying in Paris lately, was seized with a feverish adoration of the genius of Edmond Rostand and determined that she could not be happy unless she obtained his autograph. Now Rostand keeps kingly state; he grants audience with all the flourish of royalty and pays a chamberlain to deal with persistent bores. He has an army of secretaries and attendants to defend his barriers against the outside world. But this American woman eluded every sentinel and rushing into Rostand's dining-room, no less, flung herself at his knees and kissed his hand. After gasping out incoherent expressions of worship and pleadings for forgiveness, she spoke thus: "Let the master forgive a humble worshiper's audacity and make her the happiest of women to the end of her days." That was rather a remarkable speech and might be variously interpreted; but the good lady hastened to explain that all she wanted was an autograph. At this moment a chamberlain rushed forward to tear the intruder from the knees of the god, but the playwright waved him away. "Touch her not," he cried in a voice worthy his own Cyrano; "is she not a woman?" It was undeniable; so the body-guard retreated. The dramatist then made her "the happiest of women to the end of her days" by scribbling his autograph.

Bernhardt Writing a Play

I hear that the divine Sarah is engaged in writing a play; the announcement, as a matter of fact, comes direct from her darling son Maurice. While everybody thought that she was taking her usual vacation in her Brittany sea-girt Castle of Belle Isle where she wears such queer costumes (when the protographer is around), she was in reality driving a dramaturgic pen; thus furnishing another instance of that unquenchable energy which the theatre has never been able to monopolize or exhaust. The piece is to be in four acts and will be brought out at the Theatre des Arts. What it is about and what its name are secrets which have not yet been divulged, for the press agent is working up the public curiosity with the sagacity which Sarah has always commanded at the hands of that functionary. This is not the Bernhardt's first experiment with play-writing. It will be remembered that she did not consider Scribe's version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" suited to her needs and prepared one of her own in which she appeared in London.

Buffalo Admires Our Honesty

In a letter from a friend who stopped at Buffalo on his way to New York there comes to me a very pretty compliment for San Francisco and as it is based on a circumstance which, I imagine, is unknown to most of my readers, I shall narrate it. While buying a ticket for Niagara my friend was thrown by a common accident of travel into casual conversation with a fine looking man whom he afterwards found to be James F. Doherty, a capitalist of Buffalo, and let it be known that he was from San Francisco. "If you are from San Francisco," said the Buffalo man, "I want to know you. Your people out there must be the most honorable people on earth and a splendid lot. You know we have a very strong organization here called the Knights of Columbus and when you had your big disaster we wanted to help you, so we sent you $1000. You acknowledged the receipt of the money with thanks and we heard no more about it until a year afterwards when we received a check from you for $940. Now what do you think of that? We here in Buffalo don't think another city in the union would have done such a thing. We are trying to figure out what to do with the money and I believe we will deposit it in some bank subject to the call of another earthquake."

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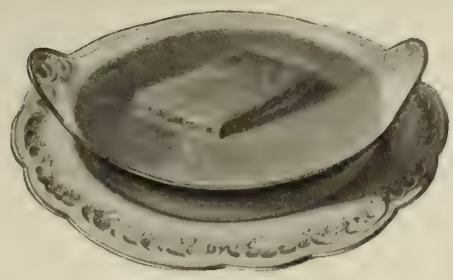

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The Alcott Home

Some recent visitor to Concord discovered a "for-sale" sign on the dilapidated "Orchard House," once the home of Louise M. Alcott, and now comes an appeal for children's dimes to preserve the memorial. The Alcotts lived in a good many houses, and doubtless they are all more or less dilapidated by this time. Louise Alcott, as some one once remarked, was her father's best contribution to literature. The era of pink teas and ladies' culturine clubs had not dawned then, and had it not been for the successful efforts of the one daughter no one would have known of the existence of the celebrated A. Bronson himself, who spent his time in wandering about the country giving platitudinous "talks" and rhapsodic lectures which netted not even traveling expenses. Rebecca Harding Davis has had the courage to give it as her view that Alcott would have been far better occupied in turning his small skill at carpentry to advantage in earning money for his family; and Julian Hawthorne has intimated that paterfamilias was an old bore. The older generation of readers of "Little Women" have also read what was left of the most judiciously edited diary and letters of Louise Alcott, and if any memorial habitation of hers is to be preserved they would choose the room she was obliged to rent in Boston in order that she could command leisure and isolation to write the books which furnished the subsistence for the rest of the family. Louise Alcott was old before her time. She was virtually father and mother to her sisters and son and daughter to her parents. She had no time for travel or rest when she was young enough to enjoy or profit by them, and when the means, her own earnings, were available, she was too tired to care. She was the "willing horse," and met the usual fate, but if it is essential that an old house be preserved simply because for a brief while she lived under its roof, her nephews and niece, who profited by her work, should be able and willing to attend to it. The best memorial and monument—the one that she herself would value highest, is the continued popularity of her wholesome books for girls which have had, as yet, few equals and no superiors.

Rosa Benko, "The Star of the East"

A brief dispatch hidden away in a corner of a local paper called attention the other day to the attempted suicide of Rosa Benko in Vienna. I wonder how many people remembered Rosa Benko when they read that little item? The career of such a woman as she is usually as shortlived as it is dazzling and by the time that death comes to cap the climax of wrinkles, old age and disease, nearly everybody has forgotten. It is this way, no doubt, with Rosa Benko, known as "The Star of the East" and "the most beautiful woman in Europe" not so many years ago. In her youth Rosa Benko was a strikingly beautiful brunette, tall for a woman and with a superb figure. Though she lacked education, she had learned to assume an aristocratic bearing and had great charm of manner. She was a chorus girl in the music halls of the European capitals when she attracted the admiration of Milan, then King of Servia, the worst spendthrift and one of the greatest roues in all Europe. The King was devoted to her for perhaps a week longer than he ever was to another woman. She transferred her affections to Milan's son, young King Alexander of Servia. He gave her an apartment in the royal palace at Belgrade, exquisite gowns and costly gems. The chorus girl of the music halls was introduced in court circles as the niece of the King's physician and a gentlewoman of birth. She adapted herself quickly to her new surroundings; a court that had endured King Milan was not to be shocked by an incident like this. Milan often invited whole burlesque and comic opera companies to the palace and entertained them for days. Natalie, King Alexander's mother, knew Rosa Benko's antecedents, but the former Queen merely remarked: "Doubtless my son will marry before long, so he should learn how to make love." Immediately after his marriage, Rosa Benko was compelled to leave Belgrade and went to Vienna, where

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she met the Prince of Bulgaria, who fell madly in love with her. But her efforts to wear a crown were frustrated. And now, in a sordid lodging she has tried to end her life.

NINO AT THE OPERA

Nino was young, twenty, and he loved. He was an Italian and he loved music. Before he died he was a master. He studied at a school twenty-five miles from Milan. His dreams in youth were not of fame, but of success in art. He did not care to hear applause—he longed rather to hear distinctly the great harmonies, which came as yet to him reluctantly in a half way, that he might give them a re-creation.

One day in spring he was told that a famous prima donna was to sing in "Sonnambula" in Milan. "I must hear that," he said. But how? He was very poor. He tried to borrow from his relations. They were too poor to furnish him more than enough to purchase a ticket and to pay for his lodging in the city. "Very well," said Nino at last, "I have walked twenty-five miles; I can do it again." On the particular day he started early. The morning was cool and radiant. It was on such a morning that Mendelssohn caught the fancy of his spring song. Nino's first five miles were an exhilaration. Then the sunshine intensified, and he paused to rest. Long before Milan was reached his limbs ached, his throat was parched, his eyes were smarting with the dust and heat. He reached Milan at dusk, bathed, ate a hasty meal, and went directly to the theatre.

The auditorium was cool and dark; the audience had not arrived. Nino sat in his comfortable chair with a double happiness, the sweet passive sense of rest and the thrilling, active sense of anticipation. He noticed a piece of gilt moulding on which the glint was visible from a light behind the stage. A man was walking regularly somewhere in the foyer—thrump, thump, thrump, thrump. Nino leaned back his head and stretched out his legs.

It was an usher who tapped Nino on the shoulder.

"Come!" said the usher, "you'll have to get out."

Nino looked up sleepily. "I have a ticket for this seat."

"Yes, but the opera was over fifteen minutes ago."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks: There has been very little change in the range of values in the recent week, fluctuations in leading securities being the result of inside support on moderate declines and sales on strong spots by the same interests. It would appear as if bankers were well satisfied with the commercial outlook and that the money situation abroad would clear up later without further tension, or raising of the bank rates in Germany or England. As for the monetary situation here, conditions are not particularly unfavorable, though we might say that a temporary condition prevails here that might create some uneasiness and this is the matter of taking over some heavy foreign loans on American securities estimated as high as fifty million dollars. Bankers have unquestionably taken care of the placing of these loans here, and the incident should be but a temporary factor, both as concerns our bank figures and the security market. Probably the most important matter in the business world is the tremendous impetus in the steel industry and the placing of large orders for supplies and equipment by leading railway companies, the effect of which will be farreaching in general industry throughout the country. The sentiment of Wall street interests is much diversified in the security market at the moment as to what effect the assembling of Congress at Washington on December 5 will have. In some quarters there is unrest, caused by fear that the Taft administration may resume legislation of an unfavorable kind against corporate interests. We feel disposed to be very conservative in our views on this important matter, and can only advise caution in overcommitting in a period of such political uncertainty.

Grain: Weight of receipts has worked a stiff decline in the wheat market, and with the falling in the futures, there has been a corresponding drop in cash premiums, though the latter are still above the market. Spring wheat is 2¼ cents over and hard winter 1½. The Nebraska shipments have broken the premium on hard wheat more sharply than the futures. So far there has been no let up in the receipts, and they are running well above a year ago. By Monday or Tuesday the attitude of the farmer to the price decline will be revealed in the receipts and if there is a drop below last year's volume, the market will be checked and a moderate rally follow. The decline has brought us within one and a half cents of an export basis with Europe. The exports this week were over five million bushels, principally Pacific Coast grain and flour from both coasts. The visible increase in the week will be small despite the large receipts and will give added help to a rise, should the receipts fall off. Being now so close to the export position we are again subject to world influences, and these influences are now moderately bullish, but solely on the present supply basis. Europe's stock is only moderate and a decline in Russian shipments will now set in with no important supply basis, outside Canada and this country, until February when Argentina wheat will be arriving in Europe. The bear side is less promising though an advance will not be large from present outlook.

Corn traders are waiting for the government report on Monday. The private estimates have all raised over the October figures of 2,585,000,000, which is natural, considering that estimates are made on a 32 bushel basis, which recent years has shown to be too small. If the average yield per acre is proportionately as large as last November, the government is liable to show 2,700,000,000 bushels. This approximates last year's crop. The farm supplies of over 100,000,000 will make the report moderately bearish. While the long view favors last year's prices, the crop report may break the market. Receipts will not be as heavy as a year ago, as the crop in the big states is too moist for shipment and the weather for two weeks has been unfavorable for curing. I would rather buy on the break if the government is around 2,700,000,000 than sell for heavy decline.

Cotton: Events of the week find no parallel short of the season of 1903-04 and on the exchanges of the country the memorable campaign of that year has been often recalled. The advance of 85 to 88 points which occurred last week was all wiped out by the enormous profit-taking liquidation indulged in by leading bulls on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The net advance in options since September 1, however, is still slightly in excess of 200 points or 2 cents per point and quoted prices on spots are about 2 3-16 cents higher. In order that conditions this year may be compared with conditions prevailing in 1903-04 we submit the following statistical facts as outlined by Mr. Frank B. Hayne of New Orleans: "In 1903-04, known as the 'Sully year," the crop was 10,011,000 bales and the consumption only 10,083,000 bales. Last year the consumption had increased 3,074,000 bales or 30.49 per cent. The visible supply on the first of September, this season, was 1,472,000 and on the first of September, 1903, was 517,000 bales or only 955,000 bales less. Therefore, in the 'Sully year,' with a visible supply on September 1 of 517,000 bales and a crop of 10,011,000 bales, the world had 10,528,000 bales of cotton, of which they used 10,083,000 bales. The visible supply on the first of September, this year, was 1,472,000 bales. If the crop should only prove 10,500,000 bales and there is a possibility of its not reaching 10,000,000 bales, the world will have a supply of only 11,972,000 bales, while last year it actually consumed, in spite of short time in England, 13,157,000 bales or a deficit of 1,185,000 bales. Why, if in the 'Sully year' the crop had only been 7,500,000 bales to 8,000,000 bales, the situation would not be as acute as it will be if this crop only turns out 10,500,000 bales; yet in that year cotton sold for over 18 cents per pound. If every American mill were to run half time from now until the end of the season, I do not consider there would be enough cotton to go around. The spinners' takings to October 29, this year, were 1,923,000 bales against only 1,801,000 bales at the same time last year (which had been the record takings of any year up to that time) and against 1,148,000 bales the same time in 1903-04." Who can tell what price will discount the above facts?

Local Securities: California securities for the past week

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or so have been very active and have rewarded their followers with several substantial advances. The real feature of the recent trade has been the sensational rise in Associated Oil. This stock has been taken in hand and in a very short time has been advanced over ten points. The flood of buying orders on it has been caused, it is said, by the excellent financial and physical condition that the company is rapidly getting into. Among authoritative circles there has not been even the faintest rumor of a dividend on Associated Oil and it is not likely that the company will pay one for some time. Pacific Gas and Electric stocks seem to be on the verge of a reawakening as New York is commencing to renew her bids for them. Pacific Telephone common has made little change of late but where a change has been made, it was for lower levels. Telephone preferred holds up splendidly and is well worth the money. Hawaiian Sugar shares have come once again into popularity and continual advances have been made in the whole group. The high price of raw sugar in New York together with the improving conditions at the plantations are responsible for the upward move. Alaska Packers stock is fastly making good the extremely bullish predictions on it and it is still said to be at a point where good profits can be made in it. Those of the power stocks that are listed have lately made some good gains, especially Northern California Power and Pacific Lighting common. Giant Powder has had some excellent but quiet buying and has risen several points. Fireman's Fund Insurance continues to break records and those of the policy holders of this company who have seen fit to hang on to their stock, are congratulating themselves. Spring Valley Water has had some strong support recently and a number of people are predicting higher prices shortly for it. The local bond market has been rather dull without much change. The chief interest seems to be centered in United Railroads 4s, Spring Valley Water 4s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, "Key Route" first 5s, Telephone 5s, People's Water 5s and California Gas and Electric corporation 5s. There does not seem to be anything that the near future can bring forth that can have anything but a healthy effect on the leading California stocks and bonds and it certainly looks as if the general list should continue toward higher marks. It is said that purchases of Pacific Gas and Electric common, Alaska Packers and Giant Powder, at their present quotations, are the most advisable.

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Menageries, where sleuthhounds caracole,
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Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl,
  With peewit and precocious cookatoos.

Gaunt seneschals, in crotchety cockades,
  With seine-nets trawl for porpoise in lagoons;
While scullions gauge erratic escapades
  Of madrepores in water-logged galleons;

Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green,
  In reckless fracas with coquettish cream,
Ecstatic gargoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
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By TANTALUS

The Week's Engagement Rumors

Three very charming young ladies have been the subject of engagement gossip during the past week—Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Harriet Alexander and Miss Dorothy Boericke. All of Miss Newhall's friends are wondering and speculating about the deep devotion and marked attention displayed for her by a stalwart and handsome young man to whose identity I will give only one clue, and that is, that his looks altogether belie his name. A few days ago Miss Newhall was lunching at a fashionable cafe with some of her friends who were acutely aware all the time that this young chap's eyes, constantly trained upon the attractive young lady, made open confession of his enthralment. Miss Harriet Alexander, the fascinating daughter of one of our social arbiters, wears her romance, not upon her sleeve, but in her corsage in the form of what is coming to be regarded as the sign positive of an engagement—orchids. As Melville Bowman has been exhibiting symptoms of a romantic attachment to this young lady, everybody is

Photo, Genthe

MISS NATALIE FORE

One of the most attractive girls in Oakland's smart set who was prominent in recent vaudeville for Fabiola Hospital.

wondering whether the rare blossoms are his gift. As for Miss Dorothy Boericke, it is considered quite likely that she will soon follow in the footsteps of her twin sister Ruth by announcing her engagement to a very popular chap who holds a responsible position in the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank and whose sister wields one of the cleverest pens in this city.

Miss Ethel Lincoln to Wed

A wedding which will take place within a few days and which will come as a genuine surprise to the ultra smart set, is that of Miss Ethel Lincoln, daughter of the late Jerome Lincoln, and J. Ralston Hamilton, son of the late Alexander Hamilton. The couple will leave immediately for New York to sail in the middle of November for a six months' tour abroad. Jerome Lincoln was a capitalist and one of the early directors of the Bank of California. The beautiful Lincoln home was a land mark of Harrison street near First before the fire. Miss Ethel Lincoln is a traveled and cultured young woman and her beautiful home, Ethelwilde, St. Helena, is one of the most attractive in that part of the country. Ralston Hamilton is an architect. His family are prominent here, his sisters Misses Edna Laura and the beautiful Alexandra Hamilton being very prominent socially.

Sidney Starr and a Grass Widow

Up at the Family Club and in other of his favorite haunts, friends of Sidney Starr, the well-known youth-about-town, are wondering whether he is about to take a second plunge into matrimony. The gossip started when friends of the popular flaneur went down to the steamer recently to see him off to Honolulu; for they

Photo, Scharz

MISS CAROLYN PALMANTEER

The cultured and fascinating daughter of the well-known banker whose engagement to Frederick Snowden has been announced. The wedding will take place in January.

found that a very beautiful divorcee of Oakland was also making the trip and as Starr has been quite attentive to her, it is regarded as quite likely that he is about to essay the path to connubial bliss once more. Starr's intimates are wondering whether the fact that he took permanent quarters in the new home of the Stork had the unusual effect of turning his thoughts away from the Family coterie to the contemplation of the joys of real domesticity and they are awaiting his return rather eagerly and even laying small wagers on the outcome. Starr's own divorce was the sensation of San Rafael a year ago.

Miss Ruth Richards, Debutante

There hasn't been a debutante of the flawless beauty of Ruth Richards since the days when Mrs. Vincent Whitney and Mrs. Andrew Welch reigned as belles, making existence a gladsome misery for half a dozen chaps.

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Of course there are other debutantes, some pretty, others sweet dainty girls, but it is my prophecy that the lissome stately Miss Ruth is going to be a queen. She is tall, "Englishy" looking, with a manner of sweet reserve. No wonder her grandparents and relatives, the H. H. Bancrofts, the Paul Bancrofts, the Phil Bancrofts and all the rest, are so proud of her. I am glad to say that she doesn't seem the least bit spoiled or conscious of her beauty. At the ball on Wednesday she wore a dress that looked like a mass of cloudy lace glimmering with dewdrops. It was a long princess robe of white silk and chiffon, made with an overdress of net covered with tiny crystals, the lacy net being perfectly plain in outline, very full about the bottom and fitting with slimpsy ease

Photo, Habenicht

MISS KATHLEEN WESTON

The daughter of General and Mrs. Weston and a very popular belle in the army set.

about the waist. She looked the little aristocrat to perfection. Mrs. C. Olcott Richards, her mother, who is a handsome vivacious woman, wore a gown of soft white satin, much embroidered with gold. Stately Mrs. H. H. Bancroft fulfilled one's ideal of the dowager society matron, wearing a black Chantilly gown over mauve satin. The lace was woven in one piece and was a rare bit of artistic needlework. The Bancroft house was built by the Henry Huntingtons during the days of their social regnancy. Since the divorce Mrs. Huntington has not cared for the big place and lately it was acquired by the Bancrofts. It is well suited to entertainment on an elaborate scale. The ball room which is on the ground floor, was all in greens and Christmas berries, while the rest of the house was decorated in flowers without end. Off the ballroom was a temporary conservatory, a large tent that was decorated with rugs, palms, trees and flowers until one could easily believe one's self to be in some fairy garden. Everybody who wasn't at the Gibson-Foster wedding at San Rafael was at the ball, and a few went to both. Over three hundred invitations had been issued.

Mrs. Deering, a Beautiful Suffragette

Of all the matrons at the Bancroft ball one of the most admired was Mrs. Frank Deering whose regal height was enveloped in a graceful Princess gown of gold tissue, the whole covered with an overdress of some pretty black silk net embroidered in gold in a conventional design. Fancy the effect of such a creation on a tall stately woman with black hair, a sparkling smile and the cleverest, wittiest manner imaginable! A friend of mine remarked that if the suffrage-militants would follow Mrs. Deering's tactics the men would rush to do their bidding. Like many clever women elsewhere, Mrs. Deering has recently joined the suffragists and should the much-talked-of Mrs. Pankhurst come to San Francisco a-crusading, doubtless Mrs. Deering will entertain her. "Women like Mrs. Deering do not need the ballot. They are more than a match for us without it," said one man. Which is probably correct. Still Mrs. Deering. like Mrs. William H. Crocker and a few of that set, are staunch believers in equal suffrage. Mrs. Calhoun, another of that coterie, being imbued with the ideas prevailing in the south, is not outspoken about suffrage, but there are any number of women like Mrs. Deering and Mrs. Crocker whose braininess, charm, wit and position, once allied to that cause, make the old-timers rejoice, even if they do not adopt the clever ways of the new converts. The fact is, the old-time suffragists resent the intrusion of these clever society dames. The split in New York is sufficient evidence of this.

Back From Europe

Mr. and Mrs. Garret W. McEnerney have returned from Europe where they spent four months in leisurely travel. They sojourned for a time at Nauheim where Mr. McEnerney recuperated the energies that were taxed by the incessant demands on his professional services, and he has returned in perfect health. The McEnerneys enjoyed every moment of their time abroad, but with them getting back home is one of the chief delights of a trip to foreign parts.

Hyperbole About the De Sabla Ball

I have been wondering a good deal about the motive which induced a morning paper to devote two prominent columns to the most extravagant sort of nonsense about the De Sabla ball which took place last night at El Cerrito. It is too bad that people who have a gift for hospitality and entertainment should be made ridiculous by such unwarranted hyperboles. To read the newspaper description one would suppose that the ball in honor of Miss Vera De Sabla's coming-out was a riot of vulgar luxury whereas it was nothing of the kind. To say that it cost thousands of dollars is preposterous and the term "orchid ball," so plentifully strewn through the article in question, was a misnomer, for orchids did not enter

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into the decorative scheme. The simple fact is that the De Sablas invited their friends to a dance at their beautiful place and finding that the accommodations would be insufficient, erected a temporary dancing pavilion. In keeping with the tone of the rest of the article was the statement that Miss De Sabla boasts $50,000 worth of jewelry. Miss De Sabla is a girl of only twenty years and as becomes a girl of that age, has scarcely any jewelry at all. She has no taste for the bizarre and would be the last in the world to desire that her coming-out party should be made an ostentatious parade of wealth.

Will They Be Reconciled?

The most contradictory stories continue to be told about Emil Bruguiere and his vivacious wife who has commenced action for divorce. Some of these tales depict them as being divided beyond all hope of reconciliation while others paint the glowing possibility of forgiveness and renewed happiness. There seems to be plenty of room for argument, for undoubtedly the relations of the pair are of the most puzzling character. Last Saturday they were seen walking along Kearny street with their young son between them. Emil was deferentially attentive to his young wife and exhibited the warmest paternal fondness and care for his boy. Naturally it is rumored that the rift in the lute has been mended and that the divorce suit will be withdrawn to make way for complete domestic harmony. Let us hope that such is the case.

The Jester Comes Back to Life

It is the theory of some learned historians that the court jester disappeared when monarchs and others had sufficiently cultivated their brains to acquire a sense of humor of their own. That speaks well for the kings and nobles, of course; but I am afraid that the theory will prove disconcerting to some of our gilted families that pride themselves on being au courant with the latest foibles of fashion. For the fact is that the jester has been awakened from his sleep of centuries and is even now contorting his motley limbs, rattling his bauble and wagging his inconsequential tongue in the drawing rooms of London and the "cottages" of Newport. In London, where the innovation appeared recently, one of those unhappy ladies whom the English with a genius for disagreeable phrases call "a decayed gentlewoman," conducts a bureau which purveys jesters of all conditions for all sorts of fashionable occasions. When the London fashion reached New York and Newport, as it did by the first steamer, it is said that Henry Lehr took to his bed with nervous prostration and raved that his occupation was gone. However, it is reported from reliable authority that he has plucked up heart of grace, recollecting that he has so many years of clowning in polite society to his credit that nobody but a positive genius could overtake him. That the role of a fashionable jester is not yet a profitable field for genius is indicated by the latest salary quotation from Newport. A jester commands $60 a week provided he possess "nimble wit, an unfailing flow of humor, gentlemanly appearance and manners and a kindly disposition." Clearly these qualifications need not disturb Harry Lehr, especially as his jesting has stood him in much better stead than $60 a week.

Who Will Our Jesters Be?

As we of San Francisco pride ourselves on keeping pace with London and Newport, it behooves us to bethink ourselves seriously of this jesting business. We must have our licensed jesters straightaway—I mean, of course, the new variety of licensed jesters; for we have had some of a different sort for lo these many years. The great question is: Who will fill the bill? 'Tis a difficult question to answer offhand. If Addison Mizner were in our midst I would name him to head the list, but Addie has long since hied him to the metropolitan playground and instead of dispensing his verbal largess at dinners and balls, hoards it carefully for a twelvemonth and then brings it out at the merry Yuletide in a fashionable almanac called the "Cynic's Calendar." So Addie is out of the question. I don't know whether Larry Harris would like the post or not; but he has some of the qualifications. So, for that matter, have several other members of the Family Club which is peculiarly rich in village cut-ups. I do not wish to seem invidious in picking eligible jesters from the motley throng of local society in its various strata; so if those whose mouths water for the playful work will kindly send me their pasteboards, I will arrange a list with careful regard for comparative excellence and will publish it with suitable annotations. Then hostesses who wish to possess the latest appendage of fashionable frivolity will have an infallible guide for which, not being a "decayed gentleman or gentlewoman" I shall charge no commission.

They Get Their Jewels "On Approval"

As this is the time of year when the thoughts of our leisured men and women turn to dances and other social diversions, it may prove interesting if I epitomize a conversation I had recently with a well-known member of our biggest jewelry firm. Certainly it slants a curious light upon the amazing expedients to which some of our "best families" resort in order to hold their own in the winter campaign. This gentleman told me that invariably, on the eve of a Greenway ball or of some other brilliant function, at least half a dozen customers leave orders with his firm for diamond aigrettes, jewel-en-

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Market and Stockton

crusted brooches and other expensive ornaments which they ask to have sent to their homes "on memorandum" or "approval," as this trade transaction is called. And just as invariably, he tells me, these brilliants are worn at the ensuing ball or reception or dinner and are returned to the big shop on the following day with the message that they are not satisfactory and will not be purchased. He told me that the people who do this are financially responsible, as a rule, and such good customers that their transparent tricks must be put up with. The liability which his firm assumes in this manner on the occasion of a Greenway ball, he says, is never less than $10,000 or $15,000. Once, he said, a family which was giving an elaborate dinner sent for two silver dinner services "on approval" and when the costly pieces were returned the morning after the affair, there were unmistakable signs that they had been used. This state of things is not peculiar to San Francisco; Tiffany has to cope with exactly the same situation.

To Be Heard at the Greek Theatre

Three clever ambitious girls whose musical talents have been flatteringly commented upon, plan to give a concert at the Greek Theatre on Sunday. One of them, Miss Katherine Gray of San Rafael, has been studying the piano in Berlin and her appearance at several of the smart clubs has justified the fine things her friends say of her playing. Miss Ida von Weick, a young singer whose voice and interpretation of the art of singing have been highly praised, will vary the recital by a group of songs. Miss Rena Burnham, a University of California girl who has devoted many years to the mastery of the piano, is also to be heard.

Exhibition of Russian Handicraft

Great interest attaches to the exhibition of Russian handicraft which will be given at 208 Griffith avenue, San Mateo, by Mrs. Florence Delanoy Eichwaldt on November 15, 16 and 17. Included in the display will be laces, enamel, lacquer work, carved horn, hammered copper and brass, Circassian gold and silver work, carvings and pottery with other examples of artistry which should delight the souls of the connoiseurs. Mrs. Eichwald is a well known collector whose activities have brought her to the notice of the Queen of Roumania, herself an enthusiast in arts and crafts. She has lived in Russia, was a Red Cross worker during the Russo-Japanese war and spent much time at the Winter Palace of Esthonia in 1903 and 1904. In this country she is known as a lecturer and writer as well as a collector.

Miss Montagne's Recital

The piano recital given by Miss Edna Montagne, a pupil of Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, attracted a large and fashionable audience to Century Hall on Tuesday evening. The young pianiste acquitted herself most creditably and won numerous recalls from the enthusiastic music-lovers present. She gave evidence of talent of a high order and of most careful training. Barring a slight nervousness in the first part of the program Miss Montagne gave an excellent interpretation of the various numbers, showing clearness of execution and faultless pedalling. It was a delightful musical treat. The program included Beethoven's Sonate, Opus 22 and numbers from Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Paderewski, Wagner-Brassin and Donizetti.

In the Social Spotlight

The wedding of Miss Edith Page and James Van Loben Sels has been set for the evening of December 8 at the residence of Mrs. Wilfred Page in Berkeley.

Mrs. James de Fremery entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Elinor Slate, Miss Edith Page and Miss Mariana Mathews, the trio of beautiful young girls who are soon to become brides of the Van Loben Sels brothers.

A new dancing club has been formed called "The Neighbors." The meetings take place once a month at the Arts and Crafts Hall in Presido Avenue. Mrs. Postelthuaite, Mrs. Otis Burrage and several other young matrons have the affair in charge.

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Anna Bard, daughter of ex-Senator and Mrs. Bard of Southern California, and Ensign Sherwood Ayers Taffinder, U. S. N. Miss Bard is a

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Tablecloths, 2x2½ yards	$4.00	Tablecloths, 2x2½ yards	$5.50
Tablecloths, 2x3 yards	$4.75	Tablecloths, 2x3 yards	$6.50
Dinner size Napkins to match, dozen	$4.50	Napkins to match, 26x26 inches, dozen	$6.75

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graduate of Miss Head's school. Ensign Taffinder is at present with his ship in the Orient.

The next meeting of the Spinners' Club will be held at the home of Mrs. John Galen Howard on Ridge Road, Berkeley. Members of the Dramatic Section will give readings from Shakespeare.

Another young California boy who has taken to the footlights is Hal Angus, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Angus of "Brookside," Haywads. He is with Ye Liberty Company in Oakland. Mrs. Angus will be remembered as pretty Helen Wildes, a belle in the old South Park and Rincon Hill set in days gone by.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King are visiting in Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. MacIntosh have taken a house in Vallejo street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Towne whose wedding took place recently in Los Angeles, have returned and are comfortably settled in an attractive apartment at Green and Taylor streets.

Miss Christene McNab and her brother Stewart will give an elaborate dancing party at the residence of their father, James McNab, at Broadway and Fillmore street on Friday evening, November 19.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels Sr. will spend the winter at her beautiful home in Pacific avenue. Claus Spreckels will remain during the winter in Coronado where he has a position in his father's office.

Miss Ernistene McNear left during the week with her mother for a tour abroad. Later in the winter Miss McNear will join Helen Bertheau who is now in Hamburg and these two young girls will attend school in Geneva. Mrs. McNear will return to California in a few months.

Mrs. Charles Deering will give a bridge party on Tuesday, November 16 at her home in Baker street.

Miss Nellie Grant left on Monday for her home in San Diego in response to a letter announcing the serious illness of her grandmother Mrs. Chapman.

Mrs. Zeile, Mrs. Du Bois and Miss Kate Towle were hostesses at an elaborate bridge party last Thursday in San Rafael.

Late letters from Mrs. John D. Tallant and Mrs. Kate Locke report their arrival in Naples where they will remain some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs have taken the Spiers home at Gough and Vallejo for the season.

Mrs. Anna H. Jackson left this week with her son Raymond to visit relatives in Newport, Kentucky. She will not return until spring.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado recently were Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Thornton, E. K. Hurlburt, Mrs. E. L. Squire, Mrs. J. W. Wolf, Miss Wolf, Mrs. J. W. Robinson and F. J. Colbert.

The government having decided to name the military post in Yosemite, "Camp Yosemite," the camp of that name conducted by J. B. Cook will henceforth be known as "Camp Lost Arrow."

The Eighth Infantry enjoyed a "regimental dinner" at Hotel del Monte recently, Colonel Mason in command.

Capt. W. L. Reed was host at a delightful tea given to the "younger set" of officers and their wives, and their friends outside the Post, at Pebble Beach Lodge on Saturday. Among those present were Major and Mrs. W. M. Wright, Mrs. W. K. Wright, Mrs. Merriam, Lieut. and Mrs. Kilde, Capt. and Mrs. Dolf, Lieut. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Patty Johnson, Miss Pickering, Miss Fore, Miss Ames, Miss Gregg, Miss Warner, Miss Bennett, Miss Cornish, Mrs. Warner, Captain Pickering, Dr. Wright, Lieutenant Baker, Lieutenant James, Lieutenant Fletcher, Lieutenant Oldsmith, Dr. Mason, Lieutenant Eppley and Mr. Evert.

Mrs. Cunningham of Berkeley, with Mrs. James B. Weed of New York, have been spending the week at Del Monte.

Mr. E. M. Langley went to Del Monte for a few days during the week past.

Truxton Beale who has been in the city for a week staying at the Fairmont has returned to his home in Bakersfield.

Mrs. H. N. Beall has an attractive apartment at the Hotel Victoria and will remain in town for the entire season.

Dr. R. F. Buckley and his two daughters, Miss Grace and Miss Violet Buckley, have taken permanent apartments at the Fairmont for the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lilienthal spent several days of their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Capt. A. L. Reed entertained Lieut. A. Johnson and Dr. R. M. Riggall of H. M. S. Bedford at a luncheon, given at Hotel del Monte recently.

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Laughing with Victor Morley

By Edward F. O'Day

By close attention to the opening dialogue I learned that the Victim of Dyspepsia had come down to the hotel at Sea View for a Rest. I gleaned also that the Victim of Dyspepsia had a Ward and that the Ward was in Love; likewise that the Victim of Dyspepsia had a Son and that the Son was Desperately and Obstinately in Love. The cumulative force of these discoveries was too much for me and my heart went out in genuine sorrow to the Victim of Dyspepsia. Some slight experience with musical comedy convinced me that there would be no Rest for the Victim of Dyspepsia. The event proved me something of a Sherlock Holmes for there was absolutely no Rest for the Victim of Dyspepsia; he might have been one of the wicked for all the Rest he enjoyed during the two acts of "The Three Twins." As I say, I could not help feeling genuinely sorry for the Victim of Dyspepsia, but to my shame be it spoken, I showed my sorrow in most equivocal fashion. With seeming lack of conscience I laughed at him and with his Son. Yes, I must confess that I laughed. Almost from his Son's first entrance I began to giggle foolishly; then I tittered; gurgled after that; and before long I admit that I did "crow like chanticleer." It was positively indecent conduct in the presence of a Victim of Dyspepsia and perhaps the time will come when dyspepsia will wreak itself upon me in punishment for my heartlessness. But if I thought that I could laugh again like that I would revisit "The Three Twins" tonight and defy dyspepsia to come and do its worst. To become an intermittent fountain of laughter for two hours and a half I would gladly defy, not only dyspepsia but his brother-imp insomnia. What is a dyspeptic sleepless week compared to two hours and a half of thoroughly idiotic cachinnation? Now mind you, this physical demonstration of mine was real simon-pure laughter. Let me explain. The other day I happened to be reading the Spectator and ran across this sentence: "That secret elation or pride of heart which is generally called laughter, arises in man from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool." Now of course that is all tommyrot; Addison didn't know what real simon-pure laughter was. He never had his facial muscles lubricated with the oil of Victor Morley's comicality. There was no secret elation or pride of heart in me when Victor Morley nudged me in the risibles and sent me off into uncontrollable guffaws. I did not go through any mental process of comparing myself with any natural or artificial fool; my brain was just a blotter saturating itself with globules of mirth and in that teeming atmosphere of delicious foolery I had no thought of natural or artificial fools. I may have acted as though I belonged to both species for aught I know or care. I have heard of Rabelaisian laughter and being of a melancholy humor, have mouth-watered at the phrase; I have meditated with envy on the taking-off of Aretine who died a-laughing; I have yearned for the return of Democritus that I might enroll myself as the pupil of his laughing philosophy; yet do I verily believe that after a few sessions with Victor Morley I could write a treatise on laughter which would make the old anatomist of melancholy hold his sides in convulsions. It may be that I become too exuberant when my disposition takes an antic turn; it is possible that Addison who had little love for Rabelais and less for Aretine and who was anything but a disciple of Democritus, would consider me ill-bred in so chortling my self-possession to smithereens at the beck of Victor Morley. But I care not; let us look, listen and be merry, for tomorrow there may come doleful plays, stupid plays and you and I may be politely hiding our yawns where before we brazenly gave rein to our ha-has. Sufficient for the day is the laughter thereof; yes, sufficient for many days is the recollection of one's night's laughter. 'Tis an exercise in which we are too little indulged. Too often are we compelled to bend the pregnant hinges of the jaw that ennui may follow yawning; let the theatrical managers give us more Victor Morleys so that we may more frequently unlimber our apparatus of mirth and laugh ourselves into health, good humor and adipose. Everything is funny in "The Three Twins." The Victim of Dyspepsia is only one provocative to glee—there are as many provocatives as there are members of the cast—and Victor Morley is the prime provocative of them all. Even the chorus is funny—the legs, that is of course the limbs, of the "broilers" are a scream. I never saw "broilers" before with such chunky limbs; probably they were picked out for their chunkiness in that particular. But this is a subject to which Addison would not stoop and I must not go completely out of his good graces. It is more decorous to speak of Miss Bessie Clifford, although there is nothing particularly decorous about her; she bounds about the stage like a rubber ball until the eye is dazed and the brain is giddied with trying to follow her. Her Yama Yama dance is as much a thing of air as of earth and she seems to tread both elements with equal agility. Her little feet were made to kick and prance, not to be still and it is quite impossible to imagine her in repose. But there is nothing reposeful about "The Three Twins" except some of the pretty musical numbers which are mercifully interspersed in order that a prostracted audience may not laugh itself into hysterics. Come again, Victor Morley, that we may lard ourselves with your fat humor and forget our cares in the spell of your irresponsible nonsense.

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Stage

Cohan's Music Play is Coming

The song numbers in George M. Cohan's recent musical success, "The Talk of New York," which Cohan and Harris will present with the clever Victor Moore as a star at the Van Ness Theatre, opening Monday night, constitute its chief charm. In fact it is said that in clothing his latest effort with music Cohan has surpassed all his previous efforts. One of the big song features is "Under Any Old Flag At All," rendered by Victor Moore and twenty members of the chorus. Other song hits which have gained widespread popularity in this play are: "Burning Up the Boulevard," "Busy Little Broadway," "I Want You All to Drink With Me," "I Have a Longing for Long Acre Square," "Claremont," "Drink With Me," "I Want the World to Know I Love You," and "Gee: Ain't I Glad I'm Home Again." The magnitude of the production and the number of people required to present this play necessitate special train service.

The Jomelli Concerts

This Sunday afternoon at the Novelty Theatre, Mme. Jomelli, the prima donna soprano and her gifted associate Marie Nichols, violiniste, will give their second concert. The program will be an exceptionally fine one. Mme. Jomelli's offerings will be the Aria from "La Tosca," Pucini; "Chant de Bachante," Bemberg; "Heimliche Aufforderung," Richard Strauss; "The Wind," Spross; "In dem Schatten meiner Locken," Hugo Wolff; "Chanson de Neige," Chaminade; "Neimand hat's geseh'n," Carl Loewe; and "Le Nil" (with violin obligato), the work of Leroux. Miss Nichols will play Wieniawski's "Faust Fantasie"; "Gypsy Dance," Nachez; "Romanze Andalusa," Sarasate; and with the assistance of Fred Maurer, a "Sonata" by Francoeur, a work never before heard in this city and said to be a genuine old masterpiece. The last concert of the series will be given next Thursday night.

EDWIN STEVENS

Who will appear in "A Busy Morning" next week at the Orpheum.

English Comedy at Valencia

The last performances of "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" will be given at the Valencia this Saturday afternoon and evening and on Sunday night, Dallas Welford, an English comedian, will make his first appearance in San Francisco in "Mr. Hopkinson," a comedy by R. C. Carton. Mr. Welford was brought from London a few seasons ago and made an instantaneous hit at the Liberty Theatre, New York, in the same comedy in which he will appear in this city. For nine months the theatre was crowded to the doors and "Hoppy," as the play and character came to be familiarly known, was the laughing success of the metropolis. The company which has been associated with the star during the long and successful run of "Mr. Hopkinson" in this country, jumps directly from New York. The only matinees will be on Saturday and Thanksgiving.

MARY ADELE CASE

The remarkable young contralto singer who is to appear at the Novelty Theatre.

Figman Role for John Ince

"The Man on the Box," Grace Livingston Furniss' dramatization of Harold McGrath's novel, will be the Alcazar's next offering, commencing Monday evening. This comedy is well and favorably known to San Francisco, having served twice as a starring vehicle for Max Figman. With John Ince, Evelyn Vaughan and all the other favorites in the cast adequate acting is assured and the staging will be up to Alcazar standard. Mr. Ince will have the title part, and Miss Vaughan will be seen as Betty Annesley, the girl with whom the hero is so madly in love that he masquerades as a coachman in order to be near her.

The Dr. Wullner Recitals

Dr. Ludwig Wullner, the lieder singer, is to be heard here. Last year he was promised but his success in the East was so great that in place of forty concerts originally arranged he was compelled to sing over one hundred and had to cancel his western engagement. This year Will Greenbaum has induced him to come to San Francisco. With his accompanist, Coenraad V. Bos, this artist is said to create an atmosphere in the concert room that is most unusual. He makes every song seem like a drama and one does not have to understand German to follow every meaning. The Wullner dates are Tuesday night, November 23, Friday night, November 26, and Sunday afternoon, November 28 at the Novelty Theatre, and the sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Wednesday, November 17.

Another Week of "The Three Twins"

The second and last week of "The Three Twins" starts tomorrow night and bids fair to exceed the first week of the engagement in point of enthusiasm and record-breaking attendance. The only matinees are given on the Saturday afternoons, and the engagement will close a week from this Saturday night. "The Three Twins" will be followed at the Garrick by "The Soul Kiss," with Mlle. Pertina in the star part. "The Soul Kiss" is one of last season's conspicuous New York successes, and is said to be quite tuneful and exceptionally attractive.

The Mary Adele Case Concerts

Rarely has there been as much interest displayed in concerts as in the two to be given at the Novelty Theatre by Miss Mary Adele Case, the contralto. At her first concert next Friday night, November 19, Miss Case will be heard in two of the great test pieces for contraltos: "Ah! Mon Fils" from "Le Prophete" and "Ah! se tu dormi" from an almost forgotten setting of "Romeo and Juliet" by Vaccaj. In the way of songs we are promised "Der Tod und das Madchen," Schubert; "Ich Grolle Nicht," Schumann; "Traum durch die Dammerung" Strauss; "Mein Liebe ist Gruen," Braham; "L'Heure de Pourpre," Augusta Holmes; "L'Esclave," Lalo; "Allah," Chadwick; "Gae to Sleep," Fisher; "O, That We Two Were Maying," Nevin; and "Spring Song," Becker. Mr. Frederick Biggerstaff will be the accompanist and will play Chopin's "Fantasie," Op. 49. The second and last Case concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 21, when another delightful program will be given and by request the artist will sing the beautiful song "Abide With Me" with which she scored most heavily while on tour with Harold Bauer.

Edwin Stevens at the Orpheum

The popular actor, Edwin Stevens, will appear next week at the Orpheum in a comedietta entirely new to us entitled "A Busy Morning," which is said to be a capital vehicle for the display of his extraordinary versatility. Mr. Stevens will be supported by the charming Tina Marshall. This will be Stevens' first appearance here since he took New York by storm as the star of the Henry W. Savage production of "The Devil." The De Haven Sextette with Sydney C. Gibson will produce

SCENE FROM THE GREAT COMEDY SUCCESS, "MR. HOPKINSON"

In which the English comedian, Dallas Welford, will appear at the Valencia Theatre next week.

a dancing operetta "The Understudy." Howard's Musical Ponies and Comedy Canines will be seen in an act that is decidedly novel. Milt Wood, "The Dancer with the Chair," is expected to be a distinct hit. Next week will be the last of Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson, Bobby Pandur and Brother, The Tempest and Sunshine Trio and that stirring military act, "Our Boys in Blue," which is being received with great enthusiasm. A new series of motion pictures will be given.

Faversham in Stephen Phillips' "Herod"

The responsible critics of New York are agreed that in daring to produce Stephen Phillips' poetical drama of "Herod," William Faversham has greatly increased his stature as an artist. For nine years this beautiful tragedy has lain within reach of New York stars, but it remained for Faversham to present it to a metropolitan audience and there is no doubt that in so doing he has performed a service for the theatre which is helping to redeem it from the charges of inconsequence and vulgarity brought against it recently by serious students. While giving generous credit to the production and to the star and his clever wife, Louis V. De Foe, the World's dramatic critic, is constrained to point out that "Mr. Faversham falls short of expressing the full sweep of Herod's passion or of grasping and projecting the terrible complexities of his character in the earlier scenes of the tragedy. Physical disability may have emphasized these limitations on the opening night. His opportunity came, however, in the final act, and he rose to it nobly. As the barefooted, distraught King he became then an impressive, piteous figure and he acted the scenes with an imaginative power which he has not indicated in any production in which he has appeared heretofore. The tendency to posture and proneness to overelaboration which, in the past, have marred Miss Opp's acting really aid her in her performance of Mariamne. She is beautiful to the eye, dignified in presence and of regal mien. The full beauty and force of her lines sometimes escape her, but she moves through the play an impressive figure."

Among the attractions coming here are George M. Cohan, Fritzi Scheff, Wright Lorimer, David Warfield, Wm. H. Crane and Marie Cahill.

George M. Cohan himself will be seen in the leading role of "The Yankee Prince" when that musical success is produced at the Van Ness Theatre following "The Talk of New York."

Dress Suits *Frock Suits*
Dinner Suits *Cutaway Suits*

Whenever in doubt of what to wear on formal dress occasions we are always at your service

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Grace Livingston Furniss' Dramatization of Harold McGrath's Great Novel
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

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Special Holiday Matinee Thanksgiving Day.
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As the Irresistible and Celebrated "Kid Burns" in
GEORGE M. COHAN'S Greatest Musical Play
THE TALK OF NEW YORK
With the Original Cast and Chorus and Stupendous Scenic Equipment as Seen in New York.

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This Saturday Afternoon and Evening Last Times of Eddie Foy in
"Mr. Hamlet of Broadway."
Starting Sunday Night, November 14, for Two Weeks
Matinees Saturday and Thanksgiving
Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.), Present
MR. HOPKINSON
The International Comedy Success, by R. C. Carton with
DALLAS WELFORD (The Original) and Entire London Company
Reserved Seats from 50c to $1.50, at the Box Office and Emporium.
Next Charles Cherry, in "The Bachelor."

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Coming—"The Soul Kiss," with Mlle. Pertina.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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MARIE NICHOLS—Violin Virtuosa
Frederick Maurer Jr. at the Piano.
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Oakland Concert—Wednesday Afternoon, November 17.
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Seats Ready at Box Office—General Admission, $1.00

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MARY ADELE CASE
CONTRALTO
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Seats, $1.50 and $1.00, ready Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where programs may be obtained. Steinway Piano.

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SONG INTERPRETER EXTRAORDINARY
And Coenaad V. Bos, Pianist
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Box Office Opens Wednesday, November 17. Chickering Piano

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The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

PROPER DRESS GUIDE FOR FORMAL OCCASIONS

Day or Evening

No man enjoys going to any affair whether it be his own or his friend's wedding or a stag party, with a doubt in his mind as to whether he is properly attired. Very few, who seldom or often attend formal affairs care to attract attention by conspicousness of inaccurate or careless dress. Conspicousness therefore is seldom caused by a willing desire to appear different from any one else for very few can afford to be the observed of all eyes. Undue attention is attracted either by carelessness or, and this is often the case, by misinformation. The writer therefore takes great pleasure in covering this subject as much as is in his power. For a man to dress properly on all occasions there are certain raiments which are absolutely necessary, and these articles of dress are but few and of little monetary consequence if compared to the needs of women. This outfit once properly procured will last a man for some time, and only now and then a few accessories like ties, etc., will be necessary to refresh it. The following will complete a man's outfit:

Full Dress—Swallow Tail, Overcoat—Raincoat, White Dress Vest, Silk Hat, White Shirt, cuffs attached, Poke or round top collar, White Tie, White Kid Gloves, White Cape, Patent Boots with Button, White Pearl Set (Link and Studs).

Informal Dress—Dinner Suit, black, white, grey Waistcoat, Derby Hat, Pleated Shirt, Fold or Wing Collar, Black or Grey Tie, Grey Suede Calfskin Boots, Gold Studs (Links or Smoked Pearl).

Formal Day Dress—Cutaway Suit or Frock Suit, Trousers of Striped Material, Waistcoat, Grey Flannel or White Linen, High Silk Hat, Plain White Shirt and Cuffs Attached, Collars, Poke or Fold, Scarf, Grey or Pearl, Once Over or Ascot, Scarf Pin, Patent Leather Boots.

Speaking of formal evening dress; there is only one correct style at present, the swallow tail or full dress coat of which a cut is given, a white pique or silk waistcoat and trousers of same material as coat. The lines of the dress coat are very similar to those shown in the dress coats worn by our English cousins and the edge of the lapel is faced with silk.

With this coat a white pique or silk waistcoat is the only proper thing as shown by accompanying cut below. The design of this year's waistcoat is vastly different from last season's "V" shape. It is more of a "U" shape or egg shape, the "U" shape predominating. Under no consideration, however, is it proper to wear anything but white for either tie or waistcoat. The waistcoats shown have a little elastic to connect with the trousers so that they may lay smooth while sitting. They may have either three or four buttons.

The trousers may have braid at side or not, but braid is the more popular.

Materials for Full Dress

For coat and trousers the rougher fabrics of either diagonal weave or Barathea are the correct thing at present. However, some conservative dressers, still prefer the smoother Barathea weave, which, while it is not as popular, is quite correct. For waistcoats, as said before either pique or silk, is correct.

Shirts—Ties—Jewelry

While the plain linen bosom is always correct the stripe or pleated effects are a bit smarter. This also goes with the tie. Speaking of the tie, the new perfect dress tie which can be buttoned to collar button front and back is quite an improvement over the old style. These ties which are to be tied by

New evening coat, showing long curving lines at the front

wearer come in slightly different shapes with either rounded corners or pointed, as desired by wearer. In jewelry very little that is ostentatious is shown or worn. For the full dress, pearl studs with links to match in white. For the dinner (Tuxedo) suit smoked pearl or dull gold.

Gloves—Collars—Shoes—Hose

For full dress heavy buckskin tan or white chamoise gloves, which should be replaced in the dressing room or carriage by white kid gloves. For the dinner suit grey or chamois gloves. In regard to shoes for full dress, either high patent leather buttons or low shoes and for dinner suits, calf.

Collars can be worn straight up (the poke) or little round top. A very pretty style of this kind is made in England and sold largely here; it is called the "Midford." Hose should always be black.

Before closing this article we would like to call attention to the fact that it is always safe, whenever in doubt what to wear for an evening affair, if there are ladies present, to wear the full dress suit; not only because it is correct but one is apt to affront one's host or hostess by dressing beneath the dignity of the occasion. As stated before, the Tuxedo bears the same relation towards the dress suit as does the sack towards the dignified Prince Albert or cutaway for formal day wear.

Evening waistcoat of white silk with satin stripe

Knitted white silk scarf

White silk and linen evening waistcoat

Patrick H. McCarthy, Mayor-Elect

(Continued from Page 7)

their scope to embrace the whole State. That year saw the start of the State Building Trades Council of which McCarthy has been president from its inception. In the State organization there are now some 54,000 members while the local council has a roll of between 25,000 and 27,000. A comparison of these figures with the figures which stood for unionism in 1894 gives a clue to the meaning behind McCarthy's words when he asseverates that he would not forego the presidency of the State Building Trades Council for the presidency of the United States.

McCarthy has frequently been spoken of as the carpenter of the California Hotel, the term implying labor of the humblest kind. Here is a point where McCarthy would disappoint the seeker for the conventional story of the self-made man. He does not speak of himself as the hotel carpenter at all; he does not say that he ever did manual work on the hotel. His words are these:

"From the time that the California Hotel was waterproof I was placed in charge of it and I had as easy access to the combination of the safe as to any of the accommodations of the hotel."

Beyond that McCarthy would not label the character of his services for the management of the old hostelry. In 1903, he stated, the Building Trades Council asked him to dissociate himself from the hotel and to devote all his time to the work of labor organization and he accordingly did so.

Interesting as McCarthy's industrial career has been, it is when he has been induced to tell of his political experiences that his conversation becomes racy and stimulating. McCarthy has been in many camps, republican, democratic and union labor and it has been his experience to suffer revilement by his former friends while making terms with former enemies. That of course is part of the game of politics as it is played in the United States; but it is unusual for a politician to be pursued by his former associates with the animosity which has had McCarthy for its mark.

It has frequently been said that, so far as politics was concerned, McCarthy was "discovered" by Superior Judge William P. Lawlor. Judge Lawlor was chairman of the democratic committee which had charge of the local silver campaign when Bryan first ran for president and he undoubtedly put McCarthy on the stump as a silver orator. But the matter of "discovery" is an involved one, presenting as many difficulties as the controversy between Cook and Peary. McCarthy claims that he "discovered" Lawlor.

"A learned gentleman," says McCarthy, "who supported life during several years by eating olives, claims that he discovered me, whereas it was I who picked him up and made him. I obtained for him the chairmanship of that committee. And I might add that I had been making speeches for silver before he knew that silver half dollars were being coined. I refer to Judge Lawlor."

However that may be, certain it is that McCarthy who came to this city as a republican and a protectionist, first went on the stump for democracy and silver. It was his first prominence as a politician. Then came the draft of a charter which contained a provision for convict labor in the streets. McCarthy fought and helped to beat it. When the meeting which inaugurated the New Charter movement was called in Academy of Sciences Hall, McCarthy attended and spoke for the project and when mayor-elect Phelan named the charter commitee of 100, McCarthy was a member. When the charter convention named its ticket of fifteen freeholders, McCarthy was one of the freeholders and he tells with pride that he polled the sixth highest vote, although particular efforts were made to defeat him.

"One man who was prominent in that attempt," says McCarthy, "made the remark: 'I'll get that so-and-so.' That man, by the way, is still alive."

As a freeholder McCarthy was active in framing the provisions for an eight-hour day and for a minimum wage of $2 a day for city laborers. When the New Charter was adopted and Mayor Phelan was empowered to appoint the various commissioners, he sent for McCarthy, according to the latter's story.

"Phelan stood with his back against the door," says McCarthy, "and argued with me for half an hour to go on the civil service commission. I refused, saying that I had too many other duties to attend to. It was only when Phelan put me in a hole by saying: 'Well, then, am I to tell the laboring men of this city that you refuse to accept the one position which is of vital importance to you?' that I agreed to accept the appointment; but in doing so I told him that he was taking an unfair advantage of me.

"In spite of this incident and in spite of the fact that I received letters containing offers of money as bribes for positions, which letters I turned over to the commission, Phelan has stated in his recent speeches that I went to him and asked to be appointed to the board of public works and he has further stated that I knew vast sums were to be expended by that board, insinuating that I had my eyes on the dollar. That is a lie; the facts are as I have stated them."

McCarthy remained for four years on the civil service commission and left it for private life. He was opposed to Schmitz during the latter's first two campaigns, but joined forces in the third and final contest. He says that Schmitz made him several offers of public position but that he always refused to accept anything.

"I joined the union labor forces," explains McCarthy, "because the two big parties had combined against them; but I stated from the stage of the Alhambra Theatre that I would take no office or commission and I did not."

It will be seen that pretty nearly ever since McCarthy's arrival in this city his associations have been with big men and big things. He is not untrained in the social amenities, either, for, as he sets forth himself, he was chairman of the reception committee on the occasion of former President McKinley's visit in this city and spent every minute he could possibly spare from a domestic affliction in the company of the chief executive. He has had lots of experience in organization, in combat and in the finesse of politics; he has held public office; he has helped frame our organic law; he has stood in the forefront of the tremendous struggle of labor for recognition. It remains to be seen how he will apply the matured experiences of his forty-six years.

Poet—When you had read my poem weren't you all on fire?
Editor—No, I wasn't, but the poem was.

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Simon's Father

(Continued from Page 9.)

which suddenly break the lull of a tempest and sweep over the horizon leaving a trail of shivered trees, from time to time the thought returned with a bitter pang, "I am going to drown myself because I have no father."

It was a warm and beautiful day. The grass was heated beneath the genial rays of the sun, and the water shone like a mirror. Simon had some moments of pure happiness, of that languor which is the sequence of tears, and the desire came over him to lay himself to sleep there in the warm meadow.

A little green frog jumped at his feet. He tried to catch it. It escaped. He ran after it and made three vain attempts to seize it, one after the other. At last he just caught hold of one of the hind feet, and it made him laugh to see the animal's attempts to get away. It doubled up its long legs, then suddenly shot straight out, its hind legs rigid like two metal bars, while it beat the air with its forepaws, which waved about like a pair of hands, and all the time its eyes stood out, glazed within their yellow rims. It reminded him of a plaything of his, tin soldiers at the end of a sort of zigzag latticework of wooden bars, which could be made to shoot out and back again like the frog's legs, and so to put the soldiers through their drill. That made him think of home, then of his mother, and then the bitterness came over him again, and the tears began anew. Shudders passed all through him; he knelt down and said his prayers as before going to sleep. But he could not finish, for the sobs came quickly and tempestuously, and at last quite overpowered him. He no longer thought or saw anything around him, but abandoned himself to his tears.

Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a deep voice demanded: "What is all the trouble about, my little man?"

Simon turned round. A big man in working clothes, with curly black hair and beard, was looking at him with a kindly expression. He replied in a choking voice, with his eyes still full of tears, "They have beaten me—be-cause—I—I have no father."

"Why, said the man, "everybody has a father."

Between his sobs the child forced out the words, "I—I—haven't—one."

The workman became grave. He had recognized la Blanchotte's son, and, though he was a newcomer to the district, he had learned something of her story. "Come," he said, "dry your tears, my lad, and let me take you home to your mother. Perhaps we'll find a father for you."

They set off together, Simon's little hand resting in the man's great fist. The man was smiling again. He was not sorry of a chance to see la Blanchotte, who was said to be one of the handsomest women of the district. They came to a little white cottage, beautifully kept. "Here we are," said the child, and he cried "Mama!"

A woman appeared, and the smile died suddenly from the workman's lips, for he understood in a flash that this woman was never again to be trifled with. Tall, pale, and dignified, she stood in the doorway as though to prohibit any man from entering that house where one man had already betrayed her. The workman was abashed; cap in hand, he stammered out: "Pardon, madam, I am bringing back your little boy, who had lost himself at the riverside."

But Simon flung both arms about his mother's neck and, bursting into fresh tears, said to her: "No, mother, I was going to drown myself, because the other boys have beaten me—beaten me—for not having a father."

A crimson flame blazed on the woman's face. With a movement of anguish she snatched up the child and kissed him passionately, while a swift burst of tears ran down her cheeks. The man stood still, affected by her emotion and not knowing how to leave. But Simon suddenly ran towards him and cried, "Will you be my father?"

There was a moment's silence. La Blanchotte, mute and overcome by shame, was leaning against the wall, pressing both hands to her heart. Seeing that none replied, the child began again: "If you won't be my father, I shall go back to drown myself."

The workman passed it off a joke and replied with a laugh, "All right, I'll be your father."

"What do they call you?" was the child's next question, "so that I can tell the others when they ask me your name."

"Philip," replied the man.

Simon kept quiet a moment, to be certain that the name sank into his mind. Then, happy once more, he stretched out both hands, saying, "Very well, Philip, you are my father."

The workman lifted him from the ground and pressed a hasty kiss on each cheek, then fled as quickly as he could.

When the child arrived at school next morning he was greeted with derisive laughter, and after school his tormentor of the previous day was about to renew the attack. Simon, as though hurling a stone at his head, threw these words at him: "My father's name is Philip."

Shouts of laughter broke out on all sides. "Philip?—Philip who?—Philip what?—what's the good of a name like that?—where did you pick him up, this Philip of yours?"

Simon made no answer. His faith was unshaken, and he looked defiantly at them, ready to suffer anything rather than flee before them. The schoolmaster rescued him, and he returned to his mother's house.

During the next three months Philip, the big workman, often

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found himself near la Blanchotte's cottage. Sometimes when he saw her sewing at the window he summoned up courage to talk to her. She answered politely, yet always gravely, never laughing with him, and never letting him cross her threshold. But, like most men, Philip was a little conceited, and he fancied that when she spoke to him there was often more color than usual on her cheeks.

But a shattered reputation is difficult to build up again, and is ever afterwards but fragile, and despite la Blanchotte's unyielding reserve, the gossips were already busy about her name.

Simon was immensely fond of his new father, and went out with him nearly every evening after work was over. He went regularly to school, and held his head very high among his fellows, never paying attention to their taunts. But one day the boy who had opened the attack on him began again: "You are a liar. You haven't got a father called Philip."

"How do you make that out?" asked Simon in agitation.

The boy leered and chuckled. "Because if you had one," he replied, "he would be married to your mother."

The argument was sound, and Simon was troubled. Nevertheless he answered, "He is my father, all the same."

"Maybe," said the other with a grin, "but he is not a proper sort of father."

La Blanchotte's child went away with his head bowed, deep in thought. He went towards old Loizon's forge, where Philip worked.

The forge was buried among the trees. It was very dark, and only the red blaze of the furnace with its flickering glare illumined five bare-armed smiths, who filled the shed with the resounding clang of their hammers on the anvil. In the lurid glare of the forge they looked like five demons. They were standing upright, their eyes fixed on the white-hot iron which they were forging, and their heavy thoughts followed the rise and fall of their hammers.

Simon entered unnoticed. He went up and pulled his friend by the sleeve. Philip turned; suddenly the work ceased and all the men watched with great attention. In the midst of this unwonted silence, up rose the childish voice: "Tell me, Philip, what that boy meant who told me just now that you were not a proper sort of father."

"How did he make that out?" said Philip.

With childish innocence Simon replied, "Because you are not married to my mother."

No one laughed. Philip stood lost in dreams, resting his brow on one great hand, while his elbow rested on the shaft of his hammer which stood on the anvil. His four companions stood watching him, and Simon, a tiny figure among the giants, waited anxiously. Suddenly one of the smiths, answering the thought which was in all their minds, spoke to Philip: "Well, they can say what they like, la Blanchotte is a fine girl and a good one, and she has plenty of grit and steadiness despite her misfortune. She would make as good a wife as anyone could wish, if she had the right man."

"That's true, every word of it," said the three others.

"Is it her fault, poor girl," continued the workman, "that she went wrong? The man had promised to marry her, and I know more than one woman who did just the same as this one and whom everybody respects now."

"True, every word," replied the three men in chorus.

He went on: "What suffering it has cost her, poor girl, to bring up this boy by herself, and what she has gone through during these years she has never left the house except to go to church, God only knows."

"True, every bit of it," said the others.

For a space nothing was heard but the whistle of the furnace-blast. Then Philip, with a brusque movement, bent towards Simon. "Go and tell your mother that I am coming to speak to her tonight."

Then he took the child by the shoulders and pushed him outside.

He returned to his work, and with a single sound the five hammers fell together on the anvils. Powerful, vigorous, joyful in the mastery of their work, the five men continued to swing their hammers until nightfall. But just as the deep boom of a cathedral peal dominates over the tinkling carillons in the parish churches, so Philip's hammer smote the anvil, second after second, with a mighty clang that drowned the others. And there was a light in his eye as he turned passionately to his work amid the flying smithy sparks.

The sky was full of stars when he knocked at la Blanchotte's door. He was wearing his Sunday blouse and a new shirt, and his beard was carefully trimmed. The young woman appeared at the door. She had a pained expression, and she said to him: "You ought not to come like this, after dark, Mr. Philip."

He would have liked to reply, but he could only stand before her, confused and stammering.

She continued: "And all the time you know perfectly well that I cannot have any more talk about my name."

Then he suddenly found his tongue: "But what does all that matter, if you will only be my wife?"

No answer came to this, but he thought he heard from the darkness of the room a noise as of a body sinking down. He entered quickly, and Simon, lying on his bed, heard the sound of a kiss and of some words murmured by his mother in a low voice. Then all at once he felt himself lifted in the hands of his friend, who, like the Hercules he was, held him out at arm's length and shouted, "You can tell your schoolmates that your father is Philip Remy the blacksmith, and that he will box anyone's ears who hurts you."

Next day, when the schoolroom was full and lessons were about to commence, little Simon rose, pale and with trembling lips, and said in a clear voice, "My father is Philip Remy the blacksmith, and he has promised to box anyone's ears who hurts me."

This time there was no longer any laughter, for everybody knew Philip Remy the blacksmith, and he was a man whom anyone might well be proud to have for father.

St. Peter—That must be a lady's maid waiting out there; I've noticed her several times looking through the keyhole.

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Auto Notes

Thomas T. Roe, at one time one of the most widely famed bicycle riders in America and the same Tom Roe who rode a high-wheeled bicycle from San Francisco to Chicago in 1889, has joined the forces of the local branch of the Studebaker Bros. Company in the capacity of expert demonstrator. Tom is pretty well along in years now and perhaps too old to ever attempt another such ride, but he is not too old to drive an automobile, and that he can do, say the local Studebaker managers, to please every fancy.

The Diamond Rubber Company of this city is just in receipt of advices from their factory that Diamond Tires equipped the two Lozier cars that won first and second place in the Brighton Beach twenty-four hour race in New York. The Lozier cars winning the event established a new world's record of 1196 miles.

The Studebaker E-M-F "30" which recently broke the world's record by making five and one-quarter miles in six minutes and fifty-seven and two-fifths seconds at a two days' automobile race meet in Rome, Georgia, clipped five seconds off its own record the second day of the meet. The skill of the driver and the splendid performance of the car in a field of seven popular priced gasoline cars so pleased the entrants that the same machine will be entered in the Atlantic races next month.

L. S. Quinan, a well known automobile driver of this city has become associated with the Studebaker Bros. Company in the capacity of expert demonstrator. Quinan is regarded as one of the cleverest drivers in the city.

In a recent interview relative to the racing of automobiles, Henry Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, said: "Classification according to price is not a fair one for the manufacturer whose product, while selling at a low price, is competing in sales with cars at higher prices. Of what benefit is it to us to defeat cars in class 6 in a class A race? And yet the rules limit us to this class in a stock car event. Classification according to weight puts a premium on weight. Without referring to the prespective merits of the light and heavy weights in automobile construction, we do not concede the right of any organization to decide for us the proportion that shall exist between weight and piston displacement. This is purely a matter of design and should be left to the manufacturer. As it is now, no Ford car is eligible for entry to class B races, for while our piston displacement puts us in class 4 our light weight makes entry impossible in that class. The proper racing classification is one that considers cylinder displacement only."

C. E. Mathewson, manager of The Diamond Rubber Company's local establishment, has been at the factories in Akron, Ohio, the past week attending the annual conference of the salesmen. A feature of this meeting was a broadening of the Diamond policy of inviting motorists' co-operation toward obtaining the greatest degree of tire service. A better tire than ever before with "ample inflation always," the watchword, is the essence of the plan.

"In several thousand miles of touring in Europe this year the tires I bought gave me nothing like the service I get with American tires," says H. A. Hoover, a banker in Spokane. "So long as I had Diamond tires all went smoothly, but when I had to buy foreign tires I found their mileage capacity very much less."

R. S. Luther has just returned from a most enjoyable trip to Modesto with C. N. Davidson in the latter's new Chalmers-Detroit thirty horsepower car and reports the roads in the San Joaquin Valley to be in splendid condition.

Considering the types of cars in the Los Angeles-Phoenix race against which the Studebaker E-M-F "30" was pitted, the performance of that car in finishing third, its time being 24 hours, 56 minutes and 40 seconds, is regarded as one of the most remarkable performances of an automobile of its class now being manufactured.

The Pioneer Automobile Company, through its secretary R. M. Pike, announces that it has just closed a contract for the agency of the Babcock Electric car which is manufactured in Buffalo, New York. In speaking of the new line of cars, Mr. Pike says: "We intend to go into the electric business very aggressively. We have investigated all the different electric machines built, and in our opinion the Babcock Electric is the best. We have a demonstrating car en route, which is due here within a week or ten days. The company builds a full line of cars in runabouts, broughams, landaulets and electric busses. The Babcock car goes further on a charge than any other car on the market and is noted for its speed and hill climbing abilities, and should be especially good for California. The car will make an average of thirty miles an hour on an ordinary road. Our decision to go into the electric car business was brought about by the number of inquiries received during the last twelve months."

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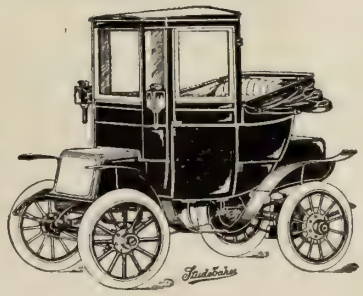

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,
vs.
ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

Letters

The "Isle of Dead Ships"

Wallace Irwin once lamented:

"I have scoured all the earth to its farthest demesne
For some as-yet-undescribed spot,
And long I have fared, but yet none have I seen
Not used long ago in a plot."

Perhaps Crittenden Marriott is not the first pioneer into the Saragosso Sea, but at all events it is territory not often enough invaded for any one to feel crowded for sea room therein. There is a word-of-mouth tradition amongst sailors unversed in book lore to the effect that derelicts of all ages since the Atlantic was first navigated have been gathered by the currents into a compact mass in the midst of the floating weed of this unexplored region, almost the last unknown spot on the surface of the planet, and the imaginative or credulous tell strange tales of treasure galleons, lost packets which antedate the days of steam, steamers supposed to have sunk with all on board, freighters in every branch of the trade, and samples of every craft afloat keeping ghostly company until they disintegrate through age and disappear forever. Mr. Marriott has imagined a modern ocean steamer, abandoned in a storm save by three of her passengers, two of whom had been overlooked and the third rescued from one of the small boats which capsized, drifting into this "Isle of Dead Ships." They were a curiously assorted trio, an officer of the United States navy under sentence of death for murder who had escaped from the penitentiary and made his way to the West Indies only to be recaptured; the detective in charge of the prisoner, and the millionaire daughter of a railway magnate. The steamer which encountered a derelict immediately after a heavy storm, was supposed to be in a sinking condition but though she was hopelessly disabled she remained afloat and the three involuntary passengers suffered no immediate hardship for food, clothing or other comfort. Lieutenant Howard was the only one of the three who realized the condition of affairs, for Miss Fairfax, accustomed all her life to be provided for, simply took it for granted that something would happen to save her, while Jackson, the detective seemed to imagine that Howard, a sailor, could be compelled to navigate the vessel when it became necessary, and that the reason why he accepted the inevitable so calmly was that he preferred drowning to electrocution. Howard had hope that if there did exist the fabled concourse of masterless ships in the midst of the Saragosso, he could find either some navigable craft or tools and other material from which to construct one, but that until then there was nothing to be done. In course of time the Queen drifted into the pack, and the involuntary travelers, supposing themselves to be alone and the first who had ever penetrated its mystery, soon discovered that there was a colony of over a score of derelicts, some of whom had lived there nearly twenty years, maintaining themselves in comfort and luxury from the salvage of the ships and for the most part, indifferent to the big world outside. They had a code of laws and a despotic ruler, and though nominally communists, really had neither liberty nor property except by the consent of King Forbes. Howard's first act, on coming into the settlement, was to exasperate Forbes who had him imprisoned in what turned out to be the operating room of a wreck equipped with a wireless outfit. The colonists had been too long marooned, and were too ignorant at best to know what the strange instruments were meant for, and finding the plant in good shape, the prisoner took the opportunity to send out a call which was answered from the naval station at Guantanamo, and thus set in motion the first wheels of the machinery of liberation. Some of King Forbes' laws, which he undertook to enforce, were so obnoxious that, joined by three others of the settlement, the Queen's trio decided to separate themselves as far as possible from the rest, and while on their journey across obstacles as impeding as the ice hummocks of a polar expedition, pursued by Forbes and his adherents, with their rapid progress blocked still further by a wide fissure of water between the wrecks, they came across a submarine which Howard recalled as having been lost from a Spanish cruiser. Again the all-round knowledge of the naval man came to the rescue and hastily embarking his comrades and the treasure they had stumbled upon, he put forth under the sea only to have as many startling adventures below as above water. No reader who follows the course of events on board the derelict Queen or during the sojourn at Saragosso would be willing to believe that the gallant Lieutenant Howard was a criminal, so the murder mystery is cleared away simultaneously with the rescue of the party of derelicts, the submarine taken in charge and adopted by the American navy, and, a wrecking company formed to enrich itself on the treasures to be salvaged from the lost galleons. It goes without saying that a naval lieutenant and a girl are the major and minor propositions of a syllogism, and the epilogue leaves the pleasant intimation that out of the profits of the Sea Shark Wrecking Company, the man who, in the first chapter, was in grave danger of an ignominious death, is in a fair way to become as wealthy as his railroad magnate father-in-law. It is a good tale of adventure of an unusual kind, and if not particularly educative, is intensely interesting. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT KRUGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Fitzpatrick & Greeley, Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, attorneys for said Executor, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased.

GEO. L. RICCOMI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Kruger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13th, 1909.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attorneys for Executor,
Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Otto Irving Wise, Attorney at Law, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,
Executor of the Estate of Bertha Laventhal, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LACEY, Deceased—No. 8502, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1110 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased.

EDWARD V. LACEY and
FREDERICK F. LACEY,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Lacey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, Also Known as I. H. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, Attorney at Law, 806 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased.

HANNAH JACOBS,
Executrix of the Estate of Isaac H. Jacobs, also know as I. H. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1909.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL and HENRY A JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executrix,
806 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANORA DALEY, Sometimes Known as and Called HANORA DAILY, Deceased.

Elizabeth O'Brien, administratrix of the estate of HANORA DALEY, sometimes known as and called HANORA DAILY, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain arel property belonging to said estate, particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of November, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there ot show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of such real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 20, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed October 20, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
1110 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES HARRINGTON, Incompetent.

Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 11th day of October, 1909, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, Mary Harrington, guardian of the person and estate of JAMES HARRINGTON, incompetent, will sell at public sale, as a whole, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1909, at 12 o'clock noon of said day on the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County, all the right, title, interest and estate of said JAMES HARRINGTON, an incompetent, in and to that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land with the improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Fell Street, distant thereon sixty (60) feet Westerly from the Southwesterly corner of Fell and Laguna Streets; running thence Westerly along said line of Fell Street twenty five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly eighty-five (85) feet to the point of commencement. The same being part of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Twenty (220).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase price to be paid to the undersigned at the time of sale, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court and tender of deed. Deed at expense of purchaser.

MARY HARRINGTON,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of James Harrington, Incompetent.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 11, 1909.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for said Guardian,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-4

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners, transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of PRATT & GRIGSBY; that the principal place of business of said copartnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of the said copartnership are WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, and that our respective places of residence are set opposite our respective names, hereunto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our hands, this 16th day of October, 1909.

Name	Residence
J. R. PRATT	San Francisco, Cal.
W. E. GRIGSBY	San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 28th day of October, 1909, before me, J. D. Brown, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and who acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Copartnership,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of CARRIE E. HAMILTON, Otherwise Known as C. E. HAMILTON, and Sometimes Known and called CADDIE E. HAMILTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law offices of H. M. Owens, 412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

FOREST F. ISRAEL,
Administratrix of the Estate of Carrie E. Hamilton, otherwise known as C. E. Hamilton, and sometimes known and called Caddie E. Hamilton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., October 16, 1909.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administratrix,
412-14 Mechanics Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, Deceased—No. 8588, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie M. Donovan, Administratrix of the estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased.

ANNIE M. DONOVAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Jeremiah J. Donovan, also known as J. J. Donovan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, Deceased—No. 8437, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Theodore C. Rithers and William D. O'Kane, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased.

THEODORE C. RITHERS and WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Ellen Rose Kengla, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executors,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion o' Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal) H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,
vs.
LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, Deceased—No. 8383, N. S., Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased.

LYDIA M. HOPKINS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Reuben T. Hopkins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executrix,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased.

ANGELE KLEINCLAUS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Gustave Kleinclaus, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

A COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 2728 N. S., Dept. 9

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY M. DEFFEBACH, an Incompetent.

It appearing to this Court from the duly verified petition this day presented and filed by G. H. UMBSEN, the guardian of the person and estate of Mary M. Deffebach, an incompetent person, praying for an order of sale of certain real and personal estate belonging to said incompetent: that it is for the advantage and best interest of the said estate and said incompetent that a sale be made of some portions of the real and personal estate; that it is necessary that such real and personal estate should be sold;

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said incompetent and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Friday, the nineteenth day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the courtroom of this Court in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real and personal estate;

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this twentieth day of October, 1909.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

VOGELSANG & BROWN, Attorneys for Petitioner,
20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. HOGG, Deceased—No. 8540, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned James A. Hoag, Administrator of the estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, James F. Sheehan, Room 623, Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased.

JAMES A. HOAG,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Hogg, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13, 1909.

JAMES F. SHEEHAN, Attorney of Administrator,
Room 623, Balboa Building, 2nd and Mission Sts., San Francisco. 11-13-5

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CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor
Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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THE ETERNAL COMEDY

With Two Players

Sunday passed, Tuesday rolled around, and still his tall form did not loom in the vestibule when the cuckoo clock was sounding eight. Thursday he came, and the beautiful girl was burning with wrath.

"So this is the way you neglect me," she hissed. "What have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't," faltered the young man. "I had dyspepsia, and the doctor advised me not to come."

"What? The doctor told you not to come to see me because you had dyspepsia?"

"Well, he told me to keep away from all sweets."

The next moment she had him seated on the palor sofa telling him he was the nicest young man in the world.

"But, Freddy, I don't see that you need be so heart-broken because Mabel Flyaway has jilted you."

"It isn't the jilting I mind, but she returned the ring in a parcel marked 'Glass. With Care.'"

Retort Sarcastic

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I shall never forget you," he says; "and, if death should claim me, my last thoughts will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

* * * * *

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says; "probably my father."

"And do you doubt my love?" he asked, passionately.

"No, Samuel," she answered, with admirable tact; "but when you say that the day you call me yours will usher in an era of lifelong devotion and tender solicitude you—pardon me, dear—you put it on a trifle too thick. You seem to forget, Samuel, that I am a widow."

As William bent over her fair face he whispered, "Darling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer?"

She, calling up her scanty knowledge of the French language, exclaimed, "Billet doux."

Daughter: "This piano is really my very own, isn't it, papa?"

Father: "Yes, my dear."

"And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?"

"Certainly, my child. But don't tell anyone; it might spoil your chances."

Not What She Wanted

He was pleading his cause earnestly. "I am wealthy," he said, "and could make ample provision for you."

She nodded and checked one point off on her fingers.

"I have had experience with the world," he continued.

She checked off another point.

"I have passed the frivolous age," he went on, "and I have the steadfastness, the caution, and the wisdom to guard and guide you well."

He paused for answer.

"The points you make are strong ones," she said, "but they lead undeviatingly to the conclusion that you would make an excellent father for me. You have all the necessary qualifications, but just now I am looking for a husband."

Jack: "Miss Westend is the most circumspect young lady I ever met."

Tom: "How so?"

Jack: "She refused to accompany me on the piano without her chaperon the other evening."

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Vol. XVIII. No. 899. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 20, 1909 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

YOUR RELIGION

may not call for a dish of oatmeal porridge every morning, but if it does your stomach will call for

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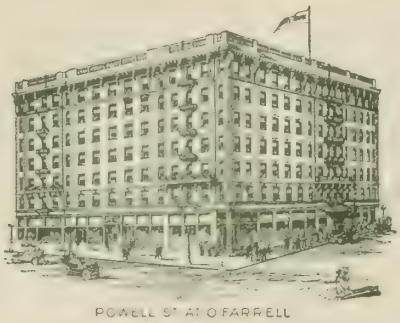

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, November 20, 1909. No. 899.

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The Water Project

Apparently we are as far removed from a solution of the water problem as we were when we first persuaded ourselves that we should find a source of supply amid the eternal snows of the Sierras. A short time ago it was supposed that we had perfected arrangements to pipe water to this city from the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, but now this project is shrouded in uncertainty. As yet we have become possessed of no vested interests in that valley, no inalienable rights which might justify us in burdening ourselves with a prodigious debt for the purpose of defraying the cost of constructing works. Equally uncertain and indefinite is the local situation with respect to the Spring Valley Water Company upon which we must depend for water until another source of supply is obtained. It must be evident even to persons of the dullest apprehension that instead of making progress toward a solution of the problem we are adding to our perplexities and becoming more bewildered as time passes. There has been too much bungling about this water project, too much political maneuvering for the advancement of self-interest rather than for the interest of the public. The difficulties that have arisen have been due not so much to the intricacy of the problem to be solved as to the incapacity and insincerity of the officials who have had it in hand. From the beginning their chief object has been their own glorification, and to that end they have provoked antagonisms with a view to vindicating their heroic and sublime devotion to the interests of the people. They have been representing not the people but the political and social enemies of men who have private interests to protect, and who, though not unselfish themselves, are far from being as unreasonable or as hoggish as the corporation-baiters would have us believe. Nothing could more clearly exemplify the puerility and insincerity of some of the younger members of the Board of Supervisors than their behaviour last week when the Spring Valley Water Company submitted a proposition to arbitrate the question of values. They have spent much of their time during the past two years accusing the officers of that corporation of demanding an outrageously exorbitant price for their plant and property, but when they were invited to arbitrate they assumed an attitude of suspicion, and wondered for publication whether the octopus wasn't playing the part of the cuttle-fish. Some of them suggested the possibility that the proposition to arbitrate was designed to delude the public, but at the same time, insensible of the implied paradox, they pronounced the overtures of the company on the whole a great victory for the people. Now whatever may be thought of the overtures as a whole which the corporation has addressed to the Supervisors, the offer to arbitrate the question of valuation is certainly a plain unequivocal business proposition, but the young gentlemen who have been conducting negotiations in the Hetch-Hetchy matter, and who have been very eager to spend an enormous sum of public money in building water works under the direct supervision of that illustrious job-holder Marsdon Manson, have not the business temperament and are not to be impressed by propositions that appeal to business men. They have consecrated themselves to the exhilarating pastime of circumventing public service corporations for the greater glory of themselves and the gratification of their masters. Victories for the pee-pul are what they are after, and to produce the aspect of victory it is necessary to make it appear that somebody has suffered defeat. Hence the game of battledore and shuttlecock with which the taxpayers have been surfeited. That this game is at an end we ought not to conclude from the mere circumstance that "the way was cleared" for a bond election last Monday, as reported by one of the dailies. Our Supervisors are extraordinarily deft in clearing the way for bond elections, but in other matters of perhaps greater importance they are painfully awkward. They have cleared the way for a bond election of $45,000,000, but it has been discovered that Mr. Marsdon Manson, the engineer in whose talents the Supervisors have faith illimitable had neglected to compute interest on the bonds during the period of construction. As interest will amount to $10,125,000 the whole cost of construction, it now appears, will be $55,825,000. How many oversights are to be discovered as we go along remains to be seen. From past experience and the present outlook it is not unwise to prepare ourselves for innumerable vexatious and costly developments. In the end, if we do not watch out, we shall probably be paying a much higher rate for water than even the most greedy public service corporation would have the face to demand.

Too Many University Men

Supervisor Broderick is taken to task in the Examiner by an editorial writer for saying, "Nobody has any show to obtain employment in the Bureau of Engineering unless he is a graduate of Stanford or Berkeley, and that's what causes all the trouble." The Examiner man assumes that Mr. Broderick is prejudiced against men of education, and naively observes that it may be better to employ graduates of our universities "at the work they learned" than to give the job to "one of the boys who has devoted his time to the gentle art of hustling votes." This observation is not to be cavilled at, but from what Supervisor Broderick has said we infer that graduates of Berkeley and Stanford are employed at work they have not learned. Why should it be assumed that graduates of Berkeley and Stanford are competent to do the work for which they have been trained after a fashion during their university career? There has been a good deal of bungling in the Bureau of Engineering. Now if there is in that department a large preponderance of talent from our universities is it not likely that Mr. Broderick has hit the nail on the head? At any rate the circumstances of the matter justify the conclusion that he is more competent to pass judgment on the matter than the Examiner's editorial writer.

Undergraduate Ignorance

The past year or so has witnessed a most healthy examination of conscience on the part of university presidents, regents and professors with the result that from many sections of the country comes the confession that our higher education is not all that it should be. It is a most stimulating discovery and one which augurs well for future university training. From the acknowledgment of fault to earnest striving for amendment is a short step whether in matters theological, educational or others and there are many evidences that our universities are trying to make the advance. It has been

found, not without considerable consternation, that undergraduates are very often amazingly ignorant and that graduates are deplorably lacking in some of the essentials of liberal culture. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is that these humiliating discoveries have been made, not so much by college presidents or college dons, but by college graduates who are far enough removed from the influence of their universities to see things worldly and things collegiate in their proper perspective. When graduates begin to pick flaws in their educational equipment reforms are bound to ensue, for the sons of graduates must perforce be the undergraduates of the future or the colleges will go untenanted. An association of alumni can wield a stronger influence for good on their beloved college than half a dozen student bodies or a dozen imposing faculties. But the graduates are not alone in discovering the depth and intensity of undergraduate ignorance. The professors have been making experiments which have led to the same conclusion. Thus, in Brown University, the professor of history has applied some elementary tests to his twenty-four students with startling results. Not one man in the class could give correctly the full names of the president of the United States, a justice of the supreme court of the United States, the governor of Rhode Island, a justice of the supreme court of Rhode Island and the mayor of Providence. Eighteen of the class gave correctly the president's full name and two knew only his last name. Not one succeeded in giving the full name of a justice of the supreme court of the United States; but seventeen gave a name partly correct. Seven could not give even the last name of a justice. In view of the fact that the systematic reading of a local newspaper might be supposed sufficient to supply the students with information on these subjects, it is certainly disconcerting to find them so deficient. But there is no need for repining. Out of the humiliation of exposed ignorance will grow that liberal culture which, say what we may, is really a passion with a large element of our population. This sort of ignorance is far from invincible and the exploitation of it is the one great step toward its eradication.

Law Reform

Nobody can be oblivious of the fact that at the present moment there are in this country many grave problems calling for immediate solution. These problems are springing up on all sides of us. Of the gravity of these problems we are assured by the empirical dabblers and half-baked philosophers to whom is due the credit of their discovery. Upon the solution of these problems must depend the destiny and welfare of the American people for generations to come. So we are told, and so we believe, and hence the national passion for setting things right which is kept aglow by vociferous propagandists who have let loose an enthusiastic fury akin to that which inspired Joshua and Elijah of old. We are preoccupied with the everlasting struggle between good and evil, which is the main purpose of human existence, and we seem to have lost sight of the fact that the concrete matters which engage our attention are embarrassed with the difficulties that are inherent in human nature. Take for example the matter of legal reform. All over the country the notion is prevalent that the administration of justice is not what it should be. Doubtless this is true, but accompanying this notion is the idea that law can be made a substitute for common sense and public morality. Furthermore it is assumed that the present state of things is due to degeneration, whereas it is the result of the growing complexity of human affairs. We make allowance for the shortcomings resulting from human progress in every other science and every other business of life, but we make no allowance for the effect of mutations upon that science which is at once the most profound and variant of all. The principles of the law have grown from a few in the beginning to ever increasing multitudes to conform to the multiplying necessities of mankind, and there never has been a time when there has not been a call for reformation in the system of justice. The present call is unique only inasmuch as it is inspired with unreasonable censure of the courts and the legal profession. Unquestionably there is cause for complaint, but it should be lodged against our system of government under which legislative bodies meet every two years for the purpose of inflicting us with new and needless laws, many of which are enacted in deference to the wishes of crazy reformers and pestiferous demagogues. Two centuries ago it was said that the law was a bottomless pit. To describe it now after more than a century of activity on the part of American statesmen is beyond our power of imagination. Even in Lord Bacon's day he found that so great had been the accumulation of statutes and so intricate were they that the certainty of law was "entirely lost in the heap." Lord Bacon's was the profoundest brain that ever a wig covered. If he was bewildered in a maze of statutes when the Anglo-Saxon system of jurisprudence was young, should we not be inclined to make allowance for the uncertainties of the law that have resulted from persistent tinkering with the codes? Our reformers tell us that their main purpose is to secure equality before the law and accelerate the pace of justice. This of course is a most laudable design. To accomplish it will be to hasten the Millennium. A similar purpose has animated good men for centuries. Dean Swift pointed out the desirability of this consummation when he compared the law to cobwebs "which may catch small flies but let wasps and hornets break through." And we know that Shakespeare was sensible of the inequality of the law in his day, for is it not the immortal bard that speaks of a fish hanging in the net "like the poor man's right in the law." As to accelerating the pace of justice by extinguishing the law's delays nothing is more devoutly to be wished in civil matters, but let us not be too eager to hurry men to jail. We know that reformers of the present generation are more concerned about the law's

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delays in criminal than in civil cases, but this we regard as a matter of regret. Men who are thus minded are certainly unfamiliar with the history of law reform; nor is it likely that they are informed as to the history of the principles upon which individual liberty is safeguarded. For the purpose of enabling them to glimpse important truths we will call their attention to the following observations of Edmund Burke:

From the first records of human impatience down to the present time it has been complained that the march of violence and oppression is rapid, but that the progress of remedial and vindictive justice, even the divine, has almost always favored the appearance of being languid and sluggish. Something of this is owing to the very nature and constitution of human affairs; because as justice is a circumspect, cautious, scrutinizing, balancing principle, full of doubt even of itself, and fearful of doing wrong even to the greatest wrongdoers, in the nature of things its movements must be slow in comparison with the headlong rapidity with which avarice, ambition and revenge pounce down upon the devoted prey of those violent and destructive passions.

We are disposed to expostulate with those good men, especially with the zealous priests of the sacred temple of justice, who have consecrated themselves to the task of broadening the road to jail. What is vastly more needed in our opinion is a little more depth to human affection. It is the habit of men that vex society with their regenerative methods to exaggerate the importance of some special means of reform. This is the error into which they have fallen who would withdraw protection from the innocent to facilitate the punishment of the guilty. Let us reform the law, but let us remember that there can never be anything certain about it but expense.

Stolen Sweets

Sweets stolen best? I say 'tis false,
Although the line outlives me;
No stolen kiss could be as sweet
As those Priscilla gives me.

Perspective Impressions

Judge Dunne has been pronounced a maniac. But unfortunately the pronunciamento is not official.

Our learned Supervisors have empowered the police to censorize the drama. And yet there are people who do not regard this as a cultured community!

Senator Aldrich says he is not coming West to teach but to learn. Why doesn't he go to school to La Follette, the one man in the country that knows everything worth knowing?

President Taft reminds us that we have much to be thankful for. Nothing gives some of us in this neck of the woods so much reason to be thankful as the utter discomfiture of others.

Public feeling is ever apt to side with anyone who is given the appearance of being persecuted. This truism has received fresh illustration in the case of the "Red Widow." But for illustration we of San Francisco do not have to go so far afield.

The chivalrous gents who prate about the unwritten law covering the case of women seduced under promise of marriage appear to be laboring under the delusion that a woman is occasionally to be found who will admit that she was seduced in some other way.

Mayor-elect McCarthy's salutatory to the people of San Francisco may be epitomized in the words of Solomon, "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered."

AFTER THE VACATION, WHEN YOU'RE WONDERING WHETHER YOU'VE GAINED OR LOST
—Chicago Daily News.

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS
—Philadelphia Record.

Tolstoi's Farewell Message to the World

(In this message, translated from the Russian for Town Talk, Count Tolstoi, who is now in his eighty-first year preaches once more the importance of love, a subject upon which he first expatiated in his famous treatise on Christianity entitled "My Religion," which was published a quarter of a century ago. Count Tolstoi has lived many years and seen many things. In his young manhood he was a soldier, and he was among the defenders of Sebastapol in the Crimean War. He saw life in city, camp and court. He lived the life of super-refined barbarism and excessive luxury characteristic of the Russian aristocracy. During that period, as he said himself, he believed in nothing. About the year 1880 his life and his desires underwent a great change. After the storm and stress of a life of dissipation in the rounds of Vanity Fair he turned back to the ideals of youth and innocence and sought to make them once more the objects of desire. His philosophy is the philosophy of the simple life. He looks forward to the golden age when men shall dwell together in the bonds of love, and sin and suffering shall be no more the common lot of mankind. By some he is regarded as a fanatic, but he is the idol of the Russian people and critics regard him as one of the foremost literary men of the age.—Editor's Note.)

In this my farewell message to the world I present my view as to how life should be conducted that henceforth it may be not as heretofore sad and bad, but as God wishes and as we ourselves wish, that is, full of happiness and tranquillity. The attainment of this end depends on the conception we form of the purpose of existence. If I conceive of life that my body (or the body of John, of Peter or of Mary) is given for the purpose of finding as much joy and fortune as possible, in that event life will be miserable and bad. The reason is that all desire the same thing, and as there is not enough to go round every man who lives for himself must struggle to take from others, with the result of making others unhappy. Moreover those who achieve their desires are not happy, since they are always tortured with anxiety lest others should deprive them of their wealth and filled with envy of others who have accumulated more than they.

All men whose life is in the body are unhappy. To attain happiness a man must understand that it is not to be reached through obedience to the body's dictates, but in obedience to the dictates of the spirit which desires spiritual happiness, and which, being the same in all men, wishes for the happiness of all.

Such is the constitution of the world that no man can live as his body demands. The spirit, the soul can always live happily because all that it demands is love, and to attain love no man has to fight with another. The more of love a man has, the nearer is he drawn to others. Why then do we not love? Each will be happy and contented in proportion to his love, and the more he loves the more will he make others happy and contented.

All holy and wise men and Christ himself, taught that our life is miserable through ourselves; that the Power which sent us into life, which Power we call God, did not send us that we might torture ourselves, but rather that we should attain the happiness which we all desire. They taught also that we fail to attain the desired happiness only when we misunderstand life, and do wrong.

We complain of life; we complain that it is ill ordered. We fail to understand that it is not our life which is ill ordered, but that the mistake is ours in doing what we ought not to do. We act as acts a drunkard who complains that there are too many drink-shops, forgetting that the drink-shops could not exist if there were no drunkards.

Life is given to us that it should be happy. It is our own business to make it happy. The way to make it a certain chain of unbroken happiness is to live in love and not in hatred.

We hear on all sides that life is bad and miserable because of its bad institutions; we need only, we are told, to change the bad institutions into good ones and life will change for the better. Do not believe that. Do not believe that any particular institution can make life either better or worse. Those people who most thirstily seek for the best institutions are often themselves living in discord and quarreling. The institution which some propose as the best others declare to be the worst; they desire to substitute their own ideals, which opponents agree to be very bad. And even if all institutions were the best conceivable, men could not live with them owing to their being used to a bad life. At present we are used to a bad life, and we are content with it. We pretend that we would live better amongst better institutions. But how can institutions be better while men remain bad?

Must men be made better? At present all they do is to promise you a good life if you, leading a bad life, fight with other men, overthrow them by force, and kill them in order to attain better conditions of life. That is, you are promised a better life if you become worse than you are. That is a delusion. There is only one way to attain a better life, and that is to become a better man.

Happiness, the happiness of yourself and of others, can never be based upon a fallible institution sustained by force, but only upon the health of the soul. Only through the soul can the individual or the community attain the greatest happiness. The true happiness which every human heart pants for lies not in institutions upheld by force. It can be attained at any moment of life, and even of death, by the path of love.

Such happiness was granted to us hundreds of years ago. Men, however, failed to understand it and did not grasp it. Now the time is come when we must accept it; firstly, because the folly and suffering of our lives have gone so far that our state is unbearable; secondly, the teaching of Christ has now become so plain that no man can fail to see it. We reach salvation only by realizing that our life does not rest in the body, but in the spirit of God which lives within us; that therefore all the efforts hitherto directed to the improvement of our bodily life must be directed to one single and essential work; that each must extend his love not only to those who love him, but, as Christ says, to all men, especially to those who are alienated from us, or hate us. Today our life is so far removed from that ideal that it seems impossible to transfer our interest from worldly things to the one essential and unaccustomed work of love.

This, however, is a delusion. To love all, even those who hate us, is really not so difficult as to hate all and fight with all. A change in our conception of life is not impossible; the real impossibility is to continue the fight of all against all in which we are now engaged. Only such a change can deliver men from the sufferings they now endure, and the change must therefore come sooner or later.

Why should we torture ourselves instead of remembering that the greatest happiness is destined for us? All depends upon ourselves. The path is easy and direct and brings nothing but happiness.

An objection is raised by those who suffer, by the poor and the oppressed. "That is all right," they say, "for the rich and the rulers of men. They have their enemies in their power and can afford to love them. For us, who suffer and are oppressed, that is another matter." That is not true. The rich and the rulers of men must change their conception of life with the poor and the oppressed. It is still easier for the poor than for the rich. The poor need do nothing that is against the command of love; they need take no part in deeds of violence. For the rich the gospel of love is harder to accept and follow. They must first resist the seduction brought by their power and wealth. That is not easy. The poor and the oppressed have no such obstacles to overcome.

The human race grows as the individual. It grows in the consciousness of love. In our age this consciousness has attained such clearness that it is plain that love

(Continued on Page 34.)

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A Promise

By Leon Frapie (From the French)

Mlle. Nicolle, nurse in the hospitals, splendidly crowned with golden hair, a blonde with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, gave an earnest, angelic smile to the most repulsive patients.

It was her peerless charm which suggested to Professor Burget that famous theory: Beauty is a remedy.

And Mademoiselle Nicolle was selected to apply the "treatment by beauty" in the hospital most largely supplied with victims of accidents, crimes and brawls.

This was the idea. The injured men who are unconscious are supposed to have quitted life under frightful conditions. Very well! Their bodily and mental safety depends, quite often, upon the first impression, the first image meeting their eyes, when they revive. They are upon the extreme edge of an abyss—death or madness—the slightest shock may plunge them downward. If they return to their wretchedness, they fall; the feeble light which they still retain, flickers and goes out. This light must be fostered by some irresistible charm; there must be an eager, imperious longing for life.

Mademoiselle Nicolle, at the bedsides of the wounded, performed this special service of awaiting the returns to this world and presenting the fascinating refuge of her wonderful beauty.

She kept her place, leaning over the bed; at the first sign of revival it was not alone the beaming of her face which caressed the patient, it was also the divine music of her voice which welcomed him, and led him forward to hope and to security.

"Good day!"—Ah! What happiness!

No pain, no vague haunting could resist that charming, entrancing welcome into a new world.

And Mademoiselle Nicolle stayed until the patients were no longer a prey to their sufferings and their terrors. She imposed the soverignty of her radiant beauty and drove away the hostile fancies.

It had been her chance to leave her hand for twenty hours in that of an unhappy victim of hallucinations, who went to pieces whenever she tried to withdraw; all the same she had conquered the phantoms!

This was her first interview with Bibi, called "The Stump," aged thirteen.

Bibi was born and had grown up in the jungle forming, for a vast space, the outer zone of Paris.

Imperative circumstances had prevented his parents from fondling his childhood for any length of time. Oh! horribly imperative circumstances!

An orphan at four years old, the hands of strangers had at once measured out to him work, blows and bread in equally derisive proportions.

His education was strictly limited to a profound knowledge of blows, of cold and of hunger in their causes and effects. He was ignorant of beauty and goodness to the extent of never having seen either a really kind face or the inside of what could be called a house; and there was in him a mixture of rudimentary and absurd ideas upon all subjects, even the most ordinary.

He had tried several times to cross the barrier giving entrance into Paris, but he had always, from notions of modesty, quickly turned back again. The most jaded, the busiest of Parisians, would have observed Bibi with wonder, even those who had made campaigns, who had seen several international expositions, even those who would have had no curiosity in regard to a railroad wreck or a fire.

In truth, Bibi had never owned a pair of trousers with two entire legs, nor had he even been able to bring together at one time his entire face; he always lacked some little piece—a cheek, an eyebrow, an ear. But, nevertheless, he maintained a certain dignity, capable, by itself alone, of drawing general attention to him. He looked serious, and one felt, with uneasiness, that the power to laugh had been taken from him forever.

Upon an icy All Saints' Day, when the fatal idea of cooking potatoes under burning paper and rags had germinated in some urchins' heads, Bibi, called "The Stump," aided by three confederates, undertook a raid upon a market-gardener's field.

The young marauders were surprised in the course of their criminal attempt, and Bibi, called "The Stump," received such a shower of blows from a hoppole, that he stayed upon the ground.

At the hospital he did not regain consciousness until the end of forty-eight hours.

It was three o'clock in the morning; a deep silence prevailed in the white and shining room with its high arches and tiled walls.

Bibi, suddenly restored to life, perceived the vast space, peaceful, bright, and a delightful, smiling face, and the music of an adorable voice.

"Good day, my dear!"

At the same time he remembered his enemies with whom he had been engaged. He tried in vain to move his head: his eyes turned about like balls of lead; as to his limbs, he did not attempt to stir them; the blows had taken from him all bodily sensation.

Then, in the presence of the rapture offered to his eyes and his ears, which corresponded to nothing in his former experience, he had no longer any doubt:

"I have been knocked out—this is how it is when a fellow is dead!"

But he was seized at once by the fear that he might find he had made his way by mistake into that good region of the kingdom of the dead. He knew himself; he must have forced his way in. And he recalled an occasion when, upon earth, he had slipped upon the flat of his stomach under the canvas of a foreign circus.

He set himself to watch the Angel, to see whether she had not a suspicious air. No, the caressing music continued.

"Good day, my dear!"

Mademoiselle Nicolle smiled upon Bibi with all her beauty, upon his crushed nose, his torn ears, his scalped head, his bruised chin.

"Ah, ah!" she said to herself, "there is a strange anxiety in these eyes. Quick! Let us drive away the specters!"

"Well, my dear, here we are in the good place of quietness. No more trouble here, no more fright; no one theatens us, no one is looking for us. We are far away from all worry. The things of old times have gone, are ended; everything is new for us."

She thought she noticed that his eyes were impressed by the loneliness, the great size of the room.

"But we will not stay here all alone, my dear; we will go with the others, with a great many others—that will be more gay."

"Alas!" thought Bibi, "there it is! I've been found out!"

According to his size he could have his choice whether he would be placed in a ward for children or in a ward for adults. Mademoiselle Nicolle added:

"Which do you prefer, my dear, to go with the big folks or with the little ones?"

The Angel, with her ineffable sweetness, all at once inspired in Bibi an immense need of affection—a desire unknown to him, never before experienced.

Ah, well! Since he was to be removed, since he could not stay in that privileged region, oh, in mercy let him

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be sent where he would have a family! This was such an ardent longing that it contrived to write itself upon his marred features.

"With the big folks or with the little ones?" the charming voice repeated.

But Bibi would not answer before making sure of his good fortune; he was too anxious. Oh, in mercy let him be sent where he would be among kinsfolk! And, with his eyes fixed upon the Angel's, he deliberately made his conditions beforehand, after the manner of wilful children.

Mademoiselle Nicolle guessed, indeed, that he had some personal wish, and her celestial smile beamed upon him, promising the future in all generosity.

Then, being quite sure that the Angel had given her promise without any mistake, "Bibi, called "The Stump," who had never had an opportunity to give a caress, gave his first evidence of affection:

"I want to go with the folks who have been guillotined!"

Paladino, Lombroso and Spiritism

With Some Reasons for Regarding "After Death—What?" as an Unsatisfactory Book and Madame Paladino as a Very Suspicious Character in the Cloudy Realm of Psychic Phenomena

By Robert McTavish

"After Death—What?" That is the fascinating title of the last book which Professor Cesare Lombroso published before death came to give him, as it gives every man, the only satisfactory answer to the paramount question. Lombroso's last book is inherently interesting, as are all of his contributions to scientific truth or hypothesis, but "After Death—What?" derives an adventitious interest just now from the fact that the spiritistic medium to whom so many of its pages are devoted has recently arrived in the United States. Madame Eusapia Paladino, the celebrated Neapolitan medium, has been called to the attention of all Americans by the stories of the remarkable seances which she gave aboard the steamer on her way to this country and by the formation of a committee of scientists and prestidigitateurs to investigate the weird manifestations with which she is credited. Accounts of these things have been published in all the newspapers and they cannot have failed to excite the curiosity of all who long to pierce the veil which separates the natural from the supernatural, to cross the bridge which spans the void between this world and the next or who are eager to satisfy themselves that there are supernatural forces and that there is a next world. Sleight-of-hand performances are very interesting and amusing, but if everybody believed that spiritistic mediums were merely slight-of-hand performers there would be no religious cult of spiritism, any more than there is a religious cult of tumbling or xylophone playing. It is because the work of the medium has been invested with the sacredness which characterizes the relations existing, for instance, between a living son and his dead mother that spiritism has now hundreds of thousands of followers.

"After Death—What?" was the last publication of a scientist whose attitude toward the great problem of religion—a future life—had for many years been that of the agnostic. For many years Professor Lombroso held that the evidence adduced in proof of the existence of a state of consciousness after death was scientifically inconclusive. But a change in his attitude began when he first commenced the serious study of the spiritistic manifestations of Madame Eusapia Paladino. Finally he accepted spiritism, announced his belief in a future state and even announced, before his death, that he would endeavor to send communications from the next world to this. "After Death—What?" was written to explain and justify his change of front. On this account and because the remarkable personage with whom it is largely concerned is now in this country, it is worthy of study. But I think the serious student will be greatly disappointed with it. If I mistake not, he will marvel that the spiritistic manifestations of Madame Paladino could have impressed Professor Lombroso so deeply as to work a change in his attitude toward one of the problems of eschatology. I am far from being an agnostic myself but it seems to me almost pitiful that a scientist of the world-wide celebrity of Professor Lombroso should be delivered from agnosticism by the dubious showings of a Paladino. If I were inclined to moralize—a very unscientific habit—I should say that here was a man who went so long without some sort of faith that in his closing years, when the hunger for belief became imperative, he allowed his appetite to be appeased with a very gruelly dilution indeed. But in place of moralizing it will be more to the purpose to say something about Madame Eusapia Paladino, about Lombroso and about the general subject of spiritism.

From the time when Eusapia Paladino was a little girl she had manifestations, either mediumistic or hallucinatory—such as hearing raps on pieces of furniture on which she was leaning, having her clothes or the bed-covers stripped from her at night and seeing ghosts or apparitions. Various well-known mediums heard of her and investigated her manifestations with the result that she devoted herself to spiritism as a means of gain. From the outset her mediumship was almost wholly confined to the production of the physical phenomena of spiritism—raps, knockings, movement of tables and chairs, materialization of phantasmal forms and so forth and she was at first regarded as an inferior medium. But as time passed her mediumistic powers increased. Besides such comparatively commonplace marvels as the levitation of a table apparently without human assistance, the movement of trumpets and other small objects through the air, and mysterious pinchings and blows administered to the sitters by an unseen hand, she performed feats seldom equalled by any other medium. Thus, if the reports of the investigators are to be believed, she more than once, while seated motionless in a chair on the platform of a weighing machine, caused the indicator to register remarkable difference in weight, as though it were possible for her to grow heavier or lighter at pleasure. On two occasions she was lifted bodily from the floor by an invisible force, and deposited, still seated in her chair, on the top of a table. Here is Lombroso's account of a still stranger manifestation: "We placed upon the table a large cardboard smeared with phosphorescent material and placed other pieces of the same cardboard in other parts of the room. In this way we clearly saw the dark silhouette of a hand projected on the cardboard upon the table, and upon the background formed by the other pieces we saw the black outline of the hand pass and repass around us." Here is another of the phenomena which impressed Lombroso: "A big table weighing about twenty-four and one-half pounds situated in the empty recess in front of the window, and upon which someone had laid boxes of photographic glass plates and a metronome belonging to Professor Morselli, moved forward to us, then retired. The metronome got into action and began its regular tic-tac.

(Continued on Page 33.)

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The Spectator

The Unwritten Law

Apropos of Alma Bell, what in the name of the Old Harry is the unwritten law anyway? Thaw's is a threadbare and another story. What in this case is it? Is it in any case this, that the committing of one lawless act by woman justifies her in committing a second and worse—the unlawful taking of life? But may not a woman protect her honor? shoot in better-self defense? After the white horse is stolen? Automatic modesty, my word for it, affords more effective protection to womanhood than the most murderous revolver ever invented. Murder is no more retroactive than marriage. Moreover, in these affairs-de-coeur, too much is often taken for granted. That the man in the case is invariably to blame is a pretty fiction for family reading, inspired by the double standard of morality so bitterly inveighed against nowadays by male and female old maids alike. Alma Bell's lover is dead and buried, and cannot defend himself, so dead that any one—no matter of how little Latin—may speak evil of him at will. With him are buried the facts of the case, whatever good he did or was interred with his bones. Those facts no living jury will ever hear. Exhumed, his wound's mouth would scarce testify in the dead man's behalf. 'Twould of a truth do its duty and be dumb. As is abundantly proved by the attitude of England's king towards the Lady Cardigan Memoirs, ill-recollected, it is a royal precept that, if a private person behave like a prince, he should at least have the common decency to suppress the fact, to perjure himself like a gentleman. Dead or alive, silence is man's only self-defense. Speech is veritable dross, and though whitest truth bound to be branded as counterfeit and lead. Many a husband successfully sued for divorce on trivial grounds could, if he would, have brought successful counter-suit on statutory grounds, but gallantly preferred to let the case against him go by default. As the world and his wife well know, but see fit to keep the knowledge to themselves, the cardinal sin here in question is more equally shared between the sexes than the "betrayed" would have judge and jury believe. The Eves of today, even though they are not readers of The Ladies Home Journal, eat of the tree understandingly. Woman's coldness may be, often is, a form of courtship. Man is in honor bound to make-believe that it is not. Any twelve of his peers would hang a man for proving otherwise—and serve him right! So say we all of us! He's a cad and broke the rules of the game to save his moral neck. But truth murdered will out.

Some Pertinent Questions

The facts of the case, ladies and gentlemen, the facts of the case! Alma Bell shot her faithless lover—let us hope—through the heart. Did he discard his? God only knows. If men be who know, they are all honorable and would not tell for the world. Should the murdered man rise from the dead to say he did—instead of "Freely I forgive you!"—would he have the ghost of a chance of thereby redeeming himself, of being believed in open court, even? Were I dictator, would I hang Alma Bell? Were I woman, would I murder the man I could not longer make live for me alone? Twice no! I deem life adequate punishment for your Alma Bells, and death a too easy way out of it for your Alma Bells' defective lovers. Had her lover married Alma Bell according to promise, would that have changed one whit the dead facts of the case? her moral status in the irrevocable past? Let me repeat—truth unrepeated falls to earth—written law nor unwritten is retroactive. Lost character is irrecoverable by law. Chastity is a veritable Humpty-Dumpty—so far, that is, as changing what has been is concerned. Alma Bell's case is not unique. Else has Nature once more imitated Art. The difference between poetic justice and prosaic is beautifully set forth in a poem by the less prosaic half of the Brownings. The revenge of the spinner, how infinitely sweeter! But judge for yourself. Read

A Year's Spinning

He listened at the porch that day,
To hear the wheel go on, and on:
And then it stopped—ran back a way—
While through the door he brought the sun.
But now my spinning is all done.

He sate beside me, with an oath
That love ne'er ended, once begun.
I smiled—believing for us both,
What was the truth for only one.
And now my spinning is all done.

My mother cursed me that I heard
A young man's wooing as I spun.
Thanks, cruel mother, for that word,—
For I have since a harder known:
And now my spinning is all done.

I thought—O God!—my first-born's cry
Both voices to mine ear would drown.
I listened in mine agony—
It was the "silence" made me groan!
And now my spinning is all done.

Bury me 'twixt my mother's grave
(Who cursed me on her death-bed lone),
And my dead baby's (God it save!),
Who, not to bless me, would not moan.
And now my spinning is all done.

A stone upon my heart and head,
But no name written on the stone!
Sweet neighbors, whisper low instead,
"This sinner was a loving one—
And now her spinning is all done."

And let the door ajar remain,
In case he should pass by anon;
And leave the wheel out very plain—
That "he," when passing in the sun,
May see the spinning is all done.

As to me, I would see Alma Bell die, not of hate and hemp, but of love and a broken heart, and her lover, looking in at the open door, seeing the wheel very plain, and things as they might have been well as tears would let him, live to realize how that the spinning was all done. And now my yarn, too, is all spun. There remains for me but to match a harsh deed of real life with harsh unimaginative verse, namely:

Public Opinion

A sorry conscience hath the crowd:
It crieth: "Who's to blame?"
When Scarlet's self is O so loud
That it's a crying shame.

O Alma Bell, live to see many "foolish sunsets," learn how ill prosaic life imitates poetic art!

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Hearst and Scab Labor

I am told that there is trouble brewing for William R. Hearst because the sand teamsters employed in the lot at Third and Market streets are not union men. My authority for this added that the matter had been referred to the Building Trades Council and that it is possible that the work may be tied up with a boycott unless union men are substituted for the scab laborers. If this prove so, I will not be stricken with amazement, for I am casehardened when it comes to inconsistencies between the Hearst preachments and the Hearst practices. Hearst has found it most advantageous to pose as the champion of unionism but it does not follow that he is wholeheartedly committed to the cause of the organized workman. The eccentric editor has let it be known for years that he regards the scab as the frumious bandersnatch of modern life but it is rash to conclude that he would hesitate to employ scabs on that account. But I do think that Hearst will use every means in his power to prevent a boycott of his building operations, for that would be a poor advertisement for a newspaper which he would like to see in every workingman's home.

New Butler—If you are Mrs. Smith the misses is out, but if you are Mrs. Brown please to walk in.
Lady—But I am neither; my name is Jones.
New Butler—Well, if you'll just stay where you are I'll ask the misses.

Johnson the Wizard

As time runs on, now that the atmosphere has been clarified and the forces of virtue are disintegrating, a white light will be shed on the dark background that until recently was animated with the doings of our late, unlamented uplifters, and we shall be able to glimpse in the making some of the history which has yet to become an open book. One of the most interesting chapters of this history deals with the highly profitable activities of one Hiram Johnson, an attorney who distinguished himself by his vociferations in the recent campaign. He went about bestowing the largess of his esteem in terms encomiastic on the Hon. Francis J. Heney and the Hon. William Langdon, commending them for their honesty and fearlessness, and warmly certifying to the exceptional qualities of heart and head that entitle them to the fealty of the people. Mr. Johnson was absurdly intemperate at times, but if we examine into the matter of his relations with the office of the District Attorney we shall find that it was probably the noble sentiment of gratitude that inspired him in the dizziest flights of his cart-tail oratory. The fact is that there is no man in San Francisco that has more reason to lament what happened on election day than Hiram Johnson. With the District Attorney's office in the hands of his indulgent friends Mr. Johnson is a wizard in the practice of criminal law, a veritable master in the mysterious art of hocus-pocus which some eminent authorities tell us is next of kin to legerdermain and necromancy. Moreover, with "Bill" Langdon on the job care was taken that Mr. Johnson's light should be never hidden under a bushel. Indeed so great has grown the candle power of that light under the fostering ministrations of friends in office that it has been seen afar by men entangled in the meshes of the law, and they have loved to bask in it and Mr. Johnson loved them so to do.

First, the Brown Case

With the case of Dalzell Brown, which was deftly handled by Mr. Johnson, we are all more or less familiar; but there are others which have been silhouetted in the limelight for public inspection. Dalzell Brown was arrested for wrecking a bank. Not until his arrest had he ever had any relations with Mr. Johnson, but between the bars of his cell he saw the Johnson light gleaming an alluring gleam in the distance. He summoned Mr. Johnson, and about that time the graft prosecutor withdrew temporarily from the graft prosecution to give his attention to the case of the man who had wrecked a bank. Presto! the prosecutor was metamorphosed into a defender, and with such clairvoyant skill did he exercise his persuasive powers in the haunts of his friends that all at once it dawned upon a bunch of the most inveterate moralists that ever scourged the wicked that the bank wrecker was perhaps not so black as he had been painted; that, indeed, his particular case called for the divine attribute of mercy. Mr. Brown, it was explained, to assuage the fury of the prisoner's victims, had valuable information which he was prepared to give to the receiver of the defunct bank, but which that gentleman has never received. Brown received a nominal punishment, Johnson his fee, and the District Attorney nothing more than the approval of his conscience. Briefly I have given the history of the Brown case, but as I have said there are others.

Some Unwritten History

Let us inquire into the case of Knoblock and Grossman, serving to illustrate as it does the advantage to an attorney of having an ignorant friend in a juridicial office. After a preliminary examination in the police court, held in March, 1907, Knoblock and Grossman were held to answer upon a felony charge. Hiram Johnson as their attorney applied to Judge Murasky for a writ of habeas corpus. The application was denied. Hiram Johnson then made application to another judge by whom it was granted, and who has since been ranked by Mr. Johnson with Mr. Heney and Mr. Langdon as among the most honest and most fearless men in San Francisco. The judge who issued the writ of habeas corpus did not hold that the evidence failed to show the commission of the felony charged, but for other reasons he set the prisoners at liberty. The next step in the case was taken by the firm of Campbell, Metson & Drew. This firm sent a letter to District Attorney Langdon during a session of the grand jury in 1908, enclosing a transcript of all the testimony taken upon the preliminary examination and calling his attention to the fact that the opinion of the court in the habeas corpus proceedings did not hold that the evidence was insufficient. Furthermore Mr. Langdon was informed that two of his assistants who participated in the preliminary examination of Knoblock and Grossman and also in the habeas corpus proceedings, had expressed the opinion that the crime had been clearly established by the evidence. The good and true Mr. Langdon, however, refused to present the matter to the grand jury which was then in session.

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The Stubbornness of "Muley Bill"

Notwithstanding the apparent reluctance of the District Attorney to pursue with his accustomed zeal the clients of his sponsor and panegryrist, Campbell, Metson & Drew were not discouraged by his strange and exceptional apathy. They drew up a synopsis of the history of the case, and presented it to Alonzo G. McFarland, the foreman of the grand jury with a list of witnesses and a request that testimony be taken. This was done and another indictment was promptly returned against Knoblock and Grossman. On the day on which the testimony was taken before the grand jury the firm of Campbell, Metson & Drew sent a letter to Deputy District Attorney Robert Harrison, courteously suggesting that in the event of the jury voting for an indictment they should be glad to share the responsibility of drawing that instrument. As all the facts of the case were well known to the firm they believed, and so informed Mr. Harrison, that they might be of assistance in the matter. No response was made to this letter. Hiram Johnson again appeared for the defendants and demurred to the indictment on the ground that it was fatally defective. Meanwhile Campbell, Metson & Drew, having examined the indictment, and found that it was fatally defective, called Mr. Langdon's attention to the matter and to the fact that they had offered to assist in framing a proper indictment, at the same time pointing out specifically the most glaring defects. They said, among other things, "We take it that from the above you can arrive at but one conclusion, that the indictment is insufficient and doubtless would be so held without the persuasive powers of an attorney of the accomplishments of Mr. Johnson, to whom the insufficiency of the indictment is plainly apparent as will appear by reference to the demurrer filed by him." This was not all. The attorneys advised Mr. Langdon that he should confess the insufficiency of the indictment and obtain from the court a proper order for the resubmission of the matter to the grand jury as the law provides. "We beg," they said, "to call your attention to section 1008 of the Penal Code to the effect that the allowance of a demurrer to an information or indictment is a bar to another prosecution for the same offense, unless the court, being of the opinion that the objection may be avoided by a new indictment or information, directs the cause to be submitted to the same or another grand jury." Did this letter arouse "Muley Bill" from a lethargy that almost seemed to be inspired? Not at all. Nor does the history of the case end here.

Juggled to a Finish

"The fearless and honest" one, as Mr. Hiram Johnson loves to describe the ineffable Langdon, deigned not to pay the slightest attention to the courteous admonitions with which he had been favored. In the course of time Mr. Johnson's demurrer came up for argument before Judge Conley of Madera, sitting here in San Francisco, and was overruled. Months elapsed, when, after the disbanding of the grand jury, so that it would be impossible to have the matter referred to it again, Hiram Johnson asked and obtained leave to reopen the hearing of his demurrer. The motion was granted and the demurrer was promptly sustained at a time when no grand jury was in session. Instead, then, of resubmitting the matter to the next grand jury, which was the last opportunity open to District Attorney Langdon to secure a valid indictment, he appealed from the order sustaining the demurrer, notwithstanding that he had been well advised that the indictment was radically defective and that the appeal could accomplish no result but an affirmance. The matter was thus in abeyance until the decision of the District Court of Appeal rendered on the 17th day of September of this year. By the decision of that court the order sustaining the demurrer was affirmed. But, as though this were not sufficient, it is shown by the decision that the appeal was, either through the ignorance or guilelessness of Mr. Langdon, so defectively presented that it was impossible for the Court of Appeal to consider the question upon its merits. That court said: "We are, therefore, obliged to affirm the order and judgment appealed from for want of any 'legal' record from which we can determine whether or not the court erred in its rulings." Thus ends the story. Is it not to be inferred therefrom that there are more ways than one of obtaining immunity for men charged with crime? And does the story not make it clear that Mr. Johnson was sincere in his campaign appreciations of Mr. Langdon?

Benevolent Old Gentleman (rescuing one small boy from the pummeling of two others)—What are you hitting this boy for?

"Because he made so many mistakes in his arithmetic this morning."

"But what business was that of yours?"

"Why he let us copy our answers from his."

Lionel Josaphare's New Book

I wonder how many of my readers remember two volumes of poetry, "The Lion at the Well" and "Turquoise and Iron" which Robertson published for Lionel Josaphare a few years before the fire. Both books are now out of print and difficult to find; lucky indeed are those who chance to have copies of them. From cover to cover they are crammed with the stuff of pure inspiration, verses set to no other minstrel's music, but alilt with the harmonies of a truly poetical and most original mind. It has always been a matter of regret with me that Josaphare has not published more of his poetry, for of course he has not stopped writing it—he could no more refrain from the metrical expression of his personality than the nightingale from singing in the moonlight. Quite casually at times he has picked a poem from a mass of papers in his breast-pocket and has overwhelmed me with it and always it has been a poem which all the world of poetry-lovers ought to be made acquainted with. In due course, I suppose, he will gather some of these brilliants together and give them to the public. Meanwhile his pen is intermittently busy with prose. Just now he is to the fore with a little book called "The World of Suckers," one hundred pages of

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pungent satire. It is published by the Danner Publishing Company at 1508 Polk street. I am sorry it has not the imprint of A. M. Robertson or Paul Elder; either would have given it a better dress and would have done more careful printing.

"The World of Suckers"

But after all the outward seeming of a little volume like this is of small consequence; the content is all and within the pages of "The World of Suckers" is a wealth of satirical humor which will hold the proper sort of reader in thrall from the first page to the last. Enthusiasts will hail Josaphare as a new observer, come to lash the foibles of our day and generation and without doubt they will be right. Only those of us who know Josaphare intimately will not be surprised at the excellencies of his latest volume. In fugitive pieces hidden away in inconsequential and impermanent periodicals he has done this sort of thing before, but this is a sustained effort, the fruit of his ripest thought and his carefully co-ordinated experiences. It behooves us therefore to break away from the attitude of facile acceptance that so often injures the chances of a writer among his friends and to rise up and proclaim that here is an exceptional performance by an exceptional man, a pregnant utterance of truths too often slurred and hidden but which are now set forth with daring yet accuracy, with humor unmixed with malice. That "The World of Suckers" is many steps in advance of all the other prose compositions of Josaphare I am quite certain; there is no mere word artistry, no ebullitions calculated simply to shock; it shows the conservatism of maturity, the genial sympathy for human weakness which comes when sober reason sits in judgment on hot experience.

The Plan of the Book

"The World of Suckers" is too good to be ticketed and pigeonholed, but if it be understood that I am not disparaging its originality, I will say here that it belongs to that fascinating category which includes Shaftesbury's Characteristics, Butler's Characters, and Thackeray's Book of Snobs. The underlying principle of the volume is expressed in the preface from which I will pick a few sentences: "Men judge their acts by a standard of good and evil. Yet the steam of their emotions is not consciously a product of either. . . . Herein I am concerned with what man does, not what he thinks he does nor what he piously ought to do. . . . I watch the pageant of external things, called Progress. . . . Progress is an improved system adapted to an increased number, giving the minority an easier control of the majority and the places which the majority inhabit." That progress is built on what he calls Suckerdom, Josaphare next shows as follows: "In order that civilization progress and partake of poetic grandeur continuously or now and then, there must be, ready and willing at all times, a predominance of joyful and high-spirited fools. Make no mistake; these are not fools of the brain, but fools of the world. In themselves they are good, law-abiding, tax-paying, intelligent men; virtuous or avaricious, as they are wanted."

An Example of a Sucker

In order that some idea may be given of the manner in which Josaphare illustrates his subject, I will quote

THE LATE PRINCE ITO AND HIS FAMILY

The great Japanese statesman who was assassinated in Harbin left a charming wife and two young children to mourn his loss.

what he considers a characteristic bit of suckerdom: "A hero or a high official or a foreign dignitary is expected on a visit to a large city. A few talkative citizens will greet him and ask him to predict a wonderful future for their city, or their climate, or their life insurance companies, their women or their presidential candidate. They wish to do this at a banquet that will burst the bladder of good cheer. How do they proceed? Meet and pool the expenses? No indeed. They mobilize themselves into a committee and inform the newspapers that accommodations will hardly be had for those who would like to attend. Then they send out invitations to a select few, that are to enter free, and to about 500 suckers, who are to respond with $20 each for the honor of the dinner; and until the date thereof, the suckers go about with an R. S. V. P. smile that is unmistakable. Here is $10,000 in the hands of the committee; and their first act is to draw on said amount their expenses for a prior dinner, at which they test the vintages of the coming testimonial, debate the arrangements, pound the table with their fistfuls of opinion, calculate the cost of the entertainment, hire a flock of musicians, set aside appropriations for the florist and the hotel-man, and see that none of the surplus falls through a crack in the floor. One concession is made to the vanity of the suckers, and that is recording the entertainment with a flashlight picture. Of course, the camera is focussed at the committee and the guest of honor. At each side of their perfect composure, the picture will show about two hundred faces lopsided in one direction and two hundred sloped in the other. . . . At the Flashlight Dinner, the suckers will get about $7 worth of food and wine for their twenty-dollar piece, and are placed where they must strain and contort every little while to observe how the guest of honor is getting along. . . . Without these suckers what would become of our civic pride? What would the people of other cities blab if a metropolis could not muster five hundred of its metropolitans to metropolate each with $20?"

Some Josaphareisms

I would like to quote Josaphare's delicious description of Paterfamilias, but you will have to read the whole book and I must not spoil your first taste of it. I will cull a sentence here and there, just to whet your appetite. "The largest gold mine ever discovered is suckerdom. Suckers average more gold per ton and yield more consistently than any hill of ore. Besides, the same old machinery can be used to smelt them." "Voters are essential to the peace of the country, so that they may blame themselves, and not their rulers for mismanagement." "The politician is a dual personality with a lily in his hand and a tapeworm in his ambition. Half of his life is spent in explaining and concealing the other half." Speaking of political meetings—"Wherever there is incidental music there is fraud and all the rest of the performance is music in disguise." "The ordinary man thinks that by going to the polls he is doing his duty as a citizen. But it is then too late. On election day he can merely do his duty as a sucker." "The Newthoughter prays to himself, and considers his prayer granted by taking it for granted that he already possessed everything by divine right." "There is no such thing as loving wisely. Wisdom does not love. We know things for what they are, and love them for what we wish them to be." "A woman with one-fourth the income of a man is wealthier than he, for her pleasures cost her nothing. She keeps herself alive to be amused by others. In order to have pleasure, all that a woman need do is to resist gently. There is no better established rule than that a woman should not pay her own way. That is why she is so fond of having it."

"Will you please give me a dime?" said a tramp. "I am blind."

"You can see out of one eye as well as I can," replied the gentleman importuned. "You are only half blind."

"Then give me half a dime," said the tramp.

The Bulletin's Friend

Judge Maurice T. Dooling of Hollister is entitled to the commiseration of his friends for two reasons: First, because of the substance of the address which he delivered at the Bar Association's symposium last week; secondly, because his address was published verbatim and exclusively by the Boughten Bulletin and garnished with his counterfeit presentment. I will explain. The burden of Judge Dooling's address was that lawyers who teach their clients how to evade the law are responsible for most of the defects of the system of justice. Now Judge Dooling is the man who came to San Francisco some months ago at the request of his friend Judge Dunne, the intimate friend and social crony of

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the Bulletin's editor, to preside at the trial of a case that was contrived for the purpose of enabling that unsavory journalist to evade the law of libel. It was notorious that the case was one of collusion. Indeed on the trial the complaining witness admitted that his motive was not to secure the conviction of the defendant, and that the only feeling of hostility which he nourished was against the man who had been injured. This man had caused the arrest of the Bulletin's editor in Bakersfield where he (the complainant) resides, and the defendant has been availing himself of every accessible technicality of the law to avoid the issue in that county because, as it happens, there is no puppet of his on the bench in that section of the State. Obviously the proceedings before Judge Dooling against the editor of the Bulletin had been instituted at the instance of the defendant, but notwithstanding the ugly disclosures made in open court Judge Dooling conceived it to be no violation of the proprieties, no mockery of justice, no reflection on the purity of the bench for him to lend his countenance to the scandalous frameup. Now in view of these facts is it not unfortunate for Judge Dooling that the Boughten Bulletin should have published his address in full and favored its readers with a half-tone reproduction of one of his most impressive photographs? Aside from the fact that the address, cognizant as we are of what has happened, exposes Judge Dooling to the suspicion of being woefully indifferent to the symmetry that ought to characterize the relations between practice and profession, the circumstance of the Bulletin's signal appreciation of his importance as a moralist, is, to say the least, not to his advantage. For though the Bulletin may have a keener sense of the virtues of an upright judge than any other paper, its manifestation of appreciation in this instance is likely to be confounded with partial payment on a debt of gratitude.

An Idealist of the Bench

Because Judge Dooling has not practiced what he preaches it does not follow that he is at all insincere. Judge Dooling is an idealist. Now idealists do not always claim for themselves the merits of the badge which they assume for preaching purposes. The insincere idealist, or in other words, the hypocrite, is one who preaches what he does not believe. Judge Dooling preached a good deal of nonsense at the Bar Association symposium, but doubtless he believes in it, for he is a rather unsophisticated individual, who has been misled by the undiscriminating admiration of innumerable grand and splendiferous parlors of native sons and indigenous daughters. In all his sophomoric lucubrations that give off the suffocating odors of the midnight lamp he exhibits an earnest mind struggling upwards through the region of clouds and storms to an untroubled summit where the noblest sympathies and highest aspirations dwell in serene and tranquil harmony. His sermon to the lawyers was characteristic; it was noddifying. It was idealism in a spasm of ecstasy. For example he said that what brings the law into disrepute is the practice of lawyers of trying to obtain something from the law for their clients to which their clients are not entitled, and that they should not do this; when the client is in the wrong the lawyer should always tell him so, and advise him to be just. What a delightful state of affairs would be brought about were all lawyers to follow Judge Dooling's salutary advice! The end of litigation would soon be in sight, and Judge Dooling would have to go to work on the farm. But is it not evident from this idealistic sentiment that Judge Dooling has yet to realize that life in all its phases is a compromise between common sense and the ideal, the one abating nothing of its aspirations, the other adapting itself to what is practicable and inevitable?

"Leading Lights" and Others

According to Judge Dooling it is the "leading lights" of the legal profession who devise methods to evade the law. This unsophisticated jurist doubtless believes all that he reads in the yellow journals and muckraking magazines. At all events he is not in touch with his profession, spending most of his time as he does in the rural districts. He has probably never heard of the lawyers who are known as "ambulance-chasers" and "half-a-leg" practitioners, the thrifty gentlemen who handle almost exclusively the cases of persons injured in railroad accidents. They are called "ambulance-chasers" because they employ agents to follow injured persons to the hospital. They are called "half-a-leg" practitioners because when a man loses a leg they bargain for half the sum recovered for damages. These lawyers are not among the leading lights of the profession, but many of them have no hesitation in evading the law. The methods of many of them are the methods of blackmailers. If we were to inquire as to what Judge Dooling regarded as evasions of the law we should probably learn that he has not in mind the practices of pettifoggers such as I have described, for these men are generally to be found among the reformers of the bar. It is to their interest to appeal to the sympathies of the mob in the interest of persons who are intent upon extorting money from public service corporations, and they sometimes have the sympathy of the demagogues of the bench. Judge Dooling probably regards as evasions of the law all proceedings instituted to test the constitutionality of acts of the legislature designed by demagogues to harass

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corporations and coddle a gullible constituency. Judge Dooling is not the only judge who has lost sight of the fact that the constitution is the law of the land and that it is more expressive of the deliberate will of the people than many statutes enacted in furtherance of the political ambition of job chasers.

Frank Short's Paper

One of the papers read at the Bar Association symposium was entirely free from balderdash and buncombe. It was not in the nature of an effusion. It was a plain matter-of-fact exposition of the weaknesses of our judicial system and their causes, and it was mostly unadorned common sense. This paper was not printed in the Boughten Bulletin, the editor of which is under no obligation to the author, Frank Short, of Fresno, a gentleman whose ability has enabled him to take rank among the "leading lights" of the profession. According to Mr. Short it is not the courts or the lawyers that are to blame for the inefficiency of our system of justice, but the people themselves who are incessantly tinkering with constitutions and statutes and burying the courts and profession beneath a wilderness of constitutional provisions, limitations, restrictions and commands, legislative enactments, prohibitions and declarations of such prolixity and number that the wonder of it all is that the judicial system survives at all.

Public Clamor and the Press

With reference to the subject of juries Mr. Short says: "The difficulty lies at the root of American society and the methods of conducting our newspapers and shaping and using public opinion in America." On this subject the distinguished Fresno attorney made some interesting and instructive observations which might be pondered to advantage by certain local members of the bar who have been making a good deal of noise of late. He said: "No thoughtful person will claim that any criminal case ought to be tried by a jury prejudiced in advance, either for or against the defendant. If such prejudiced jury is to be allowed, would you have it all unfavorable to the defendant, or all in his favor, or would you have it divided so that you would be sure to have a hung jurywhen we were through? And yet, in a certain class of cases in this country, is it fairly possible to select an impartial jury? To illustrate what I mean, suppose a number of criminal offenses are charged; suppose these offenses relate to subjects and matters of public interest and affect the general welfare; suppose the conviction or acquittal of the accused tends upon the one hand to advance the interests of one element, and to greatly prejudice the interests of another; what happens in the average American community? The press, leading the onslaught of eager followers, divides upon the one side and the other of the controversy. Both in the papers and on the streets and in public places and in assemblies called for that purpose the accused are tried; and in some of the papers, and with some of the people, and in some of the meetings, are overwhelmingly if not unanimously convicted. In other papers and by other people, and in other meetings, they are overwhelmingly if not unanimously acquited. This process of determining in advance the guilt or innocence of the accused goes on until anybody in the community who has not formed, expressed and openly declared his position, is described as a 'spineless mollycoddle' or a 'hopeless jellyfish,' or a 'bad citizen.' Before the court can begin the process of impanelling a so-called fair and impartial jury, the entire available citizenship of the community (barring only the mollycoddles and jellyfish aforesaid), are publicly enlisted in well organized, well drilled and well officered armies, sworn in advance to do their duty like good soldiers of the common weal. Is it any wonder that under such staggering and hopeless conditions the court and the process of the law are practically paralzyed? Or that the administration of justice becomes hopeless? And that it becomes not only impossible to select an intelligent and impartial jury, but practically impossible to secure a jury at all; and also impossible to convict even guilty defendants, and almost impossible to acquit even innocent ones? The process of creating a public sentiment against crime and criminals and in favor of honesty in government and the enforcement of the law is wholly commendable; but when that process has the end in view of either acquitting or convicting a particular accused person in advance, it is in the last degree reprehensible and in and of itself little short of a crime."

Playing to the Gallery

In Mr. Short's opinion if we are to have justice in this country there must be an abatement of public clamor. He says: "It must be recognized that the very end sought can only be accomplished in cases of importance by the press and the public refraining from much or violent discussions of the guilt or innocence of a particular person so accused until, by the deliberate, sober and dignified process of the law, which is nothing more or less than the people themselves speaking through their ordained institutions, the guilt or innocence of the party accused can be determined. Comment, criticism and controversy, if such we must have, should come afterwards. This is not only necessary as a matter of theory and as a matter of sentiment, but as a condition to be applied to the question of results it is the only way and the only method whereby we can hope to so admin-

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ister our laws that within a reasonable time and in an orderly way guilty men can be convicted and duly punished, and innocent men can be vindicated and acquitted. These considerations not only relate to the selection of juries, but to the entire trial. If the accused is being tried by the press and public clamor; if the court is commended or condemned because its attitude is so unjudicial that it openly favors one side or the other, or condemned because its position is unknown; if the probable bias of the jury is a matter of public discussion; if the lawyers are called upon to play to the galleries a greater part of the time instead of trying the case like sworn professional gentlemen, what chance is there to conclude such a trial in a reasonble time or to secure results consistent with the boasted record of our race for its respect for right and justice? Many a guilty man has gone free because unwarranted public clamor has created a situation rendering it next to impossible to obtain an intelligent or impartial jury, or because, consistent with public clamor, the trial has been so conducted as to render it impossible for an honest appellate court to affirm the judgment, no matter how much they might desire to do so."

"You mean to say that the use of hair-dye is dangerous?"

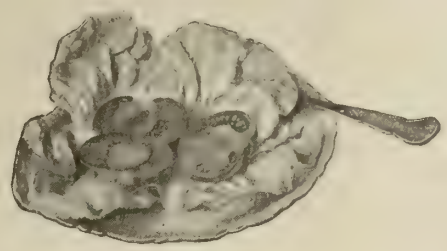
"I do. Let me tell you something. A dear friend of mine, a happy bachelor, found his hair was turning gray at thirty. Well, he had it dyed a deep black. Four weeks later he was married."

Newspaper Brummagem

Is there anything more deliciously funny than the efforts of some of our local journalists to wield the English language? If there is I would like to know what, for I am constantly in quest of that which will make me laugh and grow fat. Whenever I am in a pensive mood I turn over the pages of our newspapers and invariably find a pill to purge my melancholy. It is not difficult to discover these irritants for a sluggish humor, for the editors have a way of letting their so-called "fine writers" cavort over their own signatures. One of these lingual gymnasts let himself loose on the occasion of the recent football game with such dire results that if the English language had been a paper-covered hoop such as clowns jump through, it would have been so torn to tatters that half-a-dozen real stylists would have despaired of repairing it. From this phrase-twister I learn with interest that "color flaunted rampant" at the big game and that "eyes of blue, of brown, of every imaginable shade, flashed from soft visages which glowed upon a ground of blue and gold." I had not time to puzzle over this last statement for I was fascinated with the picture of the governor who sat there "modestly and non-committal." Here is artistry in words with a vengeance, I thought, but plodding painfully along I found that there were "fair women, i. e. girls" present and that "their gowns were symphonies, their tailor-made suits the daintiest of conceits"; truly a distinction with a difference if one could but fathom it. But a little physical detail must not be overlooked—"their feet, small and impractical, it seemed too delicate to walk upon." Here grammar wars so vigorously with nature that I am completely at a loss to tell which has the worst of it. Certainly I sympathize with the fair women whom fate has served so inadequately in the matter of feet. Then I found that with the appearance of the Stanford team "the excitement of the afternoon was pitched," whereas, on the other hand, and quite impartially, a spectacular run "gave the enthusiasm its proper key"; also that "shouting was in vogue" and that the serpentine "moved with a fascinating reptilian grace." Of course it may all be beautiful but it is not English.

A Little Nature Faking—Also Mrs. Atherton

Turning to another paper and to an account of the domestic broils of the Stevensons and Osbornes, I came across a bit of nature faking which I cannot allow to be lost in the files. As well as I could make out it was intended to describe Lloyd Osborne and his bride mak-



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ing love in the South Seas. This may be a poor guess, but at any rate here is the way it ran: "Her mind sought the past—the past in which a Stanford girl and a dreamer of charming dreams clasped fingers along the southern seas, with a royal palm whispering nonsense to the gurgling ocean and a silly moon touching the land of their love with its smile of silver." Lewis Carroll might have dropped that out of his portfolio of foolishness. It shows that the royal palm has no monopoly of nonsense and that the moon is not alone in silliness; also it suggests that to the bathetic all things are bathos. Now I am not a preacher of preciosity and I am willing to make all sorts of allowances for hastily-carpentered newspaper articles, but it strikes me that here are instances of reporters plunging wrong-headedly along a road that leads away from good English when it is just as easy, if not easier, to take the proper direction. Have these men never studied our classic English writers? It seems inconceivable; yet their lucubrations outdo the worst efforts of the Indiana school of novelists. At the risk of seeming school-masterly I am going to recommend to their earnest attention an article contributed to one of the morning papers quite recently by a California writer whose style has won the well deserved encomiums of masters like George Meredith. I refer to Gertrude Atherton, and to her withering "roast" of our good society people for their luke-warm appreciation of the dancing of Miss Dibblee. Compare this bit of a sentence with some of the brummagem I have been quoting and note the warmth of sincerity which goes hand in hand with beautiful English: "Miss Ynez Dibblee is like a beautiful flagon wrought in California, but filled with the wine of old Spain." Our slingers of journalese might perspire through a dozen convoluted paragraphs without saying as much. These words sing in the brain and will not allow themselves to be forgotten. And again, citing quite at random: "I sincerely hope that Miss Ynez Dibblee will shake her magnificent skirts in the face of San Francisco and go to Europe, where she belongs." Here is no adjectival debauch but the sober manipulation of language by one who is an artist and therefore knows that thought must be compressed into words, not words expanded to hide the nakedness of thought. Let our journalistic "fine writers" show sincere purpose of trying to approximate this sort of English and I shall be the first to applaud their efforts.

"Chastity in the Pen"

If I did not know the race of newspapermen as well as I do, I might be tempted to fire a few preceptial sentences at them in connection with the foregoing criticism. I mignt appeal to Aristotle who has many good things to say anent propriety of diction; or I could cull a warning here and there from Quintilian or Cicero. It is better not to. Your true newspaperman prefers to find these things out for himself; he hates pedagogues. So I will content myself with reminding him that old Demetrius Phalereus, discoursing "Of Elocution," remarked that it is not uncommon to find subjects of great dignity dressed in mean language. What would the old grammarian have said if he could have lived to read newspapers wherein mean subjects are decked in splendacious finery? I might mention too that that polished old Scot, Lord Kames, had occasion to say: "Nothing in language ought to be more studied than to prevent all obscurity in the expression; for to have no meaning is but one degree worse than to have a meaning that is not understood." But I think the hint which Hilaire Belloc, writing recently of Hans Christian Andersen, couched in the following words, will be more helpful than anything I could quote: "Lastly, I say, that Andersen said what he had to say and no more. This quality in writers is not restraint—a futile word dear to those who cannot write—it is rather a sort of chastity in the pen. The writer of this kind is one who unconsciously does not add; if anyone were to ask him why he should not add an ornament or anything suppositious, he would be bewildered and perhaps might answer: 'Why should I?' The instinct behind it is that which produces all terse-

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ness, all exactitude, and all economy in style. Andersen, then, had all those three things which make a great writer, and a very great writer he is."

Host—The wine you'll get presently was laid down in my cellar on my daughter's birth.

Daughter—John, wipe the cobwebs off the bottles before you serve.

Hall Caine's Apologia

Even as an unconscious humorist Hall Caine has never appealed to my literary taste, but I must admit a passing weakness for those occasional manifestations of his personality which find their way into the public prints while he is in labor with a book and during the subsequent period when he is slowly recovering from the pangs of authorship. Caine's very latest is called forth by the coroner. Start not, gentle reader. It is not as you surmise or hope. Caine still lives and the coroner has merely been sitting upon his books. It seems that a London coroner, at a recent inquest on a servant girl who was addicted to the fiction habit, took occasion to make some satirical comments on the mental caliber of those who devote themselves to novel-reading. As the young woman had been an assiduous devotee of Caine—I understand that most servant girls are—this coroner with a taste for impolite literary criticism turned the edge of his satire against the thin skin of the Manxman. When I read of this audacious coroner I knew that Caine would put his pen in rest and have at him full tilt and I was not disappointed. Listen to this: "If some doddering coroner was confronted by the misdeeds of a silly servant girl who wasted the time of her mistress in reading penny dreadfuls, he felt himself justified in insulting with blatant abuse the life work of a body of men and women whose boots he was not fit to wipe." Herein is Caine not only plainspoken but amazingly courageous—not in defying the "doddering coroner" but in casting reflections upon so large a body of his readers as the race of servant girls aforesaid. Of course he would naturally feel indignant to learn that a servant girl spent any of her time reading penny-dreadfuls when she might be so much more profitably employed with his own five-shilling shockers, but that is beside the mark for the servant girl in question was addicted to Caine's novels. Of course Caine goes on to justify his latest book and his words are so touching that I must repeat them: "However imperfect, it was at least the best I could do; badly or imperfectly written, it was at all events conscientiously done; it was for three years my only interest; I was living in it and for it; I believed quite sincerely that its subject was worthy of whatever talents Nature had given me, and that I was really occupying myself with certain of the gravest thoughts that govern the welfare of humanity. My book may disappear—will disappear—I have counted upon that, too, and am quite prepared for it." Reader, if you are not moved to tears by these heart-throbs, what a callous unsympathetic person you must be. I am afraid the description fits me.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks: There is really very little to say of the securities market, fluctuations in leading stocks being unimportant and small, with liquidation in spots from specific causes. The weakness developed at times was largely the result of professional selling. Important interests were credited with doing nothing except accumulate on a scale of leading issues, with further progress in the copper merger reported. Copper stocks were leaders in the matter of an advance. Perfect control of the copper metal market in the future seems to be assured. Interboro Rapid Transit stocks were also a feature in strength and volume of trading during the week. This corporation will eventually be the holding company of the Greater New York Traction systems and will be a large earner under the reorganization plans. The checking of the upward move in steel had a salutary effect on the operations of the public in the market and really stopped speculation which was desired by banking interests. The money situation was the chief topic of interest to the street. Excessive rates of interest were not in evidence, however, though the surplus reserve was in danger of being wiped out at the close of the day's business. The money situation abroad has turned for the better and we expect to see the same conditions prevail here in the coming week or so and without tension in the interim. We rather expect to see a betterment in values later and without material declines, if such occur.

Grain: Wheat has responded to world news and smaller northwestern receipts. Our markets got on a flour shipping basis for the east and the Pacific Coast grain is moving in a steady stream, along with a good flour export. The low prices of last week were reflected in a fall down of receipts, indicating the attitude of the American farmer towards the markets. We have now reached the period of light shipments and there will be no great advance in visible, thus placing the market in a good fighting position. The Kansas State report with a yield per acre of two bushels less than the government, is the first evidence that the crop has been exaggerated in that State. This is the first year that the Kansas State Board yield has been under the government. Broomhall's estimate that Europe will need 17,000,000 bushels more than exporting countries can furnish, had a bullish effect on prices but this estimate is based on cheaper prices leading Europe to replenish depleted stocks and cannot be used if prices hold at present levels. His estimate calls for 70,000,000 more than last year, if prices remain low. The most impressive news was frost in Argentina, which last year at this time cut down the crop fifty million bushels. It will be some time before the extent of the frost is known, and we are likely to hear more of it. However the present price is high on all information, and a break will come, if there is any wide denial of the Argentina story. We are still largely on a domestic basis, and the wise course is to buy on all breaks of 2 cents or more, and to sell on bulges like this one when bull news slackens.

Corn: The government corn report was bullish on quantity, bearish on quality and uncovered a commercial crimp the same as last year. Supplies of old corn were 20,000,000 under conservative estimates, and none of it coming to the markets. The weather has not only retarded curing, but has caused deterioration of the corn in the big states, where moisture is excessive. It begins to look as if December will have a big bulge and no heavy shipments can be expected, and at present prices, a loss of weight in artificial drying would add five cents a bushel. No new corn has yet graded contract in any market. The tendency is still upward.

Cotton: The action of the cotton market the past week only serves more firmly to convince us that cotton should for the present be bought on all recessions. All in all, the campaign from a bullish standpoint, if indeed it may be called a campaign, has been in the extreme conservative. The operators in the market who took their position many months ago at low prices and have pinned their faith to 15, 16 and even in some instances, 17 cent cotton, have not been in a hurry to reach the goal, but have rather preferred that the staple on its merits and on a basis of supply and demand, encouraged by the actual buying of manufacturers, should set the pace for any advance in the option list. One feature which probably the public have not realized is that the foreign manufacturer, without making much noise about it, has been steadily taking American cotton, and even though the exports have been well in excess of last year up to this time, advices of the last day or so describe particularly the Continental manufacturer as being but meagerly supplied for his wants. Here in America our mill friends tell us, particularly southern manufacturers, that they are not supplied with their cotton. South Carolina spins about 25 per cent more cotton than she produces, yet large amounts have been exported from that State and the cotton to supply the mills must be bought from other States that have fewer mills. At present the market is unquestionably a two sided affair, but with spots furnishing the underlying strength, declines will prove to be limited and temporary.

Boston Copper Stocks: During the past week, the Boston copper share market has put on a very firm appearance following the report of a combination or community of interests to curtail the output of copper metal ten per cent and in consequence, the standard copper shares have been rising steadily. Copper metal is the only commodity on the list that has not experienced a rise for a long time and at the present quotations, it stands in the same position that cotton did last fall when it was selling for nine cents a pound. Based on existing contracts and the usual yearly ten per cent increase in the use of the metal, it will take over 2,000,000 pounds of copper metal to supply the consumption in 1910. This copper boom has come to stay. There are innumerable uses for copper metal that have come into vogue within the past few years and many more channels for the use of copper are presenting themselves. The great transcontinental lines, not only of the United States and Canada, but of practically the whole world, are supplementing their equipment with telephones, which means

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the use of new wires; all kinds of steam mining pumps and hoists are being supplanted by electrical apparatus; much of the copper metal is going into automobiles, especially electric machines; in the great logging camps of Washington and British Columbia electrically driven motors and engines are superceding steam for the reason that they are more economical and prevent forest fires; and lastly, much of the metal is going into agricultural tractors, separators and improved farming motor machinery. There are but 250 producing copper mines in the entire world and it is more within reason to look forward to a shortage of the metal than to a permanent surplus. A great many copper companies are at that stage where they cannot be longer classed as mining stocks but are now full fledged industrials. Take the Nevada Consolidated for instance. This company has enough ore already blocked out and in sight to last for the next 50 years, to say nothing of new ground which has not as yet been explored and which will be in time opened up. Much criticism has been aimed at the Amalgamated Copper stocks for the reason that it is claimed that this stocks sells for a greatly inflated price when its earnings and assets are taken into consideration. The public little knows of the vast outside holdings of this company. Amalgamated Copper owns and operates, in addition to its copper properties in Montana, extensive coal mines in Montana and Wyoming, has also timber lands and saw mills and owns much copper bearing territory in Mexico and Southern California. Copper stocks bought at the present market prices will in a short time yield large profits and when the new copper merger advances the price of the metal, the earning power of the leading mines will be greatly increased which will also aid materially in the general advance.

Local Securities: California stocks and bonds continue to maintain their reputation for history-makers and the general list has seen some notable advances during the past week or so. One of the most interesting moves of our recent local dealings was the sharp advance and wild trading in Spring Valley Water. As was pointed out in last week's review, there has been a steady absorbtion of these shares for some time past with occasional "tips," from authoritative sources, of an impending boom. This boom materialized the other day when Spring Valley stock came in for some wild buying and was run up about $4 a share and it was learned that the water company had entered into actual negotiations with the "City Fathers" for the sale of their distributing system in this city. Since that rise, the stock has been very irregular and has had to contend with a deal of profit-taking and also has been at the mercy of ever-changing rumors concerning the final terms of the prospective sale. As has been consistently "harped" on in this column, Alaska Packers has been steadily forging ahead and has even now arrived at a stage where those who got in on the start, which was not over two months ago, have already handsome profits in sight. From learned circles comes the information that the Association will earn close to a million dollars this season and that the stock will be put on a dividend basis at the next annual meeting which takes place in the latter part of next January. Hawaiian sugar stocks continue in point of activity and their market values are increasing almost daily. It is said that the sugar industry in the islands is in grand condition though outside of this and the fact that raw sugar is still rising in New York, there is little news on this group of stocks. Associated Oil has rather quieted down though last week's advance has been pretty well sustained. Pacific Telephone stocks, especially the common, have been very erratic and seem to lack ginger. The common stock does not show much change from one week to another, either losing early gains in the closing days of the week or just the opposite. Power stocks have been well taken and following the lead of Northern California Power, have practically all sought higher levels. Pacific Gas and Electric stocks have once again taken the fancy of the Easterners and they are once more bidding for them. The main advance in the local bond market has been in Spring Valley Water 4s, California Gas and Electric 5s and United Railroads 4s. The balance of the bond list has been active in spots without much change. For the immediate future, it is said that purchases of Pacific Gas common and preferred, Alaska Packers and Associated Oil, on any break, will be the most profitable. Speaking generally, almost any stock on the California security list should show a profit by the first of the year.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Absence Makes Peter Melancholy

Everybody is commenting on the effect which absence from his wife has had on Peter Martin. Mrs. Martin did not accompany her husband to this city but is sojourning with her friends of the Atlantic seaboard. And that Peter misses her there is no gainsaying. For Peter Martin the treacle-moon has never waned. Hence the poignant effect of temporary separation. Time was when Peter Martin was the gayest of our gay young blades. Wherever the night lights gleamed in this naughty town of ours Peter's was a familiar figure. His step was a dancing measure and his eye flashed with the joy of living. Dull care was drowned in wine and every thought of the morrow was routed with laughter whenever Peter disported himself. But all that is changed. Peter has become the

MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY

Whose League of Right Thinking and Living has attracted a great deal of attention since her lecture at the California Club.

knight of the melancholy countenance, a veritable sobersides, chary of smiles and disinclined to laughter. Not for him the frivolity of the madcap hours or the breathless gaiety of the joy ride. Almost any evening you may see him wending his solitary way along the dignified pavement of Pacific avenue or Broadway, bound for his mother's house. His step is measured, his look contemplative and his whole demeanor suggests il penseroso. That the temporary absence of his beautiful wife in the East has dashed his ebullient spirits and converted his erstwhile sunny outlook into one of monastic gloom there can be no denying. I am sorry to see Peter so quickly metamorphosed to the semblance of a sad Antonio. 'Tis unnatural. Why should a man who so loves the world look like his grandsire cut in alabaster? Husband and wife cannot be together always. And does not absence keen-edge the joy of meeting once more? I sincerely hope that the twain will be speedily united and that we may have an end of this melancholy demeanor in one to whom we look for the quintessence of mirth. Tribute though it be to conjugal affection, it has a dampening effect upon the exuberance of friends who are delighted that Peter is once more in our midst.

Greenway Scores On His Rivals

Mr. Edward Greenway returned from the East this week and was not in the least disconcerted when he looked over the field upon which the battle of Fizz Water raged in his absence. Mr. Greenway always has his emotions well in hand. The storms that sweep over the field of commerce have no more effect upon him than the mild ebullitions of a debutante's temper. The vexations of trade rivalries affect his composure no more than the reproaches of disappointed climbers. Whether

Photo, Genthe

MISS MIRIAM AMES

A beautiful young society girl whose engagement to a New York man has just been made known to her friends.

in the country dance or in the counting house Mr. Greenway's self-possession invariably approximates perfection. It must be admitted, however, that at this time of life Mr. Greenway does not relish the loss of his chief assistant in the business of stimulating the flow of champagne. The defection of Joe Murphy probably gave him a momentary shock, for Joe's capacity is great and few men there are with greater zeal for the truths unborn which the juice of the grape reveals; few that will plunge with greater zest to the deeps of a bottle of Mumms for some of the ten thousand secrets that there are kept. But Mr. Greenway was not long without an assistant. With that rare sagacity which distinguishes him both as a leader of society and the representative of the house of Du Barry he promptly filled the vacancy on his staff by selecting Tom McCann for the job. McCann is probably the most popular wine agent in San Francisco. He has a host of friends that drink wine and with them hereafter Mumms will be the word.

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Exclusiveness is Not the Rule

It is the delight of some of our snobbish bavardes to persuade the plain people that the contraction of the fashionable herd is the most cherished object of the leaders of our provincial aristocracy, and that as a consequence the so-called smart set is every day gaining in exclusiveness. To insinuate this notion into the minds of the plain people the bavardes report at brief intervals that Mr. or Mrs. Somebody has revised the list of eligibles and decided that not more than two hundred, or possibly three hundred, have been properly branded for some particular function. But of course the fact is that while everybody in society is not invited everywhere, there is nobody in society who isn't invited somewhere. It is also a fact that there isn't a house in town large enough to hold all the people who have at one time or another attended some function admittedly of

Photo Habenicht

MISS IDA VON WEICK

A charming young vocalist who was heard recently at the Greek Theatre.

the elect. After all is said and done the branding iron that is worth while is Greenway's, and though Ned is called a Czar he is in reality the most democratic of rulers. To be sure he has a steadfast principle upon which he discriminates, but it is a broad principle and it favors expansion rather than contraction.

The Honoring of a Debutante

Mrs. James Shea has been entertaining lavishly of late in honor of her charming debutante niece, Miss Kathleen Farrell. She has given several functions at the Fairmont, one of which was a dinner preceding the first Greenway Assembly. It was attended by some of the most interesting representatives of the haut ton. Miss Farrell is a cultured girl who has traveled abroad, and who is much admired for her accomplishments. Mrs. Shea is a prominent member of the Caedmon Club, one of the most fashionable of the social organizations identified with the Catholic Church. She is also a representative of the exclusive Francisca Club.

Miss Dibblee's Dancing

Whatever difference of opinion there may be regarding the dancing of Miss Ynez de la Guerra Dibblee, there isn't a woman in town who saw her at her debut at the St. Francis Musical Art Society that doesn't go into raptures over her superb dress. Such flawless good taste, such artistic deftness and appreciation of color effects is not to be seen every day. Miss Dibblee is daringly original, and if my judgment counts for anything, I should say that she is amply justified in believing that she can go to little old New York and step right up to the pinnacle of fame. Her movements were full of continual surprises. Light as a bird and just as full of the

Photo, Genthe

MISS ZELAH GIBSON

A Woodland girl who has been much entertained in this city in honor of her engagement to Dr. Henry M. Elberg of San Luis Obispo.

effervescent joy of life, Miss Dibblee's dancing was a pure fascination. The girl has beauty too, far more than is suggested by her pictures, for the animation that lights up her Castilian face is too fleeting and changeful to be perpetuated in dull black and white. She has the grace of the Spanish belle with the enduring cleverness of the American.

Mrs. Atherton's Guests

It was a pleasure to watch Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's rapt enthusiasm as she applauded Miss Dibblee. She followed the girl's dancing in complete enthrallment. Her enthusiasm was positively infectious. With Mrs. Atherton were Mrs. Frank Proctor of Boston and Mrs. James B. Coryell, both of them looking uncommonly handsome. Mrs. Coryell is pretty like a blue-eyed Titian-haired doll. Mrs. Proctor is the typical vivacious

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American, gifted with a knack for wearing her clothes gracefully. Mrs. Coryell's gown was decidedly the most stunning thing at the concert and as becoming to her blonde fairness as could be. It was of bluish-black chiffon, heavily brocaded with velvet fleur-de-lis in an all-over design. About the hem the flowers were very large, graduating in size towards the corsage. The skirt was looped up on one side, revealing the underskirt of light blue satin shot with gold threads. The train was rather shorter than those worn in previous seasons and fuller as well. Down the back of the dress was a narrow panel of brocaded blue silk with gold thistles, the panel narrowing at the waist and growing broader toward the edge of the train. With this Mrs. Coryell wore a big hat lined in long-haired fur, with an enormous bunch of white paradise aigrettes completely covering it. The fur looked a bit heavy and incongruous, out of keeping with the dainty gown and its accessories. It was one of those vagaries of fashion which are considered chic because Paris says so.

Mrs. Keppel and King Edward

It has always seemed to me a laughable commentary on so-called American democracy that no sooner does one of our "sturdily independent" citizens gain admittance to those circles of London society where the scandals of Mayfair and Belgravia are the absorbing topic of conversation than he becomes infected with the gossipping fever and is never so happy as when repeating that bright sally which the Duke of Thingummy got off at the expense of the Countess of Whatshername. Of course if he can give you a little inside information about King Edward's amours he is as proud as he might reasonably be if his progenitor had signed the Declaration of Independence. Such a one—and a good fellow too—has been writing me from London about King Edward and Mrs. Keppel; in fact he has inked sheet after sheet of good white paper with details of what he calls this "toothsome subject." How Mrs. Keppel's ancestry has been traced back to the abysm of time when her forebears made and unmade kings; how her husband has been created "King's Orderly Officer," a post the duties of which nobody understands because there are none except the obligation which is placed upon Keppel of being continually at court with his charming wife; how King Edward has been visiting all of Mrs. Keppel's relations in England and Scotland, the fascinating Mrs. Keppel, of course, being on hand to help entertain him; and how the entrancing Mrs. Keppel has left gloomy old Portman Square for ultra-fashionable Grosvenor street; and any amount of the same sort of tattle. And in conclusion he tips me a sort of inky wink with the remark that "society is smiling knowingly" at all these attentions to the Keppels. Well, I suppose society is smiling knowingly, as it has smiled knowingly before when the king showered favors upon his feminine chums. Whether the Hon. George Keppel smiles knowingly or affects a myopic indifference in the presence of amorous royalty, I don't know; and what's more, I don't give the value of a farthing to find out. Why should I be expected to care what particular flower of beauty and grace is treading the path of dalliance with an aged ruler who ought to be preparing for the next world by doing penance for the indiscretions he has committed in this.

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She Preaches the "Best Things"

Mrs. John Vance Cheney who has been making a name for herself since leaving California, has aroused the interest of the women of the California Club with her "International League of Right Thinking and Right Living," in which are enrolled many who stand for light and leading in present-day thought. Mrs. Cheney is so splendidly endowed for the teachings of the cult that makes women despise nervous prostration and hysteria as thoroughly as stupidity or ugliness, that one does not wonder at her success everywhere. She is of Junoesque proportions, has a complexion of baby-like pinkness and abundant hair of curling silvery silkiness, and her dresses are dreams. According to her theory, one has only to wish for the best things, believe thoroughly in one's right to have them and presto—they appear. Health, happiness, beauty, fine clothes, adoration and a nice home are among the "best things" of this heavenly cult. Quite a number of men have listened to Mrs. Cheney's discourses; professors from Berkeley and ministers being of the number.

The Ella Wheeler Wilcox System

I do not know whether Mrs. Cheney approves of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox who, having exhausted the poetry of passion, now writes on predigested philosophy for the Hearst syndicate of newspapers. But Mrs. Wilcox has a System of right thinking and right living of her own and never wearies of expounding it. From her own words I learn that it includes "massage, vibration, oil rubs, facial creams, metaphysical ideas and rest cures" and I fancy that there is variety enough in it to commend it to women of the most divergent tastes. Thus if one has no need of massage or oil rubs, one may go in for metaphysical ideas and when one tires of vibration or facial cream, there is always the rest cure. According to a recent essay by Mrs. Wilcox entitled "Believing and Doubting" this System was used by a woman who a few years ago "passed out of her body." Before this lamentable happening she boasted "a beautiful complexion, wonderful vitality and a brilliant, resourceful mind," all due of course to the Wilcox System. This woman whose name is not given, had many friends, I learn from Mrs. Wilcox, who scoffed at her devotion to oil rubs, metaphysical ideas, etc. Of course they were properly punished; they "grew old and lost their interest in life and passed out of the body long before they reached her years." I trust that those who are not altogether satisfied with Mrs. Cheney's teachings will find something in Mrs. Wilcox's System to save them from the awkwardness of "passing out of the body" for many many years.

A Mistake in Opera Cloaks

Some of the guests at the brilliant gathering of the St. Francis Musical Art Society were treated to a "stunt" which was not on the program and which has caused no end of talk ever since. One of the prominent women present wore a very handsome opera cloak, obviously a Parisian creation. As the evening wore along she loosened it and threw it across the back of her chair. When the concert was over she crossed the room to greet a friend, forgetting her cloak for the minute and as she turned back to her chair she was amazed to find it re-

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posing on the arm of a well-known woman who was making her way from the concert room. Recovering herself quickly she said: "Excuse me, this is my cloak." "I beg your pardon, it is my mine," replied the second lady quite haughtily. Without further words the owner seized the cloak and walked away.

Miss Miriam Ames Engaged

The engagement is announced of Miss Miriam Ames, daughter of the late Mrs. Anne Brewster Ames, and Albert Edward Smith of New York City. Miss Ames is a strikingly attractive young girl with a wealth of beautiful blond hair which falls in curls around her piquant face. Miss Ames' father was the late Samuel Ames of Albany, N. Y. After his death his widow and young daughter came to California, taking up their residence in this city where they made many warm friends. Mrs. Ames died suddenly a few months ago, leaving her daughter practically alone. She had completed arrangements for a long residence in Honolulu where her daughter, being an exceptionally bright young girl, had intended taking up a business career. Now Cupid has stepped in to change her plans. Mr. Smith is a wealthy insurance man of New York. Miss Ames will leave early next month for the East and her wedding will follow immediately upon her arrival in the metropolis. Many "showers" are being planned for this charming young girl before her departure. Miss Ames is an intimate friend of Miss Brooke Rose whose engagement to Frederick P. Hastings of Boston was announced a few months ago. After the wedding of Miss Rose these two friends will reside near each other in New York.

Paying Braganza's Debts

A correspondent abroad has sent me some interesting details about the debts of the Prince of Braganza—interesting because they throw considerable light on one of the international "romances" about which the bavardes prate so much. No doubt plenty of our ambitious debutantes with wealthy papas would like to exchange places with the erstwhile Anita Stewart who is now the Princess of Braganza, so a little enlightenment about the sordid details of this alliance may have a tonic effect upon their sickly desires. My correspondent says that now that they know he has an immensely rich mother-in-law, Mrs. James Henry Smith, Prince Miguel's creditors are turning the screws on him remorselessly. In pursuing this policy some creditors actually tried to attach valuables belonging to Count Czirmay, Prince Miguel's closest friend, who had indorsed some of his notes. Exaggerated reports are current among the Prince's creditors, usurers, most of them, about the wealth the Princess will inherit some day. They seek to keep up their spirits by telling each other that her mother has $35,000,000 on deposit in the Bank of England. But Mrs. Smith's American friends say her husband bequeathed most of his great fortune to his kin. He tells me also that when Mrs. Smith was in Paris just before her daughter's marriage it was well known to her informally through Austrian diplomatic channels that Prince Miguel's creditors demanded $2,000,000 to settle their claims. Like an affectionate and ambitious mother, she replied that she was concerned only with her daughter's happiness and would deal fairly with the Prince's creditors after the marriage. Then Mrs. Smith's lawyers examined the claims and discovered that they were extortionate. At a family council, at which the lawyers were present, Prince Miguel expressed the decided opinion that his honor demanded that the claims be paid in full. But the lawyers offered his creditors two-thirds of the amount they demanded—a generous proposition, for the usurious interest that has piled up amounts to as much money as the Prince borrowed. The Prince will not return to Austria until his financial affairs have been settled. A settlement will be only a matter of time, probably. When his creditors realize that his mother-in-law will not be imposed on they undoubtedly will abate their claims.

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Market and Stockton

A Marguerite Beauty

Dainty Elva De Pue has emerged from the fledgling into the debutante set and a fine winter is predicted for her. She is blest with a way of looking for the good in everything and everybody and has none of the verdant hauteur of the hoity-toity boarding school miss. Moreover she is pretty, pretty as a marguerite, and never looked that part more so than last Tuesday when she made her debut at the big tea given by Mrs. Edgar De Pue. Miss Elva wore white, a gossamer net all sprinkled with seed pearls and glimmering crystal beads, made over white satin. It was a girlishly dainty little frock with its surplice waist and cloud-like white net. Nearly all of the buds received with her.

The Greenway Party

The Assembly dance at the Fairmont last night was as great a success as any of the Greenways preceding it, and in some respects, it was even more brilliant than usual. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun had a handsome dinner in the gray room for thirty of their friends, all of them being seated about a table that looked like a huge golden bouquet. The gold service was used and the flowers were in several shades of yellow, making as artistic a picture as could be imagined. Mrs. Calhoun who is a tall blonde of fine proportions, with the typical sunny disposition characteristic of the southern women, looked particularly handsome in a princess of rose point lace, the whole cobwebby thing woven in one piece. It was as simple as could be—nothing but lace, but it was the daintiest work of deft convent fingers. Others at the table were Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Mr. Henry Michael and Mr. Thornwell Mullally. The beautiful Mrs. Clement Tobin gave another large dinner at the Fairmont, entertaining the debutantes and their friends in honor of her sister, Miss Vera De Sabla. The two girls are devoted to each other, but a more contrasted pair it would be difficult to find. Mrs. Tobin is tall and willowy and blonde and gorgeous while Vera is the shy little violet, caring not a rap about jewels and the frou-frou and fol-de-rol of fashions. All of the debutantes were feted at one dinner party or another, and if there is any schism in Greenway's set it was not apparent at the ball. The decorations were nothing in particular, the King and his court caring little for spectacular effects.

To Give a Play For Charity

One of the interesting charity events of the month will be the rendering of the play written by Mrs. Harry Allston Williams, entitled "If Things Could Talk in Berkeley," to be given in the college town at Unity Hall, corner of Bancroft Way and Dana street, on the evening of Tuesday, the twenty-third. Twenty-five talented young men and women have been in rehearsal for several weeks under the personal direction of Mrs. Williams and promise to give a most pleasing production. After the play there will be dancing. The entertainment will be given for the benefit of the work in West Berkeley of the Chapel of the Good Shepherd of Saint Mark's Parish and is under the patronage of Mrs. Chas. E. Bancroft, Miss Bayard, Mrs. Chas. T. Blake, Mrs. Chas. Mills Gayley, Mrs. Washington Irving, Mrs. S. S. Johnson, Mrs. Cabell C. Kinney, Mrs. Chas. Rees Lloyd, Mrs. Bernard Moses, Mrs. Edward Lambe Parsons, Mrs. Allen M. Sutton, Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, Mrs. Chauncey Wetmore Wells, Mrs. W. A. Wilson, Mrs. T. J. Wrampelmeier.

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ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff,

vs.

MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-?

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. P. Parker Whitney have arrived at their residence at Rocklin with their daughter, Mrs. Graydon, for the winter.

Mrs. James King Steele gave a tea on Thursday in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont in honor of Miss Ynez Dibblee and Mrs. Dibblee of Santa Barbara. Among Mrs. Steele's guests were Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Miss Lilly O'Connor, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Nina Jones, Santa Barbara, and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were E. G. Galt, Silda H. Katz, A. Farget, Leon McClellan, F. Aurelius, F. R. Adams, A. W. Jackson, E. S. Quig, Mrs. Clarence Grange, Joseph Martin, C. Wallace, S. P. Kennedy, W. M. O'Shaughnessy and W. H. Morrison.

William Cluff gave a theatre party and supper in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont on Monday night. Nine of his friends made up the party.

Alden Anderson, Superintendent of Banks and Banking of the State, was host at a dinner in the dining room of the Fairmont on Monday night at which Mr. and Mrs. Fleischaker were the guests of honor.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Yohe of Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Yohe is the general manager of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad.

Mrs. Uriel Sebree, wife of Rear Admiral Sebree who is in command of the Pacific fleet, has returned from the islands and is at the Fairmont. After a short stay with her friends Mrs. Sebree will leave for San Diego where she will visit her father.

Recent guests at Del Monte included Lt. Arthur S. Owens, U. S. M. C., Thos. F. Chatfield, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Alfred Stillman, M. H. Bowman, Whitney Palache, Frank J. Devlin, Geo. W. Dornin, Rolla V. Watt, R. W. Osborn, Geo. D. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Smith, C. J. Stovel, Cesar Bertheau, E. F. Niebling, Chas. D. Haven, E. C. Morrison, Miss Josselyn, Knox Maddox, Mrs. M. C. Richardson, Emily Travis, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Cooke, Will Sparks, G. F. P. Piazzoni, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Burger and James King Steele.

Mr. George E. Howe, a banker of Portland, has been spending his vacation at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Stone of San Francisco were recently at Del Monte for a short time.

Mrs. John Phillips Sousa and her two daughters stopped at Del Monte for a short time before joining Mr. Sousa in San Francisco.

Mr. James D. Phelan motored to Del Monte recently and was later joined by his friend, Dr. F. D. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Windgate of Oakland have been at Del Monte with Mr. Windgate's brother, Mr. D. C. Windgate of England.

Mr. C. P. Hubbard, Mrs. Samuel Hubbard and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard Jr. of Oakland will be at Del Monte for a week or more.

Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Koerner of Cherunitz, Germany, were among the distinguished guests registering at Del Mont recently.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Hayman of San Francisco are one of the many bridal couples registering at Del Monte recently.

Dr. E. P. Meinecke of San Francisco has been visiting his mother at Del Monte.

First Lieutenant Arthur B. Owens of the Marine Corps and his bride, formerly Mrs. Bent, are registered at Del Monte and will spend some little time there.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Fuller of San Francisco, with their friend Mrs. A. H. Storrs of Scranton, Penn., were at Del Monte recently.

Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Legan of Oakland have been enjoying a quiet week at Del Monte.

Mr. T. Sheraki of Tokyo registered at Del Monte last week.

Mrs. B. N. Rowley has taken apartments for the winter at the Hotel Victoria.

A recent arrival at the Hotel Victoria is James M. Shoup of Alaska. Mr. Shoup has been United States Marshal in Alaska for fifteen years and is a brother of former Senator Shoup of Oregon.

Other arrivals at the Hotel Victoria recently were Rev. W. L. Clark of Benicia, John Herd of Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow Smith of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their two children have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mrs. A. W. Foster and Miss Martha Foster of San Rafael have been in town for a week end and have been at the Fairmont.

Among the recent arrivals from the Orient on the China were Bishop and Mrs. S. E. Partridge and daughter of Kyoto, Japan.

Robin Grey, the mining engineer who is in charge of the mining interests of the Vanderbilts in this State, has been in town for a few days at the Fairmont.

Among the recent arrivals at The Tavern of Tamalpais were J. Baur, D. R. Hemingray, A. J. Brandenstein, Mr. and Mrs. F. de Gomez, Daniel E. Hayes, Chas. H. Kendrick, E. F. Weston, Mrs. J. W. Colman and Mrs. J. W. Goldstein

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Cornelius K. G. Billings, president of the People's Gas Light and Coke Co. of Chicago has been at the Fairmont. Mr. Billings is traveling in his private car Olympia, and is accompanied by Geo. V. Knapp, C. H. Ruddick, F. E. Hartwell, and W. S. McCray, all of Chicago.

ANNOUNCEMENT

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches westerly from the westerly line of Locust Street, running thence westerly and along said southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet to the southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 20th day of November, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-10

Mr. Hopkinson, Virtuous Though Vulgar

By Edward F. O'Day

Poor Mr. Hopkinson! "Whatever gods there be" were most unkind to him. In the first place they made him most unpresentable, even for Upper Tooting which partakes of the suburban character of Piedmont. In the second place they thrust upon him without preparation or warning eighty thousand pounds a year. That is a burden which you or I, of course, could stagger under, since we have been careful to cultivate tastes which will never be adequately satisfied unless we receive some such golden visitation. But with Mr. Hopkinson it was quite different; he didn't even smoke or drink between meals and as for the gilded vices with which he was brought into contact, well, a co-respondent in the flesh appalled him and the bare thought of a "second establishment" made him blush like an ingenue. Speaking of the gilded vices brings us naturally to the third reason why the fates must be considered distinctly and malevolently unkind to poor Mr. Hopkinson. They thrust him into very bad society. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not presuming to criticize the social standing of the Earl of Addleton and his daughter Lady Egglesby (what poultry names!), of the Duke and Duchess of Braceborough, of Lord Gawthorpe and the Hon. Otho Dursingham. Indeed, I am sure that their position is quite unimpeachable. Do they not belong to that innermost circle of British exclusiveness which might be termed the Mortgaged Class? Everyone of them is mortgaged to his or her aristocratic eyebrows. When I spoke of bad society I was thinking of morals. It must be admitted that Mr. Hopkinson fell among a most immortal lot. That is made quite clear from the first rise of the curtain. There is a tang of epigram about the conversation of these aristocrats which immediately arouses suspicion, for epigram has never been perfectly respectable in England. But there are darker indication than that. We are plainly told that Lord Gawthorpe has been co-respondent in a scandalous divorce suit and we are allowed to see just as plainly that Lord Gawthorpe and Lady Egglesby are drifting toward an entanglement of an unplatonic character. Why, even when Lady Egglesby proposes marriage to Gawthorpe, she wears a cigarette between her fingers. Think what her morals must be! Then there is the Duchess of Braceborough. She is quite satisfied that the Duke should philander with that married woman; in fact, if the horrid truth must be spoken, she is rather glad to get rid of him so that she may devote herself to the Hon. Otho Dursingham. The Earl of Addleton is the only noble of them all who does nothing scandalous and I suspect that he is old and feeble before his time on account of a misspent youth. Now I do not think it was quite fair for Mr. R. C. Carton to set Mr. Hopkinson down in the midst of these unholy aristocrats. There are, I believe, any number of noble English families, even in the Mortgaged Class, where family prayers are said and no money is lost at Ascot and co-respondents are discountenanced. Why couldn't he have guided Mr. Hopkinson and his eighty thousand pounds a year into the bosom of one of those families? For mind you, Mr. Hopkinson is no Tittlebat Titmouse. His introduction into the aristocracy makes him neither devilish nor extravagant. When it is all over his morals are untarnished and although he has used up a check book, the money was hardly flung at the little birds. Apparently, however, Mr. Carton regarded Mr. Hopkinson merely as material for comedy and not as a priceless human soul. It is shocking, but all writers of plays are conscienceless wretches, all except George Bernard Shaw who never endangers the morals of his characters because his characters never have any morals. Mr. Hopkinson has all the morals of Upper Tooting and just how moral Upper Tooting is may be inferred from the perfectly accurate statement of the Duchess of Braceborough that Nice is much nearer to aristocratic London than Upper Tooting is. But I am afraid Mr. Hopkinson's morals do not appear in a very attractive light. Although the stage is strewn with the shards of the shattered Decalogue, I find myself much more conscious of the aitches which Mr. Hopkinson drops everywhere. I don't seem to be at all shocked by the wicked conversation of these lords and ladies, but Mr. Hopkinson's slang fills me with unholy joy. Why should I laugh with these sporting characters and laugh at Mr. Hopkinson? This is no proper spirit for an American to display when he is admitted to "the winter garden of the duke's town house." After all, Mr. Hopkinson is not only a virtuous, if vulgar youth; he is thoroughly democratic. He is willing to meet these aristocratic indigents on an equal footing; it is no mean sacrifice to surrender Upper Tooting for Mayfair, to exchange honest parsimony for immoral and disquieting extravagance. Yet Mr. Hopkinson does it and never suspects that he is a hero. I think I am the only man in the audience who views him in the heroic light. I am willing to concede that my amazement at virtue joined to eighty thousand a year has something to do with this attitude; the combination is dazzling. Really, I have worked myself to such a height of moral exaltation over the moral character of Mr. Hopkinson that I am afraid I can't come down. Looking down from the dizzy peak of superior virtue upon which Mr. Hopkinson and I are perched, I see many attractive people walking about and my distance from them makes me a little lonesome. Between you and me, Mr. Hopkinson is mighty poor company away up here. But down below there Dallas Welford looks very attractive. I think I shall slide down and congratulate him on his excellent portrayal of Mr. Hopkinson. Strictly in confidence, Welford, and of course you won't tell Mr. Hopkinson what I say—I laughed my head off at your performance. My laugh is probably echoing around the Valencia Theatre still, for you know, Welford, the acoustics are not of the best. How did you manage to redden so when Eliza Dibb made her appearance? I thought you would burst a blood vessel. Of course I know you've studied Mr. Hopkinson from the life, though you may not have journeyed all the way to Upper Tooting to find him. Plenty of him in Soho, aren't there? You've brought a good company along with you, but I like Miss Barbara Clement best. She never overdoes it for a moment, does she? And when she breaks down and cries, it is just unexpected enough to be natural. A very capable young actress, I should say. Next to her I like Mr. Galwey Herbert; he's a cleancut performer and that smile is splendid. Get Carton to write you another play, Welford, and have the Shuberts send you along this way again just as quickly as possible. Please take good care of Mr. Hopkinson and don't let him redden too much every night or he may go off in apoplexy. Then Upper Tooting would lay the blame on the low moral tone of high society.

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Stage

Victor Moore in Cohanesque

I would have liked Victor Moore from the ground up if it had not been for those green suede shoes. Why should any man want to wear green suede shoes? They bothered me all through the first act of "The Talk of New York." If Victor Moore had a mincing ladylike role, they might have been in character and even then they would be odious enough. But "Kid Burns" is a manly part full of healthy outdoor impulses and it seems to fit Victor Moore with the flexibility of cheveril. No disparagement to his bootmaker, but the green suede shoes did not fit him at all; they were distinctly out of the picture. No muscular slangster like the Kid would wear them and it was a great relief when he doffed them for the second act. After that I approved him thoroughly. The Yankee Doodle patter slides off his tongue as though he were to the manner born. Perhaps, like George Cohan, he was. Certainly, if playing "Kid Burns" is an acquired taste, it has the appropriateness of a second nature. I imagine that Ade or Hobart could frame a play for him that would show his talents to greater advantage than the present Cohan vehicle. "The Talk of New York" is continuously pleasing to the eye and ear. It has plenty of conscious humor and the climax of the third act is one of the best unconscious jokes that I have enjoyed for a long time. Maybe Cohan was poking fun at us when he fixed it up. The music is of the usual Cohanesque variety, good to listen to and forget. The American flag is waved as of yore, but Cohan is becoming liberal—he introduces this time the flags of all the nations, just to show his critics, I suppose, that he is not bigoted in his patriotism. From first to last "The Talk of New York" is a pleasant diversion, thanks to Victor Moore. It is not Cohan at his best, but probably that young gentleman has reserved the best for himself. We will find out in a week or so, for we are to see George himself very soon.

—The Second Nighter.

George Will Soon Be Here

The second and last week of "The Talk of New York" opens next Monday night. There will be a special holiday matinee on Thanksgiving Day. Immediately afterwards, George M. Cohan will come to the same playhouse and present "The Yankee Prince." The visit of the author-actor will be the first in seven years. Cohan will be surrounded by his family and the hundred other members of the original company. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

The Wullner Concerts

The long promised concerts by Dr. Ludwig Wullner, the lieder singer and his equally remarkable accompanist, Coenraad V. Bos, are at last at hand. The opening concert at the Novelty on Tuesday night will appeal strongly, as it contains some of Wullner's greatest successes. On Friday night, November 26 and Sunday afternoon, November 28 equally fine programs will be given and the works of several new composers will be heard for the first time in this city. Complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

"The Warrens of Virginia"

One of the most recent of David Belasco's successes, "The Warrens of Virginia," will be given its first production west of Chicago, in the Alcazar, commencing Monday evening. It is a drama of Civil War times written by William C. DeMille, the son of David Belasco's erstwhile collaborator, and after running 300 nights in New York, was one of the most profitable attractions on the road last season. All the Alcazar players will be in the cast. Evelyn Vaughan is to have the role of Agatha Warren, and John Ince will be seen to advantage as her Northern wooer. Howard Hickman will impersonate General Warren. Will R. Walling will be seen as the

SCENE FROM "MR. HOPKINSON"

R. C. Carton's furiously funny farce, in which Dallas Welford is making such a hit at the Valencia Theatre.

ELSIE KENT

The dashing young comedienne who will appear in "The Devil and Tom Walker" at the Orpheum.

Federal generty opposing Warren's army, Bessie Barriscale as one of the Warren children, Adele Belgarde as a colored "mammy," Christie MacLean as Mrs. Warren, William Garwood as a young Confederate officer, Charles Dow Clark as one of Warren's troopers, and all the other favorites will have equally well-fitting characters.

"The Soul Kiss" at the Garrick

The attraction at the Garrick next week will be "The Soul Kiss." After an entire year on Broadway and visits to a few of the principal cities of the country, this musical comedy is making a tour that will extend from coast to coast, with most complete organization and scenic equipment. The premier danseuse, Pertina, has been acclaimed in London, Paris and Berlin and the newness of her dances will doubtless be one of the most pleasing features of the entertainment. She is assisted by a special ballet of ten of the best coryphees to be found in London. Besides these there are thirty handsome Broadway chorus girls. In reality, the "Soul Kiss" might aptly be termed "A Beauty Congress." Then there is the music of Mauric Levi and the comedy of Harry B. Smith. The combination should spell success. "The Soul Kiss" engagement is for eight days (which includes two Sundays), starting tomorrow night, and matinees are announced for Saturday and Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Case Sings on Sunday

All musical San Francisco is interested in the success of the Mary Adele Case concerts, the second of which will take place on Sunday afternoon. The program is a specially fine one and by request Miss Case will sing the Liddle aria "Abide With Me." Songs by Schubert, Franz, Georges, Lalo, Homer, Campbell Tipton, Mendelssohn and Walthew complete the offering and Meyerbeer's test piece for contraltos, "Ah! Mon Fils" will be repeated by request. Mr. Briggerstaff will play Moszkowski's brilliant "Caprice Espagnol."

Another Week of "Hoppy"

It is safe to say that the Valencia Theatre will be crowded to the doors during the second and last week of "Mr. Hopkinson," which begins this Sunday evening. The only matinees will be given on Thanksgiving and Saturday. Sunday night, November 28, the English actor, Charles Cherry, will begin an engagement limited to one week, in Clyde Fitch's "The Bachelor," which comes from the Maxime Elliott Theatre.

Novelties at the Orpheum

The Orpheum has a promising list of attractions for next week. John B. Hymer and a company of ten peo-

SCENE FROM THE NEW YORK SUCCESS "THE SOUL KISS"

At the Garrick Theatre.

ple will present a novelty entitled "The Devil and Tom Walker," the action of which takes place in the throne room of Hades. Mr. Hymer's support will include the beautiful and talented Elsie Kent. Ben Welch, the character comedian, is an old friend here. Vittoria and Giorgetta, who are on their first visit to this country, are equilibrists. Katchen Loisset, an Orpheum importation, comes here for the first time with a novel offering. She begins with English and German songs and subsequently introduces her trained pigeons and a remarkable dog called "Honey." Next week will be the last of The De Haven Sextette and Sydney C. Gibson, Howard's Musical Shetlands and Comedy Canines, Milt Wood, "The Dancer With the Chair," and Edwin Stevens. The latter, with Tina Marshall, will present his delightful entertainment, "An Evening With Dickens."

George Hamlin, the Tenor

George Hamlin, the American tenor who introduced the Richard Strauss songs in this country and afterwards met with wonderful success as a lieder singer abroad, will be the first December attraction of Manager Will L. Greenbaum. This is the first time that he has sung in this city. Accompanying Mr. Hamlin will be Edwin Schneider, the eminent composer and pianist. The Hamlin concerts will be given at the Novelty Theatre, the dates being Thursday, December 2, Sunday afternoon, December 5 and Tuesday night, December 7.

College Play at Ye Liberty

The Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, have an ideal attraction for Thanksgiving week in "Brown of Harvard," the famous college play. It was really this little comedy by Rida Johnson Young that started the run of college plays seen recently, but as usual in such cases, none of them have surpassed it in popular favor. The Bishop players can be depended upon to give it a thoroughly enjoyable interpretation next week. Sydney Ayres plays Tom Brown, and he should fit nicely into the character of the collegian hero. Harrison Ford makes his initial appearance with the company in another of the student roles, and George Friend, Robert Harrison, Andrew Bennison, Henry Shumer and the other favorites will appear to advantage, while the feminine end of the cast will be well taken care of by Maude Odell, Edith Lyle, Claribel Becker and Mrs. Mina Gleason. In addition to the regular Saturday and Sunday matinee performances of "Brown of Harvard," there will be a special matinee performance on Thanksgiving Day.

A New Comedy in New York

Much interest has been excited in New York by the production in the New Theatre of "The Cottage in the Air," a light comedy by Knoblauch, already known in this country as the author of "The Shulamite." The heroine is a young princess of a minor German principality, who, rebelling against the formality of court life, longs for an opportunity to live "with the poor and for the poor," dreaming of a cottage in the air. Suddenly her father, the grand duke, without consulting her, announces her betrothal to a young English prince. Although she loves the prince, this precipitate action drives her to flight. Taking her old tutor (a mere bookworm), she steals away to England in search of her cottage. The remaining acts show her attempts to live in it, with and for the poor, until she is ready to resume her royal station and marry the prince. The play is in four acts, the first showing the grand ducal palace, the second the garden before the cottage in England, and the third and fourth the interior of the cottage. In the cast of characters are Rose Coghlan, Jessie Busley and others.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE Oakland, Cal. Direction H. W. Bishop

Thanksgiving Week the BISHOP PLAYERS Offer

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The Best of All College Plays.
Entire House, 25c and 50c. All Performances.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday and Thanksgiving Day.
Next—"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

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Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day. Regular Matinee Saturday
Cohan and Harris Present
VICTOR MOORE
In GEORGE M. COHAN'S Greatest Musical Hit,
THE TALK OF NEW YORK
Original New York Cast and Production.
November 29—GEORGE M. COHAN in "The Yankee Prince."

VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, near Thirteenth Phone Market 17

Starting This Sunday Evening, November 21. Second and Last Week
Matinees Thanksgiving and Saturday
Winslow-Schreyer-Wilson Co. (Inc.), Present the Great Laughing Hit
MR. HOPKINSON
R. C. Carton's International Comedy Success, with DALLAS WELFORD.
Reserved Seats from 50c to $1.50, at the Box Office and Emporium.
Starting Sunday, Nov. 28—Charles Cherry, in "The Bachelor."

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Special Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50.
Coming—Mr. Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King."

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Monday Evening, November 22, and Throughout the Week
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A War-Time Drama by William DeMille. Its First Production in California.
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday. Extra Matinee Thanksgiving Day.

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Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day
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JOHN B. HYMER AND COMPANY OF TEN in "The Devil and Tom Walker"; BEN WELCH in Italian and Hebrew Characters; VITTORIA & GIORGETTA; KATCHEN LOISSET and Her Mimic Dog "Honey"; DE HAVEN SEXTETTE with Sydney C. Gibson; HOWARD'S MUSICAL SHETLANDS and COMEDY CANINES; MILT WOOD; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of EDWIN STEVENS, aided by Tina Marshall presenting "An Evening With Dickens."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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King Edward's Influence on Fashion

It may not be generally known that the King of England introduced the dinner coat. Such, however, is the case. When the King as Prince of Wales made his famous tour of Egypt and the Holy Land, several decades ago, he found the usual form of dress coat too warm for comfort. He thereupon hit upon a compromise in the shape of a dark blue, loose jacket, with silk facings and gold buttons. All his suite adopted the same attire for informal dinners and when the royal tourist returned to Sandringham he did not give up this comfortable garment. It was from this beginning that the dinner jacket of today sprang, and as all its wearers admit, it is a great improvement upon the ordinary swallow-tail.

To the King's sound common sense in matters of everyday life his subjects, and, indeed, the world in general, owe more than most of us imagine. The soft hat, now known as the Alpine, which is such a pleasant contrast to the hard felt, was brought to England from Germany by the King. He noticed a hat of this description in a Homburg shop, bought it and found it so comfortable and becoming that it received the seal of his royal approval, and he has seldom since then been seen in the black bowler, or derby.

The present generation can hardly realize to what lengths the jewelry craze was carried a half a century ago. Men wore yards of watch chain, huge and conspicuous tie pins and diamond studs. Lord Beaconsfield, as a young man, is said to have sometimes had £1,000 worth of gold and precious stones displayed upon his person. The practice led young men into extravagances they could ill afford, and was a direct incentive to thieves. We owe the modest display of masculine jewelry of today particularly to the King, who always sternly discountenanced such foolish extravagances.

Another practice of the middle of the nineteenth centnry was to sit over dinner for at least two hours, while the men usually remained in the dining-room for a still longer period, and frequently drank more port wine than was good for them. The King, though he was always blessed with an excellent appetite, and still enjoys a good dinner as well as any one else, showed his disapproval of these ways as soon as he was settled in Sandringham. He has always liked to smoke immediately after dinner, and so the long sitting over the meal soon became a thing of the past. Then, too, his preference has always been for claret and light wines, so heavy and unwholesome port has been generally reduced from a bottle to a glass a head.

Speaking of smoking, it was the King who popularized cigarettes. He was almost the first person of distinction to smoke them regularly. He took to them in Egypt, and to this day he smokes Egyptian ones only, which are specially made for him by a West End firm.

Rough tweeds, Norfolks and Knickerbockers for shooting are among the boons for which we have further to thank the King. A portrait was taken of him in this costume, with rough worsted stockings and with gun in hand, about thirty years ago. Sportsmen were not slow to follow an example which combined fashion with comfort.

It is well known that His Majesty would like to see a change in the fashion of men's dress, but he shrank from setting a new style, because the velvet coat and breeches and silk stockings which he prefers would probably start an era of ruinous extravagance among the young men of the day. But one pretty innovation in men's evening attire, says Pearson's, we have to thank His Majesty for, besides the dinner jacket. This is the embroidered or silk dress waistcoat, which has enjoyed quite a vogue.

Another sensible garment which the King was the first to wear is the single-breasted frock coat, in which His Majesty first appeared some summers ago. This coat, which is at least as smart as the usual double-breasted coat, has the advantage of being immensely lighter and cooler. The coat was cut to just meet across the chest, and the silk facings reached the extreme edge of the lapels.

Many games and amusements owe their popularity to the King. When a young man he never played cricket or football to any great extent, yet at croquet he was an expert, but voted it slow. Lawn tennis, as we know it today, was invented by Major Wingfield forty years ago, and the Prince—as he was then—immediately declared that it was the best game he had ever seen or indulged in. He was so keen for it that he had a net fitted and "court" laid out on board the "Seraphis" when he voyaged to India. His vote of approval went far to popularize the first outdoor game that has ever brought men and women together on terms of anything like athletic equality. Both cycling, and—more lately—motoring, owe very much to his royal patronage and favor; while for yachting no one man has ever done so much. And last, but not least, King Edward's interest in racing has been most pronounced, and the success that has been his on the British turf is too well known to require repeating.

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Paladino, Lombroso and Spiritism

(Continued from Page 9.)

After a while the apparatus is closed, then resumes its action, then is closed again. Now, to set a metronome in operation and stop it is not a difficult nor a long piece of work, but it is minute and, above all, is not an operation that metronomes are in the habit of doing themselves."

These instances suffice to indicate the sort of manifestations which made a believer in spiritism out of Lombroso the agnostic. The result of his investigations satisfied him, as he warmly recorded in the volume from which I have quoted, that if "in psychical matters we are very far from having attained scientific certainty," nevertheless "the spiritistic hypothesis seems to me like a continent incompletely submerged by the ocean, in which are visible in the distance broad islands raised above the general level, which only in the vision of the scientist are seen to coalesce in one immense and compact body of land, while the shallow mob laughs at the seemingly audacious hypothesis of the geographer."

At the risk of being relegated to the shallow mob, a fearsome fate, I take leave to lag behind the enthusiastic acceptance shown by Lombroso for the Paladino woman. In the first place it was noted by investigators that the levitation of the table did not occur unless the medium's skirt was in contact with one of its legs; and that when she was seated on the weighing-machine, no variation in weight was registered except when the bottom of her dress touched the floor on which the machine stood. But there is more than this to cast doubt upon all the manifestations of Madame Paladino—she has been detected in fraud, not once, but repeatedly. She has been caught, for instance, furtively picking flowers in a garden, with a view to materializing them in the seance room as "apports" brought through the walls in defiance of the laws of space. She has been caught simulating a human face by manipulating her two hands wrapped in a handkerchief to resemble a turban. At Paris, Camille Flammarion obtained almost conclusive evidence that she manipulated the balance of a letter-weigher by means of a hair plucked from her head when she thought no one was observing her; and Dr. Gustave Le Bon satisfied himself that she produced many of her phenomena by deftly withdrawing one of her hands from the grasp of the controller. But it was at Cambridge, England, that the most definite expose was obtained when, after observing her in twenty seances and closely studying her methods, a committee of the Society for Psychical Research gave a detailed report of the various devices which she skillfully used to free herself from the investigators' control, and unanimously declared their belief that "everything was fraudulent from beginning to end."

Lombroso himself admits that Madame Paladino "exhibits both before and during her trance states, a slyness that in some cases goes as far as deception" and yet he gives the stamp of his approval to her work and bases upon it his belief in a future state. Is this not scepticism turned into credulity with a vengeance? Would it not have been more in character for this scientist to conclude, very much as the English investigators did, that unexplained fraud plus defective observation by the sitters, is at the bottom even of the most marvelous and seemingly inexplicable of her feats? That Lombroso's last book is not a satisfying one to the critical reader I hesitate to say on my own humble authority, so I will quote the words of Andrew Lang, an observer who has brought the veriest sang froid to the study of psychic phenomena. Of this book Lang says that it "is one of the worst ever written on psychial research. It was very brave in Lombroso to follow the truth, when he thought he had found it, though it contradicted the opinions of a lifetime. But in his book he proves that he has no idea of what evidence means; he repeats unauthenticated tales of dreams, ghosts, and so on; he very seldom gives a definite and correct reference to his authorities, and his book can only bring his subject into contempt. Less scientific treatment of an important and obscure topic cannot be found outside of "spiritualistic" publications. Seldom has more unscientific work come from a man who had a scientific training."

For those who are not altogether satisfied—and only the credulous will be satisfied—with Lombroso's book, I would recommend the perusal of a little work entitled "Hypnotism and Spiritism" which was published several years ago by Doctor Lapponi, the distinguished physician to Leo XIII. It is a work which corrects many vulgar errors and which brings healthy common sense to the consideration of problems too often veiled in morbid obscurities. Doctor Lapponi speaks of two explanations which have been brought forward by those who refuse to accept the supernatural origin of spiritism and although his book is by no means thetical, he is inclined to see reason for both of them. One party believes that the spirits are the result of illusion, the beholders being more or less hypnotized; the other regards the spirits as out-and-out humbugs, a superior form of the charming and little understood art of prestidigitation. But there are residual phenomena for which neither of these explanations adequately account and the questions evoked by these Doctor Lapponi does not undertake to answer. But these words of his are worthy of pondering: "For the strongest principles of social and individual morality spiritist interviews substitute all sorts of lunacies, endlessly changeful and contradictory. In the case of mediums and in that of those who attend their seances, spiritism yields now an obscuration, now a morbid exaltation of the mental faculties; it leads to serious nervous diseases. Most of the famous mediums and many assiduous runners after seances have died insane or have been stricken with incurable nervous disorders—to say nothing of the still graver dangers against which it is the business of the theologians to put us on our guard. In general, we may affirm that spiritism is always perilous, as well for the body's health as for that of the soul."

It is always possible, of course, that the irreducibility to scientific laws of spiritistic manifestations has been exaggerated. Science may yet find laws to explain the transfers of objects and the materializations, provided always that these manifestations are not the result of collusion or fraud. Unfortunately, experience with mediums in all countries makes this latter proviso necessary. Madame Eusapia Paladino would begin to be above suspicion if she would accept and satisfy the test proposed a generation ago by Sir William Crookes:

"The spiritualist tells of rooms and houses being shaken even to injury by superhuman power. The man of science merely asks for a pendulum to be set vibrating when it is in a glass case and supported on solid masonry. The spiritualist tells of heavy articles of furniture moving from one room to another without human agency. But the man of science has made instruments which will divide an inch into a million parts, and

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he is justified in doubting the accuracy of the former observations if the same force is powerless to move the index of his instrument one poor degree. The spiritualist tells of flowers with the fresh dew on them, of fruit, and living objects, being carried through closed windows and even through solid brick walls. The scientific investigator naturally asks that an additional weight (if it be only the one-thousandth part of a grain) be deposited on one pan of his balance, when the case is locked."

In other words Sir William Crookes, appreciating the fallibility of the human eye, even when conditions are most favorable for investigation—as they seldom are in the seance room—properly insisted on requiring a test that would not involve close and continuous observation of the medium. Let Eusapia Paladino undergo this test before any more Lombrosos pin their dawning faith to her fragile support.

Tolstoi's Farewell Message to the World

(Continued from Page 7.)

saves us and should be the basis of our life. We are witnessing today the last convulsions of the dying age, which is based upon violence and not upon love. The time is coming when all will see that these fights, this hatred, and all these institutions founded upon force lead only to our unhappiness. The time is coming when all will see that the one, the simplest, the sole attainable means of salvation, is the means indicated by our consciences; and that is the love which is the ground principle of all our lives.

According to a legend, the Apostle John in extreme old age was obsessed by one feeling which he gave expression to in the words: "Children, love one another!" That was the counsel of a man who had reached the extreme limit of life. It is in that way that the life of man must develop when it reaches a certain stage.

All is simple; all is clear. Man lives—that is, man is born, he grows, matures, decays and dies. Can the object of such a life lie within itself? Surely not. "What is the object?" we ask ourselves. "What am I?" The answer comes: "A being who loves." At first it seems as if man loves only himself. But a short experience of life and a little thought are enough to show that such love has no aim. Whom then shall we love? A man loves his relatives, his friends, all who love him in return. At first that seems to satisfy. But not always. Firstly, these men and women are imperfect; secondly, they change; thirdly, they die. Whom then shall man love? There is but one answer: We must love all, must make love the basis of all, must love God. Man must love not for the sake of the object loved, not for the sake of self, but for the sake of love.

We need but to realize this and the ills vanish out of life and life becomes clear and joyful.

People object: "That would be all right if all men acted in the same way. However, even if I live for love and give to others all, others will live for themselves and for their bodies. What, then, becomes of me, of my family, of all those whom I love and must love? For ages past men have been talking of love, but no man acts as he talks. No man can. We can dedicate our lives to love only if all men do the same—that is, if a miracle transforms the bodily, worldly life of men into a spiritual and a divine life." So speak men in order to quiet their consciences. They know in the depths of their hearts that they are wrong; that their reasoning is false. It is false because a change is needed only in the worldly, bodily life, and not in the spiritual life. Love makes men happy through itself; it makes men happy independently of what other men do, independently of what happens in the world around. Love brings happiness inasmuch as all who love are united with God and demand nothing for themselves, but will give all, even their lives, to others; and find their happiness in this abnegation of self. They are not affected by what others do, by what takes place in the world around. To love means to give oneself to God, to do as God wills. God, however, is love, and wills all good; and he cannot will that those who fulfill his commandments sink to the ground. One who truly loves, therefore, does not perish. But even if, as Christ on the cross, he should perish among men, still death is a joy for him, not the sad and mean death of worldly men. The excuse, therefore, that a man cannot dedicate himself to love because others do not is false and detestable. It is as if a man who must work to nourish himself and his children should cease to work because others do not work.

We must spend our lives in multiplying the love within us, let the world go as it will. By so acting we gain the greatest happiness for self, and do to others all the good that we can.

No man can say whether an undertaking is good or bad if he has not tried it. If we tell a peasant how to sow rye or a beekeeper how to make hives, if he is an intelligent man he will make the experiment and be guided by the result. So it is in life. To find how far the law of love is applicable to life you must test it.

Make the attempt. Promise for a while to follow all the commandments of love. Live so that in your relations with others, even with thieves and drunkards, with superiors or subordinates, you will think of what is best for them, not for yourself. And after you have made the attempt ask yourself: "Was it so difficult? Have I spoiled or bettered my life?" Then decide whether love brings happiness or not. Try it. Instead of returning evil with evil try to return evil with good; to say nothing ill of men; to act kindly even with the ox and the dog. Live thus one day, two days, or more, and compare the state of your mind with its state in former days. Make the attempt, and you will see how the dark, evil modes have passed away, and how the soul's happiness has increased. Make the attempt and you will see that the gospel of love brings not merely profitable words, but the greatest and most desirable of all things.

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Auto Notes

L. E. Woodard has recently joined the selling force of the Pioneer Automobile Company and will pay particular attention to selling the Babcock Electric car and the Randolph Truck.

Following out the well established custom of eastern manufacturers of automobiles in holding an annual meeting of Branch Managers for the purpose of outlining the policies for marketing the output of thousands of cars now manufactured in the United States, the Ford Factory recently held a meeting of the Agents and Factory Managers, of this well known car, in Detroit.

Among the recent sales of Ford cars is one by B. B. Brentner, Oakland agent of the Standard Motor Car Company, who delivered a 20 horsepower touring car to E. W. Bowie, a motor enthusiast of Berkeley, who expects to do a great deal of touring during the winter in his new machine. According to Mr. Brentner the transbay cities, including Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley are proving an important factor in the automobile industry of the coming season. The demand for cars in these places is such that he has doubled his allotment of Ford cars for the coming year. "I expect an unusually big season for 1910," said Brentner. "The people are buying cars regardless of price but there is an unusually large demand for medium priced machines such as the Ford and from the inquiries we are receiving from points in the interior of the State I expect a record breaking season next year." Mr. Brentner has received a large shipment of Ford cars from Detroit.

In the comparatively short space of two years a great change has come over the automobile buying public in the matter of demonstrations, according to John H. Eagal, one of the best known automobile men of this city and for several years manager of the automobile department of the Studebaker Bros. "I regard it as quite singular," says Eagal, "that when I began to dispose of automobiles in this territory a few years ago, demonstrations were the thing—that is, more than ninety per cent of prospective purchasers were unwilling to close for their cars until they had taken one or more demonstrations. Apparently the pendulum has swung back in the last two years, until the reverse is true, for not more than ten per cent of the purchasers now request demonstrations. The public possesses a comprehensive knowledge of the machine in question and takes it as an axiom that the car will run. And that practically is all a demonstration yields. Recently we have disposed of more than a score of the new Studebaker '40' cars and I can recall only two demonstrations out of the lot."

E. Powers of Stockton has a Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" that since Sunday couldn't be purchased for the price of a new one. Without preparation, and without even removing the guards, etc., Hackett, a local driver, took his car to the local track and drove it to a signal victory, making one of the miles in 1:05. The race was an Australian pursuit and it took him just three miles to catch his rival that was duly stripped and prepared. What is more remarkable, the car was not overhauled and the engine has not been touched since leaving the factory. The car has been used on the ranch for stacking hay and a recent performance was to haul five tons of raisins to the packing house. It is believed that the time of 1:05 is a new record for a fully equipped car.

D. G. McCarthy, a wealthy mining man and a recent arrival from the Tanana Mining District, Alaska, brings the information that a line of Thomas Flyers has been put on between Fairbanks and the various creek towns in that vicinity, running in opposition to the Tanana Valley Railroad. The new automobile stage line is doing a rushing business; in fact it is actually putting the railroad out of business, as far as the passenger traffic is concerned. The railroad recently made a big reduction in fares but the Thomas line seems to thrive notwithstanding. The auto line is proving a boon in many ways to the miners and business men, as the schedule is so far ahead of the railroad that the saving in time proves a great consideration. Mr. McCarthy intends to spend the winter here and upon his return to Fairbanks in the spring will take a Thomas Flyer with him to use in traveling between his various extensive holdings in the Tanana District.

Another carload of Hudson cars was received recently by the Pioneer Automobile Company and will be delivered at once to waiting customers.

The first seven-passenger touring car to reach the coast from the Buick factory has just been received by the Howard Automobile Company, and is now being displayed at their salesroom in Golden Gate avenue. Following the lines of the other Buick models and finished in very dark blue with cream running gears, the new seven-passenger Buick is a most attractive car. The motor is four cylinders 5x5, developing 50 horsepower. Wheel base 122 inches, 36 inch wheels and three speed selective transmission. The well known high standard of Buick construction is followed in this new creation, and Howard's only regret is that there will be a limited number of the seven-passenger type produced. The few he is able to secure will be entirely taken up within the next few weeks and no more will be obtainable during the entire season.

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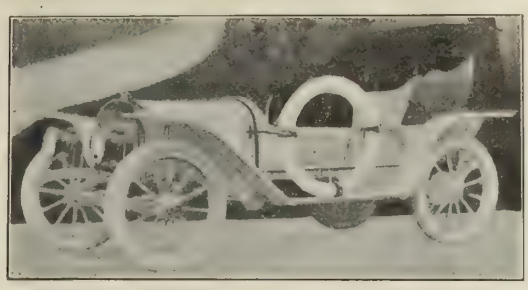

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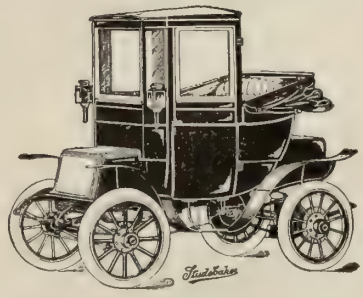

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LYDIA KIRKPATRICK, Also Known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LYDIA IRKPATRICK, also known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Metson, Drew, Oatman & Mackenzie, on the 5th floor of the Balboa Building at the corner of Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

THOMAS KIRKPATRICK,
Administrator of the Estate of Lydia Kirkpatrick, also known as Mrs. L. Kirkpatrick, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 20, 1909.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Fifth Floor, Balboa Building, Second and Market Sts. 11-20-5

Letters

"Suzanna and Sue"

Kate Douglas Wiggin's new fall book, "Suzanna and Sue," will have a Shaker community as its setting. There is some probability that her "Rebecca," the best girls' book since the immortal "Little Women," will be given a stage presentation. If the dramatization follows the story even approximately it will be a one part play, and if the playwright can refrain from doing what the author has not done, it will be without sentimental interest, as befits a heroine of the years from ten to sixteen.

A Book From a New Author

Maria Thompson Daviess is a new name in the literary index but her first book is so good that it will pave the welcome way for many more. She introduces us to Miss Selina Lue, another of those optimistic philosophers who keeps her hands so full of work that she has no time for lamentations. She is the special providence of the children of her community, whose cut fingers and bruised heels are adorned with specimens from her rag bag, while some pleasant diversion is devised to take their minds off their troubles before they are fairly launched into a crying spell. She is the proprietor of a little grocery and general store on the River Bluff, with an improvised day home for infants on the side. The babies are called the "soap boxers" from the circumstance that all being yet too small to walk alone, they are held in captivity in a row of empty soap boxes properly cushioned and ranged in the back of the store, out of harm's way. The Flarity twins belong to a motorman on the straggling trolley line whose wife is in the hospital, and are left on the back doorstep in the morning when he goes to his work and reclaimed at nine o'clock at night when his labor is over for the day. Clemmie's father enjoys a good salary but feeling the need of purple socks and other gorgeous raiment for his own adornment, there is not enough to go round, and her mother is forced into that blissful condition of "economic independence" earned by washing dishes at a Woman's Exchange in town. Patty Tyne, the youngest of six, was left behind when her mother, having fitted out the rest of the brood for a visit to relatives, found herself without means or material to devote to the baby, so the little one, with her solitary gingham frock was cheerfully abandoned to better keeping, while the fifth "soap boxer" was a veritable little waif deserted, and duly adopted by Miss Selina Lue, the moving spirit of her small community. The book is full of babies, optimism and unconscious humor, and the warp and woof of it has been embroidered with a very pretty romance. It is a cheerful and entertaining little book. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

South Sea Stories

"Neath Austral Skies" is another of Louis Becke's entertaining books concerning the South Seats. The contents, short stories, appear to be the gathered threads dropped from the earlier sheafs, and the author has a pleasant way of mentioning names which gives his old time clientage a feeling of comfortable familiarity. Bully Hayes, Paddy Minogue and others may not be drawing room exquisites, but they are flesh and blood—especially blood—and they fit into their surroundings in such manner as to leave no doubt of their reality as individuals. Of the twenty-two chapters which comprise the contents of the volume, nearly half consist of descriptive articles. One in particular, "The Loneliness of it," is almost a sermon preached from the plaint of a young Scotchman who, temperamentally unfitted for the life, yet lured on by the glowing account of a globe-trotting traveler, of the ease in which fortunes accumulated themselves in the South Sea trade, embarked his capital in a venture. Naturally he failed, but the loss of his little fortune, Scotchman though he was, affected him less than "the utter loneliness of the life." In contrast to his misery the author describes his own pleasant sojourn in a far more lonely spot, but, being differently constituted, not bent on making a fortune doing nothing, but alive and alert to the opportunities about him, while no student in the academic sense, he acquired a fund of information on natural history subjects, learned native ways of procuring and preparing food, built and repaired boats, affiliated with the children and found no day too long or too lonely to fill with occupations. It is especially worth while because this same lamentation is the greatest obstacle to every endeavor to break up tenement rookeries and induce people afflicted with the crowd habit to move out into the light. The "country weekers" and Fresh Air Fund beneficiaries have the same objection; it is almost impossible to get domestic help in a suburb, and had not legal ordinances broken up our own refugee colonies they would still be squatting in the parks and resisting every effort to remove them on the plea that to be anywhere that they could not jostle elbows with their neighbors and look into their windows would be "that lonesome." Mr. Becke must be fairly well on in years now, yet he writes "young." It would be a pity to prejudice readers not yet acquainted with him by hinting that he is a "nature writer," but those who enjoy observations and descriptions at first hand, free from scientific tags and labels will find a fund of information in his books. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT KRUGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Fitzpatrick & Greeley, Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, attorneys for said Executor, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased.

GEO. L. RICCOMI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Kruger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13th, 1909.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attorneys for Executor,
Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,

vs.

ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26005, Dept. No. 10.

HARRY GEBALLE, Plaintiff,

vs.

I. KOSTMAN, Doing Business Under the Name and Style of the ORPHEUM CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to I. KOSTMAN, doing business under the name and style of the ORPHEUM CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. E. BIEN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
310 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Otto Irving Wise, Attorney at Law, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,
Executor of the Estate of Bertha Laventhal, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LACEY, Deceased—No. 8502, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1110 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased.

EDWARD V. LACEY and
FREDERICK F. LACEY,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Lacey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, Also Known as I. H. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, Attorney at Law, 806 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased.

HANNAH JACOBS,
Executrix of the Estate of Isaac H. Jacobs, also know as I. H. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1909.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL and HENRY A JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executrix,
806 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANORA DALEY, Sometimes Known as and Called HANORA DAILY, Deceased.

Elizabeth O'Brien, administratrix of the estate of HANORA DALEY, sometimes known as and called HANORA DAILY, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell certain arel property belonging to said estate, particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 22nd day of November, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there ot show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of such real property.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 20, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed October 20, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
1110 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-5

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners, transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of PRATT & GRIGSBY; that the principal place of business of said copartnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of the said copartnership are WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, and that our respective places of residence are set opposite our respective names, hereunto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our hands, this 16th day of October, 1909.

Name	Residence
J. R. PRATT	San Francisco, Cal.
W. E. GRIGSBY	San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 28th day of October, 1909, before me, J. D. Brown, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and who acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal)

J. D. BROWN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Copartnership,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, Deceased—No. 8588, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie M. Donovan, Administratrix of the estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased.

ANNIE M. DONOVAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Jeremiah J. Donovan, also known as J. J. Donovan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, Deceased—No. 8437, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Theodore C. Rethers and William D. O'Kane, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased.

THEODORE C. RETHERS and WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Ellen Rose Kengla, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executors,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 20th day of October, 1909, in the matter of the estate of MARGARET Y. LOUGHRAN, deceased, the undersigned MARY L. O'FARRELL and FRANK P. LOUGHRAN, Administrators of the estate of said Margaret Y. Loughran, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, either in one parcel or in sub-divisions as said Administrators shall judge most beneficial to the Estate for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the eighth day of December, 1909, at twelve o'clock noon of said day, at the office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Administrators, Room 809 Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said MARGARET Y. LOUGHRAN, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Margaret Y. Loughran, deceased, at the time of her death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

(a) Commencing at a point on the North Westerly line of Welsh Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet North Easterly from its intersection with the North Easterly line of Fourth Street; running thence North Easterly along said line of Welsh Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles North Westerly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly thirty (30) feet, and thence at right angles South Easterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

The same being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number One Hundred and Sixty-nine (169).

(b) Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Welsh Street, distant thereon 130 feet Northeast of Fourth Street running thence Northeasterly along the said line of Welsh Street 20 feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly 62.6 feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly 62.6 feet to the Northwesterly line of Welsh Street and the point of commencement; being a part of 100 Vara Block 367.

(c) Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Clementina Street, distant thereon 230 feet Northeasterly from the Northeasterly line of Third Street, running thence Northeasterly along the said line of Clementina Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Northwesterly 80 feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly 25 feet and thence at right angles Southeasterly 80 feet to the Northwesterly line of Clementina Street and the point of commencement; being a part of 100 Vara Block 356.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Room 809, Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the Sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated: November 12th, 1909.

MARY L. O'FARRELL, and
FRANK P. LOUGHRAN,
Administrators of the Estate of Margaret Y. Loughran, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Administrators,
809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

W. J. MOSSHALDER, Attorney for Margaret Blanch Dillingham,
Rooms 1, 2, 3 and 4, First National Bank Bldg., San Diego, Cal. 11-20-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,

vs.

LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, Deceased—No. 8383, N. S., Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased.

LYDIA M. HOPKINS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Reuben T. Hopkins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executrix,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased.

ANGELE KLEINCLAUS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Gustave Kleinclaus, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

A COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 2728 N. S., Dept. 9

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY M. DEFFEBACH, an Incompetent.

It appearing to this Court from the duly verified petition this day presented and filed by G. H. UMBSEN, the guardian of the person and estate of Mary M. Deffebach, an incompetent person, praying for an order of sale of certain real and personal estate belonging to said incompetent; that it is for the advantage and best interest of the said estate and said incompetent that a sale be made of some portions of the real and personal estate; that it is necessary that such real and personal estate should be sold;

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said incompetent and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Friday, the nineteenth day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the courtroom of this Court in the Grant Building, southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real and personal estate;

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this twentieth day of October, 1909.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

VOGELSANG & BROWN, Attorneys for Petitioner,
20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-23-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. HOGG, Deceased—No. 8540, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned James A. Hoag, Administrator of the estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, James F. Sheehan, Room 623, Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased.

JAMES A. HOAG,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Hogg, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13, 1909.

JAMES F. SHEEHAN, Attorney of Administrator,
Room 623, Balboa Bldg., 2nd and Market Sts., San Francisco. 11-13-5

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Robert B. McMillan
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor
Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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"May I help you to alight," said a young man to a lady about to leave he auto.
"No, thanks," said she, "I don't smoke."

Sayings of Young Philosophers

"Freddie, when you said your prayers last night didn't you ask God to make you a good boy?" "Yes, mama." "Well, Freddie, you've been as bad as ever today." "But, mama, you can't blame me if God doesn't do just what I ask Him."

Little Miss Freckels—I made ugly faces at your stuck-up sister the other day, but I guess she didn't see me. Little Johnny—Yes, she did, but she thought they was natural.

Pretty Teacher—Now, Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle? Johnny—Yes'm. Mother says ef yew don't ketch the new parson it will be a miracle.

Governess—You see, my dear, the Antipodes live on the other side of the earth, and they only go to bed when we are getting up. Little Emma—Then, I suppose my brother Fritz is an Antipode, eh?

"I got kept in today for standing up for Tommy," said Nellie. "Teacher asked Tommy to spell oxen, and Tommy said o-x-o-n, and then she asked me if he was right. I didn't like to go back on Tommy, so I said yes. But she wouldn't believe me."

The nurse was giving the twins a bath. Later, hearing the children laughing in bed, she said: "What are you children laughing about!" "Oh, nothing," replied Edna, "only you gave Edith two baths, and haven't given me any."

Henry Ward Beecher was once addressing a Sunday school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be "Jacob's Ladder." He got along swimmingly until a little urchin in one of the back seats squeaked out, "Why did the angels have to have a ladder when they had wings?" Beecher replied, "Well, that is a fair question. Who can answer it?" There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fist. "Well, my little man, why was it?" "I guess mebbe they was a-moultin'," was the reply.

Mamma—If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommy, you'll see the bogie-man tonight. Tommy (after a moment's thought)—Well, give me some more. I might as well settle that story once for all.

"Papa, what is a king?" "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is unlimited, whose word is law, and whom everybody obeys." "Papa, is mamma a king?"

A little girl has an uncle who has taught her to open and shut his crush hat. The other evening, however, he appeared with an ordinary silk one. Suddenly he saw the child coming with his new silk hat wrinkled like an accordion. "Oh, uncle," she said, "this one is very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut."

Rarely Disturbed

Two spiders who dwelt in different parts of a church chanced to meet in the aisle one day when out for a constitutional.

"How are you getting on?" said spider No. 1 to spider No. 2.

"Oh, moderately," was the reply; "I don't feel very comfortable on Sundays; I live in the pulpit under the cushion, and on that day the parson comes and bangs the book, and sends his fists on the side, and I have to keep very close, or else some day I think he'll hit me. He bangs with such a force that I know he'll squash me to a jelly."

"Oh, you come and live with me," said his companion. "I'm never troubled; I'm always comfortable, and never disturbed from one year's end to the other."

"Indeed," said the other spider; "and where do you live?"

"Oh, I live in the poor-box," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon. I thought this was Mr. Dingly."

"I am Mr. Dingly."

"Then I am glad to find that I was mistaken in thinking that I was mistaken."

"Hey?"

"I say when I thought I was mistaken I was mistaken in thinking I was mistaken, and, being mistaken in thinking I was mistaken when I wasn't mistaken, I was glad to find I was mistaken when I thought I was mistaken, because I wasn't mistaken; or, rather, I was mistaken when I thought I was mistaken, and so I couldn't have been mistaken. Well, at any rate, I am glad. Looks as if we were going to have rain, doesn't it?"

"Indeed, my love, I'm afraid you'll never see heaven," she said to her husband, who was a newspaper man.

"Don't be alarmed," he replied. "Did you ever know a place I couldn't get a pass to?"

He: "Nellie, just look at that man standing behind me. I don't think I ever saw anyone so plain!"

She: "Hush, dear; you forget yourself!"

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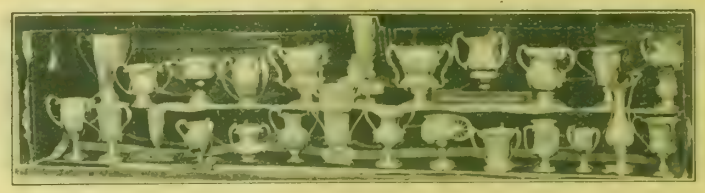

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, November 27, 1909. No. 900.

RUTH MAYCLIFFE

Leading lady with Charles Cherry, who makes his first appearance in this city as a star in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Bachelor," at the Valencia Theatre Sunday night.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor.
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
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The Conspiracy Against Taft

That there is a plot afoot to discredit and crush the Taft Administration and prepare the way for the return to power of the idol of the muckrakers is the opinion of conservative newspapers in touch with affairs at the center of national politics. This conspiracy, we are told, was formed by our spectacular insurgents in Congress in conjunction with certain lean and hungry members of the "Tennis Cabinet," all of whom are incanting lugubriously over an empty pie-wagon and conjuring in the potent name of Roosevelt, ostensibly without the knowledge of that ingenious politician. What has been characterized as the signal gun of the conspiracy was fired through the columns of Collier's yellow weekly, the ammunition being the scurrilous insinuations of one Glavis, who, but a short time ago was expelled from office in disgrace for the mean and contemptible part that he played in the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy. Though to Collier belonged exclusively the right of publication, copies of the Glavis monograph were sent to sympathetic journals in many cities and by them published simultaneously, a circumstance of no little significance. The supposition is that Glavis is but one of many tools who have been employed in furtherance of the deep laid plot against the Taft Administration. There is a promise of more material to come and quickly. Mr. Taft of course is not unconscious of the inspiration of the attitude of certain noisy critics and querulous newspapers, but so far he has been conciliatory and amiable, insisting the while that he is strong in his resolution to carry out the Roosevelt policies. But it is unlikely that he will be able to pursue this course much longer. We may confidently expect to hear something drop before we are much older.

"My Policies" And the Disciples

Solicitude about the Roosevelt policies is an alluring pose, the impressiveness of which cannot be questioned, but the durability of which is another matter. In time the Roosevelt obsession may relax and the people may perceive that what they had cherished as "My Policies" were really nothing more than a personality, and one with feet of clay. But meanwhile, it is to be hoped, they may be able to penetrate the affectation of the political and journalistic demagogues who are trading on Mr. Roosevelt's reputation for aggressive virtue and pretending to be profoundly concerned about the policies which he solicitously bequeathed to his successor. There is no governmental policy of Roosevelt's that is now in any danger of abandonment, but as a result of a radical change in the character and temperament, the habits and methods, of the man who is now President and of his official family, a change has likewise come over the spirit and tone of politics throughout the country, the effect of which has been disheartening to reformers whose specialty is that of vindicating their patriotism by vehemently traducing their neighbors. Naturally reformers of this type are sadly disgruntled. Almost everywhere they have been rebuked and repudiated at the polls. They long for a recrudescence of Rooseveltian reform, for the return of the good old days when Teddy was setting the pace for them; when "undesirable citizens" were the topic of every hour, when "malefactors of great wealth" were being hunted down but never caught, when for the purpose of justifying high crimes and misdemeanors it was but necessary for a politician to affirm himself a reformer intent upon promoting the "greater good." The universal situation of those embittered days was not the result of a statesman's governmental policy; it was the sinister contrivance of an artful politician who had ravished the imagination and perverted the judgment of the hysterical American people. Most sincerely, but nevertheless with that most tenacious of human sentiments which we call selfishness, his disciples mourn his absence and pray for his return to the throne of State.

Roosevelt and the Sugar Trust

In view of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's claim upon the affections and admiration of his countrymen was based chiefly upon his unquenchable hatred of wrongdoers, the sugar trust scandal, which is now claiming a large share of public attention in the East, must be extremely painful to all men by whom he is held in esteem and veneration. From facts that have been already brought to light it is clear that the attitude of the Roosevelt Administration toward the sugar trust savored strongly of criminal indulgence. But Mr. Roosevelt may be able to give an entirely satisfactory explanation of his curious apathy, for Mr. Roosevelt has wonderful powers of persuasion. He has many formulas for effecting persuasion. The simplest is that which provides for abstention from discussion. He followed this one in the case of Paul Morton who confessed to having rebated for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. His favorite formula is that by which he increases the membership of the Ananias Club. This he followed in the case of Judge Parker who charged him with having gathered a huge corruption fund in New York. Mr. Roosevelt pronounced the charge "unqualifiedly and atrociously false," and now though we know it to be true, we still have faith in the invincible moralist. Perhaps this faith cannot be shaken even by the startling revelations that implicate the Roosevelt Administration to such an extent that it has been suggested in terms borrowed from Roosevelt's literary workshop, that we "should follow the trail of graft even though it lead to the White House."

Protected Graft

In the history of frauds against the Government of the United States nothing is to be found half so stupendous or infamous as the system of rascality that was operated by the sugar trust under Mr. Roosevelt's nose, and apparently with the connivance of some of his trusted lieutenants. It is estimated that $30,000,000 that should have gone into the national Treasury was diverted to the coffers of the trust by a species of systematized robbery. For the purpose of defrauding the Treasury the officials of the trust used false weights with the knowledge of debauched officials. The trust has confessed its guilt, but has returned only $2,000,000 of the stolen money. Several officers and directors of the trust are under indictment for violations of the Sherman law, but they have not yet been prosecuted for their larcenous practices. Indeed for these they may never be prosecuted, since owing to Mr. Roosevelt's strange and unaccountable passivity they may be able to plead successfully the statute of limitations. There is urgent demand, however, for a Congressional investigation, which will probably be held, though there will doubtless be powerful opposition from Mr. Roosevelt's friends, who

already seem to deem it expedient to draw decayed fish across the trail. They realize of course that in the event of an investigation inquiry will not be confined to the question of loss sustained by the Treasury. Of quite as much importance as the question of loss is the question of official turpitude. We already know that three years before Mr. Roosevelt's term expired the evidence upon which indictments have been found was presented to him. We also know that he did nothing. He was then in the midst of his vociferations against malefactors of great wealth, but the officials of the Sugar Trust who were always generous to the Republican party, escaped his attention. From him the sugar magnates, who were robbing the Treasury by false weights, who were conducting a training school for thieves, debauching not only their own employees but also those of the Government, received no special mark of disesteem. Yet he was not in ignorance of the crimes of the trust. George H. Earle, the man who forced the trust in a civil suit to admit its violation of the law, says that he took the evidence to Washington when Mr. Roosevelt was President, "and could not get him or his Attorney-General, Mr. Bonaparte, to look at it." Special Agent Richard Parr, the man who unearthed the weighing frauds, says that he reported them to Mr. Loeb and that Mr. Loeb talked them over with Mr. Roosevelt, and then told him to go and see Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Armstrong. Thereafter Parr was kept on the move. First he was sent to Boston and then to Portland, Maine, from which city he sent a letter to Mr. Loeb advising him that as the sugar frauds were being committed in New York he was a little too remote from the scene to be able to conduct an efficient investigation. Nevertheless he was kept in the Maine district for several months, and then sent to Cuba. It was not until Mr. Taft came into office that steps were taken to put an end to the frauds and compel the trust to render an account of its iniquities. Attorney-General Wickersham brought suit upon the evidence that was ignored by Roosevelt and Bonaparte and he had no difficulty in procuring indictments. Now as it is generally understood that the paramount Roosevelt policy or rather the most salient of his moral policies, the one that transcends in importance all policies with reference to matters purely of a governmental character, is the punishment of rich malefactors, is it not singular that the newspapers that love the Mighty Hunter for the reputations that he slaughtered with his tongue, have had little or nothing to say about the opportunities he neglected in the glorious heyday of his wild-eyed fury?

Hearst Wants More Liberty

"Imprisonment for criminal libel," says Mr. William R. Hearst, "is a relic of the dark ages." The distinguished editor urges that it be "eliminated from modern penalties," and that newspapers be held responsible for libel only through the medium of the civil courts. "To deprive any citizen of his liberty except when his liberty is a menace to citizenship," says the great exponent of yellow journalism, "is unenlightened and un-American and unworthy of our modern era." From these sentiments it is evident that Mr. Hearst does not place a very high appraisement on reputation. Evidently he regards it as something of less consequence and less value than the smallest member of the human body, for he does not urge that imprisonment for mayhem be "eliminated from modern penalties." To deprive a man of a finger maliciously is a crime, and Mr. Hearst certainly believes that a man who maliciously maimed another by depriving him of even so small a member as the smallest finger on his hand should go to jail, but in his philosophy it is an outrage to imprison an editor for having brutally and wantonly deprived a citizen of what is generally regarded as the purest of treasures and considered by many as dearer than life. But of course Mr. Hearst utters himself from the standpoint of an editor, and his philosophy is somewhat tainted by personal considerations. Unconsciously he reminds us that there are more things than imprisonment for libel that are relics of the dark ages. One of them is the habit of viewing but one side of a question; another is the inclination to create any form of despotism, any kind of tyranny. Mr. Hearst is eager to make the rule of the press absolutely despotic, to put newspaper tyranny beyond the possibility of restraint, and he conceives that the consummation is justifiable because the liberty of the press is essential to the liberty of the people. What he is not able to see, or at any rate what he does not wish to see, is that the liberty which he favors is the kind that easily runs to license. There can be no individual liberty in a country that does not afford sufficient protection to its citizens from the tyranny of a licentious press.

Second-Hand Information

Some weeks ago it was announced that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had personally investigated the outrages that are alleged to exist in the Congo State and that he intended to write a book about them for the purpose of startling the civilized world and impelling the Powers to interfere in behalf of the poor natives. Now comes the information that the book which is in the hands of a firm of publishers was not written as the result of a personal survey of the Congo country. The popular English novelist has merely correlated the testimony of persons who are said to have witnessed the outrages. The book is full of horrors, but the circumstance is not without significance that Sir Arthur's witnesses are missionaries, British Consuls and traders. They are all very much interested in the rubber industry which, it is said, is accountable for most of the brutalities perpetrated in the Congo country. All of them are persuaded that under British rule the rubber industry would be carried on in a more humane manner, and this is the opinion also of the Congo Reform Association which has headquarters in London, and which is dominated by Missionaries who are probably not much different from the gentlemen whose zeal in spreading the gospel and civilizing the

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savage has supplied innumerable pretexts for war to all nations that have a passion for expansion. It is doubtless true that the Congo savages are cruelly maltreated and abused by their masters, but which one of the European Powers can truthfully claim that it has never been guilty of similar outrages in the furtherance of colonial policies? And what assurance have we that in the event of interference in West Africa the sufferings of the savages will be mitigated by a more humane policy than that which King Leopold countenances? It is certainly to be hoped that something may be done to alleviate the miseries of the poor natives, but there is nothing in the history of European colonial government to justify the assumption that England or Germany or France will treat them less harshly than they are being treated by the Belgians.

Outlines

O frame me in thy love, as I
  The landscape in the branches low,
That none beneath the bending sky
  Our sylvan secret know;
For 'tis of life the mystery,
  That wheresoe'er its fibres run,
In time or in eternity,
  The many shape the one.

—Father Tabb.

Perspective Impressions

Mr. Roosevelt is coming back to mend his fences.

Thanksgiving comes but once a year—thank God!

President Taft says he "expects great things from the next Congress." There's optimism in every ounce of him.

A man who had never heard of Congress recently applied for citizen papers. Judge Lawlor ought to induce him to join his perpetual venire of professional jurors.

Says Mr. Roosevelt: "Mr. Heney is a man whom all good Americans delight to honor." Which means that the voters of San Francisco are not good Americans. They are undesirable citizens.

Wouldn't it tickle you to death to see a soul-kiss movement on foot?

The Taylor Administration will be remembered for its passionate devotion to the unessentials.

With respect to Alma Bell, if she couldn't keep herself, then her mother ought to have kept her, out of Armes' way.

The unwritten law invoked at Auburn is something that gives young ladies the assurance that they may play with edge tools without getting cut.

If President Taft's coming message to Congress is to be made up of what he didn't say while swinging round the circle it will be a masterpiece of brevity.

IN THE OPEN AT LAST

—New York World.

BARRELED UP

—Philadelphia Record.

Byron's Thyrza Identified

And an Odious Charge Against His Character Disproved by Two New Books Which Reopen a Distasteful Controversy to Show the Great Poet as One of the Faithful Lovers of History

By Robert McTavish

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou
Who didst not change through all the past
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years.

Thousands of Byronic enthusiasts, reading these and all the other beautiful stanzas which the noble poet addressed to "Thyrza," have puzzled vainly over the identity of the original. Tracking innumerable clues through the multitudinous mazes of Byronic literature they have in most instances found themselves compelled to acknowledge that the secret of Thyrza had been effectually concealed and that the woman of all women upon whom Byron seemed to lavish the greatest strength and the deepest sincerity of his passionate devotion would have to remain a theme for futile speculation.

There have been theories a-plenty to explain the identity of Thyrza, but up to the present they have impressed none but their originators. Now, however, the substance of two books upon Lord Byron supplies an explanation for the Thyrza poems and the personality of their mysterious inspiration which is coherent, plausible and, best of all, creditable to the poet. At the same time this explanation re-opens a controversy which waged about the head of Lord Byron during his lifetime and was revived after his death—a controversy in which the most horrible charges were made against his character. Those who have studied the career and character of Byron in a sympathetic spirit have never believed these charges, but now comes respectable authority to tell us that these charges were false and that their web and woof are inextricably meshed with the threads of the Thyrza story.

It is not pleasant to revivify dead scandals; not pleasant, at least, for any but the coprophilists of literature who gloat over the analysis of decay and make the graveyards of reputation their ghoulish abiding-place. Here is an instance, though, when to recall miserable accusations serves the purpose of helping to refute them, for the Byron scandal was rather buried in silence than quieted with conclusive proof. Byron's admirers were content to judge in charity but his detractors were free to repeat their nasty insinuations.

Foremost among the detractors of the great poet stand, in immortal shame, an American woman and an English lord. The name of the American woman is honored, not only in her native land but in many foreign countries; yet there is an indelible blot upon her fame for which some of us have never forgiven her and never will. I refer to Harriet Beecher Stow. It will be recalled that in 1869 Mrs. Stow, on the authority of Lady Byron, gave to the public certain horrible charges against the character of the dead poet. The world stood aghast at this damnable blackening of the honor of a great man who had no redress, but it was inevitable that some of the infamy charged should defile his memory. With only one of these charges are we concerned here and that, to speak frankly, was the charge of a guilty connection between Byron and his half-sister Augusta Leigh. Incredible as it may seem, it remained for a descendant of Lord Byron to repeat this odious accustation in the hearing of a later generation. Only a few years ago Lord Lovelace, Byron's grandson, produced his infamous "Astarte" in which he sought to substantiate the charge made by Mrs. Stow by means of a letter supposed to have been written by Byron. The authenticity of this letter from which the superscription and the signature have been erased, has never been proved. Its deliberate intent is to suggest the charge to which I have already referred. If Byron wrote it, it could only have been inspired by fiendish hatred of his half-sister Mrs. Leigh and the villainy of its contents may be surmised from the opinion of Andrew Lang that "it is perhaps the most odious expression of a depraved nature that ever was put in writing."

Lovers of Byron who cannot bear to see his name blackened, even by unproved accusations, should welcome the two latest additions to Byronic literature—the "Recollections of a Long Life" by that Lord Broughton who, as John Cam Hobhouse, was one of Byron's dearest friends and "Byron: the Last Phase" by Richard Edgcumbe. A long document regarding Byron's unfortunate marriage was written by Hobhouse in 1816 immediately after the divorce. It was intended as a justification of his friend, to be published in case any attempt were made to fasten upon him the crimes which were not only the common scandal of the day but the unavowed cause of Lady Byron's action. This document is now published for the first time and supplies us with the following facts: In seeking a divorce Lady Byron knew of no statutable grounds which her husband had given her during their year of married life. She was forced, therefore, in applying to the Commons for separation, to place secretly in the hands of her representative whatever evidence she possessed of the odious charge involving Byron and his half-sister as well as of another crime with which we are in nowise concerned. When Byron learned the true nature of the charges made against him he demanded complete legal investigation, but unfortunately for his fame, desisted from this stand when Lady Byron assured him that these charges would not be made part of her allegations in court. Of course Byron suffered for this blunder; his public disgrace in England is a matter of literary history and the revival of the charges at intervals ever since his death would have been impossible if he had completely disproved them at the time of his divorce.

What Byron's defense would have been it is here unnecessary to inquire but as to the truth of the whole unhappy matter, we have from the pen of Mr. Edgcumbe the strongest and clearest light that has ever been shed over this dark literary episode. This writer has rescued Mrs. Leigh from the contamination of the old infamy, but to do this it has been necessary to make her an accessory after the fact of an intrigue which Byron had with that Mary Chaworth whom he loved as a boy. It is an ugly business, of course, but it would be ridiculous for any one engaged in the defense of Byron's character from blacker stains to attempt to free his name from the guilt of adulterous connections. How much hereditary abnormality had to do with the wild deeds of Lord Byron scientists have loved to speculate. Byron's mother was a Gordon of Gight and students of Scottish history tell us that, for several generations, the ferocious wickedness of the Gordons of Gight had been an unique phenomenon

(Continued on Page 33.)

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Vagabond and Poet

By A. Le Hetre (From the French)

"What time is it, Bastide, my good clerk?"

"Five minutes of two, judge."

"Let us enjoy those five minutes, Bastide! It is so hot! Who owns those tomatoes upon the windowsill?"

"Those are some fruits of my garden, sir. This morning I pulled up one of my plants by mistake, the finest of them all, the one I had saved from the insects; and so I brought my poor tomatoes here, so that they might ripen. It must be owned that monsieur the judge's room is so freely exposed to the sun—"

"That it seems made expressly to ripen your love-apples! You are right, Bastide. What the deuce are we going to have today? Some fine domestic drama?"

"Alas! sir, nothing but a simple vagabond, but we must not be disheartened."

"I still hope, Bastide, I still hope! In the meantime let us examine Jean Clochepin, vagabond by trade. A vagabond! Good heavens, what a trade, and in such weather! Go and bring in this heroic man; it will be a charity to put him in the shade."

The judge let his arms fall down along the sides of his chair. He had laid his cigarette close to his pen-rack; there rose from it a fine, silky smoke—a dainty keepsake from some invisible fairy's hand.

The judge saw in front of him, through the wide open window, the dazzling blue sky of this July afternoon, and the light tower of the college, which sprang up like a rosy stalk. A bee, who had rested upon a tomato that had burst open with a juicy laugh, bore away with his humming a faint echo of the snoring of the drowsy town.

At the same hour the sergeant and the substitute whom he had picked up dozed over their beer at the Cafe Tivoli. The professor of mathematics went back to his classes after having repeated to Mme. Graubjac, the matron, for the thousandth time, as he himself said, that her profile was growing more and more Grecian. The judge addressed verses to this matron, madrigals and sonnets, wherein he lamented her hard-heartedness. All this, however, was merely after-dinner playfulness. The judge loved poetry, practised the religion of figures and rhythms, and in his court this was his only consolation and the secret of his even temper.

Weariness fell from the city walls with the gray dust of the plaster. The evening, with its quiet hours, was coming, when those good, motherly voices in the bell-towers would counsel folks to go to sleep. The judge longed to escape to some calm retreat—with a book of verses.

"Move on there! Quicker than that, you!"

The magistrate drew himself up. In front of him, under Buzenat the gendarme's black eye, and preceded by the clerk Bastide, the vagabond entered; a tall, slouching body, bearded, and very hot. He had taken off his rusty felt hat, which looked like a mushroom. Two sea-green eyes shone upon his bushy eyebrows, and his solidly planted nose bestrode his red mustache. His beard foamed and flamed. He was dressed in an old suit of gray clothes, the color of the roads.

The judge inspected his man with a glance. Then he let him approach without looking at him, affecting to be occupied with his papers and with the reports of the officers. This carelessness in regard to prisoners was the judge's favorite procedure.

He suddenly raised his head, looked at the man, and asked:

"Your name?"

"Jean Clochepin, monsieur the judge, at your service."

"Thanks!" said the magistrate scornfully. "Jean Clochepin, you have already had dealings with the courts."

"That is true," said the vagabond, bowing his head.

"You need not flatter yourself upon that account," said the judge. "For some days your movements have thrown the peaceful hamlet of Saint-Pierre-le-Fenille into a state of terror. You must have threatened the people or the corps, either by gesture or by words, or else the men would not have driven you away with pitch-forks and pointed you out to the police."

The vagabond replied in a calm voice: "Pointing out their field to them, I said to three peasants who refused me a piece of brown bread: 'Still, you have fine rye this year!' There was no anger in my gesture or my words. That field, monsieur the judge, was very beautiful. I love the dusty green of the rye. The ladies whom I saw last year all wore that shade of green."

"Crac, cric, crac," went the clerk's impatient pen. One might have thought that it was a cricket learning to chirp. The judge bent down toward the worthy officer:

"It is needless to write anything, Bastide. Do not fatigue yourself."

Then, returning to Jean Clochepin:

"As to the ladies," he said, "you addressed unsuitable words to a young woman of Peyrilles, near the fountain. It was in the evening toward nine o'clock, fifteen or twenty minutes past nine—this print is not very clear. Nobody knows what might have happened if Grateloup, the postman, had not chanced to pass that way."

"It is possible, monsieur the judge, that I may have spoken some words of harmless gallantry to this woman, who seemed very pretty to me, and who bore upon her head, with antique grace, an old copper pail adorned with flowers. But I can assure you that my words were in no-wise disrespectful. Vagabonds, monsieur the judge, look at young women as at the blue sky of our land; they look with joy, but without hope."

"A queer, good fellow!" murmured the judge, who had been regarding Jean Clochepin with interest. "A queer, good fellow, indeed—but perhaps one ought to be distrustful. The gay chap may be a rascal. Let us be wary!"

The vagabond was getting ready to talk. The judge checked him with a gesture:

"Have you any papers?"

"Yes, monsieur the judge."

He placed a dogwood stick against the table and drew from his waistcoat a thick, fawn-colored pocket-book, frayed, worn, full of folds and pockets, crammed with papers and plants, bulging like a poacher's game-bag.

"Give me that."

The judge took the pocket-book with a sudden movement, opened it upon the table, unfolded it, spread it out. There were ferns in it, pressed flowers, some blue or faded rose-color on a pale yellow background.

"Why, this is a herbarium!" said the magistrate. "Wait, here are some pages!"

The judge had come to a dead stop. He was reading. Somber at first, his face began to brighten. The judge swayed his head back and forth, with half-open mouth.

"Is this your own?"

"Yes, monsieur the judge," the vagabond owned, embarrassed. "You know how it is! The length of the roads, the loneliness of the inns, the open air, the smell of the meadows, the adventures—"

The judge bent upon Jean Clochepin a face full of kindness.

"Will you leave me one of your poems?"

"If it pleases you, monsieur."

The judge glanced round the room: Buzenat, the gendarme, was stealthily drawing near the tomatoes; full,

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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round-cheeked, swollen with rich juice, they temptingly diffused a warm and piquant fragrance in a wave of sunlight. Bastide, the clerk, his head upon his arms, was slumbering, a pleasant smile upon his lips.

The magistrate quickly drew from his pocket a five franc piece and put it into the vagabond's hand. The latter, having seen the movement, looked as if he would refuse the gift.

"It is the price of the verses," murmured the judge. "You are free."

And, rising, he himself opened the door for Jean Clochepin, vagabond and poet.

A Vigia

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

When the old Spanish navigators, sailing in virgin seas, uncharted, undeflowered by keels, passed by some islet about which they were doubtful, seeing it dimly as the mist lifted for a moment, or in the uncertain light of the false dawn, they called it a Vigia, a place to be looked out for, and their old charts are dotted here and there with the Vigia of the Holy Spirit, the Trinity, the Immaculate Conception, or the Exaltation of the Cross.

Their followers, sailing with ampler knowledge but less faith, kept a look-out for the mysterious shoals or islets, not often finding them, unless they chanced to run upon them in the dark and perish with all hands. These were Vigias of the seas, but there exist Vigias of the mind, as shadowy and as illusive, to the full, as any that Magellan, Juan de la Cosa, or Sebastian Cabot marked upon their charts. We all know of such islands, low lying, almost awash, as it were, in the currents of the mind. On them we make our land-fall when we choose, without a pilot, except memory, to guide us in the darkest night. We land and roam about alone, always alone, for those who once inhabited them and welcomed us whenever we sailed in, are now all harbored. Commonly we stay but little there, for though the men we knew are dead, their ghosts so jostle us that we are glad once more to re-embark and sail again into a world of noise, that modern anaesthetic of the mind, still knowing that one day we must return and swell the shadowy procession that walks along the shores of their dead, saltless seas. There is an island, whose whereabouts I do not care precisely to reveal, although only a little strait divides it from a land of mist, of money-making, a land of faiths harder by far than facts, and yet, there it rides swaying on the sea like some great, prehistoric ship, looking out westward in the flesh, and with the interior vision straining its eyes to keep its recollection of the past fresh and undimmed. Green grass, white sands, limpid blue seas, with windows here and there of palest green in them, through which you look into the depths and count the stones, watch sea anemones unfold like flowers, and follow the minutest fish at play fathoms below your boat; these keep it fresh, old and uncontaminated. One likes to think of virgin souls, and so I like to think of this oasis in the desert of the sea as virgin, in spite of tourists, steamboats and the stream of those who go to worship and defile. They have the power to trample down the grass, to leave their sandwich papers and their broken bottles in the ling, but the fresh wind coming across a thousand leagues of sea eludes them. That they can never trample down. So may a woman in a brothel be the mattress of the vilest of mankind and keep some corner of the soul still pure; for it is dull, befitting only to the spirit of the so-called wise, to say the age of miracles is dead. Those who have kept their minds unclogged with knowledge know that they never cease.

So old my island is that it seems young—that is, it still preserves an air as of an older world, in which men labored naturally just as a bee makes honey; a world where the chief occupation of mankind was to look round them as the Creator did in Eden and to find all things good. So they pass all the morning, meeting their fellows and saluting them, and in the afternoon re-pass and re-salute, then work a little in the fields, lifting up hay upon a fork with as much effort as an athlete in a circus raises a cannon in his teeth, till it is time to sit down on a stone and watch the fishing-boats return upon the tides, the steersman sitting on the gunwale with his knee jammed against the tiller, and the sheet firmly knotted round a thwart. Just as of Avila, it might be said of my Vigia, that it is all made up of saints and stones, for not a stone is without its corresponding saint or saint without his stone. Thus in both places does the past so dwarf the present, that things which happened when the world was young seem just as probable as the incredible events we see before our eyes.

Upon a mound that looks out on a landlocked bay the heathen crucified some of the new faith a thousand years ago, bringing as we might think their crosses with them ready made or rigging up a jury cross, fashioned from spars and oars, for not a tree grows, or has ever grown, upon the island where now the sheep feed peacefully on the short, wiry grass broken with clumps of flags. A little further on fairies appeared the other day, not to a man herding his sheep and dazed with solitude, but to a company of men who all declare they saw the Little People seated upon a mound. Fairies and martyrs both seem as natural as does the steamer landing its daily batch of tourists to hurry through the street where the kings sleep under their sculptured stones, gaze at the Keltic crosses and the grey, time-swept church which lies a little listed, as it were, to starboard, upon the grassy slope where once there stood the wattled temple of the Apostle of the Isles. The mud-built church, where the Apostle chanted his last Mass, is nearer to us than the cathedral, now being killed with care. We see the saint lie dying, and his white, faithful horse approach and make its moan and, bowing down its head, ask for his blessing, as is recorded by the chronicler, with that old, cheerful faith in the impossible that kept his world so young.

So standing on the Capitol, the Church, Popes, Cardinals and Saints, the glory of the Middle Ages, the empire, the republic and the kings, melt into mist and leave us, still holding, as our one sure possession, to the two children suckled by the wolf. Some men, like Ponce de Leon, have sailed to find the fountain of eternal youth, landed upon some flowery land, left it, and died still searching, all unaware the object of their quest, had it been found, would have left paradise a waste. There in my island, whose longitude and latitude, for reasons of my own, I keep a secret, there is, I think, some fountain in which those who bathe recover, not their youth, but the world's youth, and ever afterwards have their ears opened to the voices of the dead.

So, seated on the ground amongst the flowers that grow in miniature amongst the grass, bedstraw and tormentil, upon the cairn-topped hill from which the saint of Gartan saw his vision, they see the history of the isle acted before them, as in an optic mirror of the mind. The setting still remains just as it was when the Summer Sailors from the north fell on the peaceful monks one day in June, twelve hundred years ago, and sacrificed them and their prior to their offended gods. The thin, white road which cuts the level machar into

(Continued on Page 33.)

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Once Upon a Time

By Hans Winand

Once upon a time there was a young woman and she wandered through the beautiful world, looking about her with her big beautiful eyes. She was seeking happiness.

Then a poet met her.

"Do you possess happiness?" she asked him.

He took her into his realm and gave her all his treasures, proud, lofty castles and purple garments. He showed her the glories of the sunrise and the splendors of the sunset and then he placed a little gold crown on her head.

"What else am I to have?" she asked after a while.

"I have given you my all," he answered sadly.

"All?" said she surprised, and departed to seek happiness elsewhere.

Then she was met by a tall man with a great red beard and blue eyes.

"Do you possess happiness?" she asked him.

"Yes and no," said he and kissed her. So she went with him, and whenever she asked about happiness he kissed her again, saying, "Yes and no." And at the same time he smiled mysteriously.

Her thoughts dwelt upon the answer and she remained with him always, waiting for him to give her happiness. But the man always answered by a kiss and a smile.

The Spectator

Burgess Satirizes Society

One of the most amusing parts of Gellett Burgess' new book, "Lady Mechante" is that which describes how the fantastic heroine introduces the Cave Man, in the person of a coal heaver, into society. As a vehicle for satire the situation is not a new one; Moliere used it in Les Precieuses Ridicules and Smollett, with a clumsier touch, made it one of the prime escapades of his inimitable Peregrine Pickle. The idea lends itself to clever usage in widely separated decades and it is certain that Burgess will not be the last to adopt it. In his characteristic mode of airy irresponsibility the goop man has constructed a series of amusing scenes with Lady Mechante and the Cave Man as their central figures and needless to say, the satire is at times biting and pointed straight at recognizable persons. The introduction of a coal heaver into polite circles is Lady Mechante's crowning achievement and enables Burgess to decorate the conclusion of his fantasy with the approved romantic trimmings. The manner in which Lady Mechante captures the Cave Man is in itself mighty good reading, but it is when she has groomed him and provided him with the cant literary phrases and art jargon that are accepted without question in society that the heroine, under the deft manipulation of Burgess, strikes her best pace.

Smagg, The Cave Man

That Lady Mechante undertook no child's work when she set about the polishing of her rough diamond may be inferred from the following description: "Haulick Smagg, his eyes fixed upon the ground, his coal shovel over his shoulder, heaved his six feet of bulk stolidly across Madison Square, walking as heavily as a dray horse. Below his eyes the rest of his face was lost in the melange of dirt, hair and matted whiskers, all save two great ears, one on each side of his skull, poised winglike, as if for flight. His carnivorous jaw worked ponderously upon a cud of tobacco; his left arm swung back and forth like a piece of crude machinery. His dress was nondescript, blackened to a homogeneous filthiness by the pasty soot." For one hundred dollars Smagg was induced to lend himself to the experiment with society and for another hundred he agreed to call at the studio of Dolly Van Dream in Highbrow Hall and narrate his experiences. When Smagg presented himself, in his coal heaving outfit, at the apartment of Lady Mechante in the Flatiron Building, that lady greeted him "as if he had been a long-lost friend. Then she went to the telephone and called up the tonsorial establishment on the eleventh floor. 'Send two big barbers,' she commanded, 'with soap and towels, razors, scissors, combs, a quart of violet water and a ton of energy. I pay by the hour.'"

The Transformation of Smagg

The next scene opens in Highbrow Hall, "a huge sponge in whose multitudinous honeycombs are housed the maddest artists and literary cranks in the city of New York. It is the abode of a thousand freaks." It is the hour of tea and "a precious poet or two, and perhaps a painter" are Dolly Van Dream's guests. Haulick Smagg enters in an uncomfortable frock coat and a pair of large varnished boots. He confides to Dolly that Lady Mechante has taught him the principal phrases and pass-words of swagger New York society. Dolly immediately introduced him to Mr. Lilliput, the minor poet. Smagg absent-mindedly gulped down two cups of tea to gain time. Then, infused with desperate courage, he looked around at the pictures. Singling out a landscape, an impressionistic mosaic of colored dabs, he thrust out his thumb and wiggled it with a technical gesture. "Lots of bully good stuff in that!" he muttered, sagaciously. "I like this part in here"—lunging out with his thumb at any old part. "A bit tricky, though." This put him in right, so that he next boldly tackled a still-life study—a dead fish, three onions and a dishpan—and said, striking an oracular attitude: "Good—but why do it?" This scored a bull's-eye. Smagg, dazed by his success as an art critic, could not resist the temptation to work off a few other trifles which Lady Mechante and Dolly had put him wise to. "The worst thing about blank verse is that it's usually so damned blank." This frightened the minor poet, so at a hint from Dolly, Mr. Smagg made a left-handed apology in these words, provided beforehand by Lady Mechante: "Miss Van Dream, I have associated so long with the lower classes, in search of material, you know, that really I am forgetting how to behave. What?"

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The Cave Man Drops Into Poetry

It was the natural result of his environment that Smagg should become a poet, but when Lady Mechante asked him about the character of his poetical efforts, he responded with the following patter: "How can I do it? How can anybody do it that's decent? Poetry is the language of feeling, ain't it? You can't put it into words. Even them pictures of mine don't put it into words; no more does music. Nobody means what they say when they write lyrics; if they did, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. When you have a feeling that's poetic, it's like having a woman you're in love with. No man as is a man wants to go to work and expose it for everybody to stare at. If a poet came to see me I'd kick him downstairs and then go and wipe my shoes on the mat! All the same I'll give it to you if you want to hear it; but you understand that it's something sacred and holy; it's a part of the mystery of my own being; it's like a love-letter, I expect; it's the sort of thing one doesn't confess." The reading brought tears to Lady Mechante's eyes. It is evident that the Cave Man found little difficulty in acquiring the slang of polite criticism. There is much in this portion of Burgess' satire which is calculated to make the sulphites wince.

A Touching Love Scene

Smagg's social experiences were too much even for the brute strength of a coal heaver and he went to the hospital with nervous prostration. When he emerged Dolly Van Dream confessed her love for him but he repulsed her. "You'd accept me, would you?" he thundered. "Well, I wouldn't marry you, you broom-haired doll, for a ton of coal. When I want a wife I'll get something besides a corset and a lot of false hair and a visiting card." Then it was Lady Mechante's turn. "Now that we are alone," she murmured, "you may kiss me. Kiss me like a cave man, Haulick, if you will; kiss me as I've never been kissed before. Then take me by the hair of my head and drag me into your cave." When Haulick had acted on this agreeable suggestion, Lady Mechante murmured: "From the partial impact of two dead stars new worlds are born."

The man had been arrested for stealing an umbrella.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the magistrate. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm one o' the guilty ones, y'r honor, I reckon," answered the prisoner. "The umbrella had the name of X. Thompson on the handle, G. Z. Brickley stamped on the inside o' the cover ,an' I stole it from a man named Quipley."

In Defense of Mr. Phelan

From the most casual inspection of the daily prints one must perceive that considerable talent is being expended in the lampooning and deriding of that eminent citizen, the Hon. James Duval Phelan. The indications are that a conspiracy has been formed to derogate from his dignity by means of biting jests and strokes of raillery. At every turn he is being held up to ridicule and exposed to the coarse laughter of the ribald multitude. Fortunately Mr. Phelan has a thick hide. It is not easily to be penetrated. Though round his dapper form there is playing a flame of satirical wit I am sure it will flicker and expire against the incombustible sanctuary of his buoyant conceit. But while Mr. Phelan is not to be

A TYPICAL BOX PARTY AT THE PARIS OPERA

It will be noticed that these four opera-goers are not entirely enthralled by the performance. In fact none of them is looking at the stage. Two of the ladies are engaged in a conversation which has nothing to do with music and the third is studying a new gown with round-eyed attention. The blase gentleman in the rear has just caught sight of a sprightly little milliner and is thinking of supper at Maxim's.

overwhelmed by ridicule, while the callousness of his person is proof against the barbed shafts and poisoned darts of satire, nevertheless in the interest of truth his critics ought to be admonished to refrain from puerile misrepresentation. I have in mind the Call's retort with reference to the iron dogs and other metallic effigies that contributed realism to the artificial landscape adjacent to the Phelan home in Valencia street. Mr. Phelan having affirmed that the Camino Real bells were not "good enough for the chief city of the State," the Call took occasion to sneer at "Mr. Phelan's statuary on exhibition in his spacious lawn." Now as a matter of fact Mr. Phelan was not the owner of that junk. The old Phelan homestead was not bequeathed to him. It was only his nominal residence, and he never visited it without experiencing poignant emotion at sight of the domestic animals in pot metal that seemed to stare at him reproachfully whenever he put in an appearance. The original owner of those dogs and deer, by the way, was Frank McCoppin, the "father" of Golden Gate Park from whom the property in Valencia street was purchased by the founder of the Phelan fortune. Whether the artistic taste of Phelan senior ever revolted at the garden statuary I do not know, but I recall that many years ago Arthur McEwen related in a local newspaper that one day the owner of the property in a rage at the iron effigies for not paying ground rent knocked over every one of them with a club.

He's Wedded to the Conventional

Mr. Phelan's criticism of the Camino Real bells ought to be taken seriously if for no other purpose than to encourage edifying and instructive controversy. Doubtless the ladies who are responsible for the perpendicular freaks are able to vindicate their faith in them. Now it might be in the nature of a liberal education in decorative art to hear what they have to say in justification of the things they have erected upon the highway. Let it not be supposed that Mr. Phelan's word is final in such matters. True Mr. Phelan is an art critic. He has traveled much and he has seen the masterpieces of the world's greatest geniuses from Praxiteles to his favorite sculptor, Douglass Tilden. He has himself bought statuary and paintings, and he has expatiated learnedly on their merits, but his ideal in art is the conventional ideal. He recognizes no type of beauty but that which the Greeks gave us. His standard of facial beauty is that of the Venus of Milo. He worships but one esthetic type. Chinese dragons and Japanese gods do not appeal to him, for he has not been educated in Oriental art. He is ignorant of the revolt that took place in the Middle Ages against Greek estheticism. He sees no beauty in Gothic gargoyles. In short he has no taste for the grotesque, which though essentially ugly is none the less artistic. Hence his aversion to the Camino Real bells which are nothing if not ugly and they are certainly that.

The Value of Him

To me it seems not only ungenerous but in subversion of our own interest to subject Mr. Phelan to ridicule for constituting himself the art censor of our beloved city, which we are passionately desirous of making beautiful. Ridicule is rightly employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, not to discourage them in the performance of public service. A community of Philistines as we are we need somebody versed in the philosophy of the decorative arts to wield a refining rod for testing the value of every work designed for public use; to differentiate the true from the false, the good from the bad, the beautiful from the banal, the simplicity of a masterpiece from the vulgarity of brummagem. Why not the Hon. James Duval Phelan for the job? Mr. Phelan is a connoisseur in much that pertains to esthetic endeavor. He has an eye as alert for defects in works of art as in the character of his fellow-men, and as he is the victim of a tormenting craving to astonish with his culture his propensity to discover shortcomings entitles him to claim direct descent from that celebrated deity described by Swift, whose abode was on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla. Now as Mr. Phelan's favorite occupation, that of censor of public morals, is gone, let us not fleer him into the background; let us prefer to make use of him in the capacity of first aid to the City Beautiful. We should be glad to avail ourselves of the service of a man of his leisure and culture; but whatever be our inclination in the matter, the probability is that Mr. Phelan will attend to our wants as he sees them and without consulting our wishes. He is too public spirited to suffer the city to drift aimlessly. He must and will be the champion of something, if it be nothing more important than his own vanity. His mission is to find fault, a miserable one perhaps, but like the hangman's it is of benefit to society; it serves to correct errors and reform abuses.

"Now, you say, Mr. Kolby, that you stood outside, and, looking over the fence, saw the defendant here strike Mr. Smith."

"Yes, sah."

"How tall are you, Kolby?"

"'Bout five foot six, sah."

"Then tell me, if you please, how you could stand and look over a nine-foot fence?"

"I stood on my tiptoes, sah."

How Wheeler Bored the Germans

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California and holder of the Roosevelt professorship at the Berlin University for this year, delivered his introductory lecture at that institution some weeks ago. The subject was "The Power of Public Opinion in America." Of this we have been informed by the press despatches; also that among those present were the Kaiser and the Empress, who are said to have been deeply impressed by the distinguished savant from the academic groves of the Berkeley foothills. This report does not coincide with reports from private sources. In the haunts of scholars where the lecture has been discussed over foaming tankards and at the end of long pipes, Professor Wheeler is reported to have made himself ridiculous by assuming that the educated people of Germany are in absolute ignorance of conditions in this country and especially of the salient features of democracy under our Republican institution. The fact is that

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Professor Wheeler's lecture clearly illustrates the evil effect of carrying out his theory of the essentials of a university educational system. He has made it clear that he is as provincial as the system which he advocates. He is the victim of his own philosophy. His lecture on "The Power of Public Opinion in America" is nothing more than a rehash of a few chapters of De Tocqueville's standard work on "Democracy in America." With this work the scholars of every civilized country in the world are familiar; it has been translated into all languages, and it has been read by everybody who has made any study of the science of government; but Dr. Wheeler in the blind folly of his provincialism, assumed that literature dealing with this country is of interest only to Americans, and went all the way to Germany with an assortment of moss-covered information which he unloaded under the misapprehension that it was bound to be received as something in the nature of an apocalypse. And of course the professors of the Berlin University were bored into a state of coma.

The Professor's Obtuseness

Copious excerpts from Professor Wheeler's lecture have come to me, and from them I find that he presented a picture of conditions in this country that is not at all flattering and that must have astonished the Germans notwithstanding their familiarity with De Tocqueville; for while the Frenchman pointed out that the despotism of public opinion was the thing to be dreaded in this country, Professor Wheeler seems to be entirely oblivious of its evil consequences. If not oblivious Professor Wheeler is at least singularly obtuse. The difference between De Tocqueville and Wheeler is that the former passes judgment on our institutions, giving his reasons therefor, while the man from Berkeley merely presents the facts without drawing any conclusions. But at the same time Professor Wheeler apparently approves what was abhorrent to De Tocqueville and what must be shocking to all men of sound judgment and good morals. This peculiarity of Wheeler's astounded the scholarly men that listened to him in Berlin.

The Effect of Public Opinion

Professor Wheeler opens his Berlin lecture with the statement, which is to be found in De Tocqueville, that "the origin of all power in the United States is public opinion," and that "once it is stirred up and becomes clearly conscious of its destiny no statesman dares to withstand it." He adds, "Consequently the American politician is glad to devote all his astuteness and his best powers of judgment to divining and calculating the direction which public opinion might conceivably take and to using his utmost skill and strength in organizing the political machinery of the parties"; also, "Few have time, inclination or strength to work out and introduce new political measures; they are too much engaged in following the fluctuations of public opinion to find leisure for that task, and in the constant attempt to adapt themselves to these fluctuations they have become too pliable to have strength enough to work out and introduce new political measures." Is this not a graceful and vivid picture of a nation ruled by demagogues? It is certainly true to life, but does Professor Wheeler view it with disfavor? Not at all. On the contrary, he points to it with pride, much of course to the amazement of German scholars. Here's another picture: "Public opinion and not the electoral convention prepares and dictates the program or, if not public opinion at least that which the leaders take for it at the time. Where public opinion is not to be mistaken the program uses bold language; where it is divided, one part of the country against the other, the program is silent; where it is unclear and therefore wavering the program is ambiguous." All of which is certainly true. Hypocrisy, dissimulation and moral cowardice are the products of democracy in the United States, and public opinion is acquiescent. Furthermore our university professors who are supposed to do something toward educating and informing that public opinion, which is the origin of all power in the United States are unconscious of the evil of the situation which one of them so eloquently described in Berlin.

The Import of His Message

The logical deduction from Professor Wheeler's observations is that public opinion in this country has a most pernicious effect on public life. He does not argue that such is its effect, but the conclusion is obvious and not to be evaded, though possibly the distinguished lecturer is unconscious of the precise import of his trite message to the Germans. It is charitable to suppose that he did not perceive all that was implied in his remarks, that he was nodding more than usual when he regaled the Germans with gossip about the weaknesses of the institutions of his country, the intellectual dishonesty of its statesmen and the incredible gullibility of the masses. It must have been through inadvertence that he told such things as are conclusive of the tendency of participation in public affairs in this country toward the development of insincerity and selfishness. But assuredly our politicians, if what Professor Wheeler says is true—and I have no reason to question his veracity—are animated not by a praiseworthy sense of devotion to the public good but by greed of office. This is of course a lamentable state of affairs. The examples of statesmen as Professor Wheeler knows ought to be among the most precious and indestructible inheritances of a nation. But our statesmen, according to Professor Wheeler, give us nothing but bad examples, for they spend all their time conciliating the general; they are incessantly engaged in a pot-house squabble; they cultivate the arts of the charlatan, and practice the wiles of the hypocrite. A severe indictment is this which Professor Wheeler has drawn. It implies that the statesmen of this age have ceased to habituate the general mind to models of excellence in conduct. It indirectly affirms that out of this country has evanished that dignified and heroic ideal of devotion to the public weal which in the days of Washington and Franklin was evidenced by abnegation of self and the constant preference of a broad and ultimate good to local expedients and

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temporary triumphs. But why doesn't Professor Wheeler preach his message in his native land, and try to educate the mob out of the ignorance of its ways. I hope it is not because he is afraid of public opinion.

A Sinister Eulogy

That Professor Wheeler really approves the great American practice of mob-coddling I infer from what he said in Berlin regarding the idol of his heart, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. As might have been expected the sentiment of gratitude prompted him to pay tribute to the genius and worth of the statesmen who made his appearance in Berlin possible. This is what he said: "He (Roosevelt) holds the hearts of the American people as no man before him because he understands public opinion." I am informed that several old dry-as-dust professors exploded with laughter and were threatened with asphyxiation when the Berkeley savant handed out this remarkable piece of equivocal eulogy.

"What does he mean?" asked one of them as he emerged from his spasm.

"He means," said his neighbor, "that where Demos reigns Theodore Roosevelt is his prophet."

As De Tocqueville Saw Us

As it has been charged that Wheeler's lecture is a rehash of De Tocqueville let us consult the great French philosopher and see wherein his observations coincide with those of the man from Berkeley. "Although," said De Tocqueville, "the form of government in America is representative it is evident that the opinions, the prejudices, the interests and even the passions of the community are hindered by no durable obstacles from exercising a perpetual influence on society." This he characterized as the "despotism of the majority" and he attributed to it "the paucity of distinguished men in political life." In other words the necessity of coddling the mob restrained men of superior character from entering political life, and our government was in the hands of such men as Professor Wheeler describes, men who are so busy following the fluctuations of public opinion that they have no time for anything else; in short demagogues like Roosevelt who make it their business to understand Demos. "In that universal crowd which throngs the avenues to power in the United States," says De Tocqueville, "I found very few men who displayed any of that manly candor and that masculine independence of opinion which constitute the leading features in distinguished characters wheresoever they may be found." What he found of course were men skilled in the art of drawing platforms after the manner expatiated upon by the gentleman who holds the Roosevelt professorship. While Professor Wheeler discussed at considerable length the eager deference paid by politicians to public opinion he discreetly refrained from saying anything about the flattering of the mob by artful coddlers. This is what De Tocqueville said on the subject: "They are forever talking of the natural intelligence of the populace they serve . . . . Before venturing upon a harsh truth they say: 'We are aware that the people which we are addressing is too superior to all the weaknesses of human nature to lose the command of its temper for an instant; we should not hold this language if we were not speaking to men whom their virtues and their intelligence render more worthy of freedom than all the rest of the world.' It would have been impossible for the sycophants of Louis XIV to flatter more dexterously." From all of which it is clear enough why the scholars of Berlin who are familiar with De Tocqueville were bored by Wheeler.

"Herr Meyer, after his cashier had run away with his wife, engaged a woman cashier."

"Yes, and what then?"

"Now he has run away with the woman cashier."

The Verses of a Clubman

Edmond Frank Green is a man of varied activities. He has practiced law and dallied with the brokerage business, he is credited with a large share in the introduction of the beguiling slot machine into this city and he belongs to the Bohemian Club, an affiliation which some of our serious clubsters regard as a tremendous career all by itself. But the list of Green's activities has not been exhausted; it remains to be said that he is a writer of verses. I have heard the sacrosanct word "poet" coupled with the name of E. F. Green, but I will not go that far. While I do not insist that a poet possess the tremendous equipment set forth by Dr. Johnson in Rasselas'. I am still old-fashioned enough to believe the Horatian dictum and I submit, in all sincerity and with no wish to carp, that Mr. Green was not born to the bays. I imagine that no honey bees swarmed about his cradle as about that of the mellifluous Anacreon. I think it unlikely that as a child, unknown to fame and the Bohemian Club, he lisped in numbers and the numbers came. I doubt whether an irresistible impulse drove him to the composition of an epic before his eighth tender year. I cannot find it within me to believe that while still in his nurse's arms, he wept at the sad spectacle of a dying day. It seems to me extremely unlikely that his infant lips were cleansed for the work of poetical inspiration with a burning coal. Nor nymph of Solyma nor spirit of the sacred hill of Parnassus, I imagine, waited on his toddling footsteps or stroked his chubby fist. I am willing to bet that he never plucked the quill of the white swan to pen his glowing fancies. As a matter of cold fact, it is my private opinion, fortified by much reading in the volume which Robertson has printed for Mr. Green, that he became a versifier quite late in life; that he said to himself, "Come; let us make rhymes," and being a man to suit the action to the word, forthwith girt his thighs, unsheathed his fountain pen and went to work.

Green's Versicular Experiments

Let is not be thought that I would deal harshly with the verses which Mr. Green has gathered together for the delectation of his brother-brokers of the Bohemian Club. Unlike Iago, I am nothing if not gentle in my criticism and I have always shuddered at the bloodthirstiness of the Roman mob that tore a poet for his bad verses. Mr. Green's volume, I conceive, is rather an aspiration breathed toward the meadows of asphodel by one whose feet must tarry in the paths of commercialism and the Bohemian Club than a conscious receptacle of the divine afflatus. Mr. Green is a modest versifier, I am sure; he begins with a whisper and ends with a sigh and in between these gentle breathings he melts to melancholy over loneliness and the spell of evening, life's problems and the lure of the sea. He weeps, as versifiers

must ever weep, at parting from loved ones, he bids farewell to the summer with swelling breast and wreathes his sorrow with daisies and violets and mignonette. I am afraid he is like all other versifiers, a creature of varying moods, for he has rhymes for an affinity as well as for his wife and babies; but, discreet singer that he is, all are alike couched in chaste and perfectly respectable language. In truth, the entire volume contains no thought to bring the blush of embarrassment to the cheek of innocence and I see no reason why a young lady should not recommend it to her mother as perfectly safe and sane, if unpoetical.

Some Examples of His Work

In order that my readers may savor the quality of Mr. Green's outpourings I will copy here the dozen lines in which he dallies with an

Affinity

From the deep shadow of our unjoined lives,
  At last we met together, you and I;
Clasped hands; and gazing in each other's eyes,
  Paused for a time and pondered, wonderingly,
Why, in the mighty reaches of life's plain
  Our winding paths had never met before;
How long they would commingle, and again,
  What time they would divide to meet no more.
Thus pausing, and thus dreaming, we forgot
  We had been strangers ever, seeing plain,
Whate'er the future brought us, we could not,
  In all life's space be strangers e'er again.

Coleridge said that prose consisted of words in their best order while poetry demanded the best words in their best order. It is clear, I think, that in the presence of his affinity Mr. Green was too perturbed even to write prose. His words have not "met together" in their best order; they are mutinous words rebelling against the authority of syntax. As an affinitarian I do not think Mr. Green is an overpowering success. Let us look him over in the role of a husband:

To My Wife

The years are gliding by, Dear,
  And you and I must wend
Our paths together now, Dear,
  Together to the end;
And sweet it is to me to glance
  Down these long years of life
And know that you will walk by me
  Forever, My Dear Wife.

When youth's first strength I felt, Dear,
  With all the world to face,
I dreamed of fame and name, Dear,
  I thought of power and place;
But only one thought holds me now,
  But one dream thrills me through,
A sweet and quiet home, My Love,
  Where I can be with you.

I had no thought of God, Dear,
  I did not care to know
What other worlds there were, Dear,
  Where I might some day go;
But now I hope, and, hoping, feel
  That through eternity,
In happy heavens that lie beyond
  I still may walk with thee.

Remembering that Mr. Green had addressed an affinity, we realize that these lines are not as ingenuous as they seem. But aside from that, I question whether they exhibit much fervor. If Mr. Green was on the topmost pinnacle of emotion when he penned them, that fact has been deftly concealed. They will not work any great change in the habits of those who have been wont to go to Browning for the perfect expression of conjugal devotion. One more example of Mr. Green's versifying and we will "wend our paths" elsewhere:

Envoy

Ye songs are sung, and round about
  The people crowd beside me;
Some few indeed give praises out,
  Ye balance, they deride me.

I cannot say that I am blest
  By critic, rude or proper,
But will remark that I'll be blest
  If I give aught a copper

For any critic, bad or good,
  Or scanty praise or plenty,
If only I have hit the mood
  Of young miss sweet and twenty.

While the Judge Was Away

A Machiavellian disadvantage has been taken of Judge William P. Lawlor during his absence from the city. Shortly before election Judge Lawlor went to New York to mingle in the madding throng, to disport himself along the Great White Way and regale himself as becomes a man of fastidious tastes and plethoric purse. It was in New York that he received the shocking news of the crushing defeat of the Ladies' League of Justice, but he bore up manfully at Sherry's, at Del's and at other places where the atmosphere is invigorating. The past he promptly put behind him and gave himself up to current transports, but not so certain gentlemen in this city with whom he has enjoyed most friendly and confidential relations. They were busy figuring out how it hap-

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pened, and they did not scruple at whispering away the little judge's fair fame, for to him more than to any other factor they attributed the popular revolt against the purifying influences that were put to rout on election day. It was the way he conducted the Calhoun case, they said, that sickened the public; he was too obvious; he did not conceal his partiality, et cetera, et cetera. All of which, say I, convicts them of base ingratitude.

The Expert In Frameups

If there is one man who did more than all others to shock this community into a sense of the enormities of the Graft Prosecution that man is William J. Burns, the detective, who lost no time in getting away from the city when the forces that guaranteed him protection were put down and out. Of Burns' methods the public has received some hints; with some of his frameups designed to inflame sentiment or to afford pretexts for strategic maneuvers the public is familiar, but the story of his career in this city in the fulness of its colorful audacities remains to be told. Some day of course light will be thrown on the things that were done by that bold and resourceful inventor of frameups; if not in the interest of justice at least for the purpose of serving as a warning to the people against empowering individuals to establish a sanhedrim above the law and dictate in secret after the manner of the Council of Ten whatsoever to them may be deemed essential for the greater good. Nothing could more clearly prove that where the law ends imposture and rascality begins than the history of the activities of William J. Burns.

The Rivalry of Gumshoe Men

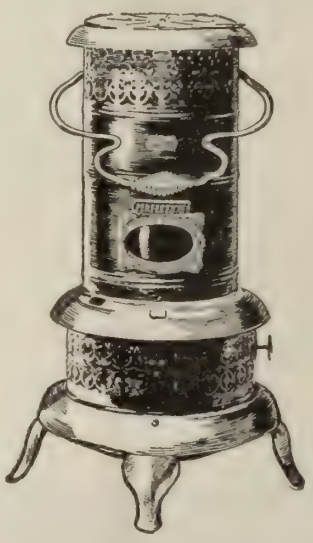
Of one of the minor frameups of William J. Burns we have been reminded by the dismissal of all the cases that grew out of the alleged stealing of papers from the District Attorney's office. This was the frameup that served as a pretext for the invasion of the private offices of the United Railroads Company and the seizure and examination of the corporation's private papers. It will be remembered that the hired organs of the Graft Prosecution, to mollify public sentiment at the time, stormed at a great rate about the awful outrage that had been perpetrated by the detectives employed by the higher-ups. They were especially bitter in their denunciation of William M. Abbott, the attorney, whom they charged with having inspired the thefts. But the vilification of Abbott was a mad, continuous performance on the part of the moral crusaders, the reason being that having indicted a man they knew to be absolutely innocent, whose innocence indeed was inadvertently confessed in open court by Attorney O'Gara, they sought to justify themselves to some extent by accusing him of everything else that could be imagined. It seemed as if they hoped to persuade his friends that though he was innocent of the charge upon which he was indicted, he was at any rate so bad a man that he could have no reason to complain if wrongfully accused. So Abbott was charged with having hired detectives to steal papers from Burns. Now as a matter of fact no papers were stolen from Burns after he became a city official. Papers were stolen from him before, I believe, but not at the instigation of William M. Abbott or any other person in a position of authority. The fact is that after Burns came to San Francisco and introduced all the nastiest tricks of his trade he excited a spirit of rivalry among gumshoe men, and in a short time all sorts of mean deceptions and petty tricks were being played. Under the inspiration of Burns rogues employed as detectives were set to catch rogues, and there were several rogues not on Burns' staff who had so much contempt for that high-salaried spy that "to show him up" as they said, they were constantly handing him gold bricks, sending him on wild-goose chases, leading him into traps, bewildering him with trivial frameups and occasionally picking his pockets. But of course Burns had an advantage over his rivals, for he was a public official with the power of official authority behind him, and finally he succeeded in putting an end to the mischievousness from which he had been suffering by causing several arrests on trumped up charges.

Head of the Firm—I need a man for my information bureau. I must have someone who can answer all questions and never lose his head.

Applicant—I am just the man for it. I am the father of eight children.

A Bruguiere in the Cruel War

It is my duty as a conscientious historian to record that the Battle of Fizz Water continues with unexampled ferocity. So hotly is the field being contested that the newspapers which formerly mentioned the names of the various champagnes as unreservedly as the different kinds of automobiles, have decided to give the embattled vintages no free advertising and accordingly you see no mention of Clicquot or Pommery, White Seal or Mumms in the news columns these days. The latest warrior to enter the combat is none other than Emile Bruguiere who has sworn allegiance to the cause of Monopol and who henceforward will wear Red Top on his coat of arms. Strange as it may seem, Bruguiere has never been a drinker of champagne, but he does not expect to be handicapped in his work by this deficiency



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which can always be remedied. Owing to his new position Bruguiere refrained from attending the Greenway ball; he felt that the presence of a rival wine agent might embarrass the czar. Willie O'Connor, the Clicquot exponent, lacks these delicate scruples or else he does not regard the Greenway ball as exclusively a champagne function; so he went and enjoyed it immensely.

Why Monopol Lost Ground

It may surprise many to learn that Bruguiere has espoused the cause of Monopol. This is not a popular wine in San Francisco, but the difficulty to be overcome in pushing it to the front may have been the very thing to captivate the romantic soul of the Bruguiere. There is an interesting story behind the comparative unpopularity of Red Top in this city. Several years ago a chap named Campbell came here and put up at the Palace, announcing himself as the agent of Monopol. He was accompanied by his wife, a beautiful woman who was dazzlingly arrayed in jeweled ornaments. Campbell cut a wide swath. He had a magnetic personality which enabled him to make friends quickly and it was delightful to find, a few hours after meeting him, that he had sent a case of Monopol to one's apartments, merely as a testimonial of esteem. Naturally the wine became popular. The newcomer's weak side was his devotion to gambling and within a few days he was losing considerable money. The effect upon his wife was conspicuous. Day by day she appeared with fewer gems and in less gorgeous raiment, until one morning she was seen in tears and dressed in severe and totally unjeweled black. The next day another Monopol man arrived here and had Campbell arrested. Then it was found that he had lost all his cash in gambling and that his wife's jewels had been pledged to keep up the pace. Campbell's new friends rallied to his support, but as soon as they bailed him out of jail on one charge the Monopol man had him arrested on another and by the time all the charges, which grew out of some dispute as to administration and involved no criminality on Campbell's part, had been straightened out, the resources of Campbell's friends were pretty well exhausted and they hated the name of Monopol. Campbell and his wife left town and Monopol has been unpopular ever since. It remains to be seen what Bruguiere's efforts will accomplish for it.

A Victim of the Battle

Just to enlighten my readers as to the intensity of the warfare in this great Battle of Fizz Water, I will relate a little incident which took place a few nights ago. A certain agent of a high grade vintage succumbed to the fierceness of the fray and was taken to the French hospital in an exhausted condition. The physicians informed him that wine-drinking had ruined his constitution and that he had not long to live. He became delirious and one night while in this condition escaped from the hospital and made his way, heaven knows how, to the hammam of a big downtown hostelry. There he was put to bed in a room adjoining that occupied for the night by Mackenzie, the chief Pommery man. The delirious man had visions of death and got down on his knees, groaning "God have mercy on my soul" over and over again. At last Mackenzie was awakened by the lugubrious chant. "What's that?" he cried so loudly that an attendant rushed in and explained the situation. "Is that the result of wine drinking?" said Mackenzie in an awed voice; "then the water wagon for me" and he turned over with a sigh and went to sleep again.

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A Word With Cholly Francisco

I must confess that I am deeply grieved; sorrow broods over my soul like the melancholy bird upon the bust of Pallas—I cannot shake it off—and the reason for my dejection is a lapse of language committed by Cholly Francisco. This is too much. Last week when I was compelled to find fault with the fine writers of the Call and Chronicle, I little thought that impartial censoriousness would make it necessary for me to reprove one whose matutinal babble lightens the pages of the Examiner. Yet so it is; I have found Cholly nodding, and although I remember the saying of the poet, "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus," I cannot refrain from placing a rebuking finger upon the transgression of one of my favorites. For Cholly is one of my prime favorites. His half-column causerie is usually bright, frequently stimulating and continuously amusing. I never overlook it. I like the airiness of its view, the piquancy of its anecdotage, the sanity of its social tolerance. Cholly is a charming flaneur and there is no blague about his impertinences. He is a stylist, too; cunning in the collocation of verbs and gifted with a delicate flair for fragrant adjectives. Just the reason, in my opinion, why Cholly should not be indulged in slipshod composition. And now for the reason why I am so sad—here are the words of Cholly that plunged me in gloom: "When Consuelo Yznaga was a poor girl in New York, hopeful for a title or expectant of a fortune, under the espionage of Mrs. Paran Stevens"—Horrors! Cholly, how could you? "Under the espionage of Mrs. Paran Stevens." Get

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thee to a dictionary, Cholly, and study the sinister significance of that word "espionage." Was Consuelo Yznaga a frisky youngster and Mrs. Stevens her alarmed duenna? I know you intended no such implication, but that misplaced word suggests the odious thought. Cholly, I shall not be happy again until you outshine your usual faultless brilliancy.

Belasco's No-Star Theatres

David Belasco has lost no time in bidding against the backers of New York's repertory theatre for the approbation and patronage of metropolitan playgoers. He has announced plans for his two theatres, the Belasco and the new Belasco-Stuyvesant, which include the no-star system and the presentation of just four plays every year, two at each of the playhouses. Belasco proposes to give new and vital dramas with casts as nearly approaching perfection as possible and he will begin with the production of "The Lily," a sex-play which he has adapted from the French of Wolff and Leroux. In his list of players are Nance O'Neil, Charles Cartwright, Julia Dean, Bruce McRae, Leo Ditrichstein, Aubrey Boucicault, Dodson Mitchell, Alfred Hickman, Florence Nash and others. Belasco's plans differ from those of the New Theatre in this that he will not essay the repertory system but will keep one play running continuously; but like the New Theatre management, he will endeavor to subordinate the players to the play and will refrain from featuring any actor or actress as a star. He has announced that his players are of the sort who can fittingly enact Macbeth today, Mercutio tomorrow and Master Slender the day after tomorrow. "The Lily" is said to be a play which will fully tax their capabilities, for it is described as a drama dealing with an unhackneyed phase of the sex problem calculated to arouse heated discussion. To show the sacrifices which the members of his company have been willing to make in furtherance of his latest venture Belasco says that Leo Ditrichstein, a well known character comedian, "has modestly assumed a role in 'The Lily' which many a manager would not dare offer the callow graduate of a dramatic college without fear of irreparably injuring his vanity."

"The Wizard" and Dogmatism

All this is intensely interesting. Really, it would seem that the drama has taken a new lease of life in New York. First came the New Theatre with Sothern and Marlowe in an elaborate production of "Antony and Cleopatra," then William Faversham in Stephen Philipps' gorgeous poetic drama, "Herod" and now David Belasco has joined the theatrical procession. Almost as interesting as these ambitious plans of his are Belasco's articles of dramatic belief or unbelief which have been set forth at length in connection with the exploitation of his new venture. "I shall not subscribe to any dogmatic article of artistic faith," he declares, "for the very good reason that I do not believe in dogmas of any sort. The moment art, particularly dramatic art, becomes dogmatized it must suffer quite as much as does religion when subjected to the same blighting and benumbing influence." Herein, I think, Belasco is at fault. Probably he has adopted these phrases without much pondering of their meaning, for it is very much the fashion among second-rate theologians and others nowadays to rail at all dogmas with real dogmatic bitterness. Religion without dogma is a contradiction of terms and so, I take it, is art without dogma. If the rules which have been evolved and consecrated for the guidance of artists are not dogmatic I would like to know what they are. Of course there arise from time to time antinomians who refuse to be bound by certain dogmatic rules but if they prove to be genuine artists it does not

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take long for their methods to become assimilated to the technique of the art they interpret.

The Family's Stork Room

The first large banquet given in the Family Club's handsome new quarters took place Tuesday evening. It was in honor of Clarence Ward who designed the artistic club-house in Bush street. About 150 members were gathered at the board in the Stork room, which, after the manner of Whistler's famous Peacock Room, has a frieze of these amiable birds in every angle of flight. It is certainly effective and I am told that the building committee of the new Bohemian Club now going up at Post and Taylor streets, is considering designs for an Owl Room. Whether or not the new Pacific Union Club is to have a bird room, I cannot say. "A Canvasback Room" is a humble suggestion.

The Family To Have a Cat.

Tombstone III, the cimmerian pet of the Press Club, is threatened with a rival in local clubdom, for The Family is thinking seriously of adopting a cat. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that The Family is having a cat thrust upon it—by the cat, for the cat has practically adopted The Family. Ever since the earthquake and fire a gray tramp of the feline species has made his headquarter on the Powell Street lot which is now occupied by the Family clubhouse. The animal is wild, ferocious almost, and utters the most unearthly yowls ever heard from one of his breed. Every cabman and chauffeur in Powell street has a brickbat handy for this prowler when he deserts his habitat in search of nutriment. Since the home of The Family was built the animal's life has been particularly hard, for no birds alight in the neighborhood now and his quest for food takes him far afield. But always he returns in time to yowl the members of The Family from their first sweet slumber. So a council was held a few days ago and it was decided that self-protection demanded the adoption of this untamed nomad. The plan will be proceeded with just as soon as some doughty Family man plucks up sufficient courage and strategy to bell the cat. Just when that will be I do not know.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks—Values during the recent week have been marked with much stability, and considerable advances have been seen. Copper securities were the leading factors in the betterment, based on the progress made in connection with the copper merger. Announcement of the Missouri Pacific financing plan was inconsequential as a market factor in the Gould securities but some light was thrown on the future of these properties in their upbiulding. The matter can be looked on as very favorable. The closing of the week was marked by the handing down of the decision of the Standard Oil case by the United States Circuit Court, against the company. This suit was based on the dissolving of the so-called trust. The case will now go to the United States Supreme Court and a year will probably pass before a final adjustment can be had. The stock market in the final dealings of the week reflected this decision and broke sharply. We can see no special menace in this decision at the moment, and we expect to see values higher and good support Monday.

Grain—Small receipts, large exports and higher Liverpool prices have held the bulls in command of wheat. The blizzard over the spring wheat region held down shipments to half of a year ago, and the week closes with another reduction in visible that will require some days of heavy receipts to replenish. There is nothing in sight to change the bull position, but many things to strengthen it. The Minneapolis mills are grinding 700,000 bushels a week more than last year, with the sales of flour holding strong. The buyers of December are the big holders of the cash grain and there is little outlook now for Chicago to increase its supply sufficiently to break the bull crowd. Along with the advance of the future has been a corresponding advance in the cash and with the month so close at hand it looks as if the two cents difference will be made up by advance of the option instead of decline in the cash. We are still on a strong domestic wheat basis, the exports of flour from the East and flour and grain from the Pacific making a good total export movement. Europe has held to its advance on expectation of decline in Russian shipments and reduced supply by the time Argentine wheat is available.

Corn—Outlook grows stronger, as shipping period has been reached with smaller quantities available than last year. The cold weather has moderated and corn has not been helped; instead there is a universal complaint in the big states of excessive moisture producing mould and rot. The corn arriving is less than local consumptive demand at Chicago. At Kansas City and St. Louis, the exporters and Southwest are competitors for all corn of shipping quality and this condition will prevail for some weeks. The short interest has remained stubborn and with 30,000,000 sold for delivery in Chicago, it is impossible for any change of weather to permit sufficient arrivals to satisfy half of this interest. It looks now as if the corn movement will not be under way before January.

Cotton—Spinners' talkings for the week tell the same old story: Plenty of talk of "short time" and of mills "shutting down," but little actual "do." Of course it would be absurd to think of such a thing, but if the rate of 358,000 bales per week could be kept up there would be needed, to fill out a year, something like 19,000,000 bales. Now, as there may not be room enough for them to take 12,000,000 bales without bringing the visible at the end of the year to nil, such a calculation is significant of what spinners are doing for the supply of their future wants. Much has been said about present prices, that is 14½ to 15 cents for spots, checking business. Even last year with all of its "bigness," there were but few weeks that exceeded 358,000 bales and not many that reached this figure. Surely there could be no better sign that prices have not yet reached a level where consumption will be checked sufficiently to bring the total takings within the limits of this year's unusually small production. The true inwardness of the situation is best illustrated by the total takings of American cotton since September 1, 2,980,000 against 2,942,000 for the same period last year and 2,280,000 in 1907 when the total takings amounted to 12,100,000 bales. Figures show that foreign spinners are advising their American cousins to do as they say and not as they do; they are nearly 200,00 bales to the good out of the cream of the short crop—that much ahead of their handsome takings for the corresponding 80 days of last year, and if they can only succeed in keeping the wool over the eyes of American spinners they will do even better. To fill out a 12,000,000 bale consumption would require 230,000 a week; anything over that necessarily indicates that the mills are providing ahead for eventualities.

Copper—The action of the copper share market during the past week has fully verified our prediction made then that the price of the metal was gradually rising, and that a merger was and is being formed to economize production and to make more universal the use of copper metal as has been done in the market. While at present there is a surplus, that surplus is no greater than would last the world a short sixty days if the production of the mine were entirely curtained. The closest students of copper metal, such men as Horace Stevens, are predicting that history will repeat itself and that the world can look for a shortage of copper metal again. Based on a minimum consumption of eight hundred million pounds of copper metal, the copper merger will be able to pay a six percent dividend on the preferred stock, while at the present rate of consumption which we have no doubt will grow in the future, the merger will be able to earn 18 per cent on present prices of the metal, giving a fair prospective value to its common shares. No doubt the right to subscribe to this stock will be valuable and shares in the subsidiary companies before long will sell at a premium. At the present there is big and quick money to be made by buying shares in these subsidiary companies and especially in the porphyry coppers which have demonstrated their ability to earn good dividends at present prices of the metal. These are preferably in order of mention, Miami, Nevada Consolidated, Giroux, Ray Con. and Gila. While Am-

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algamated will receive a large cash asset as a consideration for its copper interests and Smelters a large price for its copper business, they will still retain the right to smelt the precious and all other metals beside copper metal. We look for both of these stocks to cut these melons later on.

Local Securities—Our local market for stocks and bonds continues to present a firm front, even though the trading for the past week or so has been somewhat reduced. Associated Oil stock seems to be the public favorite and keeps on breaking high records on this move. While there are all sorts of unconfirmed rumors floating around on Associated Oil, it seems sensible to suppose that some sort of a favorable announcement is coming out on it shortly because a deal of the buying is said to be for inside account. Spring Valley Water has been another active issue and, after last week's reaction, has recovered strength and shows an increasing demand. It is said that much depends on the final decision of the Board of Supervisors as to the purchase of Spring Valley's local distributing system and the stock continues to be influenced by rumors concerning this sale. Pacific Telephone stocks, now really a part of the New York Stock Market, have shown activity in spots lately, but the trend of their prices seems to conform to the general tone of Eastern stock market conditions. The power stock group is gradually gaining in popularity and Northern California Power, City Electric, Pacific Lighting stocks and Pacific Gas and Electric stocks all have a steady demand at increasing prices. Alaska Packers has had a temporary setback, probably caused by profit-taking, but at the present writing this press of realizing stock seems to be lessening and the shares are pointing upward again. Hawaiian Sugar stocks have been quieter but still hang on to their recent advances. The demand for raw sugar together with the improving conditions at the plantations, is causing this firm feeling. The local bond market does not show much change and the issues that are most active at this time are Associated Oil 5s, California Gas and Electric 5s, City Electric 5s, Contra Costa Water 5s, Los Angeles Railway 5s, Los Angeles Pacific first 5s, Northern California Power Co. 5s, Pacific Telephone 5s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, Spring Valley Water 4s and United Railroads 4s. While it is felt that almost any of the leading California securities will show a nice profit by the first of the year, the general talk is that purchases of Pacfic Gas and Electric, common and preferred, Alaska Packers and Associated Oil are the most advisable for the moment.

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Two blossoming buds are your lips, love,
Your eyes say your heart is not false.

Your hands are so dainty and white, love,
Your figure so wondrously fine,
That I'm tempted almost, but not quite, love,
To say, I adore you!—be mine!

But no! there's a frightening fear, love,
That will not allow me to speak.
You're spending three thousand a year, love;
I'm making twelve dollars a week.

—Barclay Dunham.

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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Amy Crocker's Latest Escapade

I am not surprised to learn that Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud has spent three weeks in the harem of a Bombay maharajah. Mrs. Gouraud has a genius for doing the unexpected and if there is anything outre which she has not attempted in her variegated career, the deficiency will undoubtedly be made up in due course. From earliest girlhood Mrs. Gouraud has been a magazine of sensations; not to be able to exhaust the fingers of both hands in counting over her amazing escapades argues one unfamiliar with the unwritten history of Sacramento, San Francisco and New York. She is compounded of the stuff from which best-sellers are manufactured, but her deeds make fiction pale and her personality is compact of such contradictory traits that no romancer with an eye to verisimilitude would dare to depict her. It was inevitable that the fascinated maharajah should single her from among his guests as the particular object of his hospitality and it was just as inevitable that Mrs. Gouraud should accept his invitation. To be bidden to a harem unchaperoned is not

MRS. OLIVER WALCOTT HALL

Of New York, formerly Miss Leila Coggins, who was prominent in musical and social affairs last season.

the lot of many American women; to go is to outdo the wildest dream of feminine daring; and to stay three weeks was, for Mrs. Gouraud, to act entirely in character, for there is a thoroughness about all her deeds which constitutes their especial charm.

"Three Weeks in a Harem"

I have often wondered whether Mrs. Gouraud will ever write her memoirs. There are few women whose memories are so bountifully stocked with material for purple paragraphs. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu devoted several piquant pages to her inspection of the Sultan's harem at Constantinople, but the vivacious Lady Mary did not stay for three weeks and the most intimate secrets of the seraglio were not revealed to her. For instance, the interesting ceremony of the throwing of the handkerchief did not come within her experience; but I should willingly wager that whatever takes the place of that thrilling function in the harem of a Bombay maharajah could be accurately described by Mrs. Gouraud. "Three Weeks in a Harem" would be a fetching title for a chapter in her memoirs and that she is capable of handling the theme in a fashion that would arouse the envy of Elinor Glyn I haven't the slightest doubt. In the interview on this subject, which she gave to the Hearst papers on her return to New York, Mrs. Gouraud touched on one or two details of harem life. She told of the lengthy toilet and indicated quite plainly that during her stay she was treated like all the rest of the maharajah's favorites. It was like her to want to take part in the celebrated cobra dance and it must have been a keen disappointment to her when permission was refused. If Mrs. Gouraud had lived in the days of Salammbo she would never have been content unless she had been allowed to caress the

Photo, Genthe

MISS HELEN WOOLRICH

A talented California woman who has a bookbinding studio in London and has won great success in this difficult craft.

sacred serpent of the Cathaginians. It is part of her nature to desire to leave undone nothing that is within the bounds of possibility.

Something About Amy Crocker

The Hearst interviewer made one bad mistake in writing of Mrs. Gouraud. He stated that she was the daughter of Porter Ashe "whose first wife was Amy Crocker of the California millionaire family." This is to confuse mother and daughter, but is excusable, perhaps, owing to the mixed relationship existing between them. The lady who stayed for three weeks in the harem was Mrs. Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud. She is the daughter of Edward Bryant Crocker of Sacramento, a brother of Charles Crocker, and her father left his widow an estate of several millions. Amy Crocker was a capricious belle and had many admirers, among them Harry Gillig, Frank Unger and Harry Dam. One of the

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many stories told about her is that on a certain memorable occasion Harry Gillig and Frank Unger who were chums, flipped a coin to determine which should offer her his hand in marriage. It was agreed that the loser should always be a member of the winner's menage. It appears that neither had any doubt about his ability to capture the heiress, but Porter Ashe stepped in and carried off the prize. It will be remembered that on their honeymoon they were in the Tehachapi railway accident and that Porter rescued his bride from a burning coach.

Her Other Matrimonial Ventures

One child was born to the couple and was named Alma. When they were divorced Amy kept her daughter, but afterwards the little girl was adopted by her grandmother who changed her name from Alma Ashe to Gladys Crocker and left her a large fortune. That this child inherited many of her mother's vivacious and attractive characteristics there can be no doubt. An amusing story is told of her. While in the tender care of her grandmother she asked permission to give a party. Mrs.

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MRS. WILLARD DROWN

A beautiful society woman who has vied with the debutantes in popularity at the opening parties of the season.

Crocker consented and suggested that she prepare a list of the friends whom she wished to invite. After several hours of reflection the list was submitted. It contained twelve names and there was not the name of a girl among them. Amy Crocker's second matrimonial experiment was with Harry Gillig who died a short time ago. Apparently the old compact which he made with Frank Unger was still in force, for Unger became the secretary of Harry Gillig and Mrs. Amy-Crocker-Ashe-Gillig. Another divorce followed and Amy again embarked on the troublous sea of marriage, this time with Jackson Gouraud, her present husband. At about the same time her daughter, Gladys Crocker, wedded Powers Gouraud, a brother of Jackson, thus establishing a queer relationship with her own mother. The Gouraud brothers were the sons of a Colonel Gouraud who used to be described as "one of the foremost American promoters in England," whatever that means. Powers Gouraud was a struggling Thespian on Broadway before his marriage transported him to Easy street. Mrs. Powers Gouraud must now be about twenty-five years of age.

DR. MATILDA A. FEELEY

Is now located at 1700 Sutter Street. Diseases of women and children. Hours 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Engagements and Engagement Rumors

If I am not badly mistaken we are on the eve of a number of engagement announcements. I have not been studying the signs of hidden romances for nothing during the past few years and I think it is no hazard to say that the mythological young person who wields the bow on the menu cards and valentines has been more than ordinarily busy since the commencement of the winter season. For instance, there is Kathleen De Young.

Photo Habenicht

MISS KATHLEEN FARRELL

A debutante in whose honor her aunt Mrs. James Shea entertained at dinner before the Greenway party of last week.

This interesting belle has been accepting the attentions of the young son of a very wealthy widow and the fact that this chap, not so long ago, was desperately smitten with the charms of a granddaughter of Mrs. Eleanor Martin does not argue against the intensity of his devotion to Miss De Young. Then there is Genevieve Walker who returned to this city recently. She is constantly seen these days in the company of one whom Jane Austen would have called "a gallant son of Mars" and her friends are awaiting the happy tidings that follow an acceptance. Time was, not so long since, when

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Agency, 27 Griffith Ave., San Mateo

John Gallois was attracted otherwhere, but at the present time he is so evidently captivated by fascinating little Eliza McMullin that when some of his friends spied him taking tea with her at the Fairmont the other day, they straightway pronounced it a case of engagement in petto. Another bit of rumor has it that dainty Flossie Cluff has been enmeshed in the silken net of the love god and that the tall athletic chap who has been a guest recently at all of the box parties which she has given is the lucky man. Miss Gussie Foute's friends are greatly mystified by her demeanor. She is ever smiling and happy, like one who guards a sweet secret, and it may be that the orchids she wears partly betray that secret's import. But what fortunate chap shares it with her? Is it the young son of a prominent newspaper proprietor of other days or the heir of a very prominent optician who has been much to the fore in reform politics? I confess that I am at a loss in this case.

Two More Orchid Girls

Now that interesting little Marie Churchill who has been ill, is about again, her friends observe that she wears fresh orchids every day and as her constant escort is John Martin Heinki, there is not much secrecy about the affair. The knowing ones say that there will be a formal announcement of their engagement within a short time. Another romantic attachment which has been closely watched by the seekers for signs matrimonial is that of attractive Elizabeth Woods and Lovell Langstroth. I have been told that this couple plighted their troth before Miss Woods made her debut last year and that on account of their youth, Mrs. Woods insisted that her daughter should make her bow in society and enjoy one season's gaiety before she thought seriously of wedding. Young Langstroth has been a constant cavalier at Monterey and in this city and I am told that the frivolities of the past twelvemonth have not caused the young lady to change her mind.

Distinguished Visitors From London

Easy-going, gullible San Francisco has often been imposed upon by the claims of spurious and half-baked members of European aristocracy, wining and dining them as if they were the elect of heaven. But when a distinguished couple like the charming Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander Hope of London who are guests of the Eugene de Sablas come here as visitors, by their very modesty they luckily escape the banqueting, the feting and boring entertaining which would have been forced upon them had their prestige been advertised. Few families in England are more highly connected than that of Mr. and Mrs. Hope. Mr. Hope is the son of Lord Edward Hope and Lady Hope, and a brother of Lord Cary and a sister will one day be Lady Landsdowne, provided she survives the present Lady Landsdowne. The Landsdowne family has had its finessing, guiding hand on affairs of state in England for several generations. Mrs. Hope was Miss Dunsmuir of Vancouver. She is very wealthy in her own right, but that fact has not spoiled her in the least. She looks and dresses much more like a Parisienne than a London woman, being chic and of graceful petite figure. Her face radiates vivacity. She and Mrs. Clement Tobin, the two of them being much together, were easily among the most beautiful women at the Greenway ball and the most becomingly gowned.

Miss Case's Solitaire

Perhaps the fact that Miss Mary Adele Case's concert took place on the same night as the first of the Greenway parties accounted for the very slender attendance. The few who went to hear this young lady sing were unanimous in their hearty praise of her vocal talent. One thing about her did not escape notice. Miss Case was very fetchingly gowned but she wore no jewels—except one. This was nothing less than a splendid solitaire diamond which sparkled on her "engagement finger." Naturally this clue to a heart secret has revived the gossip of her engagement to young Claus Spreckels and I know more than one bavarde who would give anything to learn the inwardness of this affair. It is known that John D. Spreckels does not approve the infatuation of his son and the fact that the young chap is in his father's employ at Coronado while Miss Case is staying in this city augurs ill for his romance. The general query is: Has the affair reached a stage, as indicated by the diamond ring, which will defeat the father's wishes? We can only watch and wait.

Mrs. Tobin's Fan

A conspicuous little bit of dainty vanity that Mrs. Tobin had with her at the ball was her fan. Ever so many remarked it, for its oddity excited much attention. It consisted of three full willowy Prince of Wales tips of white ostrich feathers, arranged in the fleur-de-lis design. The base of the feathers was clasped or mounted in a long gold handle, this being set with large opals and emeralds. Mrs. Tobin's gown was scarcely less original. A Paris gown, it is fashioned of soft handmade Cluny lace woven of silver threads, while the skirt is formed of broad bands of opal-tinted beads in which an iridescent green color predominates. Large emeralds emphasize the paler green tints.

The Misses Withrow were hostesses at a delightful informal tea during the week at their studio in Pine street.

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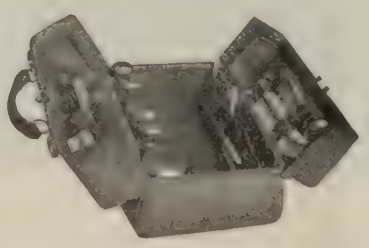

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Our leather goods and novelty department covers one-third of our spacious ground floor and is replete with new and distinctive goods. Particular attention is directed to those made by MARK CROSS, London and New York

ROOS BROS.

Market and Stockton

The Gowns at the Greenway

If blue ribbons were awarded for the best displays at the Greenway ball, they would probably be distributed as follows: For the most original gown, Mrs. Fred McNear; for the most beautiful gown, Mrs. Frederick Kohl; for the most elaborate jewelry, Mrs. George A. Pope; for the most artistic gown, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant; for the quaintest gown, Miss Sallie Maynard; for the most distinguished appearing grande dame, Mrs. Uriel Sebree. In the debutante class it was conceded that the gown worn by Miss Vera De Sabla was the most satisfactory from the artistic viewpoint. Honors among the last year buds were even between Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Elizabeth Newhall and Miss Harriet

MISS HAZEL WILCOX

Prominent among the motorists of Detroit. She operates her Ford Coupe as well as the most expert chauffeur in the city of motor factories.

Alexander, the latter having a little the best of it, many thought, by reason of the frock she wore, a chiffon bordered with bright red roses. Miss De Sabla's dress was the simplest in construction, though the trimming was no everyday affair. The skirt was full, with a train of white net over satin, seed pearls and crystals forming a border of small flowers about the hem. Mrs. Sebree, wife of Admiral Sebree, was under the especial care of Henry T. Scott for most of the evening. Mr. Scott has the reputation of being a judge of beauty of the rare type. The verdict was justified in Mrs. Sebree. Her dress was probably the plainest in all that suberb revue of fashion, but even so, she was easily the most regal woman at the ball, carrying herself with the air of a queen blithely secure of her throne. Her dress was an old rose satin, heavy and supple, the skirt a circular one with a sweeping train. The bodice was a surplice made of satin and dull silver lace, crossed over simply. There isn't a woman in ten thousand who would have the courage to wear her hair as Mrs. Sebree does. It was drawn back loosely, parted in the middle, and coiled into a loose knot, giving an effect exactly like the head of the de Milo Venus. It was free from artificial curling. Mrs. Sebree is one of the very few women of any pretentions to fashion who have disdained consistently to have anything to do with hair upholstering and amid the jewel-bedecked, tiara-covered, puffed, becurled heads of the beauties the other night, with their accessories of borrowed braids and curls, Mrs. Sebree's satiny black hair, in its beautiful unadornment, was as refreshing a sight as one could imagine.

ASK FOR
BLACK AND WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKEY
IT IS THE BEST
NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

She Takes the Bare Foot Cure

A certain clever handsome woman now making her home at the Fairmont goes in for the barefoot cult that she learned over at a German spa last summer while trying to ward off a threatened attack of nervous prostration. She takes ten mile jaunts along the wet sands of the beach twice a week, walking from the Cliff House way beyond the first promontory and back again. None of her friends are in the secret, but all the women are consumed with curiosity to know what has wrought the transformation not only in her complexion and her figure but also in her spirits, for she is now as happy and gay as a high school miss with her first beau and says that she has learned what was meant by the ancient truism that heaven is within you. She is lithe, rosy cheeked, bright-eyed and merry spirited, and laughs at the poor deluded women who invest in rubber straight-

The tapestry room of Hotel Manx has been the scene of many pretty little dinners, luncheons and receptions during the past month and arrangements have been made for quite a few more during the season. Since Manager Larm made extensive improvements in the public rooms of the Manx the Tapestry Room has been very popular for afternoon teas and is well patronized by San Franciscans who happen to be in the shopping district late in the afternoon or after the matinee.

jackets and torture themselves by trying to squeeze into the pinching corsets that are warranted to eliminate the lazy fat acquired by too much eating and too little exercise. I am not going to mention the name of the lady because I admire her too much to expose her to yellow journalistic exploitation.

Mrs. Alston Williams' Wit

Mrs. Harry Alston Williams whose clever pen wrote "If Things Could Speak" which, given Tuesday night in Berkeley, proved a most amusing playlet, comes by her wit naturally, She was Florence Caduc, daughter of Mrs. Philip Caduc who a generation ago was one of the cleverest hostesses in society. Mrs. Caduc had the same quick delightful humor that distinguishes Mrs. John C. Darling. Mrs. Caduc has made her home in Southern California for several years, but pays an an-

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nual visit to San Francisco. Cora Caduc, an older daughter, was the first wife of Dr. De Marville. She died 10 or 12 years ago.

Tennis as a Beautifier

The flitting roses that come and go on the smooth cheeks of some of the society belles that one sees in town since the closing up of the country resorts, are by no means the accidental graces which indulgent nature bestows. There isn't anyone in town, not even a trench digger, who works harder for his day's wages than do these girls for their complexions. The older women attempt a short cut via the Turkish baths, but the younger set goes in for tennis and other athletics, and there isn't a better "sure-thing" beautifier known than a morning in the fog as one biffs the fleet tennis ball or makes the course over the links. Tennis is being revived in favor these days, and any morning one may see a bevy of the young brides and their girl friends at Alta Plaza, playing tennis for dear life. Among the enthusiasts are Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mrs. Russell Bogue, Mrs. Worthington Ames, and among the girls those who are particularly proficient are Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Josephine Hannigan, Miss Gertrude Ballard, Miss Edith Treaner and Miss Ethel McAllister.

The Latest English Game

Word comes to me from London that the blase fashionables of the country houses have discovered a new diversion for the temporary routing of ennui. The game is known as "bombarding" and consists simply in breaking into a fortified residence by violence or trickery. The rules of the game are of the simplest and possess the charm that any or all of them can be broken. When it is agreed between neighboring house parties to bombard one party endeavors to obtain entry into the house of the other. To the individual who is first in go the honors of war. At one country house where bombarding has been carried practically as far as enterprise and audacity will take it a great coup was made recently. Every device on the part of the storming force had been frustrated, when a telegraph boy rode up on a bicycle and delivered a message. So unintelligible was it that the bombarded host sent for the boy to come in to him and be questioned. Then only did he realize that he was lost, for the enemy stood before him radiantly triumphant in her becoming disguise of a post office boy. On another occasion the attack on a somewhat staid household was led by two determined young sportswomen. They crawled through two fields of turnips, to the amazement of farm workers. Then they scaled sundry walls and rushed into the house by an unused entrance, very miry and torn but victorious, just as the household were about to sit down to dinner. On a third occasion the attacker adopted the method of Cleopatra and came into the house in a roll of linoleum. The game has great possibilities of development in this country, for of course the unimaginative and rather slow Britons have not by any means exhausted its delights. I look to the exuberant spirits of Burlingame, always fascinated by British novelties, to take it up and demonstrate what Americans can do in the way of "bombarding."

In the Social Spotlight

The wedding of Miss Mattie Milton, daughter of Captain and Mrs. John B. Milton, U. S. N., and Ensign George Neal, U. S. N., will take place within a few weeks. It will be quietly celebrated on board the "Independence," Mare Island.

An engagement which will come as a surprise to their many friends on both sides of the bay is that of Edington Detrick Jr. and Mrs. William T. Dalby of Berkeley. Mr. Detrick is the well known insurance broker and is a widower with three children. Mrs. Dalby has two young children.

The introducing, by the Bismarck Cafe, of a new Hungarian Orchestra of ten pieces under the leadership of Herr Ferdinand Stark has given San Francisco music lovers an endless feast of good music. "Cingara," or gypsy music, is becoming very popular with the public in this country recently and such an orchestra when under the leadership of our own Stark is really a treat for any one to hear.

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$1.00 per day and up.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-10-11 Chronicle Building, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased.

EVELYN DORAN GOUBERT,

Administratrix of the Estate of Eugene McCarthy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1909.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas Sesnon have issued invitations for a dance at their home in Jackson street for Wednesday evening, December 1.

Mrs. George Hermann gave a charming luncheon during the week at her home in Vallejo street. Her guests were the debutantes of the season.

Mrs. Whiting, the mother of Mrs. Edward Newhall, who has been here on a visit from Martha's Vineyard, will soon leave for her home in the East. Miss Frances Newhall will accompany her grandmother.

Although the arrival of Mrs. Carroll Buck has been announced several times and her friends have been disappointed, it is said that she will sail from Manila on December 15, arriving here about January 15.

Mrs. Walter P. Treat who has been very dangerously ill at the Adler Sanatorium for several weeks, has recovered sufficiently to be removed to her home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Charles Shiels has arrived in Munich with her neice Miss Allan. They will spend the holidays there.

An elaborate dance will be given on Thursday evening, December 2, by Mr. and Mrs. George P. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear and Miss Miriam McNear at the Century Club rooms in Franklin street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williar were hosts at a dinner at the Fairmont recently. Mrs. Williar had as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Dutton, Miss Jean Gallois and Mr. Fentress Hill.

Another pretty tea which was held in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont was that given by Mrs. E. T. Niebling in honor of her daughter Miss Rhoda.

Among the out of town residents who made the Fairmont their headquarters during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark, Burlingame, R. M. Tobin, Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bullard, San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Proctor, Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Goerge McNear, Burlingame, Paul Foster, Evan Evans, Harry L. Evans, San Rafael.

The arrival of the Chiyo Maru from the Orient brought a number of world travelers to the Fairmont enroute to Europe and the East. Among them were Colonel Moore of Scotland, W. H. Hayden and Miss E. Davids, Edinburgh, William Bonnet, Paris, Dr. W. Gilliatt, London, Mrs. Stephen Rolli, Hove, England.

J. Parker Veasey accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Veasey and J. Parker Veasey Jr. is at the Fairmont. Mr. Veasey is an attorney and prominently connected with the Great Northern Railroad. He registers from Great Falls, Montana.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean and her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Kiersted, Miss Chesebrough, and James D. Phelan are among the well-known San Franciscans who spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Del Monte.

Del Monte is certainly a Mecca for the newly-wed. The list of honeymooners for the past week included Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bancroft of Wilmington, Del., Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Brodie of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter Reid of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Goodue of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. T. Seymour Hall of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. E. Schinasi of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lowman of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. George A Robinson Jr., of Louisville, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. Elwell of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Newman of Woodbridge, Cal., Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Katz of Baltimore.

Miss Louise McCormick, daughter of E. O. McCormick, General Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific Company, arrived at Del Monte in Mr. McCormick's private car recently, accompanied by Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Dorothy Boericke, Miss Ruth Boericke, Ralston White, Allan McDonald, Herbert Gallagher, Arthur Brown and Harry Miller.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado recently included E. J. Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hines, McClure Kelly, Kathryn Irvine, Myford Irvine, Miss Clara Saunders and S. B. Knoph.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM

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Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-on (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by mail

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased, appear in said Court on Monday, the 27th day of December, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Charles G. Lyman as such executor, should not sell the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of O'Farrell Street with the easterly line of Mason Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along the said southerly line of O'Farrell Street fifty-five (55) feet to the easterly line of Mason Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 197.

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published for at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, November 18, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

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The utmost care will be used this year in revision and compilation to make the work complete and accurate. Address all communications to CHAS C. HOAG, Publisher, 313 Battery Street, Room 1, San Francisco.

What Is a Soul Kiss?

By Edward F. O'Day

Being no expert in the sugary science of philematology I must perforce ask myself this rather embarrassing question and hie me forth in quest of a plausible answer. And being but a bashful bachelor of some few arts, not including that which Ovid loved to sing, I am impelled toward books for the resolution of my blushing and stammering doubts. True, I might seek counsel of a ghostly sort, misled by the spiritual seeming of that word "soul," but I fear the priest would tell me that palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss and the nun, that a pax vobiscum whispered in the gloom of the cloister with eyes downcast and folded arms is the true salutation of the soul. I realize, however, that the bilabial communion to which the name of soul kiss has been attached may not be interpreted in terms of religious definition and that the explanation of this contact of lips in linked sweetness long drawn out must be sought in profaner regions. Let me look then to the poets to shed a rosy light of love on the path where now my feet hesitate in darkness visible. What say the eternal expounders of the mystery of life on this subject of the soul kiss? At once I am enmeshed in the silken web of pleasing yet difficult phrases. I find myself at the couch of the dead Calypso and hearken to the soul-searing cult taught by liberal kisses; I gaze on the chalice of love formed by a sensuous mouth with lips ripe as the rapturing grape, rich as the rose in its redness and I learn of wet mingling mouths that crush a voluptuous vintage. I go with Verlaine to a squalid lodging where the poet and Esther play on willing lips a fiery accompaniment of the lovely songs which love sings in a burning heart. I breathe with Tannhauser the hot atmosphere of the Horsel and see his mouth charred with the kisses of Venus, whose lips cling hard till the kissed face has grown of one same fire and color with their own. I stray in the garden of Proserpine glimpsing one between whose lips the kiss becomes as fire and frankincense and the lips of these lovers are intertwisted and bitten till the foam has a savor of blood and the kiss lies on them like a flame. And I glide in a gondola while She sings the moth's kiss—as if you made believe you were not sure, this eve, how my face, your flower, had pursed its petals up; so, here and there you brush it, till I grow aware who wants me, and wide open burst—and She sings the bee's kiss—as if you entered gay my heart at some noonday, a bud that dares not disallow the claim, so all is rendered up, and passively its shattered cup over your head to sleep I bow—and the kiss of death—heart to heart and lips to lips, before The Three stabbed. If this of which these poets discourse be indeed the soul kiss, then am I at the alpha of enlightenment. Was it then the soul kiss that Guinevere pressed upon the lips of Lancelot, reading of which, so rapturously kissed by one so deep in love, the gentle Paolo pressed the virginal lips of Francesca, the book and writer both being love's purveyors, so that in its leaves that day no more they read? Was it the soul kiss that sealed the lips and the fates of Helen and Paris and launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium? Was it the soul kiss that awakened the sleeping princess to the arms of the fairy prince? Was it the soul kiss that doomed the houses of Capulet and Montagu? Methinks I am beginning to sense this intricate matter. I understand now why Socrates wrote that a kiss may be powerful and dangerous. I grasp now the meaning of Apuleius who tells that when Venus lost her son she made proclamation by Mercury that he who could bring tidings of him should have seven kisses, a noble reward, we are told, better than so many golden talents, more precious than seven cities, nay, than so many provinces. I can believe now what Secundus says, that one kiss from that goddess would recover a dying man. 'Tis of the soul kiss these learned paynims wrote. This must have been the kiss which Aretine's Lucretia lavished on her reluctant suitor. And old Balthasar Castilio described the very thing, did he not? when he said: "They breathe out their souls and spirits together with their kisses, change hearts and spirits, and mingle affections as they do kisses, and it is rather a commingling of the mind than of the body." Why, if this be so, did prosaic old Xenophon write that it is the poison of a spider and a strong assault that conquers captains? Why did Catullus sing that it could be more bitter than black hellebore? And stern Scottish Buchanan, why did he call it destructive? I prefer the suave terms in which Apollonius tells how Jason soul-kissed Medea and if it were not a soul-kiss with which the

GEORGE HAMLIN

America's great tenor to be heard at the Novelty Theatre.

soldier in that notable tale of Petronius wooed the widow of Ephesus, I am still struggling in the primer of this mysterious lore. I must confess that I would still be a backward scholar if I had not these authorities to unriddle my perplexity and were compelled to rely upon the play which takes its name from this most interesting lip-service for information as to the meaning of the soul-kiss. "The Soul Kiss" contained nothing worthy the name, if I am an apt critic of the abstruse science which I have just been investigating. After having exhausted my bookish authorities for points and comparisons, I asked the man who winds the ferry clock what he thought of the soul kisses exhibited at the Garrick Theatre. And with characteristic terseness he responded, "Oh hell!"

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Stage

Dr. Wuellner's Lieder Singing

A physical giant with a head that suggests Beethoven's in its massive lines, its broad brow and its mop of hair and a dapper little gentleman exhibiting the last polish of dress and manner—these were the two that held a houseful of music lovers spell-bound on Tuesday night. It was a memorable occasion in the musical annals of the town for it was the first concert of Dr. Ludwig Wuellner and Coenraad V. Bos. Happily, the importance of the affair was duly appreciated, for an unusually large audience was assembled in the Novelty Theatre. That it was an enthusiastic audience goes without saying, for it was full of men and women with whom music is either a career or a passion and with such people enthusiasm for Dr. Wuellner was inevitable. We had heard much of Dr. Wuellner's voice and of his methods—how his vocal instrument lacked the sensuous quality and how he used as aids to the delivery of a song, not only variety of tone-coloring but also the mobility of a peculiarly sensitive countenance and suggestive alterations in the pose of the shoulders, arms and hands. These characteristics have excited controversy, but when Dr. Wuellner casts his spell over an audience, the controversial spirit is put to flight and his hearers are forced to admit that being a poet and an actor in addition to a singer, he is within his rights in summoning to the interpretation of song whatever aids his unerring taste recommends. Dr. Wuellner's first concert program contained twenty songs by Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolff. For these songs the singer and his accompanist supplied a perfect setting. Imagine a flawless poem like Heine's Doppelganger set to music by a master, played by a master and sung by a master. That was not imagination but a beautiful reality for those who attended the concert. In this and in the other songs distinguished for dramatic poignancy, Dr. Wuellner was at his best; in The Erl-King, the Brahms-Lemcke "Verrat," The Song of the Stonecutters, The Soldier and The Two Grenadiers of Schumann. This last song Dr. Wuellner reserved for the conclusion of his program and threw into it such intensity of feeling and expression that his hearers were breathless and loth to depart. Not to hear him is to miss not only a great musical event but an opportunity to learn the final significance of ballads which are part of the world's most cherished poetical treasures.

—The Music Lover.

An Irreverend Musical Critic

I am afraid that at least one musical critic of New York does not exhibit the profound and abiding seriousness in relation to his work which is one of the prettiest traits of our local criticasters. This metropolitan appraiser of harmonic endeavor actually relaxes at intervals and indulges in jest and quip and merry banter when he is treating subjects which our local musical writers only approach with ceremonious kow-tow and elongated visage. I refer to Mr. W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York Sun. Henderson is not invariably serious and impressed; he dares tackle grand opera in a spirit of levity—a profanation of art which, I need not remind my readers, would be impossible to the solemn frowning-faced word-painters of our local press. Henderson was moved to scandalous frivolity by the opening of the Hammerstein musical season in New York. With tongue in cheek and eye knowingly shut he remarks that nobody could say that "opera is not an elevating and ennobling form of public entertainment." He proceeds to develop this thesis with shocking disregard for the traditions of grand opera by reference to "the scarlet opera ladies" with whose incarnadined careers the music lovers of the metropolis were regaled. For the "Herodiade" of Massenet he shows the scantest respect. Imagine a local critic writing thus: "It is indeed an instructive tale, showing that it is a wise child that knows its own mother; that a prophet may be without honor in any old country, no matter how old; that uneasy lies the head that wears a tetrarch's crown, and that Jules Massenet, whose version of the fall of Adam was the ancient one of seduction by the woman, loved to harp on a string of a thousand lies." For Violetta in "Traviata" Henderson has even shabbier treatment, branding her a pink instead of a scarlet lady. But Thais he regards as "a real red one" and in connection with the opera of "Sapho" he has this to say: "Let us hope that since Sapho has been made an honest woman by being set to music and sung in French the innocent youths and maidens will 'spurn not the choral dance.'" I think none will gainsay that no San Francisco musical critic would handle these compositions in this ungloved fashion. To them art carries a message of soul-convulsing import and they would no more poke fun at "Herodiade" or "Thais" or "Sapho" than they would speak disrespectfully of the equator.

Cohan in "The Yankee Prince"

George Cohan will come to the Van Ness on Monday night, November 29, in a new musical play of his own composition called "The Yankee Prince," bringing with

WRIGHT LORIMER

As David in "The Shepherd King" at the Garrick Theatre.

him his sister and the other members of his family in a company of one hundred. We are promised good music, competent support and a lively and good looking chorus. The particularly original character in the new piece is a manager of prize fights enacted by Tom Lewis with great skill. The final performance of "The Talk of New York" will be witnessed on Sunday night by Cohan and company who will arrive during the day.

Clyde Fitch's Last Play at the Valencia

The last performances of "Mr. Hopkinson" will take place at the Valencia this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday night Charles Cherry, last seen here as Maxine Elliott's leading man, will make us his first bow as a star in Clyde Fitch's last comedy, "The Bachelor." In "The Bachelor" it is said that the late playwright gave to the stage one of the most amusing, clever and brilliant comedies of his career. The comedy had quite a vogue in New York where it ran for six months, and also in Chicago. Aside from these cities, however, it is entirely new. The original cast will be seen here, including Ruth Maycliffe, Lillian Paige, Alice Riker, F. Percival Stevens, Charles Laite and others. "The Gay Musician," Julian Edwards' latest comic opera success, with a company of seventy-five, from Wallack's Theatre, New York, will follow "The Bachelor" at the Valencia.

George Hamlin, the American Tenor

Tenor recitals are very rare and Manager Greenbaum's announcement of three recitals by George Hamlin of Chicago will be more than welcomed by our concert-goers, especially as his accompanist is to be Edwin Schneider, the young composer whose song "Flower Rain" was one of the hits of the Jomelli concerts. Mr. Hamlin is a genuine artist and has a wonderful repertoire. He sings many almost forgotten German and Italian works as well as the classics and the latest songs of England and America. At his opening concert next Thursday night, December 2, at the Novelty Theatre, he will open with two old German works which he will group with Handel's "O, Sleep" and "The Trumpet's Loud Clangor." These will be followed by Schubert and Schumann numbers. Modern composers will be represented by Rubinstein, Brahms, Grieg and Strauss. From English sources we are promised such gems as the "Morning Hymn" of George Henschel and three numbers from Sir Arthur Sullivan's exquisite setting of Tennyson's "Songs of the Wren."

The Last Wullner Concert

Dr. Ludwig Wullner, called "the song interpreter extraordinary," will give his last recitals at the Novelty Theatre this Friday night and Sunday afternoon, November 28. The sale of seats is now in progress at Sherman, Clay & Co's and on Sunday the box office will be at the theatre where phone orders will receive careful attention. Sunday's offering will be a splendid one, consisting of a group of five Shubert gems, three of Carl Loewe's ballads, three Hugo Wolf numbers and a group of five of Richard Strauss' works. In addition there will be works entirely new here by Oskar Posa and Kurt Schindler.

Wright Lorimer as David

Wright Lorimer who comes to the Garrick on Monday night as a star in "The Shepherd King," makes his first western appearance in the Biblical play. "The Shepherd King" was written by Lorimer himself, and he will enact David, the shepherd boy who afterwards became the King of Israel. The love of David for Michal, the friendship of David and Jonathan, the vagaries of King Saul and the incantations of the witch of Endor are some of the principal features of the play. After the pastoral first act, there is a succession of events of absorbing interest until the curtain finally falls on the triumph of David, when Michal is restored to his arms and he is crowned King of Israel. The local engagement will be for three weeks, with matinees on Saturday only, and the usual Sunday night performances.

Another Week of Belasco's Play

A second week, and positively the last one this season, of "The Warrens of Virginia" is announced by the Alcazar management. This announcement will not surprise anyone who has witnessed the play, for that the regulation seven days' run would be exceeded was assured before the close of the initial performance. David Belasco's name, the potency of which is recognized by San Francisco's theatregoers, had much to do with drawing an unusually large first night audience, whose verdict served to fill the house at each succeeding presentation of the play and create a demand for seats that only a second week can satisfy. "The Warrens" could be profitably kept on the Alcazar stage a third week, but a contract calling for the presentation of "A Message from Mars" on December 6 cannot be ignored.

William H. Thompson at the Orpheum

William H. Thompson will appear at the Orpheum next week in a one act play by F. D. Bond called "Pride of Regiment." This playlet scored a great hit at the

GEORGE M. COHAN AND HIS MOTHER, HELEN F. COHAN
In a scene from "The Yankee Prince" at the Van Ness Theatre.

WM. H. THOMPSON
The distinguished character actor who will appear next week in "Pride of Regiment" at the Orpheum.

Haymarket Theatre, London, where it is now in its fourteenth month. Thompson has, in the role of an army veteran, a character peculiarly suited to his ability. He is sure of a cordial welcome for he is remembered for many notable characterizations, particularly for the Cardinal in "A Royal Family." He will be supported by Miss Allen and Fred J. Weber. Dan Quinlan and Kellar Mack, minstrel stars, bring a skit called "The Traveling Dentist." The Two Bobs are Bob Adams and Bob Alden, two writers of lyrics and jingling tunes. Mabel McCane sings her own songs. Next week will be the last of Ben Welch, Vittoria and Giorgetta, Katchen Loisset, and John B. Hymer and Co., in "The Devil and Tom Walker."

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Costume Romance at Ye Liberty

The Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will entertain next week with "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," the costume play of the period of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. It is a dramatization by Paul Kester of Charles Major's popular novel of the same title and is one of the few really successful plays that have been taken from novels. The stage version of the story follows the novel very closely and in it, although young Mistress Vernon is made the central figure, Queen Elizabeth and her beautiful and ill-fated cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, play important parts. The play offers exceptional opportunities for the display of handsome scenery and costumes which Ye Liberty management will take advantage of, besides presenting a capable cast. The production will have the usual run of seven nights, after which "Facing the Music," a comedy new to stock audiences, will be given.

Robert Mantell's repertoire for this city will include "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It" and "Richard Third,"

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Evolution in Men's Dress

How little is actually known about the evolution of style in men's dress can today be realized only by those who delve into the subject and spend valuable time in the harrassing research necessary to dig out correct data, and then, after reliable information is secured, are able to go ahead and re-create the fashions that had a vogue at different periods. The accompanying illustration is a reproduction of the costumes as they were worn during the period of the following dates. From left to right the costumes represent the following periods and styles:

1. Civilian dress, period of 1683. (When William Penn lived.)
2. Civilian dress, period 1776. (George Washington period, or colonial.)
3. Civilian dress, period of 1824, Le Beau Monde style. The suit is an original and was worn in 1824 by a member of a prominent Philadelphia family. White coat with roll horsehair collar, satin waistcoat of cream white, white kerseymere pantaloons, tied close around the ankles, white stockings, white cravat with full frilled shirt.
4. An original "Tagliona overcoat," period of 1850. Black beaver cloth in coat, velvet buttons. The coat was obtained from the son of the father who wore it.
5. Civilian dress, period 1847 to 1850. Frock coat of black cloth, velvet collar and cuffs, purple embroidered waistcoat, white kerseymere trousers. Trousers made extraordinarily full over hips and the fulness mechanically exaggerated and permanency given by inserting whalebone down over hips to extend them. Measurements of trousers, knee, 28; ankle, 18; bottoms, 21. Tie, standing collar, wide stock.
6. Period of 1873. Long roll sack coat of dark blue crepe cloth, galoon braid edges, waistcoat of fancy embossed velvet in Dresden flower design. Pantaloons brown and blue hairline stripes, measurements, knee, 17½; ankle, 15¾; bottoms, 21½, wide spring bottoms. Large box-toed shoes.
7. Period of 1886. Four-button cutaway coat and vest of wide wale diagonal, trousers of pearl gray, wide flat braid on outseam, wide legs, knee, 24; bottoms, 20½.
8. Period of 1890. Long, sharply cutaway three-button sack coat of black cloth. Close fitting trousers.
10. Period of 1910. Good length coat, chesty effect, lines of coat to follow body but drape away from the body. Waistcoat, long narrow opening. Trousers, half peg with little break at bottom.

Among those who have purchased Chalmers and Hudson cars during the past two days are C. L. Laumeister, Dr. Thomas Sullivan, Mrs. S. F. Johnson, Samuel S. Hyman, Philip Clay, P. J. Gartland, L. J. Hemioulle, and S. E. Jameison of Ukiah.

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Byron's Thyrza Identified

(Continued from Page 7.)

among the clans of the period. It is also known that Byron's great uncle who was a sort of raving and misanthropical maniac, had slain in a tavern brawl, by candle light, a relative named Chaworth, a crime for which he was tried before the House of Lords. Mary Chaworth, I think, was descended from that man. It is strange indeed that the fates of these families should be so intertwined through different generations.

It had been supposed that Byron was entirely separated from Mary Chaworth when she married John Musters. Mr. Edgcumbe has many arguments to show that this was not the case. In 1808 and 1809, we learn, Byron had not forgotten his boyhood love and was seeing her at Annesley. Recognizing the danger of this intercourse and driven by her husband, she avoide Byron and during this time of separation he wrote the mystifying Thyrza poems. At this time also he wrote to a friend of "a violent though pure love and passion" which had ended in a loss that would have moved him profoundly had he not already "supped full of horrors." The evidence that Mary Chaworth was the Thyrza of these beautiful lyrics cannot be reviewed here but it is set forth by Mr. Edgcumbe and is very strong. It may be mentioned in this connection that when Byron was asked by an intimate friend to whom these poems referred, he refused to tell with marks of agitation which prevented any further reference to the subject.

In 1813 Mr. and Mrs. Musters were estranged. This time Byron and she were again drawn together and more intimately. On April 15, 1814, a child, Medora, was born to them which Mrs. Leigh, then with Byron at Newstead, took as her own to prevent scandal. Mary repented bitterly of her fault and was afterwards reconciled with her husband. At the time of the Byron divorce proceedings, she was driven temporarily, by fear of exposure, into a state of mental alienation. It was to shield her that Mrs. Leigh, we are told, allowed the charges against herself to go unanswered. Here was an instance of heroic courage, remarkable but by no means incredible; conscious virtue has done that sort of thing many times indeed. Mr. Edgcombe lets it be understood that he has had access to the documents preserved by the Leigh, Chaworth and Musters families in support of these statements.

That the theory is the strongest and most credible that has been advanced to explain part of the mystery in which the whole career of Byron was enfolded, is the judgment of competent literary critics. It will be remembered that Moore, who had read Byron's journal before destroying it and who was in all respects better acquainted than any other man with Byron's whole career, made this declaration in the biography: "It may be questioned whether his heart had ever much share in his passions. Actual objects there were, in but too great number, who, as long as the illusion continued, kindled up his thoughts and were the themes of his songs. But they were little more than mere dreams of the hour. There was but one love that lived unquenched through all." This last sentence has never been intelligible before; now it takes on definite meaning. Hitherto it has been considered that Byron was only carrying out his romantic pose when he professed in his poems a single life-long passion for one named Mary. Now his professions may be believed. It may be that Byron is destined to stand forth as one of the great lovers of history. It would be a strange and happy outcome of a distasteful controversy and it would be almost universally welcomed, for Byron remains today, as he was in his lifetime, perhaps the most compelling figure in English poetical history.

A Vigia

(Continued from Page 9.)

two, has probably replaced an earlier sheep track or a footpath of the monks. The dazzling white houses, with their thatched roofs secured against the wind by stones slung in a rope, only require a little more neglect to fall again into the low, black Pictish huts. The swarthy people, courteous and suave, in whom you see a vein of subcutaneous sarcasm, as they lean up against a house, sizing the passing stranger up to the last tittle at a glance, would all look natural enough with glibs of matted hair, long saffron Keltic shirts and the Isles kilt, made out of a long web of cloth, leaving the right arm bare.

Still in the Isle of Dreams remains the primitive familiarity between the animals and man, which only lingers on in islands or in the regions where no breath of modern life has set a bar between two branches of the same creation with talk about the soul. The still, soft rain yet blots the island from the world, just as it did of yore, and through its pall the mysterious voices of the sea sound just as menacing and hostile to mankind, as they did when the saint preached to the seals upon the reef. Perhaps—who knows?—he preaches yet to those who have the gift of a right hearing of the soft, grating noise the pebbles make in a receding wave upon the beach. The wind continues its perpetual monsoon, blowing across the unpolluted ocean for a thousand leagues. In the white coves the black sea-purses which the tide throws up like necklaces of an antique and prehistoric pattern are spread upon the sands, waiting the evening when the mermaids issue from the waves and clasp them round their necks.

To have seen it once, is to have seen it to the last day of one's life. The horses waiting at the rough pierhead to swim a mile of channel with its fierce, sweeping tide, the little street in which the houses spring from the living rock which crops up here and there and forms a reef right in the middle of the road, are not a memory, but a possession, as real as if you held the title-deeds duly engrossed and sealed. When all is said and done, the one secure and lasting property a man can own is an enchanted city such as one sees loom in the sky, above the desert sands. That, when you once have seen it, is yours forever, and next comes a Vigia, which but appears for a brief moment, in the mind, as you sail past on some imaginary sea.

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Auto Notes

The Ford Coupe promises to be one of the most popular low priced closed cars for the wet season. The Standard Motor Car Co., 583 Golden Gate avenue, are making immediate deliveries of these classy little cars.

One of the most significant financial deals that have been consummated recently in this part of the country, with reference to the automobile industry was made the other day when the Coast Carriage Company of Oakland and its big building at the corner of Twelfth and Jackson streets passed into the possession of the Studebaker interests. Chester N. Weaver, vice-president and general manager of the Studebaker Bros. Company of California, by whom the deal was closed, refuses to name the amount involved in the transaction, but, it is generally understood that the figures are close to $100,000.

Mr. W. L. Hughson, President of the Standard Motor Car Company, and Western agent for the Ford car, has just returned from Los Angeles and other points in the southern section of the state. In speaking of his trip the local motorist said: "Conditions throughout the state are such that I expect a big business in the motor car delivery this season. Our agents in the interior are all doing good business; in fact, selling more cars than any other season. This is especially true of our reports in the vicinity of Los Angeles where the sales now, even at this season, amount to twice as much as they did all of last year. The people are buying cars in the southern part of the state much faster than they are here. This, I believe, is partly due to the fact that they have much better roads there than in this territory."

H. R. Williams of Seattle is an enthusiastic advocate of Diamond Mountain Tread Tires. In a recent letter to the Diamond Company he states that he has averaged 8,096 miles on the Diamond Tires which equipped his Packard, Model 18, in which he has covered some of the roughest country in the northwest.

Louis E. Shurtleff, a well-known salesman of this city who for several years has been connected with Shreve's Jewelry Company, has joined the salesforce of the Studebaker Bros. Company under John H. Eagal, manager of the automobile department.

The new Randolph delivery wagon of the Pioneer Automobile Company was again pressed into service recently when it became necessary to move some iron girders weighing three and a half tons. These girders which are intended for use in alterations of the building now occupied by the Pioneer Automobile Company were deposited on the sidewalk in front of the garage. It was the work of but a few minutes to attach a rope to the rear axle of the car, and with Charles O'Day at the wheel, swing the big beams into the desired place.

The gold plated Studebaker "40" landaulet, one of the most exquisitely finished automobiles ever seen in this city, which attracted so much attention at the private automobile show of the Studebaker Bros. Company during the Portola festivities, has been sold to H. E. Bothin, a well-known local capitalist. The gold plated car was sold during the Portola week but, at the request of Studebaker Bros. Bothin permitted it to remain on exhibition until a few days ago.

Roy D. Chapin of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, speaking of entering their cars in races, says: "We do not send cars into contests merely for the sport of it. We send cars into contests for the purpose of showing the public that our cars have all the stamina that we claim for them. A motor car that is driven 200 miles at highest speed undergoes an infinitely severer strain than the average owner gives his car in a whole year of use, but the fact that the Chalmers car wins so consistently is the best proof we know of that they have no weak points."

R. K. Roberts of the Howard Automobile Company, who has just returned from a business trip down the coast, in commenting on the situation said: "Without question conditions generally are most encouraging. It is gratifying in the extreme to

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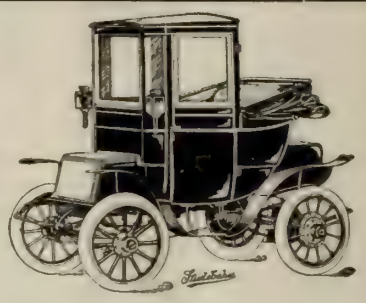

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encounter such optimism on every hand as is prevalent at the present time to a degree that has never before existed. I found that the only anxiety of our local agents is concerning our ability to make deliveries to meet their requirements, and without exception they demanded and voluntarily signed up for material increases over their contracts of last year."

An interesting trip over the rough mountain roads in the northern part of the state has just been completed by A. L. Hendricks of Eureka, who made the trip in a Ford car. In speaking of the trip the Eureka motorist said: "I have owned a six-cylinder Ford for sometime and have given it several hard tests but the trip that I have just finished was one of the worst I have ever taken. Notwithstanding the terrible conditions of the roads over which I traveled, my car gave me no trouble and in places it was only by the use of the slow speed that I was able to get over some of the roads at all." The roads in the northern part of the state are in very bad condition owing to the recent rains and from now until spring touring in automobiles through this section of the state will be a difficult proposition. Mr. Hendricks is an expert driver and was at the wheel of the car all during the trip and declared that notwithstanding that the tour was a pleasure one, it proved to be more strenuous than the average endurance run and the fact that his car gave him no trouble was the cause of a great deal of satisfaction.

That the performance of the little Studebaker E-M-F "30" in the recent Los Angeles-Phoenix race, when it lowered the previous record by nearly five and one-half hours, was remarkable for a car of its power and price, is generally recognized by automobile experts. But Bert Latham who successfully piloted the machine desired to further demonstrate the sturdiness of his car and drove his machine back to Los Angeles over the same course. The E-M-F was the only machine to return to Los Angeles under its own power after the conclusion of the events in the Arizona metropolis.

Letters

"The Clue," by Carolyn Wells

Carolyn Wells, an admitted lover of detective yarns, can do quite as good a piece of work in that line herself as any but the masters of the craft. "The Clue" which gives title to her latest effort was trifling and insignificant enough to have pleased even Sherlock Holmes himself—simply a cachou—an infinitesimal silvered pellet dropped on the floor of one of the rooms of a mansion in which a mysterious death had taken place. Miss Van Norman, a wealthy young woman without relatives save one very distant cousin, was found dead in her own library on the eve of her wedding day. Circumstances at first pointed to suicide but the absence of any reason for such a step, coupled with the persistent questioning of the physician first summoned finally convinced his older colleague that there was at least ground for an extended inquiry. The case was a baffling one, since there was no discoverable motive for the crime. The only persons who occupied the house on that night were the old and tried servants and the wedding guests, all women, besides a plain clothes detective employed to keep watch over the gifts, unknown to any but the one who engaged him. The house was securely locked and no unusual sound was heard until the cry for help was given about an hour after all the inmates had retired. The trifling little pellet picked up on the drawing room floor two or three days after the murder led to the solution of the mystery. Miss Wells has been a bit careless in her dialogue, for, in detective stories, more than in any other variety of fiction, the author needs to be careful about not making revelations unwittingly. Kitty French and Robert Fessenden, both deeply interested in discovering the truth, strangers to each other heretofore and to the locality, would not be likely to forget names and circumstances talked over in connection with the case or any of the suspects, yet on page 82, on the morning after the crime, in his first conversation with Kitty, Fessenden mentions Miss Burt, asks if Kitty knows her, and learning that she does not, explains her position. On page 167, two days later, the same questions and answers are given. Some people do not care for detective stories at all. Others are eager devourers of them, and these will find "The Clue" rather better than the average, since the mystery which is like the answer to a riddle, is so well veiled that it would take Melville Stone himself to forecast it. Published by the J. P. Lippincott Co.

"The Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit"

Albert Sonnichsen has a faculty which may well be both envied and emulated by writers of far greater pretensions—that of making himself profoundly interesting. His new book, "The Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit," has the additional merit of coming in the nick of time as an explanatory sidelight on the triumphs of the Young Turks, culminating in the deposition of

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Abdul Hamid. Mr. Sonnichsen, it will be remembered, left San Francisco some years ago, at the beginning of one of the perennial outbreaks, to go into the Balkans, partly out of personal interest in the activities and partly to act as a newspaper correspondent. His complete disappearance gave rise to a rumor that he had been captured and assassinated by the brigands, and there was some chance that international complications would arise. Mr. Sonnichsen, however, had only yielded to the call of the blood, the nomadic strain which he inherits from his ancestors on both sides, and instead of being a victim, for the time being, he became himself a "bandit," joining the ranks of the revolutionists and seeing from the inside. His present narrative begins with his mysterious disappearance from Voden, where, having arrived provided with an official passport, he ordered dinner at the hotel, went out for a walk ostensibly for half an hour, and dropped completely from sight. He was in reality an accredited member of the Committee of Revolution, and his movements were in accord with the program already prepared. Even if one had no interest in the personality of the author or the cause with which he identified himself, here is a book of travels in unbeaten paths amongst a people little known, which the author has contrived to make as interesting as any novel of adventure. There are constant changes of scene, new characters introduced, new disguises donned, and an ever watchful alertness against surprises. The hide and seek of the Turkish soldiery, the plots within plots, socialist against royalist, Turk against Greek and Greek against Bulgarian, and each against the others, are all graphically portrayed. We learn of the Church army of the Greek hierarchy which kills its enemies singly and makes reprisals against whole villages; of hired cut throats acting in the interests of one faction against the other; of officers in the Turkish army who are at heart with the revolutionists, and constantly there is the ready expedient by which suspicion is diverted and the "illegals" pass unscathed though they escape but with the skin of their teeth. And side by side with these medieval conditions we are confronted with extreme modernity, as when Tashko, the leader of one division of the rebellious, surprised in the midst of his operations, carries with him into hidding his home-made camera and the undeveloped plate on which he was at work, though his command must remain in hiding indefinitely in the woods. It is not to be assumed that the Macedonian insurgents were an undisciplined mob. On the contrary, they had a well defined organization, and one could heartily wish that some of the same common sense and regard for equity could be introduced into our own court procedure as that which marked the almost off-hand decisions of the voyvodas when the Turkish courts were under boycott, though it was well understood that the pronouncements were but a method of living, to be reviewed by constituted authorities later on. Mr. Sonnichsen, apparently without an effort in that direction, has managed to present the men with whom he was for the most part in close contact, Luka, Teodor, Sandy and Vladi, in a most favorable light, and as all but the last named paid the forfeit of their lives in action, we may at least accept the most charitable view of their transactions as made necessary under the circumstances. The book is illustrated with sixteen photographs taken by the author, and as far as one may judge character from such pictures the men present evidence of a high order of intelligence. Even Apostol, a genuine bandit who "reformed," theatrical, gossipy, and credited by Abdul Hamid as the leading spirit of the revolution, though he was in truth a very subordinate character, and is very far from being idealized in the recital, probably makes a better impression than he deserves. Duffield is the publisher of this chapter of the Memoirs of Albert Sonnichsen who, doubtless, will some day inspire the pen of a novelist, since he is one of the picturesque characters of our age, his "Deep Sea Vagabonds," "Ten Months Captive among the Fillipinos," and now "The Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit," forming a trilogy which, taken in connection with the other experiences and adventures of the author, furnish material not to be met with outside the career of the famous soldiers of fortune of three and four centuries ago.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT KRUGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Fitzpatrick & Greeley, Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, attorneys for said Executor, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased.

GEO. L. RICCOMI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Kruger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13th, 1909.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attorneys for Executor,
Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Otto Irving Wise, Attorney at Law, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,
Executor of the Estate of Bertha Laventhal, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff,

vs.

MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-?

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches westerly from the westerly line of Locust Street, running thence westerly and along said southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet to the southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 20th day of November, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LACEY, Deceased—No. 8502, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1110 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LACEY, deceased.

EDWARD V. LACEY and
FREDERICK F. LACEY,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Lacey, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, Also Known as I. H. JACOBS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, Attorney at Law, 806 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISAAC H. JACOBS, also known as I. H. JACOBS, deceased.

HANNAH JACOBS,
Executrix of the Estate of Isaac H. Jacobs, also know as I. H. Jacobs, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 16, 1909.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL and HENRY A JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executrix,
806 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LYDIA KIRKPATRICK, Also Known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LYDIA IRKPATRICK, also known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Metson, Drew, Oatman & Mackenzie, on the 5th floor of the Balboa Building at the corner of Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

THOMAS KIRKPATRICK,
Administrator of the Estate of Lydia Kirkpatrick, also known as Mrs. L. Kirkpatrick, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 20, 1909.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Fifth Floor, Balboa Building, Second and Market Sts. 11-20-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,
vs.
ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners, transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of PRATT & GRIGSBY; that the principal place of business of said copartnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of the said copartnership are WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, and that our respective places of residence are set opposite our respective names, hereunto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our hands, this 16th day of October, 1909.

Name	Residence
J. R. PRATT	San Francisco, Cal.
W. E. GRIGSBY	San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 28th day of October, 1909, before me, J. D. Brown, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and who acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Copartnership,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, Deceased—No. 8588, N. S

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie M. Donovan, Administratrix of the estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased.

ANNIE M. DONOVAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Jeremiah J. Donovan, also known as J. J. Donovan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, Deceased—No. 8437, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Theodore C. Rethers and William D. O'Kane, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased.

THEODORE C. RETHERS and WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Ellen Rose Kengla, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executors,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 20th day of October, 1909, in the matter of the estate of MARGARET Y. LOUGHRAN, deceased, the undersigned MARY L. O'FARRELL and FRANK P. LOUGHRAN, Administrators of the estate of said Margaret Y. Loughran, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, either in one parcel or in sub-divisions as said Administrators shall judge most beneficial to the Estate for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the eighth day of December, 1909, at twelve o'clock noon of said day, at the office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Administrators, Room 809 Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said MARGARET Y. LOUGHRAN, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Margaret Y. Loughran, deceased, at the time of her death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

(a) Commencing at a point on the North Westerly line of Welsh Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet North Easterly from its intersection with the North Easterly line of Fourth Street; running thence North Easterly along said line of Welsh Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles North Westerly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly thirty (30) feet, and thence at right angles South Easterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

The same being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number One Hundred and Sixty-nine (169).

(b) Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Welsh Street, distant thereon 130 feet Northeast of Fourth Street running thence Northeasterly along the said line of Welsh Street 20 feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly 62.6 feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly 62.6 feet to the Northwesterly line of Welsh Street and the point of commencement; being a part of 100 Vara Block 367.

(c) Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Clementina Street, distant thereon 230 feet Northeasterly from the Northeasterly line of Third Street, running thence Northeasterly along the said line of Clementina Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Northwesterly 80 feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly 25 feet and thence at right angles Southeasterly 80 feet to the Northwesterly line of Clementina Street and the point of commencement; being a part of 100 Vara Block 356.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Room 809, Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the Sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated: November 12th, 1909.

MARY L. O'FARRELL, and
FRANK P. LOUGHRAN,
Administrators of the Estate of Margaret Y. Loughran, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Administrators,
809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
W. J. MOSSHALDER, Attorney for Margaret Blanch Dillingham,
Rooms 1, 2, 3 and 4, First National Bank Bldg., San Diego, Cal. 11-20-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal) H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,

vs.

LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, Deceased—No. 8383, N. S., Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. Robinson & Getz, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of REUBEN T. HOPKINS, deceased.

LYDIA M. HOPKINS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Reuben T. Hopkins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Executrix,
Oscar Luning Bldg., 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last Will and Testament of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GUSTAVE KLEINCLAUS, deceased.

ANGELE KLEINCLAUS,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Gustave Kleinclaus, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

A COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. HOGG, Deceased—No. 8540, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned James A. Hoag, Administrator of the estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, James F. Sheehan, Room 623, Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased.

JAMES A. HOAG,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Hogg, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13, 1909.

JAMES F. SHEEHAN, Attorney of Administrator,
Room 623, Balboa Bldg., 2nd and Market Sts., San Francisco. 11-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26005, Dept. No. 10.

HARRY GEBALLE, Plaintiff,

vs.

I. KOSTMAN, Doing Business Under the Name and Style of the ORPHEUM CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to I. KOSTMAN, doing business under the name and style of the ORPHEUM CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. E. BIEN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
310 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-3

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

Knight & Heggerty

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PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY

CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810

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Chas. F. Duisenberg

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"Yes, sir, some dogs are remarkedly intelligent. Now, I have one that begins to howl every time my wife opens the piano."

Footballwocky

'Twas killing, and the muddied coves
Did jab and jibber on the grid;
All glory were the football groves,
And that halfback, the Kid.

"Beware the Sluggawock, my son,
The forward pass, the oft-jarred spine,
Beware the Tacklebob, and run
For good old Umptywine."

He took the football in his hand,
Long time another's life he sought;
And then he rested (couldn't stand)
Till ambulance was brought.

And, bandaged up, in bed he rocks,
And Sluggawock, right from the game,
Came lumbering in, with fresher knocks,
And left him still more lame.

"Hooroo, hooroo," the whistle blew,
The rooters still kept up their clack,
But March hares danced his system through
And dealt him hack on hack.

"And hast thou slain the Sluggawock?
Come to my arms, my squeamish boy";
"Kazoo, kazay," the rooters bray
In seasonable joy.

—Arthur Chapman.

Smart Diplomacy

Prince Jaisingrao, the son of the Gaekwar of Baroda, denied in New York recently that his father had said he found American women ugly.

"My father," said the young man, "is too adroit to make such a remark as that. Even if he thought it—and he doesn't—he wouldn't dream of saying it. He is too adroit. Listen.

"Once my father attended a Christmas ball at an English country house. He was introduced to a woman whose name he did not catch, and he asked her to dance with him. As they danced in the ballroom, hung with mistletoe and holly, my father saw an officer who had once deceived him in India.

"'Do you see that man over there?' said my father to his pretty partner. 'Well, if there's one man in the world I hate, it's he.'

"'Yes?' said the woman. 'That's my husband."

"'Yes,' said my adroit father. 'Yes, of course. That's why I hate him.'"

"You seem to have no ambition," asserted the strenuous one.

"But I have," said the indolent man. "I intend to be rich."

"Then why don't you work—like Brown, for instance?"

"Ah," said the indolent man, "I've had my eye on him for some time. Good fellow, Brown! I like to see him piling wealth up. He's working for me.

"Yes, he's killing himself making a fortune, and I plan to get it by marrying his widow."

Oh, Pshioux!

A haughty young warrior Sioux
An Indian maiden did wioux;
But he had no spunk,
His wooing was punk,
And softly she murmured, "Skidioux!"

Student Humor

"When a student does not know
swer to an examination question
one of three things," said a Univer
fessor recently. "If he is a good
he will simply leave a blank space
he is not he will either try to
through or else pass it off as a joke
latter cases are rare, and the result
erally painful, doing harm to the
who wrote the paper.

"Occasionally, however, there will
real gem, which does the student good
putting the professor in a good humor
so making him unconsciously mark
paper less severely.

"I came across two such gems in one
paper recently. One question was, 'Who
was St. Bruno?' to which the student replied, 'St. Bruno was a Great Dane, a brother of St. Bernard.'

"The other question was, 'What was the difference between the major prophets and the minor prophets?' Here he answered, 'It would not be right for me, a sinner, to make invidious comparisons between such holy men.'"

Zds

Each night on an upright she lbs.,
Making strange and cacophonous sds.;
Her muscles gain ozs
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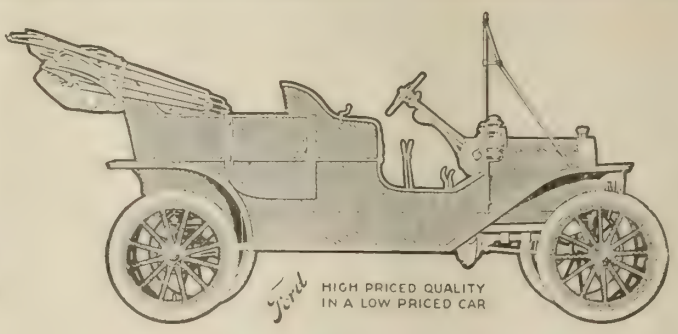

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, December 4, 1909. No. 901.

MISS TEXAS GUINAN

The comic opera prima donna and niece of Senator Bailey of Texas, who will make her first appearance in San Francisco in "The Gay Musician" at the Valencia Theatre, Sunday afternoon.

TOWN TALK

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Hero-Worship

We have come to the conclusion that human glory is not so unstable as many wise philosophers have imagined. It is not true, in our opinion, that the people are glad to view eminent men in disadvantageous lights. It is true that genuine heroes, deserving of the most amiable indulgence, alienate the affections by some trivial indiscretion, as was the case with Admiral Dewey, but on the other hand brummagem heroes, mere pretenders, retain their hold on the imagination of the public even after they have forfeited esteem by the most convincing evidence of their unworthiness. The truth seems to be that glory is the more enduring in proportion to the degree of deception practiced in its attainment. And probably the explanation of this is that we are reluctant to acknowledge even to ourselves that we have suffered from imposture. Having been deceived we hate to be undeceived and thus made conscious of our gullibility, and the consequence is that men in public life who have captured the imagination of the multitude by spectacular performances and the impressive affectation of a superior virtue, are permitted to profit by the false reputation they have acquired long after the joints in their harness have been exposed to view. There would not be so many heroes in civil life if we did not lose sight of the fact that there is very little difference between one man and another. It is the misfortune of the masses to think by infection, to catch a passion like a cold, and hence the comparison of mankind to a gaping monster that loves to be deceived and is seldom disappointed.

The Voice of the People

The following letter from Berkeley tending as it does to persuade us that we do not accurately adapt words to our thoughts fills us with chagrin and mortification:

Editor Town Talk: You had a good deal to say last week about Dr. Wheeler's opening lecture in Berlin on the subject of "The Power of Public Opinion in America," which you say is a rehash of De Tocqueville, adding that whereas the French writer passed judgment on our institutions, the President of the California University merely presented facts without drawing conclusions. You are of the opinion that Dr. Wheeler presented a picture of a nation ruled by demagogues without being conscious of the ugliness of it. Evidently you have great contempt for public opinion, and evidently, too, you have a very poor opinion of any man whose views do not coincide with your own. If as you admit public opinion is the origin of all power in the United States then why should we not respect it and hold it in esteem? We are satisfied with our government, which means that we are satisfied with the source from which that government derives its power. Why should not the American politician, as Dr. Wheeler says, "be glad to devote all his astuteness and all his best powers of judgment to divining and calculating the direction which public opinion might conceivably take?" You say that the "logical deduction from President Wheeler's observations is that public opinion in this country has a most pernicious effect on public life." How such a deduction can be logically made I cannot see and I am sure that you can't either. The trouble with you appears to be that you do not realize that democracy is no longer an experiment. Dr. Wheeler you do not understand because he has the enthusiasm of a man who understands that democracy has given unmistakable proof of its energy as a principle of action; that it has lived up to the predictions of our forefathers who gave us a Constitution founded on the immutable basis of natural right and general happiness. I enjoy your paper very much for its cleverness, its sanity and its sentiments generally, but I have been often amazed at your views on the fundamentals of democracy. My advice to you is to try to think better of public opinion. Public opinion is a fine thing. It has made us the greatest and most civilized nation on earth.—A Republican.

From the foregoing it is evident that we have been playing most awkwardly on the instrument of words, for we have failed to make ourselves intelligible to our correspondent, a resident of the most enlightened town in California, a person capable of appreciating what is good, peradventure a pundit of the university that boasts at once a Wheeler and a Boke. Here is a man who has absolutely misapprehended views that we tried most carefully to express. We did not intend to convey the impression that we hold public opinion in contempt. We do not believe that any sensible man is contemptuous of anything so powerful as public opinion. But one can appreciate public opinion without holding in esteem those servants of the people whose sense of public duty is so perverted that they confound it with self-interest and spend all their time, as Dr. Wheeler says, "in divining and calculating the direction which public opinion might conceivably take." It is because Dr. Wheeler apparently sees nothing to reprehend in the conduct of political "trimmers" whose life is a lie reduced to practice, and who are influenced by no other views than the sordid lure of salary and power that we took occasion to release a few strictures on his remarkable Berlin lecture. Because the origin of all political right must inevitably rest in the acquiescence of the people statesmen are not justified in paying deference to public opinion whether public opinion be right or wrong. It is a most pernicious error to suppose that under our system of government men are chosen for office to follow blindly the dictates of public opinion. They are chosen for office on the theory that they are mentally and morally fitted for public service and that they will be guided not by what they might suppose the fickle will of the people to be but by the principles upon which the institutions of the country are founded. Many years ago Mademoiselle Mars, one of the most distinguished French actresses of her day, was in the habit of saying, How much better we should play if we cared less for applause. The same is true of statesmen. Their performances are not to be improved by an appetite for the applause that follows fawning and a hungry attention to the whims of the multitude.

A Mischievous Maxim

Our Berkeley friend, we suspect, is laboring under the delusion that the maxim of democracy is Vov populi vox Dei. The world has long since come to the conclusion that this is a very mischievous maxim. The people have too often uttered themselves unreasonably and with evil effect to be regarded as infallible. The doctrine Vox populi vox Dei is essentially as unrepublican as the doctrine that the people may do what they wish under the constitution. The true patriot in public life is not governed by such doctrine. Nor does he believe it to be his duty to be swayed by the temporary opinions or passions of the unarticulated masses. Rather does he conceive it to be his duty to inform public opinion and

thwart those insinuating demagogues who would sophistically confound the rights of the people with their power. He knows that as each individual is an erring man the united clamor of erring men cannot have the character of divinity about it. Woe to the country, it has been said, in which political hypocrisy first calls the people almighty and then teaches them that the voice of the people is divine. The next step is to construe the clamor of the mob as the voice of the people, and eventually the press is employed to get up the desired clamor. The last step has already been taken in this country. The press has induced the clamor for the throwing of more and more power into the hands of the masses, for increasing the power of public opinion, which means that we are as certainly being led to the abandonment of the self-government that was given us under institutional forms as were the Romans in the days of the Caesars, the people of Athens after the Peloponnesian war. The tendency of the times is unmistakably to the absolutism of the majority, a tendency that is not apparent to our Berkeley correspondent who imagines that the institutions founded by our forefathers have been preserved in all their pristine purity.

Jefferson's Predictions

In the dictum that democracy has lived up to the predictions of our forefathers we are by no means inclined to concur. Thomas Jefferson made a prediction as to the social influence which democracy would exert in this country. He said that it would revive in this Western hemisphere the simplicity and refinement of taste which, as he imagined, had characterized the society of ancient Greece. In his day he objected to young Americans visiting Europe, "lest they should acquire the taste for luxury and dissipation prevalent in the capitals of the Old World." He believed that everything intellectual and virtuous would be attracted to the New Atlantis. A chaster style in art and letters would, he thought, be developed under our Republican institutions. "No man living," he wrote, "will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe, while we shall see multiplied instances of Europeans going to live in America." Have these anticipations been fulfilled? The United States has produced many writers but not one who can be said to have embodied in an original form the national genius of the American people. After more than a hundred years of national existence we still send men and women abroad to study art in all its forms, and the only persons that come to this country from Europe to settle are those that come to make a living. The United States is the hot-bed of luxury and dissipation, and it is to Europe that refined Americans go to gratify their taste for the things that contribute to the moral and mental exaltation of mankind. It is notorious that the most conspicuously vulgar people in Europe are newrich tourists from the home of democracy. Jefferson also prophesied that the moral atmosphere of the Republic would be favorable to honesty and integrity, and that a higher standard in commercial dealings would in consequence arise. Surely this prediction has not been fulfilled. It must be apparent even to residents of Berkeley that the vices of the Old World have sprouted up with increased luxuriance on American soil.

English and Other Britons

For a great many years it has been regarded as a rule, proved by an occasional exception, that the Englishman born in London would never attain distinction. Whether it be the influence of the fog or the cold or the bad air or whatnot, the Londoner suffers from an impediment to his genius. So it has been accepted as inevitable that London's great men should come from the English provinces where life gets a better start. Now it looks as though the rule would have to be broadened, for there are signs a-plenty that the Briton born in England is being overtopped by the Briton born in other parts of the empire, principally Ireland. The Briton born in Ireland has long been crowding the Briton born in England for foremost distinction in all fields of human activity. In London the Irish playwright, poet, novelist, editor, journalist is plucking the choicest fruits in the garden of prosperity; the Irishman in Parliament, in the army, the navy and the church makes the Englishman in any of these careers more that uneasy. It is the same with science, with sport—go where you will, the son of the green sod is winning supremacy over the son of the tight little island. In the field of aviation we have the latest and most pointed illustration of this condition of affairs. America, France and Germany have led the world in the manipulation of the heavier-than-air machines. Where is England's aviator? A prize of £1,000 was offered to the first British aviator who should succeed with a British-made aeroplane in flying over a circular course of one mile. Every aviator of British birth failed to capture the prize until a young Irishman came forward and won it handily. Naturally England is chagrined at this state of affairs, but chagrin was never yet known to alter a law of nature. The favorite salve for wounded English pride consists in the thought that racial considerations are unimportant where science is concerned. That may be so, but the conduct of England has never proved it in any instance where her sons have been forced to accept second or third place in competitions of art or science or sport.

A New Anesthetic

Once more comes the report that a new anesthetic has been discovered, one that is bound to prove a great boon to mankind. The search for an anesthetic that will produce a perfect analgesia without any of the usual ill effects which surgeons now have to reckon with has occupied the attention of scientists for many years, and so often have reports of success been made without foundation that the medical profession regards with distrust everybody who pretends to have solved the great problem. Considering however the source of the latest report the new anesthetic is likely to excite a good deal

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of interest. The discoverer is Professor Jonnesco, dean of the University of Bucharest. Although a man of the highest standing at home, when he appeared in London a short time ago he experienced great difficulty in securing a hearing and an opportunity for a demonstration. No class of men are more conservative, more fearful of countenancing even a suggestion of unorthodoxy, let alone charlatanism than British medical men, and they viewed Professor Jonnesco with suspicion from the moment that he announced that in stovaine he had found the ideal anesthetic. Fortunately, however, meeting Dr. Bland-Sutton, one of the greatest surgeons in England, his difficulties were removed, and surrounded by scientists he performed an operation at the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich that caused a great sensation and won for him the applause of the Royal Society of Medicine. Professor Jonnesco has demonstrated that a mixture of neutral sulphate of strychnine with stovaine in solution produces a perfect analgesia. In hundreds of operations of all kinds on all parts of the body, from head to feet, and on patients varying in age from 21 months to 75 years he did not find a single instance of the heart or the respiration being affected. He has maintained the condition of analgesia during various periods up to two hours, which was the longest. In no case yet has there been the slightest ill effect from stovaine. Professor Jonnesco is coming to this country and doubtless he will receive the attention that he deserves. If his anesthetic is all that it is said to be he is entitled to rank with the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Perspective Impressions

Zelaya has discovered that the big stick wasn't taken to Africa.

If Alma Bell goes on the stage the daily palladiums of our liberties will be able to point to her with pride.

Looks as though the awful water octopus has some of the only and most vociferously virtuous Supervisors in its tentacles.

Professor See of Mare Island has the courage of his name. He says he can see the dust on the face of the moon and can distinguish it from the common or garden variety.

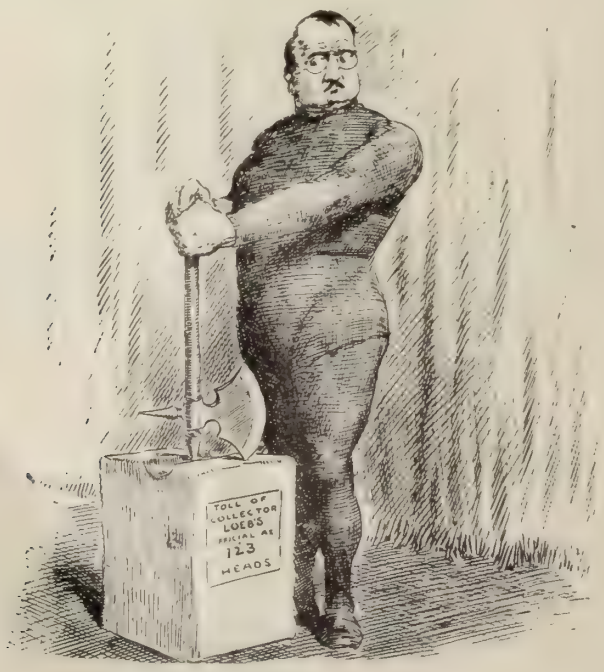
In London the other day Dolly Parnell of the chorus married Prince Nasir Ali Khan of India and received jewels worth $100,000 as a wedding gift. In the competition for titles the chorus still leads the heiress brigade and raises the average of romance in the matrimonial affairs of the nobility by employing nothing but personal charms as a lure.

According to Walter F. Wilcox, the Cornell statistician, there are 40,000 more married men in this country than there are married women. And yet nobody has advised the imposition of a tax on old maids.

William J. Bryan is now thinking of turning Prohibitionist. The saloon keepers of the country should rejoice at the prospect of such a consistent loser espousing the cause they hate.

William J. Bryan has been urging the people of Arizona not to let the President of the United States threaten them. Perhaps they'd rather be threatened by the President than menaced by the Peerless One.

Engineer Dockweiler, who has estimated the Spring Valley properties at $24,000,000, was enthusiastic over the possibility of buying them for $35,000,000.—Chronicle. But Dockweiler made that estimate for the reformers when they were making political capital out of their hostility to the octopus.



NEXT!

—New York World.

WHAT FOOLS WE MORTALS BE

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Timgad, an African Pompeii

A Roman City Founded by Trajan and Destroyed by the Berbers, Excavated from the Sands of Algeria, Together With the Remains of a Christian City Built Upon its Ruins

By Rene Fage

Dead for many centuries, its site forgotten and its name preserved only in certain ancient writings, Timgad has shaken off the mantle of sand that entirely covered it and come forth once more into the Algerian sunshine. To M. Albert Ballu, director of the Service des Monuments Historiques, we owe the excavation of this ancient Thamugadi, the important Roman city founded by Trajan at the entrance to the defiles of the Aures. In less than twenty years Timgad has been exhumed, and it now remains to unearth the suburbs that stretched away toward Tebessa, Mascula and Lambese.

The last campaign of digging uncovered the extension of the Triumphal Avenue along an extent of nearly seven hundred feet, and that of the Decumanus-Maximus-Est till a monumental arch was reached that resembles the beautiful gate of Lambese. The fluted Corinthian columns, the cornices, the frieze and the entire entablature lay scattered about on the ground; an inscription informs us that the arch dates from 171, A. D. The slabs of the pavement still show the deep ruts worn by chariot-wheels in the days of Marcus Aurelius.

Other highways were discovered outside the city walls, bordered with little shops, with workrooms and workmen's lodgings in the rear as well as the shopkeepers' own abodes. Here the country people could make purchases at once without entering the city. Soldiers from the Augustan Third Legion used to congregate here.

Among mediocre dwellings rose certain larger, more luxurious houses, with paved vestibules at the front and porticoes around the outside. Huge square basins occupied the middle of these buildings, and the rooms opened upon atriums paved with marble mosaics.

The principal event of the campaign was the excavation of the great Timgad Monastery. The diggings of the preceding years had unearthed the basilica and several contiguous buildings. The work is finished now. We see the long alignment of galleries and cells, the common rooms, the lavatory and laundry, and the hexagonal baptistry with its central tank, which was reached by three steps sheathed in mosaics. Extensive additions to the abbey show how the community grew and prospered.

And this magnificent Christian edifice, 530 feet long by 230 broad, disappeared one day like all the pagan monuments of Timgad, when the barbaric invaders swooped down from the Aures. A cemetery was established on the site, and it has been necessary to remove the tombs in order to reach the monastery pavements below. And they are worth all the toil it takes to recover them. They are adorned with zigzags, chrisms, laurel leaves, and panels in bright and varied colors.

Still more remarkable are those that M. Ballu discovered in two houses within the city. One of these mosaics represents a nude sea goddess dressing her hair. Two genii, likewise nude, bear her aloft upon a seashell. Dolphins gambol about her. The background of the picture consists of red drapery. The other mosaic, framed in acanthus leaves, tendrils and volutes, with birds flitting among them, shows us another nude goddess, in the midst of the waves, seated upon a Triton's tail; she holds up her tresses with her hand; a light filmy veil floats above her head.

No one knows what the next diggings will bring forth. Has Timgad yielded up her last secret? Perhaps inscriptions will enable scholars to write her history, though I fear that it will remain shrouded in mystery for a long time to come. Still, I confess that this absence of details, this lack of knowledge, give an added charm to the dead city.

When last I saw Timgad, a cold mist covered the treeless plateau. Not a house was to be seen as we followed the road from Lambese. I climbed the first foothills of the Aures, whose summits were barely visible along the horizon. Poor farms, a dismal green, were lost among the brush. Oh but the landscape looked gloomy!

The wind swept the mist away, and a pale ray of light tinted the mountain background a delicate purple. The air had a rosy transparency when the whole city came before me, gently outlined along the slope of a hill. Its arches of triumph, its columns and pilasters, and the broken walls of its houses and shops and temples lay ranged along broad avenues. In the centre, the symmetrical lines of the forum made a starting place for paved streets leading to the theatre and the baths. Further on was the jumbled mass of a Byzantine fort. Around this tangle of ruins were still other ruins, foundations rising from the earth, half-broken arches, remains of houses, and pillars of basilicas; all this reached away and away, out from the inclosure of the city, till lost in the bare desert country.

Viewed thus, in the glaring sunshine and beneath that humid sky, the dead city of Timgad seems as if seen in a dream. You can understand how men should have forgotten it and allowed it to sleep so long beneath the sand. But when you come nearer, now that it has been almost wholly uncovered, you see how sumptuous and how wonderfully alive it must once have been.

You enter by a triumphal gate, adorned with pedestals that supported statues. The Cardo Nord, once bordered with porticoes, leads in a straight line to the forum, passing before a magnificent semicircular building that must have been a library. Here are the propylaea and stairway of the public square where the people of Timgad assembled. A gallery, whose columns rested upon a high masonry base, adorned its four sides; there the statues of gods and emperors were erected. No buildings came, as at Rome, to encumber the open space. Timgad's forum remained what it had been in the third century. It is easy to reconstruct it in imagination. On its four sides rose the civil basilica and its dependencies, the tribune for the orators before the temple of Victory, the chamber where the Senate sat, the prison, several shops, and halls for public meetings. All those edifices are perfectly recognizable.

But what silence, where once was such life and bustle! This is the place where the philosophers debated while walking among statues of the gods. Grouped before these rostra, the voters listened to the harangues of statesmen, while idle youngsters lay in the shade of these glorious plinths, playing ancient games. On the pavement you see where gaming tables have been cut with a knife, and you read the inscription near by: "Venari, Lavari, Ludere, Ridere, Oc Est Vivere." By interpretation, to hunt, to bathe, to play, to laugh—that is to live. This phrase, carved upon a pavement slab, around a bird pecking at a flower, doubtless sums up the life of a rich Timgad patrician.

One should go rambling haphazard along the white streets of the city. What surprising rencontres! What reminders of the past! From the theatre, with its twenty-five tiers, to Trajan's triumphal arch, you pass before baths whose rooms are covered with mosaic and before houses that were provided with every imaginable

(Continued on Page 33.)

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In Spite of All

By Charles Derennes (From the French)

"Ha! Ha! There comes my baron! I knew I would meet him here tonight." And the tall svelte Sonia, exquisitely dressed, her diamond necklace glinting in the electric light, rose from her seat and rushed toward the door. M. Roland, the owner of the place, however, was before her, and was bowing low.

"Good evening, monsieur le baron; if monsieur le baron will take the trouble—"

He reached eagerly for the baron's hat and coat.

In this fashionable restaurant the dishes clicked and the glasses clinked; the piano and the violin were pouring forth a flood of melody; some negro minstrels were howling an American song and monsieur le baron walked proudly forward, smiling to the right and to the left, satisfied with himself, sure of himself, like a prince regent whose father is firmly seated upon the throne.

For a long time this man had been one of the most brilliant of those who frequented the fashionable restaurants. Whence came he? Who was he? No one asked nor cared to ask. He carried himself well, could talk fluently of races and automobiles and had a few new anecdotes pertaining to the aristocracy. He was generous in his tips to the waiters, and as he was rather good looking, he had little difficulty in posing as a hero from midnight until four o'clock in the morning.

"Dearest! How are you? You have not been unfaithful to me during my absence?"

The tall Sonia who, it was well known, loved the baron, had disappeared for three days, stating that she had gone to attend the marriage of her brother, an officer in the army. But she had not forgotten the man she loved. Her silvery laugh echoed throughout the restaurant; she was proud to claim him; the envious looks of the other women flattered her. She called him by her pet name: "Coco"; and it was repeated from table to table. The women commented with their friends and companions:

"Sonia is certainly in luck! Such a handsome man! Such a beautiful blond moustache, such eyes! So distingue and so rich! Besides——a baron."

He, flattered by the handsome woman and conscious in a way of what was said about him by the guests, smiled like a conqueror. The waiters gathered about, eager to do his bidding, and the proprietor, M. Roland, watched carefully that he should be well served.

Suddenly the door of the restaurant opened and a pale woman, very modestly dressed, entered. In a startled way, momentarily blinded by the electric lights, she gazed about her as if searching for someone. She must have made a mistake, for upon her face there was such an expression of purity that it was evident to all who saw her that she did not belong there.

M. Roland, somewhat surprised, but always a gentleman in manner, advanced to her and bowed respectfully.

"What does madame desire?" he inquired.

She did not answer him, but walked quickly between the lines of tables occupied by men in full dess and women decollettees, an expression of agony upon her face, a face which nevertheless was pretty, very touching; her eyes were like moist violets; she wore a plain black dress and her hat was one of those which are bought for a few cents at bargain counters.

She saw monsieur le baron and, walking quickly up to him, said in a low nervous tone:

"Come here, James, I beg of you. Our son is very ill, and is asking for his father."

The man stammered; his jaws seemed to move without being able to articulate a word. Amazed, Sonia looked from the baron to the newcomer. The woman in black said very sweetly:

"I am his wife, mademoiselle."

"Madame, I beg your pardon. I didn't know."

Then she rose and pushed back her chair with a movement of repulsion, as if she wished to get away from the man who was seated at the table with her.

He waved his hands around like one who has lost his wits and stuttered:

"Oh, this is a good joke! This is really funny! Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, James," cried the poor woman, "there is nothing funny about this. I am not here to criticize; I am and have been resigned to everything, as you know, for many years. I ask you only one thing. Come to our little boy. I have a carriage waiting outside. Come! Not for my sake, but for his. In the delirium of his fever he called for you. Then, you understand, when I heard the child's cry, I came out to find you. If you have a little heart left, spare me this torture; don't compel me to say these things before all these people in a restaurant."

He had been nervously twisting his moustache, that handsome blond moustache. He brought his fist down on the table.

"Get out of here! I'll decide what I'll do later on—and above all, I don't want any scenes! No scenes—understand?"

"Scenes? Am I making any scene? Have I ever reproached you? Have I not suffered in silence without asking a single question, even when you stayed days away from your office, leaving the employment which I myself secured for you? Do you think I have been your dupe? Oh, no! I knew where you spent your nights and well I knew that you tried to pass yourself off as a baron."

The wretch, overwhelmed, whispered to her:

"Talk lower, I beg of you!"

The waiters and employees had gathered about them, as had many of the guests, yearning to hear more.

The woman who had suffered in silence so many years could restrain her indignation no longer. She felt that she must cry her rage over the roofs and tell it to everyone, even if he should kill her, even if she herself must die of pain and shame.

"Yes, you made these people believe that you were a baron. You have been spending a large amount of money! Where did you get it? Did you steal it? Did I ever ask anything of you, although time and again when the door-bell rang I thought it was the sheriff come to arrest you? And now, even now, if you had come with me as I asked you, to see our little one, you could have come back here and told these people that I was only one of your servants, and God knows I would never have interfered in this sinful career of yours. So much the worse for you! Let me tell you one thing: never enter my house again! It is I who work, it is I who make the money, it is I who pay the bills. It is my home and hereafter you go elsewhere! I will tell our baby that you are dead. Adieu!"

She turned toward the door. There were murmurs of sympathy from every side. The men in their evening clothes who were seated at the tables, rose as she passed and bowed respectfully. But this battle had exhausted all her strength and at the door she fainted. All the women rushed toward her. M. Roland brought vinegar and cold water.

Seated in his chair, Coco had regained his self-possession.

"Excuse me, my dear. This will not occur again," he said, turning to Sonia, and speaking with great dignity.

(Continued on Page 33.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Tomorrow

But thou, Tomorrow! Never yet was born
In earth's dull atmosphere a thing so fair—
Never yet tripped with footsteps light as air
So glad a vision o'er the hills of morn!
Fresh as the radiant dawning, all unworn
By lightest touch of sorrow or of care,
Thou dost the glory of the morning share
By snowy wings of hope and faith upborne!
O fair Tomorrow! what our souls have missed
Art thou not keeping for us somewhere still?
The buds of promise that have never blown—
The tender lips that we have never kissed—
The song whose high sweet strain eludes our skill—
The one white pearl that life hath never known.

—Julia Dorr.

The Savant

By Emilia Pardo Bazan (From the Spanish)

The learned man rose and covered his eyes with his hands; he raised the window, opened the blinds, leaned against the sill and sighed wearily.

Let us explain what sort of learned man this was, since there are many different kinds. He belonged to the species of investigators of detail; his tool was the microscope.

Bent over the lens, he sought out and noted the numberless surprises of the intimate texture of things. What careless mortals see as line, color and form, was for the learned man of my story a very intricate net, a pattern in which are combined the most exact though infinitesimal figures, a marvelous mingling of cells, threads, wheels, points, stars, palms, Grecian frets, fringes, rhombs. Or a tempestuous sea was formed of a drop of blood or a drop of water, in which monsters and hobgoblins, beings which seem engendered of mystery and horror, fight, bring forth and kill in their furious and insane existence of a minute.

For the scientist the glass of his microscope was the altar of truth. Tirelessly he studied and studied, by the light of the sun or of a powerful electric reflector. He hoped to see something which had not been seen before by the army of scientists shut up in other laboratories in great, distant cities, bent over other glasses day and night. Who does not aspire to be alone, to discover his continent? And the scientist plunged eagerly into the invisible waters.

When he was most deeply engrossed in his investigations, he noticed that between the lens and his eyes there seemed to extend a delicate wall. It came and went; it was less than a shadow. As time when on, however, the veil grew thicker, darkened and tarried longer before it faded away. Then it became a dense cloud. The scientist determined to consult another scientist, whose field was the study and cure of defects of vision. The decision of the second scientist was the inevitable one; for science takes no account of the heart's fondest wishes. "Do not work at the microscope," our scientist heard him say, "or you will go blind."

Cruel sentence! For the scientist there was no other world than the world of the microscope. His passion, the whole object of his life, was shut up in the field of those two convex lenses, within whose narrow circumference rioted the impetuous life of organic matter and the rich scheme of inorganic structure. Not work at the microscope? He would die of weariness, his soul would drop to pieces! Besides the tyranny of his dream of an ideal, which is the key to serious and scientific studies, he was driven to the microscope by another tyranny, ever more imperious, the tyranny of custom. And as one yields to a vicious inclination, with furtive step, although he was alone, he placed himself at his table, made his preparations, slid the plate under the object-glass and gave himself blissfully to ardent contemplation of the invisible.

But the cloud came again and covered the field. More imperative than the warning of the oculist, the command of Nature could not be ignored. It was at this moment that the scientist rose, covering his eyes with both hands; he came to the window, opened it, leaned against the sill and sighed wearily.

The cool, fresh air revived him a little. The contraction of his pupils ceased under the influence of the beautiful panorama of the city, surrounded by orchards, gardens, and meadows and watered by a tranquil river, smooth and bright, crystal gray, with many colors sparkling here and there. The distant buildings seemed to float in a fine mist of pearl and silver on a morning cloud-base of delicate vapor. A ray of the sun, striking the spire of a church-tower which bristled with pinnacles and projections turned it for a moment into an arrow of old gold, cutting the soft fog. And the scientist thought in surprise:

"I never saw that before!"

Under the window of the scientist the river was almost motionless. The spring, which had already come, wafted by the bland breezes of April, had bordered the bank with a fringe of cat-tails and blooming lilies, amethyst-color and canary-color. Two white butterflies pursued and sported, flitted and fled, joined at last their delicate bodies of silver plush in the calix of a yellow lily, which did not even bend under their weight. In the current of the river a fish leaped, and the water made little whirlpools that trembled in the sun as they were cut by the glitter from the scales of the trout. And the scientist thought again, astonished: "I never saw that before!"

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The Spectator

The McCarthy Program

Though Mayor-elect McCarthy isn't taking many people into his confidence these days rumor has it that he intends to make a pretty clean sweep of municipal office and exercise through men of his own selection every iota of power that the Charter gives him. In getting rid of undesirable commissioners he will follow precedents established by learned and illustrious predecessors who constituted themselves courts of last resort for the determination of the greater good. The Mayor-elect, it is said, believes that one good precedent deserves another, that what yesterday was fact today is doctrine. Examples, in his opinion, justify the most rigorous measures, and he has found many inspiring examples in the records of such eminent public servants as James D. Phelan, the father of the Charter, who conceived his parentage to be the warrant of all his political expedients, and the Hon. Edward Robeson Taylor, one of the Charter builders, a gentleman who has demonstrated that it is susceptible of many interpretations. It was Mayor Taylor, it will be remembered, who got rid of School Director Boyle by adjudging him fatally indiscreet in his loyalty to a fallen friend. Boyle has since been elected to the most important office in the city government by so overwhelming a vote as to indicate a desire on the part of the people to administer a stinging rebuke; and now the question is asked whether under the coming dispensation it will be deemed hazardous for any member of the official family to be seen talking with Fuzzy-Wuzzy.

Job Holders For Life

Mayor-elect McCarthy may do more, I am told, than reorganize the several commissions. It has been suggested to him that he should consider the advisability of testing the constitutionality of the Charter so far as it relates to the Board of Trustees of the Free Library. Under the Charter these trustees are appointed for life. The life term was provided for in the Charter at the instigation of Mr. Phelan, and the section governing the matter was drawn by Mayor Taylor. Phelan and Taylor are now among the trustees, and their associates were appointed by one or the other. So the Free Library is under the management of a very close corporation, and the management is not without a flaw. In the opinion of able attorneys the Charter provision relating to the Free Library is unconstitutional and should be so pronounced by judicial authority.

Anticipating a Crisis

Schoolmaster Joseph O'Connor has vindicated his clairvoyant powers of perception. His resignation from the school board indicates that he perceives the exigencies of a situation that has not yet arisen—the situation that is to grow out of the incoming of Mayor-elect McCarthy and the outgoing of the distinguished champion of correct pronunciation. Perceiving that the situation that is not yet to be descried in the offing is portentous of a crisis in his affairs for which he has no stomach, he streaks it like a red fox for his hole. If he waited to be removed from the school board by the new Mayor he would find reinstatement in the school department impossible, so taking time by the forelock he avails himself of propitious opportunity and gets him back to the old job in the Mission High School where his omnipotence is acknowledged and the busy whisper circling round conveys the dismal tidings when he frowns. This is the same O'Connor who, but a few weeks ago, was preferring groundless charges against School Superintendent Roncovieri in the hope of having him removed from office.

Morals Versus Brains

The inaugural address of the Mayor-elect will be well worth hearing if I am not mistaken; especially so if for the purpose of impressing the Supervisors with the importance of avoiding the errors or worse of their predecessors he takes occasion to dwell upon the costly stupidities of the Taylor administration. The Mayor-elect has kept in close touch with municipal affairs during the past two years, and nothing has amazed him so much as the credulity of the taxpayers as indicated by their apparent confidence in the public servants who were elected to office to clean the Augean stables. If the municipal government has been in honest hands for two years, then, in McCarthy's opinion, the question may well be asked whether the morals of our public servants are not of less importance than their brains. According to Ruef his band of grafters would eat the paint off a house, but according to McCarthy we can afford to have our Supervisors gorge themselves on paint provided it does not develop an appetite for a whole building. He declares that in the history of municipal extravagance (to call it by no harsher name) there is no single transaction that will bear comparison with the transmutation of base metal in the City Hall into coin of the realm by so simple a process as an exchange of ownership.

A Substantial City Haul

After the fire experts estimated that the damage to the City Hall was not more than thirty-five per cent. Estimating upon this basis, the so-called ruin, considering the original cost, was worth not less than four and a half million dollars. Now instead of doing as was done in the case of the Girls' High School, that is, advertising for bids for the material, the Supervisors called for bids on a contract for the demolition of the building and the removal of all material, and they awarded the contract to the men who agreed to do the work for the smallest sum. Under this contract all the material in the building—hundreds of tons of steel, thousands of pounds of copper, and millions of brick—became the property of the men who were paid by the city to take it away. McCarthy, I am told, has made a pretty accurate estimate of the enormous profits of this contract. One item will suffice to indicate how profitable it was. The man who had charge of the work of tearing down the dome, had several thousands of dollars worth of copper ready for shipment after the expenditure of eighty-five dollars for labor.

Bore (who has already wearied the guests with many songs)—Now I will sing one more song and then go home.

Hostess—Pardon me, but do you attach much importance to the order of your program?

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The Nicaraguan Affair

When President Zelaya of Nicaragua ordered the execution of two Americans for participating in the latest Central American hullabaloo he supplied this country with a pretext for taking a hand in his affairs, and that was just what our State Department wanted. Our statesmen at Washington affected great indignation when they learned that Leroy Cannon and Leonard Grace, American citizens, had been put to death, but the question that naturally presents itself is, What right had they to participate in hostilities against the de facto Government of the country in which they were living? They were under the protection of the laws of that country, and they were caught in arms against the regime from which they derived such rights as they exercised. It is said that there were extenuating circumstance, but the truth with reference to our hurried interference, in all probability, is that our officials are decidedly prejudiced against Zelaya and have been eager for an opportunity to assist in reforming the Government of Nicaragua. Zelaya is a very troublesome person, and recent diplomatic relations between Nicaragua and the United States have been far from cordial. Indeed Zelaya has made it so unpleasant for the American Minister to Nicaragua that the last representative there from this country, John Gardner Coolidge of Massachusetts, resigned from the diplomatic service in order to be able to get away from the "intolerable conditions" in Managua. After his departure last winter the post was vacant a few weeks and John H. Gregory Jr., Secretary and Charge d'Affaires of the legation there was ordered to Washington, leaving the diplomatic establishment at Managua vacant. Mr. Coolidge's official despatches, it was said, were tampered with by the Nicaraguan Government.

He's a Mischiefmaker

For many months the State Department has desired to eliminate Zelaya from Central American politics. He has not only been obnoxious to the United States and its diplomatic representative in Managua but has been regarded by the officers of the State Department as a political mischiefmaker. He has been charged with instigating revolutionary movements against neighboring republics, with violating the agreement of the Central American peace conference held in Washington in 1907, and with scheming to elevate himself to a dominating political position in Central American politics. In addition he has endeavored to wreck the Central American Court of Justice at Cartago, Costa Rica, officials say, because it rendered a decision against him. He was prevented from accomplishing this purpose by the United States and Mexico.

Mrs. Parvenue (indicating a painting of the Madonna)—Whose picture is that, sir?"

Dealer—Raphael's, Madam.

Mrs. Parvenue (surprised)—Are you sure? I have always supposed that Raphael was a man.

A Promising Young Plunger

I saw young Clarence McCornick about town last week. Perhaps you have never heard of Clarence McCornick, but unless I am very badly mistaken his name will be as well known as that of Gates, Patten and other celebrated plungers before many years pass by. Clarence McCornick is the young son of a very wealthy Salt Lake banker, and about two years ago he gave his father much pain by developing a penchant for plunging in the stock market. McCornick pere had his own ideas about that form of gambling, but when his son, in less than two years, converted a "shoestring" into two million dollars of cold cash, he was forced to admit that even gambling had its peculiar charm. Young McCornick is still playing the game, being at the present moment interested in cotton to the extent of about $800,000. I don't know whether you are aware that some very tidy fortunes have been made by speculators in cotton during the past few months. McCornick is still holding on for bigger returns and his past performances augur well for his success this time. When the big takings in cotton are chronicled you are quite apt to see McCornick's name in the Abou Ben Adhem position. Young McCormick is quite well known in this city. He is a handsome athletic chap, very popular with the ladies and a generous spender. If he doesn't make his mark in Wall street and elsewhere I will concede that I deserve to have the usual fate of prophets meted out to me.

He's Not a Plagiarist

Last week I took occasion to protest against the lampooning of that distinguished public spirited citizen, the Hon. James D. Phelan. Now I feel myself constrained to anticipate unjust criticism of him with reference to the sentiments which he expressed in the columns of the Examiner on Thanksgiving Day. Some of those sentiments, I fear, he has been suspected of having borrowed, and I will be astonished if somebody does not charge him with plagiarism. There is no charge more frequently made with injustice, for innocent plagiarism is occurring every day, the reason being that honest thinkers are always stealing unconsciously from each other. It often happens, as Oliver Wendell Holmes has somewhere said, that remembered ideas taking advantage of a crowd of thoughts smuggle themselves in as original. This in all probability has been the case with Mr. Phelan. Take for example this sentiment: "While the Thanksgiving dinner of some shall be the bitter drippings from the shambles of corruption, I am thankful for the nourishment I receive from my optimism and my patriotism." Here is a perfect specimen of those literary coincidences which are taken for plagiarisms. Mr. Phelan reads the bible from which he absorbed the foregoing sentiment, but when he gave utterance to it he was not mindful of the author by whom it had been supplied. It is to be found in the parable of the Pharisee and the publican. "The Pharisee," St. Luke tells us, "stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican." What a striking resemblance between the two pictures—that of Mr.

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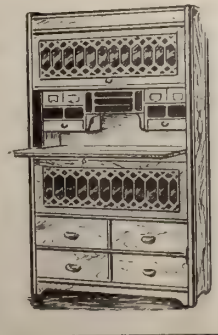

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Phelan priding himself on his civic virtue and on his being different from other citizens, and that of the Pharisee exulting in his freedom from certain sins and in his being superior to the poor publican who would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. But let it not be supposed that Mr. Phelan is a plagiarist. He is merely a Pharisee.

The Loquacious Wheeler

The certain kind of wit that is required to play the fool President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has in abundance, but if it be true that people have no right to make fools of themselves unless they have no relations to blush for them, the distinguished President of the University of California should be immediately recalled from Berlin where he is blundering on in a way that has set the whole Berkeley faculty in a glow. The latest news from Berlin is that the holder of the Roosevelt professorship has been giving the Germans another taste of his provincialism by saying disagreeable things about Great Britain and Britishers. Now Dr. Wheeler occupies in Berlin a quasi-official position. The professorship which he holds was given him by the President of the United States, and, to say the least, it is in very bad taste for him to indulge publicly in remarks offensive to a people with whom we are on the most friendly terms. His conduct is of course very much more reprehensible than was that of our other noteworthy tonguester, David Starr Jordan, when that gentleman took occasion to libel the people of France, for Jordan occupied no official position. Jordan and Wheeler, by the way, suffer from the same incurable disease—loquacity. They love to hear themselves talk. Both are next of kin to Mr. Prate-apace. Classic scholars of prodigious learning, they are nevertheless singularly unmindful of Socrates' tip, "Nature has given us two ears, two eyes and but one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak." With all their book knowledge they are not wise enough to hold their tongue. If they opened their purse with no greater caution than they open their mouth they'd be paupers forever.

"Mamma, today the teacher talked to me quite alone."
"Well, my boy, and what did he say to you?"
"He asked if I had any brothers and sisters."
"And what did he say when you told him that you are our only child?"
"He said: 'God be praised!'"

Crocker Discusses Home Affairs

William H. Crocker, the most enterprising of all our financiers and the man who has done more than all others to rehabilitate the city, arrived in New York from Europe last week, and was interviewed by a reporter of the Sun. "He was jubilant," says the reporter, "over the recent defeat of the so-called reform element in his home city." He was quoted as follows: "I was pleased to see Heney defeated and by such a hearty vote. The people of San Francisco don't approve of his methods and what he represents. Now everything will be quiet and peaceful. The original graft trials were all right, but lately prosecutions have been conducted largely for the personal gratification of Heney and Spreckels. San Francisco is all right. Business conditions are splendid. There was only one thing necessary to restore full confidence and that was to get rid of the graft prosecution element. Now that that has been removed by the election everybody is happy."

Judge Coffey's Decisions

From the literary reviewer of one of the morning papers I learn that two more volumes of Judge Coffey's probate decisions are just hot off the press. Judge Coffey occupies among authors a strategic position that ought to arouse the envy of those who find difficulty in making their books sell. Every lawyer who practices in Judge Coffey's department of the superior court feels it incumbent upon him to purchase a copy of these decisions. Despite many stories and rumors to the contrary Judge Coffey is a very human bencher and to convey to him that one has read, pondered and inwardly digested his juridical pronunciamentos is to find the royal road to his approbation. Hence there is quite a scramble among the lawyers to acquire and consult the recently issued volumes. I understand that some have even appeared in Judge Coffey's courtroom with the volumes conspicuously displayed among their law books and I know no reason why young attorneys, anxious to win their maiden cases, should not commit pages of these decisions to heart and recite them, with due credit to the learning and insight of the author, in the course of their argumentations before His Honor. Of course a great many of Judge Coffey's decisions have been reversed by the higher courts, but that is the common lot of the jurists who sit in the lower tribunals and if it has happened to Judge Coffey somewhat more frequently than to other judges of the superior bench, that is doubtless because he has decided more cases than they. The new volumes have been edited by one of the judge's nephews, so the most sympathetic treatment of the judge's decisions is assured. To Judge Coffey's nephews Judge Coffey is Sir Oracle and when he opens his mouth it is not for them to dispute his large and dogmatic utterances.

St. Francis in the Role of a Pirate

In the politics of the Richmond side of the thirty-ninth district Abe Friedlander is conspicuous if not distinguished. His voice is loud, his manner unabashed, his flow of language unceasing and the matter of his eloquence invariably original. Not so long ago he startled a meeting called in the interests of Byron Mauzy, candidate for the republican nomination for mayor, by an impassioned tribute to the republicanism of Abe Ruef. Not to know Abe Friedlander argues oneself unknown. So at least think many residents of Richmond, among them the descendants of the famous Arguello whose deeds are part of our early history. So

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when the Board of Supervisors showed symptoms of erasing their patronymic from the list of new street names for the Richmond district, the descendants of the old Spaniard retained Abe Friedlander to present their cause to the city fathers. Abe Friedlander was just the man for the job. List, gentle reader, to his plea: "They have called this great man a cut-throat and a pirate," quoth Abe, "and now they want to substitute for his name that of St. Francis. Let me tell you, a greater pirate than St. Francis never sailed the seas." Amazement was depicted on the mobile faces of the supervisors and consternation darkened the countenances of the Arguello descendants. Abe felt that he had made a mistake, but was equal to the emergency. "Of course I refer to St. Francis Drake," he explained. Whereat there was tumultuous laughter and the descendants of Arguello offered to the offended patron saint of our fair city a prayer that they might be delivered from their friend Abe Friedlander.

Bret Harte Comes Back to Life

But Abe Friedlander is not alone in his imperfect mastery of San Francisco history. He has a very distinguished companion in ignorance in the person of L. M. King, the secretary of our Merchants' Association. Now the Merchants' Association knows all about this city, its past, present and future. It fairly bulges with information on all sorts of topics relating to San Francisco, running the California Promotion Association a close race for priority in this department of learning. But Mr. King has not kept pace with the very latest events in local annals. I should judge that his perfect familiarity with San Francisco history stops short at the year 1902. At any rate that was the year in which Bret Harte died and L. M. King learned the other day, for the first time, that the great California stylist was no more. It was at a meeting of the committee which has in charge the big banquet with which the opening of the Palace Hotel is to be signalized that King made this amazing discovery. With the proud air of one imparting a valuable suggestion King proposed that Bret Harte be induced to write a poem for that great occasion. Delicately yet decisively it was conveyed to Mr. King that Bret Harte had some time since departed this life. It must have been a great shock to King. I am told that the spectacle of Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam was as nothing to the exhibition of grief given by King when he learned that Bret Harte had died. I believe that King's mind held the idea that the poem, "Serene, indifferent to fate," had been composed by Bret Harte for the occasion of the Portola celebration. At any rate one of the banquet committeemen told me that King came to him privately and proposed that a floral piece be sent to Bret Harte's funeral. But perhaps this committeeman was poking fun at Mr. King.

A Good California School History

An editorial appeared in Town Talk recently in which the neglect of California history in the schools of the State was deplored. This has cause P. S. Woolsey, the local agent of the American Book Company, to forward to this office a school history of California which, he states, is widely used in the sixth grade of the public schools throughout the State, principally as a supplementary reading text. The book is by Helen Elliott Bandini and a hasty glance through its pages gives the impression that it is a very meritorious publication. I do not know how long it has been in use and regret very much that so good a text book should have crept so noiselessly into the schools. I think that many adults would be glad to read it if they knew of its existence. Mrs. Bandini, in her preface, states that she has confined herself almost entirely to source materials and that her connection with the old Spanish families has given her unusual advantages for the study of old manuscripts and the gathering of recollections of historical events from the lips of aged Spanish residents. She acknowledges the assistance given her by Professor Morse Stephens, Charles F. Lummis and other competent authorities. The book is written in an easy colloquial style which should commend it to children but which has its disadvantages. For instance, Mrs. Bandini quotes: "Sir Francis Drake," says the old chronicle, "was the first Englishman to sail on the back side of America." That is very expressive, no doubt, but it is sure to call forth a titter from sixth grade pupils which cannot be good for discipline and must be rather embarrassing to the teacher.

Olympians Are Out of the Hole

The Olympic Club financial problem has been solved, and the Olympians now regard their energetic and tireless president, William F. Humphrey, as a "wiz." He has certainly proved himself a financial genius in the handling of the problem with which he was confronted when he took charge of the hole that was bored in Post street by his predecessor. The only satisfactory ex-

TIMGAD, THE EXCAVATED ROMAN CITY OF AFRICA

The recent wonderful discoveries made in unearthing this almost forgotten city of ancient days are described in this issue of Town Talk in a special article by Rene Fage. To the left of the picture is seen the arch of Trajan; to the right are the ruins of the capitol.

planation that has ever been given of that hole is that the inspiration of it was born of the suspicion that there was an oil gusher somewhere between here and China. The club was certainly in a very deep hole, so deep that it was gravely suggested that the only way out was via the bankruptcy route. But Humphrey had confidence in the club pride that animates the Olympians, and he has succeeded in extricating them from the depths, and by clever management he has put a good round sum in five figures on the right side of the ledger. Work has already been started on the new building, which is to be a Class A structure, and which is to cost $500,000. It will be the most completely equipped and sumptuously appointed club-house in the United States, and architectually the building will surpass in every respect every other club building in this city. Among the members of no other club is there to be found so much enthusiasm, so much of what Dr. Johnson calls "clubableness" as among the Olympians. To get a loan of $300,000 it was necessary for the members to subscribe for $200,000 worth of second mortgage bonds, and though not more than half of the members have been approached nearly the full amount is already guaranteed. Subscriptions were obtained in the Olympic Club far more rapidly than in the Bohemian which has a far wealthier lot of members. The Bohemians, by the way, are putting up a Class C building at Post and Taylor, alongside the Olympic Club lot, and the Olympians, as they look through the windows of their temporary shack on the pile of brick and wood going up on the corner indulge in some very sarcastic remarks about the decidedly flimsy structure. One of them remarked the other day that Mr. C. F. Richardson, the sire of the Bohemian Club's autumn jinks, held last week, came pretty near the truth when he broke into verse at the close of the clever invitation which he addressed to the members. These are the lines:

Then come and bring your care-free smile;
Lay by your frown and scowl;
For the Owl has "got" the spider
And the hook-worm's got the owl.

McKee Rankin's Ill Luck

I notice that Nance O'Neil has won out in the injunction proceedings initiated by the Shuberts to prevent her from joining the forces of David Belasco. The California actress was under contract with the Shuberts for two seasons of fifteen and twenty weeks each but the play in which she was featured was withdrawn after eight weeks and when David Belasco asked her to join the brilliant company which he is assembling for the no-star experiment which he will undertake in his two big New York playhouses, she accepted the offer. All of which reminds me that McKee Rankin is one of the most unlucky men in the world. Rankin, as everybody knows, taught Nance O'Neil how to act and managed all her starring ventures, with what financial losses nobody need be reminded. Year after year Rankin kept Nance O'Neil before the public in big plays, and the strength of his determination to force recognition for her great abilities started the idle story that he exercised a hypnotic influence over the beautiful young woman. But it was not hypnotism; it was simply his deep conviction that Nance O'Neil was fitted temperamentally and physically to be a great tragedienne. McKee Rankin, though a poor manager, is a great actor and America has at last come to realize that his judgment of Nance O'Neil was correct. But now that she has obtained the recognition of Broadway and is being fought for by rival managers, where is McKee Rankin? The veteran actor no longer manages his old pupil. The broadening of her career has thrust him into the background and other managers will reap the golden harvest of Miss O'Neil's success. It is mighty hard luck, to be sure, but I do not think that Nance O'Neil is open to the charge of ingratitude. She stayed with McKee Rankin loyally through the dark years when perhaps she might have gained much by deserting him.

The Cocktail Route

"What has become of the old cocktail route?" was the question asked the other day by a visitor from the East who was reminiscencing on the subject of the things that contributed to the individuality of the City that Was in the days when he enjoyed periodical trips to the coast. The men to whom the question was addressed had forgotten about the famous cocktail route along which they had paraded in their younger days, the route that was marked by a string of saloons extending from Gobey's on Sutter street above Kearny along Kearny to Market and out Market to Farley's "Reception" at the gore of Market and Ellis. The cocktail route was famous the world over. Men of international repute had voyaged along that route, viewing the more or less famous paintings that adorned the walls of the ornate temples of Bacchus, and enthusing over the workmanship of polite mixologists, skilled in the art of concocting seductive combinations of hard liquor and pungent bitters. The cocktail route has passed into tradition. Saloons still thrive along the highway, but men about town no longer start out deliberately to make a tour of them and while away the late hours of the afternoon assimilating wet goods of sundry brands. The gay bohemian of other days is no longer on terms of intimacy with saloon barkeepers. Saloons are now supported by an element much less fastidious than that which sauntered over the old cocktail route. Nowadays the flame of conviviality is fanned with the wing of

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friendship in the fashionable hotels, the bars of which have become clearance houses of gossip after office hours. This is the New York idea which has become prevalent since the fire.

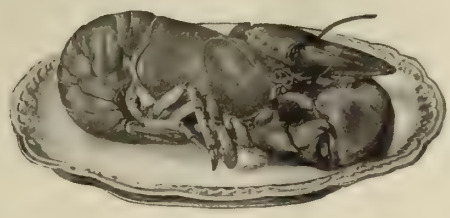
Yokel—These city folk are awful liars. I noticed a big sign on a building which said: "This house will move today to its new place in Market street." I watched it all day and until after dark, and it never moved an inch.

The Importance of Pearl Harbor

It must be gratifying to all Americans who are cognizant of the importance of American supremacy in the Pacific Ocean to know that this government has at last undertaken the fortification of Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands. This harbor has been aptly called the "crossways of the Pacific" on account of its position and the naval strategists of the world have for many years realized its commanding importance. Although Pearl Harbor has been in the possession of the United States for more than eleven years its improvement has been so completely neglected that the American fleet on its cruise around the world was unable to pass through the channel, simply because a little dredging entailing slight expense, had not been done. Now that the report calling for the clearing of the channel and the fortification of the harbor has been approved by President Taft, it is to be hoped that the work will be pushed as rapidly as possible. Pearl Harbor has been described as a magnificent harbor, completely landlocked and capable in extent and in depth of water of giving anchorage to as large a fleet as is ever collected in one place. The approach is by a somewhat narrow channel capable of impregnable fortification. There is a coral reef bar across the entrance to the harbor, but a natural channel exists, piercing the reef at the entrance and filled only with an accumulation of soft coral or coral sand which can easily be removed, thus making the harbor accessible to the largest vessels at a comparatively small expense. For many years Great Britain had a covetous eye on Pearl Harbor but her last hope of acquiring it died when the islands were annexed to the United States. It is the manifest duty of Congress to lose no time in making of this splendid harbor the great naval base which the United States imperatively requires in the Pacific.

The Wells Fargo Melon

New York financiers recently awakened to the fact that Wells Fargo & Co. is one of the most prosperous corporations in the country. A few weeks ago the directors of the company cut the richest melon in Wall street history. It had a cash value of $100 a share and in addition rights to take new stock. These rights were estimated at above $135 a share and some of the estimates ran about $200. There were no transactions in the dividend, for the stock is closely held and seldom sold, but it has been estimated at as high as $500 a share. The company has $8,000,000 stock outstanding and earned 58 per cent on it according to the last annual report. Although the company reported annually very remunerative earnings it could not be induced to pay in dividends an amount commensurate with those earnings. Three years ago minority stockholders organized and endeavored to force an increased disbursement. They showed that the company had a surplus twice as great as its capital stock of $8,000,000, but at the annual meeting were rebuffed in a speech by William Nelson Cromwell, in which he let fall the remark that "Mr. Harriman moves in an upper world where stockholders may not enter." In the course of this 1906 fight for control the stock advanced from 233 to 305. Southern Pacific, controlled by Mr. Harriman, owned a fifth of the stock, and the Harriman party bought in so heavily as to produce the gain of more than seventy points in market price. The more substantial stockholders, notably such men as Admiral Brownson, voted with the Harriman party, and the minority holders were defeated. Since then the figures have told the story. The last figures, contained in an annual report issued six weeks ago, showed earnings of 58 per cent on the capital stock. The same report showed possession of $17,165,000 invested in loans and $5,460,000 cash in bank. The stock advanced more than $100 a share in one day after this annual report came out. It sold at 514½ one day two weeks ago. Wells Fargo started in business on this coast as the "pony express" and in early days its stamps used to go as Government stamps. It carried the gold from the mines and insured its packages against highway robbery and every other chance of loss.



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San Francisco His Starting Point

Captain Roald Amundsen, the explorer, who discovered the Northwest Passage in the little sloop Gjoa which he presented to this city and which is now in Golden Gate Park, has returned to this country to make preparations for another voyage to the Arctic. The Norwegian Government is fitting out the historic ship Fram for him. He will start from Christina in July, 1910, and come to this city via Cape Horn to get his supplies for the voyage. It is his intention to drift over the Arctic Ocean with the ice and he expects to strike land in about four years. Discussing the expedition the other day, he said: "We shall naturally take all kinds of scientific observations as we drift along, for I must point out that this expedition has no ambition in the way of breaking records or getting to the North Pole. We are out to

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pursue scientific investigations in those little known regions, and although I should naturally have liked to reach the Pole first, provided we had drifted within a convenient distance of it, this question is, especially now after the discovery of the Pole, of secondary importance. Nevertheless, we shall take dogs and sledges with us all the way from Norway. The dogs will come on board a Danish Government steamer from Greenland next summer, from the northwestern settlements of Greenland. It so happens that the steamer which will bring the dogs is the same which brought Dr. Cook to Copenhagen, the Hans Egede."

First Citizen—I see that Big Jim Gallagher has given two of Burns' detectives the slip.

Second Citizen—Perhaps our civic patriots were as eager to get Big Jim off their hands as they were for Detweiler to stay where he couldn't turn state's evidence against their friends.

His Opinion of Cook

Captain Amundsen was induced to talk on the subject of the Cook-Peary controversy. Dr. Cook was with him on the Belgica antarctic expedition of 1897-99. "Of all men I have known," said Amundsen, "Cook stands alone as the most courageous, practical, modest and self sacrificing. You should have seen him direct the work when we cut the Belgica out of the antarctic ice. The ship was entirely surrounded. The food was giving out and we were all more or less sick. About a thousand yards from the spot where we were imprisoned by what I should term a sort of lazy pack ice a small spot of water was discovered. Cook said that we should have to saw a channel for the ship and get our vessel there, for that would be our only road to salvation. Through some ingenious method of his own we succeeded after many days of hard work. It may be said, in a measure, that he saved our lives, for not only did he scheme for all of us in order to get us out but he inspired everybody with his inexhaustible energy. I know him, for did I not pass two long years in his company, day in, day out? The same kind of testimony I give about Cook can be had from every one of the seventeen on board the Belgica. Then comes Cook's claim of having been first to reach the North Pole. I have not seen Cook's data and observations, and I consequently will not judge or pass an opinion one way or the other. This will be the work and the responsibility of that scientific body to which Cook submits his data—the venerable University of Copenhagen. When the Danish scientists have passed judgment we who have had no access to the observations will have time enough to start talking and, perhaps, quarreling. Under no circumstances would I take it upon myself, as I am told certain gentlemen here have done, to stand up and denounce Cook even if I had a feeling that he was wrong."

A National Labor Party

From seemingly reliable sources I learn that the gentlemen who have just won a sweeping victory in the municipal election plan the formation of a national labor party. I have been told that when the State Building Trades Convention meets in January the foundation of this ambitious scheme will be laid by systematic industrial organization of the entire State. It is conceded by all who keep their fingers on the political pulse that union labor will play an important part in the coming State election. Even now the bosses of the republican and democratic parties are bending every energy to the delicate task of enlisting labor's support for their candidates. But I am very badly mistaken if P. H. McCarthy and his associates have any intention of pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the republican or democratic leaders. They are quite capable of making their own plans and they have splendidly equipped agencies for carrying them out. To inaugurate a movement for the formation of a national labor party would serve the purpose of facilitating the organization of the State on union labor lines as well as of enlisting the support of labor leaders outside of California. Nowhere in this country is organized labor of such political importance as in California and labor leaders with political ambition are always watching the signs here. One of the signs was given in a recent issue of Organized Labor, the official organ of the Building Trades Council. Here are a few sentences culled from the leading editorial: "At present and for the past few months, the social evolution appears to be moving with mighty strides. The unrest of the lower strata of society—the foundation that carries the entire structure with its heavy burden of ornamental and useless figures—has been groaning for centuries under the load. . . . The time for a third party—a national labor party—is here. The crop that has been sown on thousands of industrial battlefields is ripe and ready for harvest. . . . We must have men in the Mayor's, Governor's and President's chair. . . . What the American Federation should do, and every central labor body in all the big industrial centers and cities throughout the land, is to get ready their union labor party and elect their men at the elections. San Francisco has blazed the way."

Poet Watson in a New Role

William Watson has not been silent in the hubbub caused by the publication of his poem of invective, "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue." He has allowed himself to be questioned on the subject of the identity of

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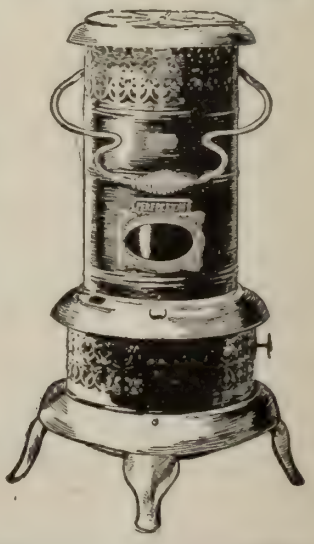

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this woman and has not denied that he referred to a living personage of London society. Of course Watson has named no names, but he has gone so far as to say that the lady who has been most frequently mentioned as the object of his attack has been spoken of as the only true and original serpent-tongued in the House of Commons and in the drawings rooms of two cabinet ministers.

THE NEW MORRIS MUSIC HALL

Which will be erected on the north side of Ellis street between Stockton and Powell. The Morris music halls book attractions of the first class and when this new amusement home is opened the Orpheum will be confronted for the first time with a formidable rival.

This of course, as pointed out in Town Talk several weeks ago, is Mrs. Herbert Asquith, wife of the prime minister of Great Britain. Watson also admits that he knows the family to which she belongs and he further says that he has heard things said in this woman's house which startled him exceedingly. And to cap the climax Watson declares that while he will not repeat these things at the present time, he may some day give them to the world, having kept a record of them. This, I take it, shows the poet Watson in a new role. His admirers can never have suspected him of being a chronicler of small beer, but he admits that he has jotted down the softly-spoken scandals of the tea table and has filed them away for future reference. It is not a pretty confession for a great poet to make; it shows him in any but the heroic light. Surely it is a breach of hospitality not even to be excused on the ground of poetic license thus to keep tab on the inconsequential chatter of a drawing room in which one is an honored guest.

London Society in a Flutter

Watson's announcement has caused considerable consternation. London society had not nearly recovered from the shock of the Countess of Cardigan's outrageous memoirs when this bomb was exploded by William Watson. It does not mend matters to reflect that seventeen prominent women have been mentioned as the "woman with the serpent's tongue." London is prolific, it seems, in dames who sharpen their spite on the reputations of their acquaintances and although it is pretty generally conceded that Mrs. Asquith is the woman on whom the poet has been "keeping cases," still there is room for doubt and nobody can say just whose scandal-mongering sallies he is thinking of making public. It is not a pleasant situation at all. Imagine how our fashionables would feel if one of our lionized versemiths should announce, quite nonchalantly, that he had kept a dairy of all the mean things he had heard in Burlingame or Broadway and that he was thinking of publishing them. Can't you name a few dowagers, aye and a few demure belles, who would pale with apprehension? Well, that is the way Watson has affected London society. He looms up as a figure of horrible possibilities.

Blind Beggar—Good morning, officer.
Policeman—Funny, how did you know I was an officer.
Blind Beggar—My dog began to growl.

Scientific Work in the Philippines

Few Americans appreciate the amount of scientific investigation which has been prosecuted in the Philippines since they passed out of the control of Spain. The insular government has made wonderful progress in mapping and surveying the principal islands of the group and has accumulated a mass of data bearing on their agricultural and mineral values, their meteorological conditions and their natural history. A great deal of similar work was done by the Spaniards but although it was systematic and thorough, it proceeded slowly. The religious orders are credited with most of the pioneering in the rich scientific field of the innumerable islands, the Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, Recolets, Capuchins and Jesuits having been particularly active. Of the work of the Jesuits Warren D. Smith, chief of the Division of Mines, had this to say in a recent article on the subject: "For a long time we were indebted to this

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body for almost all the reliable information regarding the mysterious and wild island of Mindanao, which had been practically under their entire control for years. When the American government came to take an inventory of its new possessions the Jesuits had a large collection of maps of the islands." Some of these religious investigators, according to Smith, deserve to be remembered among the great explorers of the century.

The Extent of the Explorations

Engaged in the work of exploration under American auspices are the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Army, the Bureau of Constabulary, the Bureau of Lands, and the Division of Mines of the Bureau of Science. The Coast and Geodetic Survey alone employs five steamers and one launch with 284 officers and men, besides an office force of draughtsmen in Manila. Their work is to make soundings and charts in the 585,960 square miles of water in the boundaries of the archipelago. The Bureau of Lands makes cadastral surveys and is going over the great estates known as the Friar lands. In three years one party from this bureau went over 470 miles of rivers and trails, sketched 620 square miles of topography and established 1739 elevations. The army has penetrated into the heart of Mindanao where the savages are continually on the war path, and has mapped many districts of Leyte, Cebu, Panay and Luzon, for even in this last island there are regions which are entirely unknown. A bureau of scientists is collecting data about ethnology, botany, ornithology, biology and the fisheries. Mineral lands are being prospected and the geology of the islands is being carefully studied. On all of these subjects the government regularly publishes reports, but few Americans except scientific specialists ever read them, so the magnitude of the achievement of the United States is not generally known or appreciated. Already the sum of accomplishment is far in excess of that under three centuries of Spanish rule. America is doing much for the islands, but from a scientific viewpoint the islands are doing just as much for Americans.

"My chauffeur is in collusion with my wife."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, the machine always breaks down in front of a milliner's establishment."

Delmas Interviewed in London

During the Steinheil trial in Paris Mr. D. M. Delmas arrived in London and he was immediately sought out by the newspapers and interviewed as to what he thought of French methods of criminal prosecution. The London papers alluded to him as "the distinguished American advocate who defended Harry Thaw," and they published pictures of him and gave a great deal of space to his utterances which were cabled to Paris and printed in the leading journals of that city. The most interesting of the interviews with Mr. Delmas appeared in the London Daily Mirror. To a reporter of that journal he said: "Treating the question of Mme. Steinheil's guilt or innocence as a moot point, it seems to me that all the evidence so far adduced does not place her guilt of the terrible crimes of which she is accused beyond all reasonable doubt. If the case were being tried in America or England I think that it would be considered that Mme. Steinheil should be given that beneficent benefit of the doubt which prevents the punishment of the innocent if it sometimes enables the guilty to escape. It is difficult for a man trained under one system of jurisprudence, whose rules have been woven into the texture of his mind as though they were eternal verities, to express an opinion upon another totally different system. It seems to me that lawyers who have been bred and educated entirely under the Common Law system, and who, perhaps, have not even an acquaintance with the

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French language, let alone with French jurisprudence—it seems to me a little extraordinary, if not unjust, that they should undertake offhand to pronounce such condemnatory judgments upon French methods as it would seem many of them have done. It is to be noted that the few among those lawyers who have an acquaintance with French jurisprudence and the procedure in French courts have been much more moderate, and doubtless more just, in their appreciation of French law. One should not overlook the fact that many of our rules of evidence, whilst intended as helps to ascertain the truth, very often prove insuperable obstacles to the attainment of that object. I was very much struck this morning to find that certain witnesses—and one of them, at least, related to the defendant—were asked their opinions as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant. A question like that is calculated to startle an English or American lawyer, and probably there is not a respectable member of the Bar in either country who would venture to put such a question. And probably there is not a judge in either country who, if such a question were put, would not reprove the absurdity of it. Yet such questions as that are asked in the course of the French trial without any objection and as a matter of course. Well, now, is it after all certain that the deliberate and candid opinion, assuming it to be perfectly honest, of a man who from long acquaintance has knowledge of a thousand and one minute circumstances and impressions bearing upon the character of the defendant should be regarded as of no value in a juridical investigation of this character? We in America and you in England say unhesitatingly that they are of no value whatever. But the French think dmerently. To administer law in France as it is administered in England or the United States would require almost another revolution, certainly a revolution in the national character. I do not think any such rapid, violent changes are about to take place in the French system as some reports in the press would seem to indicate. Changes have been made in your jurisprudence here and in the constitution of your courts, but they have been made slowly and conservatively. As events show that certain things can be improved they are improved. Conservatism of Bench and Bar makes such improvements slow and gradual, but it is proper that they should be slow."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks—The erratic course of the market during the recent week may be ascribed to the operations of bankers who have given support on weak spots and sold on the advances. It appears that stability in the general list was the chief factor and that no marked trend was desired in either direction. The chief factor and matter of interest to the financial and business world at the moment is the assembling of Congress on December 5 and the position that President Taft will take on pending legislation and the possibility of amending the Sherman Act. These matters are vital to the business community and the future of the security values is dependent on the utterances of the President. The sharp break in stocks at the close of the week looks like banking manipulation to clear the market of weak speculative accounts and to prepare for anything unfavorable in Washington later. Under the circumstances we feel like advising the purchase of stocks on weak spots only.

Grain—The December bulls in control of the option have apparently switched to May and the spread has practically disappeared. It may be assumed that there will be no further effort by the old crowd to congest December, though a heavy short selling may develop another twist. There has been a slight increase in spring wheat shipments though the volume coming forward is offset by a smaller winter wheat movement than a year ago. The high prices for ten days have brought out the enlarged spring shipments but have had no effect in the winter belt. It begins to look as if the winter region was pretty well cleaned up and there is a firm holding of red winter which still maintains 1.20 at Chicago. Every week develops the assumption that the wheat crop has been over-estimated and favors buyers of May. The decrease in the visible will put the total on January 1 the smallest in fifteen years which will offset all European and new crop influences. There is likely to be a break in prices around December 8 as the government report on winter seeding will show the heaviest acreage in three years with a condition over 90 per cent. After that period the market will waver until the final report of this year's crop on December 15. Until that time the movements should be within small range with excellent scalping chances. The weather in the corn belt continues unfavorable. South of the Lakes there is no frost in the ground and corn has not cured. There is a good shipping movement for immediate consumption of the damp corn. Nine-tenths coming to the markets is on sample; in fact only old corn is being shipped to grade. The delay in getting contract into the markets is becoming a source of worry. The past week the chief corn bear has been selling December, of which he is heavily short and buying May, presumbaly to cause a break in December to let him out. The buyers have been largely the country people who are trading on exact knowledge. There is a feeling among some Chicago observers that a desperate effort will be made next week to break December by delivering all the 500,000 contract in public and private elevators and making the deliveries to the small holders. It would weaken the market, but would bring in a flood of buyers in addition to covering shorts on account of the houses delivering.

Cotton—During the past week the market has received less speculative support and according to reports there was less inquiry for spots in the interior, yet values came within a few points of touching the highest levels reached thus far this season, and the net result of the week's trading shows no appreciable change compared with one week ago, longs having had a little the better of the argument. The general freeze and light receipts more than offset the bearish theories advanced by shorts. The world has been waiting for facts, and will now be supplied with an abundance of testimony of a silent character favorable to the long side of the market. There is said to be no demand for spot cotton; still exports from the United States, the past week were 228,600 bales, (last year 216,436), and spinners' takings were 353,000. Since September 1 exports were 2,993,000 bales, (last year 2,846,000), spinners' takings 3,329,000, (last year 3,280,-000) bales or 49,000 more than to this date one year ago, when takings by the world amounted to 13,346,000 bales and actual consumption, 13,157,000 bales. Exports from America to Europe last season were 8,449,049 bales, the largest on record, yet shipments thus far to Europe are 147,000 bales larger than one year ago. The United States will need about 5,000,000 bales for home consumption, and if the crop be not more than 11,000,000 bales, America will not be able to spare more than about 6,000,000 bales. Realizing the acuteness of the situation foreign spinners, although preaching short time, have bought more freely of American cotton to date than ever before and at prices higher for this time of the season than for 35 years. We reiterate that the smallness of receipts of late and indicated for the future, are due more to stocks nearing exhaustion in the Valley and in the Southwest than to the lack of a demand for cotton. We see no excuse for even a temporary decline, the heavy sales which have taken place in the last three weeks having placed business on a much safer and healthier basis and deprived the market of the probability of any sudden and wide fluctuations. We expect the market to gradually advance to a higher level of values led by spots in the future, just as it has been in the past, without any sensational moves either way.

Copper—The firmness of the standard coppers during the recent big break shows that these subsidiary companies know where they are at in the formation of the big merger. As settled now the merger will control one billion pounds of copper metal manufactured annually, which is about 80 per cent of the present output. The Leake companies will not go in, so the merger will not be held in restraint of trade. Owing to the uncertainties of the Standard Oil decision stocks in all companies have fallen but shares in the Standard Copper stocks are all right either in or out of the merger. Nevada Cons., Butte Coalition, Ray Cons., Miami Giroux Cons., should all be bought on this break.

Local Securities—While the local stock and bond list

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continued very active for the past week or so, the principal trading and almost half of the business has been in Spring Valley Water and Associated Oil. The former stock has had some heavy buying from very influential sources and has advanced to record prices. Of course the bait that is attracting most of the buyers of this stock is the negotiations that the Water Company has entered into with the municipality regarding the purchase of the Spring Valley plant. Associated Oil stock has had the best buying of any stock on the list and while nothing official has been given out on it, rumors are becoming thicker and thicker of early dividends from the Oil Company and these rumors are being generally believed. The power stock group continues to draw some little attention and City Electric and Northern California Power are at present selling at high record prices. Alaska Packers, for no apparent reason, turned very weak and sold off a couple of points, but at the present writing it is in demand once more and fast recovering in value. Hawaiian sugar stocks have rather quieted down in point of activity but this division, due to the strong raw sugar situation, is holding very firm. Pacific Telephone and Pacific Gas and Electric stocks continue to follow the general tone of the New York Stock Market and have shown but little change. Bond trading has lately been of very large proportions, the principal activity and advances being in Associated Oil 5s, City Electric 5s, Pacific Telephone 5s, People's Water 5s, San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley 5s, Southern Pacific of California 1912, 6s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, Spring Valley Water 4s and United Railroads 4s. Other bonds, taken generally, are quiet but firm. For the immediate future it is said that quick purchases of Associated Oil are advisable. Alaska Packers should recover from now on and go higher, and in fact any of the leading California stocks can be bought for reasonable profits by the first of the year.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM THIRD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at Room 609 in the Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said place the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased.

JENNIE THIRD,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of William Third, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4, 1909.

JOSEPH B. KENNEDY, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-10-11 Chronicle Building, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased.

EVELYN DORAN GOUBERT,
Administratrix of the Estate of Eugene McCarthy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1909.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Charity and Cocktails

The Examiner is to be felicitated on the general cleverness of the women who were enlisted for the Thanksgiving edition in aid of the Associated Charities. But where so many are at work there are bound to be a few that develop too much enthusiam. I have heard of two women who started out bright and early with an automobile full of papers. They are attractive women and their red silk badges were very becoming, so they achieved great success in the sacred cause of charity along Powell street. But as the morning wore along, the festive spirit of Thanksgiving began to crowd their charitable impulses and they sought the inspiration of a cocktail or so in one of the big cafes. Now the cocktail is a seductive beverage and calls always for its mate, so these fair newsies sat somewhat protractedly over their glasses. Then a couple of men whom they knew happened along and there were more cocktails, also, whisper it softly, a dice box and the rattling of the bones, the stakes being more cocktails and copies of the charity edition of the Examiner. In time the party became so jolly that the cafe became too puritanical and the men and women separated, agreeing to meet later at a certain big hostelry.

They Approached the Wrong Women

Our two charitable ladies climbed into their machine and speeded forth in quest of more excitement. They obtained some of it by driving their car along the sidewalk and more at a fashionable hostelry where they did not experience warm hospitality. Meanwhile their masculine friends hied them to another big hotel where they were to meet the festive dames, but being somewhat the worse for cocktails, all charitable workers looked alike to them and they accosted the first ladies they met wearing the red badges of the Associated Charities. A rather incoherent invitation to shake for the drinks startled these ladies into speechless indignation but further misunderstanding was prevented by the arrival of the two ladies for whom they were looking. Their condition was such that they attracted the attention of all the guests in the lounging room. The indignant ladies who had been approached went to their chief of staff, a very charming and well known woman, and threatened to stop selling papers unless the obstreperous ones were deprived of their badges and papers and compelled to depart. But the enthusiastic women refused to give up their badges and held on to their papers and it was only when an official of the Associated Charities had been summoned that they were induced to capitulate. Then gently but firmly they were escorted from the hotel to their automobile and the cause of charity knew them no more that day.

Dr. McEnery Comes, Perhaps to Wed

With the return of Dr. W. A. McEnery who will reach San Francisco about December 22 the rumor of the well known physician's approaching marriage to the wealthy widow Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow is revived. It is mere gossip, of course, but I am assured that it will be duly authenticated. Mrs. Winslow was formerly Sallie Stetson, daughter of the late J. B. Stetson. She is a divorcee and her former husband married a young society girl of Portland but died suddenly a few months ago. Dr. McEnery is a widower; his late wife was the wealthy widow, Mrs. McLaughlin of Salt Lake who died suddenly a couple of years ago. She was many years the doctor's senior. Miss Isabel McLaughlin has been attending Miss Spence's fashionable boarding school in New York but will join Dr. McEnery and his sister, Miss Therese McEnery, and spend the holidays in this city. Miss McLaughlin is very wealthy in her own right. Her mother left a goodly slice of her fortune to her young husband. There was considerable unpleasantness with the relatives of Miss McLaughlin after her mother's death, but it seems to have been settled amicably.

Gussie Foute's Fairy Godmother

Little Miss Gussie Foute is so happy these days that she confides to everyone the secret of her smiles. It is not an engagement. It's just a bunch of pretty dancing gowns which Mrs. William H. Crocker who is her godmother, gave her. Mrs. Crocker has always made a pet of Gussie, looking out for her in many thoughtful generous ways, ever since the death of her father. One of the gowns is a handsome navy blue chiffon brocaded

MISS AMALIA SIMPSON

One of the most traveled and versatile of the buds. She is a sister of Mrs. Bishop Partridge who arrived here recently from the Orient.

with black velvet flowers in a big, all-over design. Another is a gray net, trimmed with coral velvet and steel beads. They are all very handsome frocks and very becoming.

The Bowles' Disappoint Oakland

There were several debuts within the past few days. One of them, that of Miss Amy Bowles, has caused a great deal of chagrin in Oakland because Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles dared to shake the social dust of that side of the bay from their feet in order to give their big coming-out tea at the Fairmont. The Bowles family grew up in Oakland and made their fortune and their history there, so Oakland expected that when the daughter of the family made her social bow it would be to the folks among whom she grew to womanhood. But Oakland has been disappointed in its expectations before this. The Bowles tea was really the most pretentious thing, for an afternoon affair, that has been given to date. It wasn't really a tea, for a hearty buffet luncheon was served, although the hours were from 4 to 7. Oddly enough the guests were arrayed in a variety of styles, tailor-made gowns, long, short and

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indifferent, training lace gowns suitable for balls, handsome velvets and satins, and even the men manifested the same democratic informality of attire, some coming in sack suits, others in the formal frock suit and so on. But little things like that made no difference. Everyone seemed to be having a good time, particularly Papa Bowles who stood about with an inverness on, the gladdest of them all.

An Arctic Costume

Among the girls from across the bay who attracted more than ordinary attention at the Bowles tea was tall lissome Florence Henshaw who seems to have adopted

Photo, H. Pierre Smith
MISS KATHLEEN DE YOUNG
A talented young lady whose engagement has been rumored lately.

the Cook-Peary styles with a vengeance, for she looked like some belle from the disputed area. She came robed in fur from head to foot, wearing a coat of white fur, with a hat of the same and a muff of the dimensions of a pillow which she dangled by its strings. As she entered the Fairmont she created a mild furore, the visiting Japanese gentlemen gasping in astonishment, doubtless wondering what it all meant. Miss Henshaw is tall enough to do that sort of thing easily. The afternoon was golden and sunny, and the snowy furs had an odd frigid look hardly matching the skies. But fashion never expects one to match weather conditions and a charming girl like Miss Henshaw may bid defiance to the seasons.

Beautiful Olive Grace Weds a Lord's Son

The many friends in this city of the well-known Grace family will be interested to learn of the marriage of Olive Grace Kerr, niece of the late William R. Grace, to Captain Charles Beresford Fulke Greville, son and heir of Lord Greville. Mrs. Kerr who inherited a large fortune from the New York banker who was her first husband, is a very beautiful woman and enjoys great social popularity in London as well as in New York and Newport. Her marriage to the scion of one of the greatest families in Great Britain took place in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, which ranks St. George's as a favorite church for fashionable London weddings. The wedding was a brilliant one, many of the court circle being present, and was followed by a reception given by Mrs. John W. Grace, the bride's mother. This beautiful Grace girl is now a member of one of the oldest and at the same time most pugnacious families in the United Kingdom. Not long ago a difference in politics between Lord Greville and his son precipitated a clash which is still laughed about as the "battle of Mullingar." It involved the flying of the Irish flag from Mullingar courthouse and after a hand-to-hand fight between the sheriff's men and the lord one one side and the police and the lord's son on the other, the flag was given to the breeze but afterwards captured. The present Lord Greville has had frequent rows with his brothers, Pat and Reggie, the latter being known as "the Limb." So Mrs. Kerr is marrying into a very lively family and should not be bothered with ennui.

The Japanese Reception

I was very much amused and just a little bit chagrined last Saturday night at the behavior of most of the ladies and gentlemen who attended the reception tendered by the Japan Society of America to the Japanese Commercial Commission at the Art Institute on Nob Hill. It was quite a large gathering of fashion, near-fashion, culture and culturine. Of course the lode-stone of the evening should have been the exhibition of paintings by Kubota Beisen, one of the modern masters of Japan. The walls of three rooms were covered by these splendid works and it might be thought that anybody with rudimentary art sense would be irresistibly captivated by their exquisite poetry of line and color. But that was not the case. Here and there I noticed an individual art-lover drinking in the beauties of the paintings, but the great mass of guests stood in the center of the main hall and gossiped, the women lorgnetting the gowns and the men ogling the women and all staring impolitely at the visiting Japanese ladies for all the world as though they had never seen a Japanese lady in native costume before. Henry P. Bowie to whom the collection of paintings belongs interpreted some of the most striking for a few friends who seemed to enjoy the opportunity of bettering their acquaintance with oriental art, but the majority of those present seemed actually afraid to look at the pictures or to comment on them for fear of making a blunder. I wonder what Bowie thought of this peculiar attitude toward art; and I wonder how favorably the son of the great master whose works were exhibited was impressed with these manifestations of western culture. It is too bad that these wonderful works are not more fully appreciated, for they are not to be here

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long. Mr. Bowie informed me that he intended taking them to Tokio where a publisher is eager to reproduce them in book form.

Captain Wetherill's Good Luck and Good Looks

Captain Alexander Macomb Wetherill whose engagement to Miss Sidonia Furth of Seattle was announced during the week is well known to San Francisco. He was one of society's popular bachelors when he was stationed at the Presidio several years ago. At that time he was the devoted admirer of a charming San Francisco girl whose two sisters are prominent matrons in the "Service" set. Captain Wetherill is considered the handsomest officer in his regiment, which is not to be wondered at when it is known that he is the nephew of that famous promoter of pulchritude, Harriet Hubbard Ayer. No one suspects Captain Wetherill of following his aunt's recipes, but Mrs. Ayer who is a sister of the young officer's mother, is the possessor of rare beauty as well as an authority on how to attain and preserve it. Miss Furth is said to be one of the wealthiest heiresses of the Northwest. Her father is Jacob Furth, a millionaire banker of Tacoma. The young couple met last summer when Captain Wetherill was on duty at the Seattle Exposition.

Re-enter the Cinderellas

Now that the contest for social supremacy has become a triangular affair, we may expect some spirited campaigning. When the issue lay between Mr. Greenway and Mrs. Alexander it was too much to expect that reprisals would be of the vindictive sort, but with three rival armies in the field, all warring at once, it is likely to be a case of "all's fair" and "sauve qui peut." Most of the patronesses of the Cinderellas are of the old exclusive set of this city and it is a real pleasure to see them preparing for renewed social activity. Mrs. Edward L. Eyre was formerly Miss Florence Atherton, sister-in-law of Gertrude Atherton. Mrs. George Pinckard was Miss Belle Eyre. Mrs. Will Tevis was Miss Mabel Pacheco. Mrs. Joseph A. Donohue was Christine Parrott. Mrs. Percy Moore was a Miss Barrada; so was Mrs. Willis Polk. Mrs. John Kittle was one of the Allen family. Mrs. William Breeze was Miss Evelyn Norwood. Mrs. Harry Babcock was a widow, Mrs. Farnham, formerly Miss Roosevelt. Mrs. George Howard was Miss Nettie Schmiedell; her husband belongs to a very old and exclusive family. Mrs. William Tubbs was Miss Filkins. Only Mrs. Carolan who is a daughter of the Pullman millions represents a later era. Here is an array of established aristocracy which will make Mr. Greenway and Mrs. Alexander look to their festive laurels if once it decides to regain its ascendancy. And I am inclined to think that that decision has been arrived at quite seriously.

Mrs. Moore Robinson's Illness

The continued serious illness of Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson of Philadelphia is causing her friends much concern. Mrs. Robinson who is accounted one of the most beautiful women in America, is the sister of Mrs. William G. Irwin of this city. She was Aileen Ivers before her marriage, one of the belles of local society in the debutante days of Jennie Blair, Tessie Fair, now Mrs. Oelrichs, and Hattie Crocker, the present Mrs. Charles Alexander of New York. The Ivers family lived in an old-fashioned house in Leavenworth street near Clay and were in moderate circumstances, but both daughters were beauties and their friends predicted brilliant matches for them. Fannie Ivers married William G. Irwin, the Honolulu sugar king, and a few years later the younger sister Aileen was wooed by one of Philadelphia's most prominent millionaires, so the prophecy was amply fulfilled. Mrs. Robinson's health began to fail last spring and during the summer she went abroad to consult German specialists. It was believed a cure had been effected but recently alarming symptoms returned and the invalid's condition is said to be most serious. Mrs. Robinson's beauty is of the blonde Grecian order. She has brilliant coloring and regular features. Mrs. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin are at present at the Robinson home "Ashcroft" near Philadelphia where they will remain indefinitely. William G. Irwin returned a few days ago from a month's visit to Philadelphia.

Bryn Mawr Girl is Hostess for Japan

Friends in the national capital write to me that the greatest enthusiasm is evinced in diplomatic circles over the personality of Madame Kosai Uchida, the brilliant young wife of the new Japanese Ambassador. This news is particularly interesting to San Franciscans for Madame Uchida has a brother residing here. Already it is being predicted that the new embassy hostess will be one of the most sought after and most successful entertainers in Washington. She is credited with a large private fortune and is expected to outdo all the former triumphs of the Japanese embassy in splendid hospitality. The fact that Madame Uchida made an unusually fine impression on the exclusive society of ultra-aristocratic Vienna where her husband was lately ambassador is of importance to Washington society, but not so important as the fact that this young Japanese woman is a graduate of Bryn Mawr where she took her baccalaureate in 1897. As Miss Masa Dogura, the present Mme. Uchida was one of the most brilliant, and quite the most picturesque member of her class. She is the daughter

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of a millionaire shipbuilder of Yamato, one of those progressive, intrepid men who laid the foundations of the "New Japan." His occupation and the vast extent of his interests brought him into constant contact with European men and methods, and he determined to give his children the benefits of an education which would enable them to hold their own in the best society of Europe.

Some of Her Accomplishments

When Miss Masa Dogura matriculated at Bryn Mawr she spoke English fluently, with just the trace of a pretty foreign accent, and was likewise a proficient French and German scholar. Her intellectual attainments put many of her classmates in the background, but, notwithstanding this, she was extremely popular with all of them. Her specialties were history and political science, and in these branches she held a place well up at the head of the class. She was a close student of American political conditions, and worked unceasingly to add to the store of knowledge which has since been so useful to her and also to her distinguished husband. She had a wonderful charm of manner, for which the women of her native land are famed, but was also possessed of more "spirit" than is usually credited to the daughters of Japan. She was fond of society and took part in all the gaieties of college life. Miss Dogura was married to the Japanese statesman and diplomat in 1899. Her friends were given to understand that it was a love match, and that in wedding she had been given far more choice than is usual in Eastern countries. Mme. Uchida is not only handsome, according to Japanese standards, but could hold her own in point of good looks in any American assemblage. She dresses with consummate good taste in the products of the best Parisian and Viennese modistes. She is witty and a good conversationalist.

The Best Exhibition

Art lovers have a treat in store for them in the coming exhibition of the works of the well known artists, A. W. Best and Alice Best, to be held at Best's Art School in Bush street on December 16, 17 and 18. There will be a number of meritorious drawings by pupils in addition to the canvases of the two painters. Mr. Best's sunny California landscapes are well known and so are his Mexican studies. Mrs. Best will exhibit some very dainty faces in oil and pastel. The public will be welcomed at the exhibition on all three days.

Holiday Golf Tournament at Del Monte

The announcement that there will be a match play tournament on the golf links of Hotel Del Monte during the New Year holidays is good news for the amateur golf enthusiasts. The winter season on this ground is unquestionably the most delightful of the year on account of the warm pleasant climate. Manager Warner of

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Hotel Del Monte announces that he has so arranged the play that it will begin on Friday, December 31 and end Saturday night, January 1, giving Sunday for rest or other recreation. There will be handicap play for men and women, as well as men's and women's foursomes and mixed foursomes. The prizes and trophies will be in keeping with the event, and the tournament will be in charge of a committee of well known golfers. Another pleasing feature of entertainment which Warner is planning for his guests is an old fashioned New Year's party to be held at Pebble Beach Lodge. There will be plenty of pop corn, apples, nuts, cider and apple jack to keep up the fun before the roaring fires. A number of prominent society people from San Francisco are planning to go down on Friday the 24th and spend the week at Del Monte. Owing to the fact that Christmas comes on Saturday, there is more than the ordinary chance for extending the holidays over the entire week.

In the Social Spotlight

The wedding of Miss Arline Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce Johnson, and George Stark Towne will be one of the largest and most brilliant of the season. It will take place on December 8 at the handsome home of the bride's parents in Monte Vista avenue, Oakland. Miss Josephine Johnson will attend her sister as maid of honor while Miss Elsa Schilling and Miss Rose Kales will be the bridesmaids.

A notable wedding of January will be that of Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman and Germain Vincent at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Barry Coleman, San Mateo.

The date of Miss Dollie Cushing's wedding to James Jenkins has been set for January 5. Owing to the recent death of the prospective bride's father, only relatives and intimate friends will be present. After a wedding tour the couple will live in Blithdale in a home which the groom-to-be is now building.

At a daintily appointed luncheon during the week Miss Nettie King announced her engagement to Joseph Firebaugh. Miss King is the well known artist and designer.

A jolly crowd of young girls left the city last week to spend Thanksgiving at the "shack" of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun near the Country Club. Among those in the party were the Misses Martha and Margaret Calhoun, Miss Julia Langhorne, and Miss Louise Foster.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Breeze has been very dangerously ill, causing her family and friends great anxiety. She is still in a precarious condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton, formerly Miss Ethel Lincoln, who were recently married in this city, sailed from New York on last Saturday for a tour abroad. Upon their return they will occupy the Lincoln residence in Scott street, a present from the bride's mother.

Mrs. Ambrose M. Willis has returned to her home in this city from an enjoyable visit to Mrs. Carrie Green Noble in Los Gatos.

Mrs. D. M. Hanlon has returned to her home in this city after an enjoyable visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spring of Fruitvale have gone abroad. They will spend the holidays with their son who is studying in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Schmiedell gave a very delightful children's party last week at their beautiful home in Ross Valley.

Miss Norah Purcell, a lovely young girl from Southern California who is visiting at the Shorb home in Van Ness avenue, was the motif of an enjoyable tea on Sunday afternoon given by Miss Ethel Shorb.

Miss Ethel Shorb will leave about January 1 with her aunt, Miss Wilson, for a tour abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey Friedlander entertained recently at a delightful dinner at their residence in Pacific avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Miss Frances Martin of Ross Valley recently arrived in New York on their way to Europe.

At last accounts Mrs. Walter Hobart and her interesting children were in Rome for the holidays.

Mrs. Charles K. Harley has issued cards for an elaborate bridge party for December 9.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Krutschnitt Jr. have come from their home in Weed and have been spending the week in town. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

In honor of Miss Ruth Richards, one of the winter's debutantes, Mr. H. D. Bowley entertained recently at the Hotel Victoria.

Several Thanksgiving dinner parties made the past week a busy one at the Hotel Victoria. Among those who entertained

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on that occasion were Miss Rickoff, Mrs. M. Weller, Mrs. H. N Beard, Mrs. B. N. Rowley, Mrs. L. Mooser, Mrs. M. E. Heron, Mrs. I. W. Brown, Mr. E. B. Ryan, Mr. Hugh Mauldin, Mr. E. C. Leffingwell and Mr. J. H. McPherson.

Thirty friends were included in the guest list for a prettily appointed tea given recently by Miss Bernice Harrell at the Hotel Victoria. Assisting Miss Harrell in her duties as hostess were Mrs. Alfred Harrell, Mrs. Harry Francis Davis and Miss Dorothy Boericke.

Mrs. A. J. Stiess, with her two sons, and Miss K. C. Fay are recent arrivals from Palo Alto who are registered at the Victoria.

R. D. Gatewood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gatewood registered at Del Monte on Thanksgiving Day. They motored out to the Rancho de Los Laurelles and spent some time there, enjoying its calm and beauty.

A party of well-known Riverside people that came into Del Monte recently was made up of Frank Miller, proprietor and manager of the Glenwood Inn, his daughter, Mrs. Alice Richardson, A. B. Benton and G. M. Stone.

A party of English people that arrived at Del Monte from San Francisco recently was made up of Mrs. Stephen Ralli of Hove, Sussex, Dr. Gilliatt of London, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lance of New York. Mrs. Ralli has taken a suite of rooms for two months.

Justice and Mrs. William C. Van Fleet, James D. Phelan, H. J. Stewart and Miss Stewart, Horace Pillsbury and B. H. Dibblee, all of San Francisco, registered at Del Monte recently.

The committee of the commercial bodies of San Francisco which have the reopening banquet of the Palace Hotel in charge met at luncheon at the Fairmont on Wednesday to make final plans. At the present time the plans are to hold the banquet in the grand court where about 800 can be seated. Governor Gillett will be one of the speakers, as will George Knight, Mayor Taylor, Colonel Kirkpatrick and a number of others. Messages of congratulation on the reopening of the world famous hostelry have begun to flow in from all parts of the world.

A party of well-known San Francisco and Ross Valley people reached Del Monte recently, its members being Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibblee and Mrs. J. G. Kittle. On Thanksgiving Day the Dibblees and Kittles were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Sherman and their two daughters, Miss Lucia Sherman and Miss Isabel Sherman On Saturday and Sunday they made motor-car trips along the new roads of the Seventeen Mile Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Sturges, Miss Marion Sturges, Frith Sturges and Jack Sturges of San Jose registered at Del Monte recently and spent the holiday there.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt returned from Europe this week.

Mrs. Day, wife of Major Day, U. S. A., of Fort Mason, was hostess at a bridge party last week followed by a luncheon. The game began at 10 a. m. and lasted until late in the afternoon. The prizes were dainty and exquisite. Mrs. Day is a charming hostess and will entertain extensively this winter.

Miss Anna Weller is the latest young bud who has taken to wearing orchids. As her escort is the gallant young lieutenant who returned from the North recently, her friends are taking much interest in this charming girl's affairs.

Mrs. Leopold Michaels has received her 1910 Stevens-Duryear landaulet.

Mrs. J. A. Folger has just received her 1910 Stevens-Duryea limousine.

The following registered at Hotel Del Monte recently: O. L. Mayhood, Mae Adams, Kathryn George, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Rork, Miss Rork, Miss May Welch, Dorothy Ellis, Bessilee Merrill, George Fox, E. D. Cor, Olive Allen, Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mrs. Henry S. Kiersted, Mrs. H. B. Dibblee, R. A. Crothers, Loring Pickering, R. H. Dibblee, Thos. E. Hayden, H. L. Jennings, Miss A. T. Crowley, Miss R. E. Dreyfus, A. M. Alexander, Harry M. Sherman, Mrs. Sherman, Miss Sherman, Miss Isabel Sherman, Lena Reck, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth, Miss Kadah Booth, Newton R. Zobel, H. D. Pillsbury, B. H. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Colby, Master Colby, H. J. Stewart, Miss Stewart, Henry Shomberg, James D. Phelan and W. M. Ogilvie.

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Daughter—By the way he looks at me when I'm not looking

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The List of Addresses. Clubs and Societies, giving the Officers and Members with Addresses. Revised Street and Avenue Guide. Permanent Guests at the Leading Hotels. Banking, Insurance, Real Estate and Professional Men. Personnel of the Press. Theater Diagrams, Ladies' Shopping Guide, etc., etc.

The utmost care will be used this year in revision and compilation to make the work complete and accurate. Address all communications to CHAS C. HOAG, Publisher, 313 Battery Street, Room 1, San Francisco.

An Apology to Clyde Fitch, Dead

By Edward F. O'Day

For years it was the fashion to underestimate Clyde Fitch. Dramatic critics are as much the bond-servants of fashion as any other tribe and they deemed it part of their carping routine, year in and year out, to bounce their clubs upon the head of the dead playwright every time he emerged from his study with a new play. "Fitch has committed another one; have at it!" might have been the slogan of the dramatic commentators, so uniformly did they wield their pens in hostility to his prolific output. The present writer admits, in deep humiliation, that he raised his little voice in this raucous hue and cry against a great American playwright. All that he can say to condone that past offending is that his judgment was warped by the falsity of the contemporary standard and that he made his appraisement, honestly but yet mistakenly, at the current schedule of values. That the standard was wrong, that the schedule was grossly inaccurate he now realizes and though the realization comes rather late, it is not too late for posthumous tribute to the memory of the man who was slighted. For Clyde Fitch was a great playwright, a genius in his chosen field, and there is no writer of plays in America who is at present equipped to take his place. That is the secret of Clyde Fitch's achievement; we can see it now when his achievement is completed. He was unique; nobody else succeeded in doing for the American stage that which he accomplished so well; perhaps nobody ever will. Only too well do I recall the formulas wherewith we were wont to overwhelm each new Fitch production. "Innocuous," "vapid" and "pretty" were the damnatory adjectives of faint praise that we threw at him. We could see nothing in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" except jealousy and a Cook's tour; "Barbara Frietchie" was a dramatization of insanity and the American flag; "Captain Jinks" was a little love and a lot of crinoline. We discoursed of his irritating trickery, of his uninspired painstaking, of his hackneyed ideas and his mobilization of stage properties, unimpressed by the nobler aspects of the qualities which we thus stripped naked to accommodate them to our own poverty of insight. The plain truth of the matter is that we were afraid to acclaim Clyde Fitch for the master he was; afraid lest one of our fraternity, or two or three, should ridicule our seriousness of appreciation. But now that he has gone, who can take his place? That is the question, constantly recurring and pointing unerringly to the strength of his dramaturgic position. There is nobody to take his place and those who wish to understand the American drama of his day, must study his plays or go hopelessly unenlightened. The rapidity of production which was part of his genius misled us into proclaiming him an ephemeral composer; we thought that we could puff his pieces down the wind like so much thistledown, pretty but so frail, bright but unenduring. Well, the next generation or so will bear witness whether Clyde Fitch's work has disintegrated and disappeared beneath our foolish little breathings of banter and scorn. It was while I sat in the Valencia Theatre enjoying "The Bachelor," not the last, but perhaps next to the last of Clyde Fitch's productions, that this conviction of error came upon me. It came over me so irresistibly that it would have been disingenuous and dishonest not to say something about it here. So I have made my apology to Clyde Fitch. Much he cares about my apology now; much he would care even if I were one of those who can make and unmake reputations. But with this sincere repentance for a sin of judgment there goes an earnest desire to do better in the future; to deal more justly with the merits of earnest workers for the theatre, and having been one of the most earnest workers for the theatre that America has known, perhaps Clyde Fitch even now cares something for that aspect of this public recantation. If I may be permitted at this point to arise from my lowly position on the mourners' bench, I will get up and testify that "The Bachelor" is a delightful bit of comedy. Clyde Fitch was not one of those who improved by polishing; he learned by doing and kept on learning as he kept on doing. "The Bachelor" is one of the latest and therefore one of the ripest of his plays. Technically it is without fault; so compactly and economically built that it would be hard to find a line too much and equally hard to add a line to any of its scenes. The action is restricted to twenty-four hours, to two scenes and to seven characters and yet within these more than classical unities the story flows uncramped; every character has plenty of elbow room and moves with the freedom of life. It has been customary to admit that Clyde Fitch had remarkably feminine perceptions, that he grasped the psychology of woman as no other American playwright did. This is undoubtedly true and it finds its illustration in "The Bachelor," for despite the title, (or it may be, on account of it), it is a girl who dominates the play. The girl's character is unerringly drawn; there is never a false note in it—those who think that the depiction of a young lady consciously yet in all purity pursuing a reluctant man, is untrue to life, will never understand the perfect naturalness of the greatest stage women from Juliet and Ophelia down to the creations of Bernard Shaw. Fitch has placed before us a young woman who may be found almost anywhere in America, but he has done it with such skillful manipulations of wit and humor that we are apt to overlook the vitality of the presentation. I heard one playgoer say that the scheme of the play was artificial and I think he missed the living significance of the whole affair. But Fitch has done more in "The Bachelor" than draw a natural young woman; he has likewise portrayed a young man who is uncannily real. I do not refer to the bachelor; he is real enough, but in a conventional way. The young man I have in mind is the girl's brother, a boy who has been spoiled by indulgent and wealthy parents so that he has conceived an opinion of his own importance which, if entertained by an older person, would result in insufferable selfishness and unbearable caddishness but which, in a boy with good breeding, such as this boy had, is no more fatal, if properly treated, than the measles or the mumps or any other outbreak of a peculiarly youthful description. I have never seen just this particular boy on the stage before, but I know many like him and I think that Clyde Fitch has painted him to the last stroke of life. It would be ungenerous not to mention here the names of the principal performers in this fine Fitch comedy. Ruth Maycliffe must have the place of honor; she captures her audience from the start with her wonderful smile, her dainty blond beauty and her pervasive maidenliness, but she would not be mentioned before Charles Cherry who is "featured" in the production if it were not for her capable rendition of her role. Cherry is a finished actor and a very pleasing bachelor; small wonder the girl resolved to have him for her own. Ralph Morgan is very good as that remarkable boy.

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Stage

William H. Thompson at the Orpheum

It is worth while going to the Orpheum this week just to see William H. Thompson in the English playlet, "Pride of Regiment." This is one of those vaudeville numbers that stand out in the bill and indelibly impress themselves upon memory. The scene is the dining room of a humble English cottage. On the walls are pictures of Queen Victoria, King Edward, Earl Roberts and Baden-Powell. Thompson enters, a fine figure of a man, broad-shouldered and stalwart with a breast covered with medals. His wife is preparing supper and in a minute's interchange of talk we learn that the son has left the army and is coming home. Neither mother nor father understands why he has left and while the mother is glad, knowing that her son was never cut out for a soldier, the father is enraged and humiliated, for he served the queen for thirty years and retired a sergeant with a pension and medals. All his ancestors had been soldiers and he could not understand why a son of his should leave the army after a few months. The son enters, finding his father alone and still angry. He lies about the cause of his leaving the army, but finally produces a paper showing that he had been dishonorably discharged after punishment for drunkenness and insubordination. The father drives him out of the house and invokes God's curse on him when he has gone. The scene between father and son is a powerful one and when the son upbraids his father before leaving we learn what a drill-master he has been in his home, his only thought the army and his own fine record. Then follows swiftly a scene between husband and wife. It is quivering with life, a presentation of the reckoning which always comes when a husband has ruled his household with an iron hand, exchanging overbearing-severity for his wife's love. But the wife sees that the recital of her life-long unhappiness with an arrogant help-mate will not do; so she appeals to his love for his son. She coaxes and wheedles; she is sorry that she threatened to leave her old husband; and finally she wins. With a great effort the father swallows his pride and goes out to bring his boy back. But as he embraces him he is careful to pull his coat over the medals on his breast, lest the boy's touch contaminate them. Thompson plays this simple little sketch with great power. He has an expressive face and when he simulates rage it is quite forbidding, especially the thrustout lower lip. The conflict between pride of regiment and paternal love is admirably shown in look and movement and gesture as well as in words. The playlet sheds a light on the strong traditional ties which bind so many families in England to the army; so it gives Americans a peep into the English heart. But without an actor of Thompson's ability, it would be flat and unconvincing. Two other acts stand out this week in the Orpheum bill. Mabel McCane whose name is well known to lovers of vaudeville, sings some of her clever songs. Miss McCane is a very fetching young woman who has no difficulty in keeping the attention of her audience. Her good looks would do that even if she could not sing and she is a very charming vocalist. Miss McCane is one of the brainy young women of the circuits. The other attraction is, of course, Ben Welch, an old favorite about whom it is only necessary to say that he is as good as ever.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Talk of San Francisco

It is not too much to say that at the present writing George Cohan is the most popular man in San Francisco. After an absence of many years he has returned with a cracking good company in one of the best shows he ever wrote. It was not by design that he followed Victor Moore in one of his own plays, but the comparison suggested makes Victor Moore look like a second-rater and the Victor Moore show even worse. For "The Yankee Prince" was built by Cohan for Cohan and he worked with loving care also for his mother and father. The lines are always funny and very often brilliant, the music is of the kind that everybody wants to whistle and the show girls are snappy and pretty. Of course George Cohan can't sing and doesn't pretend to try, but his vocal efforts are perfectly satisfactory. It is almost enough just to see Cohan walk across the stage with that walk which is the envy of all the rising young vaudevillains in the country. The reception which has been accorded Cohan in this city is really remarkable. One might imagine that he was born here or that San Francisco had suddenly acquired a large population transplanted from Broadway. But the Yankee Doodle boy is a national character and it was to be expected that the playgoers would turn out to greet him with tumultuous welcome. The engagement will continue for another week, coming to an end on Sunday night, December 12. The next attraction at the Van Ness will be captivating Fritzi Scheff who will be seen here in her newest comic opera success, "The Prima Donna," which was written for her by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. The piece comes here from the Knickerbocker Theatre. Miss Scheff has not only a strong acting role, but also several songs which enable her to display her vocal powers. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

EVA TAYLOR

Who will appear in her laughable hit "Mrs. Jones Smith Carey" next week at the Orpheum.

Comic Opera at the Valencia

Charles Cherry will make his last appearances as "The Bachelor" at the Valencia this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at a special matinee Sunday, Julian Edwards' famous comic opera, "The Gay Musician," will begin a run limited to two weeks. "The Gay Musician" is now in its second season and ran last year for one hundred nights at Wallack's Theatre, New York. It has also been presented in the principal cities of the country and everywhere has met with lavish praise. One of the principal charms of "The Gay Musician" is said to be that it is of a neat and refined order, vulgarity finding no place in its presentation. The cast is a notable one in every respect. Special attention has been paid to the selection of the show girls, chorus and dancers. Among the principals are Texas Guinan, the comic opera prima donna, Harry Bonham, the baritone, Roger Gray, a comedian and dancer, Margaret Crawford, a character actress and singer and many others.

George Hamlin's Concerts

George Hamlin, the tenor, will give his second concert at the Novelty Theatre this Sunday afternoon and will render a varied program. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, but on Sunday the box office will be open at the theatre. Next Tuesday night Mr. Hamlin will give his farewell concert, offering works by Schubert, Schumann, a group by Brahms and another by Richard Strauss, a song cycle by Roger Quilter and songs by Lohr, Rummel, Daniels, Schneider and Campbell-Tipton. Complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's. On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Hamlin will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the program of his opening night here.

Lorimer in a Biblical Play

"The Shepherd King," the current attraction at the Garrick, with Wright Lorimer at the head of the company, is making a big hit. Not even "Ben-Hur" created a deeper impression than has this work of Lorimer. He has founded his play on a biblical topic depicting a life that is sacred, but has treated the subject with virile human interest, introducing an interesting romance of love and spirited action. Lorimer is as good an actor as he is an author. His interpretation of his hero role is his own and he carries out his ideal of the "Shepherd King." His support is competent and the production is fine in its fidelity to history, its massiveness and splendor. "The Shepherd King" stays at the Garrick all this and next week.

Fritz Kreisler's Concerts

No artist who has visited this city has left more friends and admirers than Fritz Kreisler who is sometimes called "the master-singer of the violin." There will be three Kreisler concerts at the Novelty Theatre, the dates being Sunday afternoon, December 12, Thursday evening, December 16 and Sunday afternoon, December 19. Every program is replete with great works and Kreisler will play some of those delightful old Italian and French things which no else renders as he does. Complete programs may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's where the sale of seats opens next Wednesday morning. On Tuesday night, December 14, Kreisler will furnish the program for the second of the St. Francis Musical Art Concerts, and on Friday afternoon, December 17, he will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

"A Message from Mars" at the Alcazar

"A Message from Mars" is to be the Alcazar's next offering, commencing Monday night. It was written by Richard Ganthony, and after running two years in London, had a year's brilliant success in New York. To give an adequate production of this play the Alcazar's artistic and mechanical resources are severely taxed, as the staging calls not only for elaborate pictorial effect, but demands numerous trick devices which are essential to a coherent development of the plot. All the Alcazar favorites and a number of extra people will be in the cast. John Ince will have the most subtle role he has ever played at the theatre, and Louis Bennison will be afforded opportunity to do some great acting. Charles Dow Clark will portray a tramp, a character that some critics have pronounced the best-drawn in the play.

FRITZ KREISLER
The Master-Singer of the Violin.

Evelyn Vaughan will be seen as the hero's fiancee, Howard Hickman as one of her suitors, Bessie Barriscale as a petite maid, and Grace Travers and Adele Belgarde will also be seen to good advantage.

Thompson to Have an Irving Part Next Week

Miss Eva Taylor who last distinguished herself here in the Frohman farce "Chums" will appear in an amusing comedietta at the Orpheum next week. Florence Bindley will introduce her musical monologue, "An Afternoon at Home," in which she appears as a society leader. Miss Stella Morrisini, a statuesque English beauty and one of the best animal trainers in Europe, will introduce her wonderful leaping Siberian wolf hounds and Shetland ponies. The Four Floods are acrobatic merry makers. One of the most interesting features of next week's program will be the first presentation in this city of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's one act drama, "Waterloo" by William H. Thompson, who will be seen in Irving's role of Corporal William Brewster. Next week will be Mr. Thompson's last. It will also conclude the engagements of the Two Bobs, Quinlan and Mack and Mabel McCane.

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Psychology of the Chorus Man

It has remained for Max Beerbohm, the brilliant dramatic critic of the Saturday Review of London and accounted one of the three cleverest young men in London (the other two being Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc), to delve into the psychology of the despised chorus man. Writing of the Gaiety spectacles which have been revived recently, he tackles the chorus man's raison d'etre in part as follows: There seems nothing at all absurd in the idea of pretty young women, dressed in the very latest fashion, singing and dancing in unison certain songs and dances in which they have been trained with a view to showing themselves off to the best advantage. What more natural, asks man, than that woman should wish to please? What more natural than that she should exercise fascination in public, at large, six or seven times a week? He would not care to do it himself. He would deem it beneath his dignity. He reserves his charms for private life. He doesn't mind showing off in a room; but in any public place he hates to draw attention—favorable or unfavorable—to himself. Observe any average man and woman entering a restaurant together. The difference in their costumes is a perfect symbol of the difference in their comportment. Whereas the woman has a garb of bright colors, and, belike, of some fantastic shape decreed by the mode of the moment, the man wears the nearest equivalent for a cloak of invisibility. I conceive that the average woman sees nothing ludicrous in the chorus at the Gaiety: the choristers are but doing for a salary, and in a trained manner, what she does casually for nothing. But "the chorus" is an arbitrary term. There are two choruses at the Gaiety. And I am certain that to the average man the male choristers seem to occupy a very absurd and lamentable position. This difference of effect is the more interesting because, strictly, the one chorus is an exact pendant to the other. The men, like the women, have been selected for their good looks, and have been dressed in the latest fashion, and sing the same sort of songs in the same sort of way. They have been drilled to wave their walking-sticks at one moment, and at another to draw their handkerchiefs out of their cuffs and flick imaginary dust off their uniform boots, and perform simultaneously other bits of "business" equivalent to what the women have been drilled to perform. The only differences are that the men do not appear so frequently, and that they do not display that languor which seemed to me the one ridiculous thing about the performance of the women. They work with a will. I suppose it is the courage of despair that upholds them. They feel that since there is no escape they may as well put a brave face on the matter. But, heroes though they are, they excite only amusement and contempt among the audience.

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In Spite of All

(Continued from Page 8.)

Then Sonia rose to her full height. She had been temporarily stupefied by this scene, but now, gathering together all the indignation and contempt that a woman can feel for a man, she uttered these words:

"Foul beast!"

This expression is the most terrible one of which the language is capable. The man trembled and clenched his fist.

"Bah!" she said, "you can't frighten me! I'll say it to you again!"

The man looked about him. He saw on every side expressions of hatred and disgust and lost what little courage he had. He stammered: "If you want to look at it that way, of course, there is nothing for me to do but to retire. Waiter, bring the bill."

Then Sonia, in a voice that could be heard throughout the room exclaimed: "Waiter, bring me the bill! I am paying for this. I would not accept a dinner from a man of this kind!"

She flung a bank-note on the table without waiting for her change and with that splendid dignity that many women of her class possess, walked out of the room.

The man rose deathly pale and trembling in every limb. He staggered, leaning upon the tables, trying to make his way out; but those who were present and had witnessed the scene would not have it so. The men in their evening clothes, some of whom wore the insignia of the Legion of Honor, the decolettee women with their strings of pearls and their necklaces of diamonds, were all human and all had hearts. It was impossible for him to reach the door. One man struck him in the face, a handsome woman rose from her table and slapped him. He fell and those nearby leaped at him like a pack of hounds upon a deer.

Suddenly they were confronted by a frail little woman. It was the wife, who had recovered from her swoon, and her voice rose high above the tumult:

"Ladies! Gentlemen! I beg you to do him no harm! In spite of all he is my husband, the father of my child, and—I love him!"

Timgad, an African Pompeii

(Continued from Page 7.)

comfort—courts and gardens, pools, fish-tanks, storerooms and baths.

The Street of the Capitol is perhaps the most impressive. It runs from north to south between the little temple of "The Genius of the Colony," whose pronaos was supported by Corinthian columns that have been re-erected, and Trajan's arch, which in point of size dominates all the other monuments of the city. There the street broadens out and takes the proportions of a square in front of the propylaea of the Capitol.

The Capitol! What remains of it? The twelve columns of the peristyle, the foundations of the altar and a porch of forty steps, surmounted by two superb columns nearly forty feet high. The attic and the slabs that supported it lie in the dust; the galleries are broken through, the sacred enclosure choked with stones, and the colossal statues of Juno and Minerva have vanished. But how huge these ruins are and how magnificently they proclaim the power of Rome and her gratitude to the colony's tutelary divinities!

Let us halt before the public market beside the street we have been following. The tables on which the market people exposed their wares are still in place. In the centre of a court paved with blue stones and surrounded with a portico was a fountain. Awnings to shelter the vendors were upheld by slender columns. Further on we come to the house of the gardeners, so prettily decorated with flower-baskets!

Springs in the gorges of the Ain-Mooris supplied the city, furnishing all the water needed for the baths, fountains, markets, public edifices and dwellings. After washing the streets, the water passed through aqueducts and sewers to replenish the gardens of the outlying districts. It was one of the finest things about this city of the desert that its streets were always white and clean, its squares cooled by plashing fountains, its surrounding country gay with greenery.

These abundant waters were the very life of Timgad. When the first Berber invaders swooped down, the city of Trajan was sacked, but as the aqueducts were not destroyed, water still flowed in from the Ain-Mooris. In the immense desert that reaches down from the mountains of the Aures toward Batna, Thamugadi remained a sort of oasis. It emerged from its ruins. A Christian city, smaller but beautiful and fluorishing, took the place of the Roman town. Then arose the basilicas, the baptisteries, and the convents whose imposing remains have been discovered. A fort, built by Solomon, successor to Belisarius, protected the city against fresh incursions. It lived in peace—for how long a time?

Of its final destruction nothing definite is known. M. Albert Ballu tells us that in the eighth century the Berbers camped on its ruins. This time, Timgad was not to rise again. The wrecked aqueducts no longer furnished water. Houses and public buildings were overthrown. The desert crept over the place where Timgad had stood. Dust-storms buried the debris. Sand-storms completed its interment. It seemed to sink into the earth. In that awful solitude no witness was at hand to make record of its fate. Only the entablature of a great triumphal arch was left above the surface to indicate that the place had once been inhabited.

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Auto Notes

Among the recent sales reported by the Standard Motor Car Company is one to Mr. E. H. Wedgewood of Oroville who placed his order for one of the new Ford Town cars, the style of which promises to become so popular on the coast. This is one of the first of this type of machine from the factory to arrive in this city. The fact that several of these cars have already been sold shows the tendency of the motor buying public to the inclosed cars.

The Diamond Rubber Company is in receipt of advices from their Los Angeles branch that the Apperson Jack-Rabbit which won the heavy stock car Portola Cup, won the 150 mile track race at Ascot Park. The total tire trouble for the entire distance was one puncture and a change through the means of Diamond Demountable Rims was effected in 1½ minutes.

"That the effect gained by having the entire body of an automobile between the axles is far more advantageous than the style which has prevailed heretofore, is evidenced these rainy days," says Roy D. Pike of the Pioneer Automobile Company. "The Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company are the first builders in America, and the only ones so far, to adopt this new idea of automobile construction, and the Chalmers "30" with its long wheel base of 115 inches and dropped frame, giving a low hung car all between the axles, will hardly skid at all as compared with the old idea of construction, with the much overhung frame. Think what a saving to the tires not to use skid chains for safety. This idea, to my mind, is one of the greatest strides made recently in automobile building and I hope that with the small non-skid protection which the tire people are now using, skid chains will soon be a thing of the past."

Mr. W. L. Hughson, president of the Standard Motor Car Company, reported recently the closing of an agency with Christman Brothers of Coalinga, which concern has made a contract for a large number of Ford cars. The first shipment to the new agents consisted of four machines, the cars being driven from this city to Coalinga by the new representatives of the Ford machines in that territory. According to Christman Brothers the demand for the light class of cars, such as the Ford, is going to be such that they expect to sell as many cars as they can secure from the Standard Motor Car Company of this city.

To the list of baseball celebrities who own and drive their own Studebaker cars has been added president Charles A. Comiskey of the White Sox. Comiskey purchased his car a few days ago from the Chicago branch of the Studebakers previous to taking his annual hunt on the Mississippi river. The car was one of the new Studebaker "40's" of the "6-7" model, equipped with a limousine body. A few weeks ago "Hughie" Jennings, the popular manager of the Detroit American baseball league, purchased one of the new Studebaker E-M-F "30" cars at Detroit. Immediately thereafter he drove his machine to Scranton, Pa., his winter home, where he is practicing law.

"That the auto stage is the most popular means of conveyance in the mountain districts is evidenced by the number of inquiries about Thomas cars for stage use," says M. S. Harris of the Pioneer Automobile Company. "There is no doubt that nearly all of the stage lines of any importance through the State will be covered by automobiles in the coming year."

G. H. Meyers of the Norman B. Livermore Company paid a pretty compliment to the construction of the Hudson Runabout when he said that it was the most refined piece of mechanical detail in the form of an automobile that he had seen. Mr. Meyers being a mechanical engineer, knows what he is talking about.

The Pioneer Automobile Company have just delivered to Martin Regensburger, for use of the California State Board of Health, a Chalmers-Detroit forty touring car. This car is to be used over the entire State in their campaign against the squirrel plague in which both the State and Federal authorities are spending a great deal of money The car will be under the direct supervision of Dr. Rocker and will be put to the severest strain. They made their purchase only after very grilling demonstration, going into the hill country where there are few roads and many streams to be forded, as it seems that the plague-infected squirrel has a habit of keeping house in that part of the country where there are very few roads.

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast Manager of The Diamond Rubber Company, has just returned from the factory at Akron, Ohio, and is particularly enthusiastic as to the outlook of Diamond Tires for 1910. "In spite of our enormous plant, we were absolutely unable to fill all our 1909 orders," said Mr. Mathewson recently "However, we are doing everything possible to take care of the 1910 business and looking for an immense increase, we have just added three six story buildings to our plant, each covering one-half an acre. One of these is to be used for office purposes, while the other two are almost exclusively for the manufacture of tires."

The Pacific Motor Car Company has delivered a Stevens-Duryea five passenger touring car to Frank L. Dreischmeyer of San Jose. In the last twelve months the Pacific Motor Car Company has delivered eighty-five Stevens-Duryea cars. Out of this number twenty-seven cars were sold to old owners, forty cars sold to people who owner other cars, and eighteen sold to people who never owned a motor car before.

Mr. C. A. Warren, owner of a 6-70 Thomas Flyer, put his car in the race in San Jose last Sunday, and won the 50 mile race in 52 minutes, within one minute of making the world's record. The San Jose track is a new one and was very dusty. The car would probably have broken the world's record if the track had been in better condition. Mr. W. H. Turner, a racing driver from New York, came out purposely to drive the car. He drove the Thomas car in the New York to Paris race Mr. Warren received a very handsome cup and Mr. Turner a $300 cash prize.

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Letters

"When a Man Marries"

Mary Roberts Rinehart has turned from detective stories for the moment, to give her attention to pure comedy, and her "When a Man Marries" might almost be staged as it stands as an exposition of the yellow society column's presentation of the doings of our best, i. e., our richest society. "Jimmy" Wilson was an artist, at least, he tried hard to be. He had married a fool of a wife and was still a fool about her though she promptly divorced him, and on the anniversary of the separation, to prevent him from moping over his loss, Kit McNair, daughter of a multimillionaire, and one of the set, proposes a dinner for eight with unlimited bridge afterward at what is now the bachelor residence and studio of the "artist." A choice coterie of flibbertigibets of both sexes was easily gathered, the Dallas Browns bringing with them a stranger who was to prove "great fun" for the rest, being a civil engineer from South America home on a short vacation, a serious, practical worker in direct contrast with the butterflies. The affair might have gone off well enough but for three unexpected contingencies. Celina Caruthers, the maiden aunt of the artist, old-fashioned as morality itself and a perfect housewife, sent word to her nephew that she intended honoring him with a visit of a few hours on that very evening. She was opposed to divorce, ostentatious extravagance, gambling and all the other "harmless" diversions of the plutocracy, and it was essential that a good front should be presented before her because she was the financier of the Wilson household. Every mouthful of food and drink, every article of clothing, every cigarette, was supplied by her bounty, and, of course, it would never do to let her know that there had been a divorce, much less that the anniversary was being kept in such style, so, to tide over the awkwardness, as it was Aunt Selina's first visit and she had never met the ex-wife, Bella, Miss Kit McNair agreed to fill the role for one night only, and though her ignorance of the geography of her own residence would have been what the small boy would term "a dead giveaway" for a bourgeoise, it was easily overlooked in her case. Champagne and roulette devices having been hustled out of sight, the dinner was served, but the immaculate Japanese butler showed such startling symptoms of severe illness that a maid was substituted and a physician called, behind the scenes, of course. The company was not disturbed by such trifling details. Bella, the ex-wife, now appeared on the scene, or rather, behind it. Like many another divorcee, though she was willing and even anxious for the legal operation of a severance, she was by no means so ready to relinquish her hold, and with a trumped up excuse of wishing to see the butler she had gained admittance in order to discover what was going on in the house once hers. The next character introduced was an emissary from the Board of Health, who affixed a small-pox placard to the front door, set guards about the house and announced it in a state of quarantine. Still another discovery awaited the guests, namely that the servants, suspecting the nature of the butler's indisposition, had vanished before an alarm was raised. A policeman, comfortably asleep in the basement, with an empty plate before him was added to the group and now we have: Aunt Selina, who is to be kept in the dark as to the condition of the household, lest she be shocked enough to cut off supplies; Jimmy Wilson, involuntary host for an indefinite period, having under his roof the wife who has divorced him, whom he still loves, and who is outrageously jealous of him, and the masquerader who was to play Mrs. Wilson for a few hours but who is now apparently cast in the role for at least a month; Dallas Brown and his wife who, being married and not divorced, can play propriety; Max Reed, an empty-headed club man whose silly bets over the telephone result in the reinforcement of guards and the constant presence of reporters; "Lollie" and Betty Mercer, two idiotic society girls; Officer Flannigan, and Mr. Harbison, the civil engineer, and out of the whole conglomeration there wasn't one, besides Flannigan and Harbison, with ordinary "gumption" enough to know how to strike a match for any purpose save to light a cigarette. During the four or five days while they were imprisoned before it was ascertained that the Japanese did not have small pox there was opportunity for any amount of bridge, flirtation, quarrels, misunderstandings and catastrophes, amongst them another small pox scare and a mysterious assault, to say nothing of the disappearance of pearl necklaces, diamond bracelets, watches and minor valuables when there were no servants to accuse and the board of health warning a sufficient protection against burglars. Being a comedy, of course everything ended more than well, with Jim and Bella reconciled and ready to be remarried, Aunt Selina beaming on the reunited pair, and the chivalrous Harbison and Miss McNair, after having quarreled and cross purposed each other as often as they could find opportunity, billing and cooing in turtle-dove style. It is well that novelists have only to mate their couples, not to round off the sharp corners after matrimony. The missing jewelry is all recovered and the blight of suspicion removed when it is

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found that all the while there has been a genuine burglar concealed on the premises and as unable to escape through the cordon of reporters and sanitary police as any of the rest of the inmates, but all the time obliged to secret himself when, where and how he could. This is one of the kind of books that can be read through at a sitting and enjoyed in every page if only the reader will agree to dismiss probability, logic and common sense before beginning it. Mrs. Rinehart has not meant to do more than present a rollicking farce and it would not be fair to judge her by a different standard from that used to measure stage productions of the same caliber. Otherwise, there is no choice but to quote "Tubby" McGuirk, the burglar, as he was being escorted from the premises, minus all his loot, and with five days of desperate hard living in but not of high society—"Jail will be a paradise after this." Bobbs-Merrill have been most generous in the matter of illustrations, both colored and black and white.

Author—I have a clause in my will ordering my executor to burn all my manuscripts.

Friend—Why put it off so long?

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7670, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE T. O'TOOLE, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of PATRICK J. WHELAN as the administrator of the estate of Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, this day filed, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said estate that the real property belonging to said estate hereinafter described should be sold.

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered that the heirs of said Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situate on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 3rd day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock of that day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing said Patrick J. Whelan, as administrator of the estate of said decedent, to sell the property belonging to said estate, said property being situated in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Chestnut Street, distant thereon ninety-three (93) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Tenth Street, and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Chestnut Street forty-two (42) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly forty-two (42) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred (100) feet to the said line of Chestnut Street and the point of beginning.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks before said 3rd day of January, 1910, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 29th day of November, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. S. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
718 Union Trust Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 12-4-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased, appear in said Court on Monday, the 27th day of December, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Charles G. Lyman as such executor, should not sell the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of O'Farrell Street with the easterly line of Mason Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along the said southerly line of O'Farrell Street fifty-five (55) feet to the easterly line of Mason Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 197.

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published for at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, November 18, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Otto Irving Wise, Attorney at Law, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BERTHA LAVENTHAL, deceased.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,
Executor of the Estate of Bertha Laventhal, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 30, 1909.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Executor,
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT KRUGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Fitzpatrick & Greeley, Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, attorneys for said Executor, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased.

GEO. L. RICCOMI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Kruger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13th, 1909.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attorneys for Executor,
Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LYDIA KIRKPATRICK, Also Known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LYDIA IRKPATRICK, also known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Metson, Drew, Oatman & Mackenzie, on the 5th floor of the Balboa Building at the corner of Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

THOMAS KIRKPATRICK,
Administrator of the Estate of Lydia Kirkpatrick, also known as Mrs. L. Kirkpatrick, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 20, 1909.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Fifth Floor, Balboa Building, Second and Market Sts. 11-20-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 24,299, Dept. 12.

ELLA REEVES, Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN T. REEVES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to JOHN T. REEVES, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect, and determining and adjudging that plaintiff is the owner of the certain real property described in the complaint herein, as her separate property, and also for alimony and counsel fees; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-9-2

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE LEASED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, appear in said Court on Thursday, the 16th day of December, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, and the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 in the Grant Building on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have why the said Charles G. Lyman as such executor should not lease the following described real estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Turk Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches westerly from the westerly line of Hyde Street, running thence westerly and along said southerly line of Turk Street, forty-five (45) feet ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly forty-five (45) feet ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Turk Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 350;

For the period of five years commencing on the 1st day of January, 1910, at the following rental: $150 per month for the first year of said term; $175 per month for the second year of said term, and $200 per month for the last three years of said term; rent to be paid monthly in advance; said lease to be upon all the general conditions in ordinary leases of real property in the City and County of San Francisco.

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for at least two weeks.

Dated, November 29, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 12-4-2

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches westerly from the westerly line of Locust Street, running thence westerly and along said southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet to the southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 20th day of November, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff,

vs.

MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-?

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners, transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of PRATT & GRIGSBY; that the principal place of business of said copartnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of the said copartnership are WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, and that our respective places of residence are set opposite our respective names, hereunto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our hands, this 16th day of October, 1909.

Name	Residence
J. R. PRATT	San Francisco, Cal.
W. E. GRIGSBY	San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 28th day of October, 1909, before me, J. D. Brown, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared WILLIAM E. GRIGSBY and JOHN R. PRATT, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and who acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Copartnership,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-6-?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, Deceased—No. 8588, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie M. Donovan, Administratrix of the estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased.

ANNIE M. DONOVAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Jeremiah J. Donovan, also known as J. J. Donovan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, Deceased—No. 8437, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Theodore C. Rethers and William D. O'Kane, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased.

THEODORE C. RETHERS and WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Ellen Rose Kengla, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executors,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 20th day of October, 1909, in the matter of the estate of MARGARET Y. LOUGHRAN, deceased, the undersigned MARY L. O'FARRELL and FRANK P. LOUGHRAN, Administrators of the estate of said Margaret Y. Loughran, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, either in one parcel or in sub-divisions as said Administrators shall judge most beneficial to the Estate for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the eighth day of December, 1909, at twelve o'clock noon of said day, at the office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Administrators, Room 809 Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said MARGARET Y. LOUGHRAN, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Margaret Y. Loughran, deceased, at the time of her death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

(a) Commencing at a point on the North Westerly line of Welsh Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet North Easterly from its intersection with the North Easterly line of Fourth Street; running thence North Easterly along said line of Welsh Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles North Westerly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles South Westerly thirty (30) feet, and thence at right angles South Easterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

The same being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number One Hundred and Sixty-nine (169).

(b) Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Welsh Street, distant thereon 130 feet Northeast of Fourth Street running thence Northeasterly along the said line of Welsh Street 20 feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly 62.6 feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly 20 feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly 62.6 feet to the Northwesterly line of Welsh Street and the point of commencement; being a part of 100 Vara Block 367.

(c) Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Clementina Street, distant thereon 230 feet Northeasterly from the Northeasterly line of Third Street, running thence Northeasterly along the said line of Clementina Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Northwesterly 80 feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly 25 feet and thence at right angles Southeasterly 80 feet to the Northwesterly line of Clementina Street and the point of commencement; being a part of 100 Vara Block 356.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Room 809, Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the Sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated: November 12th, 1909.

MARY L. O'FARRELL, and
FRANK P. LOUGHRAN,
Administrators of the Estate of Margaret Y. Loughran, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Administrators,
809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

W. J. MOSSHALDER, Attorney for Margaret Blanch Dillingham,
Rooms 1, 2, 3 and 4, First National Bank Bldg., San Diego, Cal. 11-20-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,665.

WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. ESPY, sometimes known as W. C. ESPY, and MARY CATHERINE ESPY, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

Parcel No. 1. Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of "A" Street, distant thereon eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue; running thence Westerly along the said Northerly line of "A" Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of "A" Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred and Seventy-four (274).

Parcel No. 2. Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Third Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Clement Street; running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Third Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Easterly line of Third Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-three (183).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That the above entitled Court make and enter its decree:

1st.—Ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

2nd.—Establishing and determining the title of plaintiff to said property and that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple absolute of all of said property.

3rd.—For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1909.

(Seal) H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By M. P. Bruton, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, whose address is the Northwest corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California.

TOBIN & TOBIN, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Hibernia Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-2-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,

vs.

LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,

vs.

ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. HOGG, Deceased—No. 8540, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned James A. Hoag, Administrator of the estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, James F. Sheehan, Room 623, Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased.

JAMES A. HOAG,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Hogg, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13, 1909.

JAMES F. SHEEHAN, Attorney of Administrator,
Room 623, Balboa Bldg., 2nd and Market Sts., San Francisco. 11-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26005, Dept. No. 10.

HARRY GEBALLE, Plaintiff,

vs.

I. KOSTMAN, Doing Business Under the Name and Style of the ORPHEUM CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to I. KOSTMAN, doing business under the name and style of the ORPHEUM CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE, Defendant

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of October, A. D. 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. E. BIEN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
310 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-3

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Samuel M. Shortridge
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO
Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor
Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

Knight & Heggerty
ATTORNEYS AT LAW and
PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY
CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810
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"Yes, sir, some dogs are remarkedly intelligent. Now, I have one that begins to howl every time my wife opens the piano."

What the Cynic Thinks

Man—A biped with prejudices—which he calls principles.

Woman—A biped with more prejudices—and less principles.

A Perfect Lady—The highest praise which the scullery-maid can accord to her mistress.

Marriage—An investment for woman and a speculation for man.

Friendship—A game for two, at which only one wins.

Society—A hotch-potch of pretentious people having nothing in common but uncommon assurance.

Respectability—Consistent conformity to inconsistent mediocrity.

Religion—Eternal principles modified to suit temporal requirements.

Principle—Any opinion which it is our individual interest to support.

The Soul—An element of discord, intended by Providence to be saved, and expected by theologians to be damned.

Reputation—Moral capital with which to deceive our neighbors.

The World—A place in which we all hate each other for a time, in expectation of loving each other later for eternity.

The Flesh—A thing which modern artists paint pea-green.

The Devil—A discarded illusion—still popular with the children.

A Good Chap—Any one who might, could, would, or should lend us money.

A Bad Chap—The same individual after he has lent us money.

A Smart Man—One who affects to despise all but those who despise him.

A Wealthy Widow—A woman with a bonus.

A Politician—One who manipulates the principles of others for his own interests.

Love Uncritical

When first I 'gan to know thee, dear,
Thy faults I did espy,
And "Sure this is a blemish here,
And that's a vice," said I.

But since that hour I did resign
My judgment to my fate,
Thou art no more than only mine,
To love and vindicate.

Henceforth thy champion am I vow'd,
And stultify my sense,
Not owning what I proved, yet proud
To die in its defence.

The kerchief that thou gav'st I'll wear
Upon mine eye-lids bound;
And every man I meet I'll dare
To find the faults I found.

"Is your father a church member, Miss Jorkins?" was asked of the editor' daughter.

"No," she replied. "Pa thought of becoming an Episcopalian, but his principles forbid his acceptance of thirty-nine articles all in a bunch."

"I've heard a good deal about mud-slinging in politics," said the facetious man. "Now, I'd like to know what becomes of the mud?"

"Oh," replied the politician, "that's easy. It goes to make the ground for libel suits."

Finesse

If all my dreams were prophecies,
And all my hopes came true,
If all my songs had golden wings,
To carry love to you;
If all your heart were mine indeed,
In sadness or in mirth,
I would not barter my estate
For any king's on earth.

Alas! my dreams become nightmares,
My hopes are blasted trust,
My songs are in falsetto key,
My wishes are as dust.
Your heart has never answered mine,
Perhaps it never will,—
For though I am your humble slave,
I'd be your monarch still.

A king should rule with potency,
The slave a suppliant is;
So since you flout my monarchy,
My only hope is this:—
To leave you, to deceive you, dear,
To vex your mind with doubt,
And by this sweet diplomacy
To win you out and out

He was an artist at sleight-of-hand,
A song-and-dance lady, she.
They met at one, they loved at two,
They married at half-past three!
A brief, brief dream of wedded bliss,
Then she criticized his tricks;
They wrangled at four, they quarreled at five,
And parted forever at six!

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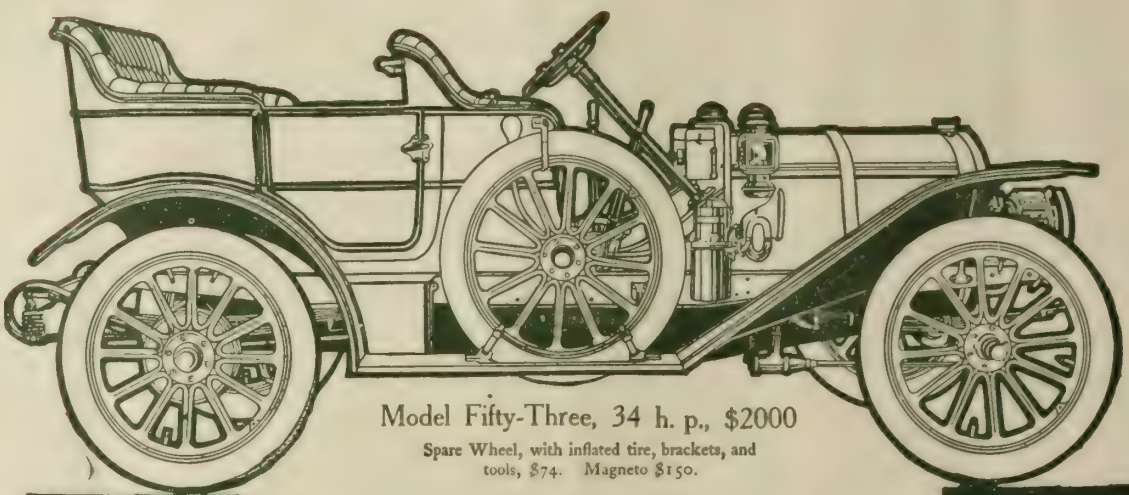

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Rambler

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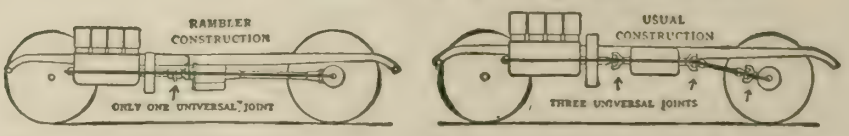

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, December 11, 1909. No. 902.

YOSEMITE IN WINTER

He who has not yet made this trip (and it has only been possible during the last two years) has still a new pleasure left to enjoy. A large percentage of Californians have visited Yosemite in summer. Some have gone once or twice, while others have formed the Yosemite habit and every summer sees them hastening away from the cities, from the sea-coast and from the interior valleys to Nature's garden in the heart of the Sierras. It is only since the Yosemite Valley railroad was built up the Merced Canyon, along the banks of the winding Merced River, and the opening of the beautiful and comfortable Hotel del Portal at the entrance of the National Park that it has been possible for any but the seasoned mountain climber to penetrate into the mountain recesses during the winter months. When you suggest it the average person says, "Yes, it must be beautiful in winter, but—" and then he shivers. All of which shows that he is ignorant of conditions in Yosemite. The best way to see Yosemite in winter is to take the train from Merced to El Portal—you can make the trip from San Francisco to El Portal in nine hours, including the short stay at Merced; then spend a few days at the Hotel del Portal, taking it easy, or exploring the country, visiting the Indian Village, the old gold mine, playing tennis, tramping, driving, riding and enjoying the warm winter sunshine. Then when you feel in the mood, take one of the daily stages over the Government road into the heart of Yosemite Valley. The trip occupies about three hours. It does not matter how often you have been into Yosemite in summer; it does not matter how many pictures you have seen; it does not matter how much you have prepared yourself to be surprised, this trip will still be a revelation to you of beauty beyond your dreams. To Californians particularly, the trip to Yosemite in winter offers opportunity for amusements not often enjoyed. Skating on Mirror Lake or on the artificial pond, tobogganning under Glacier Point, skeeing on the higher elevations, driving to the exhilarating music of the sleigh bells, all this is delightful. You do not feel the cold, for the air is crisp and dry, and young or old, you roll a snowball and hasten to "repel the attack" whether you are seven or seventy. And on your return to the Hotel del Portal, with its spacious lounging room, its great, roaring fire of logs and pine cones, you feel that life has added a new experience and that a trip to Yosemite in winter is well worth while.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor.
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., San Francisco. Phones, Douglas 2612, Home J 3622

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The Mayor Elect

At the last annual pow-wow and foodfest of the Merchants Association Mayor-elect McCarthy was introduced as the headliner of the occasion, and after deep scrutiny and close analysis he was adjudged a man of promise and assured of the best wishes and co-operation of all present. The members of the Merchants Association have signified their intention of reposing their confidence in the Mayor-elect. This is as it should be. There has been observable in certain circles, since Mr. McCarthy's election, a disposition to regard him with distrust and to defy him to make good. Now for this attitude there is no justification that we can conceive. Early in his public career we were inclined to regard the President of the Building Trades Council as a perfect type of self-seeking labor agitator, but this estimate of him has certainly not been vindicated through the fugacious years in which he has been prominently before the public. He has been painted black by his enemies, but he has retained to an amazing degree the loyalty of his followers, and he has been sponsored from time to time by gentlemen who are believed to be among our most distinguished citizens. Indeed by reason of the confidence of these distinguished citizens in Mr. McCarthy he was enabled to fit himself by experience for the exalted office to which he has been elected. Their interest in him may have sprung from recognition of the advantages that might accrue to them from the cultivation of the friendship of a powerful labor leader, but whatever the motive that be attributed to them the fact remains that they afforded him an excellent training for the duties which he is about to undertake. In every official position he has occupied he has proved himself a man of ability, and despite the enemies he has made in his zeal for the interests the Building Trades Council, and their persistent efforts to besmirch his character, and tempt him into disloyalty, he enjoys among his followers today the reputation of being an honest man. So why should we distrust him? He is at least entitled to as much encouragement as was given Mayor Taylor at the outset of that gentleman's official career.

American Humor

A writer asks in the columns of the New York World, "What is the matter with American humor?" He has observed that the best musical comedy running in New York is of English origin, and that invariably the best musical comedy in New York comes from London. Nor according to this writer, is the decline of American humor observable only in musical comedy or confined to the stage; the English comedy of manners is vastly superior to ours, and our leading comic papers are far inferior in wit and humor to London Punch, a journal which we have been taught to regard as more ridiculous than funny. The average American in the fulness of his conceit will doubtless pooh-pooh these observations, but the average American is not a good judge of humor, and that is precisely what is the matter with American humor. The best evidence of the dullness of the American sense of humor is that the best of the American comic weeklies has by far the smallest circulation. A nice taste for the comic cannot be had without refinement of manners, and that is what we lack. The nonsense that is best appreciated in this country is that which appeals to the loud guffaw. That is why Puck and Judge have a much larger circulation than Life. It is why we still laugh at the comedian who sits down on a tack. It is also why men in public life that strut and prance and plume themselves and take themselves seriously are taken seriously. The protracted prevalence of William J. Bryan is prima facie evidence of the dullness of the American sense of humor and of the crying necessity of the power of luminous mockery and the radiant force of epigram.

The Folly of Centralization

That Senator Elihu Root has not been converted to the Roosevelt philosophy with reference to the centralization of power in the hands of the Federal Government was made evident at the banquet of the National Civic Federation in New York. On that occasion Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, urged that as the insurance business was by its nature interstate commerce it should come under the regulation of the Federal Government and not be subject to State courts and State control. Senator Root took occasion to argue against the proposition, and incidentally protested against the tendency toward centralization of power which received great impetus during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. "If," said Senator Root, "there were no other question but the question of whether the national Government or the State Government should deal with insurance it might not be so important, but you cannot confine the proposal to insurance alone." He pointed out that the purpose of our Constitution is to preserve at once the strength of a great national power and the freedom and personal independence of local self-government. Of course, as Senator Root shrewdly remarked, if we reform the Constitution as to insurance we shall gradually do it as to hundreds of other things, and eventually State lines will be wiped out, and the greatest mischief that will result therefrom will be felt principally at Washington, as the central Government will be unable to discharge the duties that will be imposed upon it. What central Government could reconcile and harmonize the complicated and conflicting interests of all the States of the Union? A task so obviously impossible would be undertaken by no statesman unendued with divine power, and as a Theodore Roosevelt comes but once in two thousand years the folly of bringing about a situation demanding his full capacity is apparent.

The Prophecy of a Sociologist

Robert L. Hunter, a sociological expert, makes the prediction that the onward march of civilization will soon be checked, that stagnation will follow, individual initiative will be abated, State socialism will ensue and character will deteriorate. It is much easier to make predictions than to prove that a prohecy is not to be fulfilled. If it were otherwise prophets and oracles would have no standing in polite circles. Realizing the futility of trying to prove a prophet a charlatan we shall not devote any space to the discussion of Mr. Hunter's predictions. We do not mind affirming, however, that his views of current phenomena are not conclusive of a capacity for comprehensive thought. He says among other things that civilization already shows symptoms of

deterioration and that morals are declining. Now the word civilization has more than one meaning and questions of morality are determined from points of view. Civilization may mean human improvement in general, or it may mean certain kinds of improvement in particular. Some philosophers regard that country as civilized in which have been developed the noblest characteristics of man and society; others maintain that civilization is that which distinguishes a wealthy or powerful nation from savages or barbarians. There are also philosophers who are very much in doubt as to whether civilization is on the whole a good or an evil. They hold that if civilization means the greatest good for the greatest number of any community then history teaches us that barbarians have been uncivilized by introduction to civilization. Now as to morality it varies by time, place and circumstance. Among the ancients virtue meant courage. In modern times loyalty to the king has been regarded as the supreme test of morality. Among women, and frequently among men, immorality signifies sexual irregularity. Burning hereties was at one time ethically justified, while acts which involve no injury to anyone except the person committing them, have been and still are denounced as the worst immorality. So far as moral or immoral conduct is to be judged by rules which receive their sanction from religious authority there has been a complete and startling lapse from former conditions. From the religious standpoint, therefore, moral decadence has been going on steadily since the days of the Blue Laws, some of which are still enforced in the East on moral grounds which are not recognized in this part of the country. Now the stability of the social order is regarded by some as the criterion of morality, the theory upon which this idea is based being that the greater the general welfare the more perfect the morality. And there is considerable warrant for this theory, for even wise theologians have held that unhappiness is in proportion to sinfulness. If the converse of the proposition be true the morality of a community may be gauged by the degree of happiness prevalent therein. There is much more to be said on this subject, but we think we have said enough to indicate that Mr. Hunter is a philosopher who is not given to close reasoning.

Spiritualism, Past and Present

A revival of interest in so-called psychic phenomena has taken place in this country and in England, and as invariably happens whenever we take up anything of ancient origin, we deal with it as though it had come to us at first hand, or at least as though no light ever before had been shed upon it. Ghostland always has been a region that fascinated the human mind. There lies the cradle of religion. There was born in the virginal innocence of the primeval world the ideal that is the essence of all poetry. It has been the dream of centuries that some day man would be able to glimpse the mystery of his being in the glimmering haze of that faint twilight through which shadowy forms flit like angels and in which all that is undefined is pregnant with wonder. We are told that much progress has been made of late in psychical research, and that dignity has been added to spiritualism by the acceptance among scholars of proofs of communication with the dead. A spiritualistic medium who is now in this country has convinced many worthy persons that her performances are genuine manifestations of the power of invoking impalpable personages from the confines of the invisible world. Sir Oliver Lodge, a noted scientist, says that he has investigated and found that spirits are persuaded to communicate with mortals, and but a few weeks ago, William Stead, the noted British journalist, reported that he had received a message about the budget from Gladstone. Now, as a matter of fact, we have not advanced at all in our study of the psychical or in our efforts to penetrate the curtain that hangs between us and Ghostland. William Stead, accepting his testimony as true, has experienced nothing more wonderful that the woman who said unto Saul, "I saw gods ascending out of the earth." Nor are mediums doing anything more wonderful than was done by necromancers thousands of years ago. Anybody who has any acquaintance with the literature of modern spiritualism in the broadest acceptation of that term knows that precisely what our mediums are doing today was done a century ago, and that the speculations of our scientists are along the same lines that were pursued by distinguished scholars long before Sir Oliver Lodge was born. All the phenomena that we now hear of, both objective and subjective, from the raps which are heard at every seance to the hearing of articulate words which the auditor is conscious are inaudible to other persons, were investigated in the early part of the last century by William Crooks, a Fellow of the Royal Society, famous for his researches in chemical analysis, photography, metallurgy, physical optics, astronomy and meteorology. He spent much of his time in the investigation of psychical phenomena, and he admitted the occurrence of both psysical and intellectual phenomena which were explicable on no known physical theory. It was his hypothesis that a certain aura or athmosphere emanates from groups of certain persons, in or by virtue of which events occur. This atmosphere he called the psychic force. Beyond the point that certain phenomena are genuine but inexplicable, he did not carry his conclusions. He admitted the existence of a peculiar force, the law and the origin of its activity being unknown. Dr. Mahon, the first president of Oberlin College, Ohio, is another scholar who contributed to the literature of psychical research. He found what he called "valid evidence for the reality of the facts of spiritualism," and he believed that "moral honesty necessitated the admission of the facts." He argued that what he called the odylic force was identical with that which is the immediate cause of spirit manifestations, which again is identical with that from which result all the phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance. Dr. Mahon recognized a group of phenomena in which

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At Seventeen

Perspective Impressions

A Dictator for Revenue Only

President Zelaya, the Central American Captain of Industry, Has Never Overlooked an Opportunity to Increase His Personal Fortune by the Institution of Oppressive Monopolies

By Francis Bartlett

One who is conversant with Central American conditions and particularly with the manner in which the government of Nicaragua has been administered during the past fifteen years has very aptly remarked that Nicaragua is President Zelaya's show and that he is running it for the box office receipts only. That describes the situation with sufficient exactitude. Zelaya discovered many years ago that patriotism was the best paying business in Central America and he has laid in such large stocks of it and has traded in it with such conspicuous success that if he is compelled to retire from active life as the result of his present difficulties with the government of the United States, he will be luxuriously equipped for the remainder of his days. Zelaya placed Nicaragua on a paying basis long ago and his pretty little property has been yielding him fat dividends ever since. Perhaps he would not object so much to retirement, for it has always been the dream of Central American dictators and other successful traders to seek the gilded haunts of Paris in their declining years. It has been estimated that Zelaya is so well fortified against the traditional rainy day that he would suffer no particular discomfiture if Jupiter Pluvius should keep the heavens open continuously for the next generation.

Zelaya's first opportunity to coin his country into drachmas came in 1893 when he took the field with the Liberal forces against the government of Dr. Robert Sacasa. Allied with him in this revolution which was the turning point in his life were Generals Zavala and Montiel. The revolution was prettily managed and succeeded admirably and on the day that the allies entered Managua Dr. Sacasa wisely fled. A provisional government was established in the afternoon, but in the evening Zelaya heard the knock of opportunity and withdrew from the city at the head of his forces. He did this so secretly that when he appeared before the city bright and early next morning and demanded its surrender, Generals Zavala and Montiel were surprised and felt hurt besides. Zelaya cruelly trampled on their feelings by bombarding the city and the provisional government for two days, after which he entered Managua and declared himself the dictator. He hurt the feelings of Generals Zavala and Montiel still more deeply by throwing them into prison. Then he reorganized the administration, threw all of the Zavala and Montiel lieutenants into prison to keep their chiefs company, and issued a proclamation that Nicragua was about to develop its great natural resources.

Nicaragua was not long left in doubt about the strict truth telling of that proclamation. One of the greatest natural resources of Nicaragua is human life and Zelaya immediately began to develop the cash possibilities of human life. Armed with a copy of the Nicaraguan equivalent for Bradstreet's, he levied assessments on the wealthiest citizens of the country. Some paid up, thereby subjecting themselves to renewed assessments; some managed to get out of the country and have been weeping about the woes of their fatherland over coffee and cigarettes in the cafes of Paris, London and New York ever since; some refused to pay and were promptly thrown into prison. Now the Nicaraguan prisons have never been bothered by the attentions of any prison reform associations; they are not model prisons in any sense of the word. They are not sanitary and they are very wet; beds and bedding are usually overlooked; the food is bad and the water is worse. In fact, if one wanted to go to prison, one would not select a Nicaraguan prison. But for the development of the natural resources of Nicaragua, Zelaya found these prisons extremely useful. If a prisoner wanted to get out, he had only to pay the fee of freedom and if he had already impoverished himself by paying assessments to the government, the money of his commiserating friends was always acceptable to Zelaya. If the prisoners or their friends declined to pay, Zelaya, with the simple methods of genius, condemned whatever property they might possess and either sold it or confiscated it.

But Zelaya did not neglect other means of developing the natural resources of his beloved Nicaragua. He formed trusts. These trusts differ considerably from the bold, bad trusts of this country in this respect, that they are much bolder and worse. Zelaya had his legislative body pass laws against the buying or manufacturing of certain products unless obtained from certain companies named in the government decrees. These companies were placed in the hands of the government's representatives and Zelaya being the government, it is easy to understand what that meant. To put it plainly, Zelaya made it illegal for his subjects to buy or sell goods in which he was not personally interested. His personal interest was most fondly evinced in the sale of liquors, tobacco, dynamite, powder, hides and leather. Soap was another product which he monopolized; matches, too. Kerosene is the principal means of illumination in Nicaragua, gas being unknown and electricity in its infancy, so everybody who wants light in the darkness of Nicaragua must buy kerosene from Zelaya and at a stiff price, of course. For generations the natives along the coast made a living by evaporating sea water and manufacturing salt. Zelaya made this industry illegal and all Nicaraguans must obtain their salt from one of his companies.

It may be imagined that these trusts have netted President Zelaya a pretty income. There can be no doubt about that, but nobody knows how large his fortune is. That is a secret of state which he shares with none. It may be imagined, too, that many attempts have been made to break up the monopolies which he has established; but whenever a Nicaraguan trust buster made himself conspicuous, Zelaya sallied out at the head of his troops and maintained the stability of his business. Zelaya looks well in his gorgeous uniform and is partial to warfare as a recreation, just as John D. Rockefeller is partial to golf. It is quite likely that warfare as a recreation will become unpopular with him, however, before the United States gets through. It is quite likely, too, that some of his trusts will be busted; but Zelaya will not be too much chagrined. He has made his dictatorship for revenue only a conspicuously successful career and no doubt he yearns for Maxim's.

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HOTEL SAVOY SEATTLE

imposture or self-delusion is impossible, but while unable to explain them on any natural hypothesis, he would not admit that they were the results of supernatural agency. In other words, Dr. Mahon admitted the evidence of his own senses, but avoided any inference which was not logically clear. In Dr. Mahon's day there was as much scepticism about spiritualism as there is today, and at the same time there were men as well educated as William Stead who were convinced by the necromantic performances of mediums. The man who argues that because he knows nothing of the spiritual world, nothing can be known regarding it, has yet much to learn of the principles of philosophy. He who asserts that Mahomet was a lunatic and Moses an imposter, is on a mental par with the blind man that declares his disbelief in the sun.

At Seventeen

You were a child, and liked me yesterday.
  Today you are a woman, and perhaps
  Those softer eyes betoken the sweet lapse
Of liking into loving: who shall say?
Only I know that there can be for us
  No liking more, nor any kisses now
  But they shall wake sweet shame upon your brow,
Sweetly, or in a rose calamitous.

Trembling upon the verge of some new dawn
  You stand, as if awakened out of sleep,
    And it is I who cried to you "Arise!"
I who would fain call back the child that's gone.
And what you lost for me would have you keep,
    Fearing to meet the woman of your eyes.
—Arthur Symons.

Perspective Impressions

Mayor Taylor may soon be in the mood to write his own epitaph.

Since his return to town Judge Lawlor has been giving an imitation of a man who has been in a state of suspended animation. Watch him wake up.

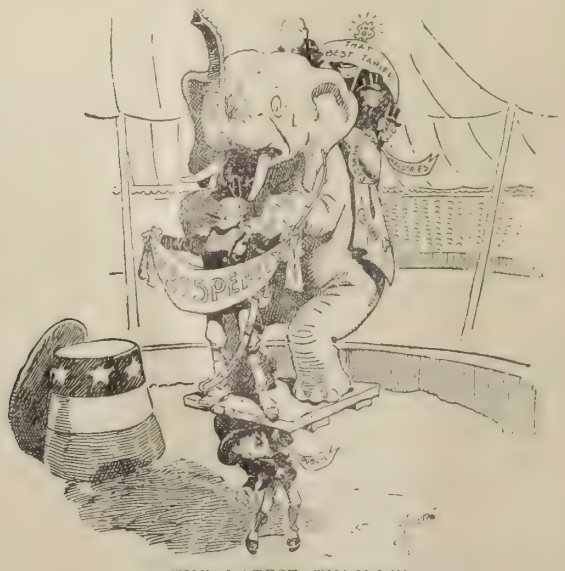
Before declaiming against the mote in the primary school eye Professor Gayley ought to have given some attention to the beam in Berkeley's optic.

Not the least of Zelaya's sins is that of affording our patriots a pretext for opening the floodgates of chauvinistic claptrap.

The woman with the serpent's tongue has made the painful discovery that she entertained unawares a snake in the grass.

In view of the captivating power of the water octopus as evidenced by the conversion of the insurgent supervisors let us change the name of Spring Valley to Ketch-Ketchy.

Attorney-General Webb who has been butting into the San Mateo imbroglio and posing before the serried newspaper cameras, is the same invertebrate gentleman who made a brief appearance in San Francisco some months ago and backed out in such a hurry that he looked like a panic under forced draught.



THE LATEST THRILLER
—The Indianapolis News.

THE CONSUMER IS CONVINCED
New York Herald.

A Dictator for Revenue Only

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The Spider

By Isabelle Kaiser (From the German)

I followed my wife to her apartments. She measured me with a vindictive glance. I saw that her hands trembled as she was undoing her wrap. But I did not respect her indignation. I had led her home from the theatre before the end of the performance, because the everlasting Monsieur de Boutteville insisted on paying his respects in our box during the intermissions, and it annoys me to see her face, which appears to me always rigidly hostile, grow gentle and sweet as she smiles a welcome to that man. Her steel-gray eyes sparkled with a flame which all my love and devotion had failed to kindle.

I heard whispers all around us; I felt each one of those malevolent looks as an insult. In that restrained domineering tone which she knows so well I ordered her to make ready.

She followed me, mutely rebellious, and we did not exchange a word as we drove home. I felt, however, that inwardly she was heaping upon me deadly insults.

She intended to slam the door of her apartment in my face, as she does every evening. But I entered with an enforced calmness, resolved to provoke an irrevocable encounter rather than to continue this humiliating silence.

"Barbara!"

She did not reply, but seemed to nerve herself for the impending scene. She was pacing the floor as if I did not exist, throwing a wristband on one chair, a chain on another, with the mien of a captive bursting her fetters.

"When will you cease to torture me with this coquetry?"

She laughed scornfully. "Again! When will you cease to annoy me with your suspicions?"

"Do you mean to say that these suspicions are unfounded?"

"Think what you please—but spare me further scenes, else—"

"Else what?"

"Pshaw! I don't know what. I guess else I will leave you."

"Barbara, would you do that?"

"Yes, and more, too."

"Take care!"

"You had better take care yourself! I hate you!"

Her face grew rigid with cold malignity, her words hissed through the air like a bullet. I recoiled, stunned with pain. It was not the first time that she had flung such words at me, but never before had I observed in them so mortal a hatred and so vengeful a menace.

I felt a sudden superiority over her by the virtue of the grace of my great love.

"You hate me? Very well! Do not forget that I love you."

She laughed sarcastically. "Such love, indeed! It stones with suspicion and kills with jealousy. I know another kind!"

"Silence, Barbara! Do not speak of that man! He is not worthy to walk in the dust you tread. He is an egotist—a—"

"I forbid you to malign him; he loves me!"

"Nonsense! Such men love themselves alone and are grateful to women only for what they deny them. Why did he not marry you when you were free?"

I bit my lips, but the sentence had slipped out of my mouth.

She rises indignantly. "How—you dare ask me that? Did you not marry me against my will, when I was almost engaged to Monsieur de Boutteville?"

"Ask your father!" I observed nonchalantly.

"The dead do not speak," she replied roughly.

"Neither shall I on the subject. You cannot force me into a lack of consideration. You might rue it."

"As you have rued the rich dowry?" she whispered with cowardly irony.

I remained calm under this insult. When the bow is too tensely drawn by a hand that lacks skill the arrow often misses its mark.

"You do not know what you are saying, Barbara. It is high time, however, that we take leave of these surroundings and of this frivolous turmoil. Monday we shall go to our country house. Do you hear me?"

She rose to full height and said plainly and decisively: "I will not!"

Her open resistance made my blood boil.

"Then confess that you cannot live without meeting this man in society!"

"I confess! I confess!" she exclaimed in growing anger.

"You confess that you love him?"

"You have said so!"

An oppressive silence followed this defiant confession. My wrath broke out like wildfire. I seized her hands with force and warned her: "I am not the man to bear the sneers of the world. I will do all, all, do you understand? to separate you from that man, to free you from his venomous influence! He is having his sport with you, he is seeking to entrap you. I will find an opportunity to insult him and thus force him to challenge me. You know my skill with the pistol!"

"You will not do that?"

"I certainly will do that."

"It would be no duel—it would be a murder!"

"What does it matter? Does that man recoil from the thoughts of assassinating my honor and your reputation?"

"I shall know how to guard that."

"And how, pray?" I demanded in a kind of a challenge.

A glance of passionate hatred met me, and with a hoarse cry that came from her lips like a threat, she replied: "We'll see!" She quickly stepped into an adjoining room and bolted the door.

Sitting in my study I hear her pace the floor above me. A hurricane must be raging in her breast. God knows what devilish plan the power of hatred will mature in her passionate nature.

I feel that I am somewhat to blame. I have been rude; I have spoken to her too harshly, as if she had been guilty of wrong-doing. I have overstepped the bounds, have acted as if she had sunk into the abyss. I have afforded some justification for her vindictiveness, and she will surely avenge herself.

It was only under the lash of my suspicion that she flung her defiant confession into my face. Her thoughts are untrue to me, her soul is hostile to me; but everything points to the fact that she is pure and only imagines, in her infatuation, that she loves that man. Have I the right to reveal to her the true state of affairs? What humiliation that would be to her! How she would hate the man who would so deeply humble her! And yet this revelation would show her the true soul of that man whom she has placed on a pedestal and would force her to acknowledge the unselfishness of my love. Who knows? Perhaps in the house that was the home of her childhood, in the calm repose of pastoral scenes, some beautiful evening, when the chimes of the village church ring out some gentle psalm of hope

(Continued on Page 32.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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The Caddishness of a Genius

Some Sidelights on the Personality of William Watson, the Poet Who Made Himself Infamous by Traducing His Hostess

By Robert McTavish

William Watson has been writing good poetry for many years, but not until last week did he give incontrovertible proof of true genius. This he did by divulging to the world the inspiration of his poem, "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue." It requires either genius or stupidity for a man to write himself down a cad, and William Watson is not wanting in brains. When his now famous poem was published it was supposed that he had done nothing worse than was done by Dean Swift when that most eccentric of geniuses lampooned the Queen's favorite, the Duchess of Somerset. It was supposed that Watson had merely embalmed in verse a little of the pungent gossip of London with reference to the evil practice of a female meddler in British politics, but nobody, except perhaps those on the inside, suspected that the poet had done something even worse than employ his muse in the service of detraction for the humiliation of a woman. According to the poet's own confession, however, he is guilty of a meanness so contemptible that it is hard to characterize it in polite language. He admits that what he knows of Lady Asquith to her discredit he learned as her guest in her own home, and this is the material that forms the substance of his poem. How a man with any sense of decency could be guilty of so flagrant and ugly a violation of the social code it is difficult to conceive. It seems uncharitable to assume that the man who has thus incurred the world's scorn is of sound mind. Certainly the situation in which the poet presents himself is as pathetic as it is repulsive. From Watson's confession it is evident that his conduct is marked by that eccentricity of the genius that borders on lunacy..

The naivete of his confession is characteristic of genius. Poets and men of genius generally, since the days of David, have been astonishing the world by the singularity of their behaviour. What Watson has done is probably not worse than what was done by Voltaire, who ridiculed his benefactress, Ninon De L'Enclos, after she had given him money to buy books.

In view of Watson's caddishness it is interesting to recall that one of the most impressive of his poems is entitled "The Things That Are More Excellent." In this poem he declares there is nothing nobler than to be free. Considering his utter disregard of one of the most sacred of social conventions, the sincerity of these sentiments is not to be questioned:

> And in appropriate dust he hurled
> That dull, punctilious god, whom they
> That call their tiny clan the world,
> Serve and obsequiously obey:
> Who con their ritual of Routine,
> With minds to one dead likeness blent,
> And never ev'n in dreams have seen
> The things that are more excellent.
>
> To dress, to call, to dine, to break
> No canon of the social code,
> The little laws that lacqueys make,
> The futile decalogue of Mode,—
> How many a soul for these things lives,
> With pious passion grave intent!
> While Nature careless-handed gives
> The things that are more excellent.

William Watson is a self-educated man. Until his twelfth year, owing to physical delicacy, he was unable to attend school. His father, a Liverpool merchant, devoted more attention to the development of his body than to that of his mind. The poet gained education for himself from long, unbroken hours of companionship with the poets, and from constant rambles along the Lancashire sea coast and frequent excursions into the country immortalized by Wordsworth. From his earliest youth he has been a passionate lover of poetry and a tireless student of the poets, and much of this study has been carried forward, not in a library, but afield, amid some of the most beautiful scenery in England. Although Mr. Watson's taste is catholic, Shelley and Keats were the masters of his youth, and exercised the greatest influence over him during the formative period. Wordsworth came later, but with a spell not less potent. He has

WILLIAM WATSON

characterized the service of the three great singers to him in these lines:

> "The first voice, then the second, in their turns
> Had sung me captive. This voice sang me free."

One of the most notable of Watson's poems is that on Wordsworth's grave. This is the poem that was alluded to in the press despatches the other day as the one that was admired by Mrs. Asquith. Here are some specimen stanzas:

> A hundred years ere he to manhood came,
> Song from celestial heights had wandered down,
> Put off her robe of sunlight, dew and flame,
> And donned a modish dress to charm the Town.
>
> Thenceforth she but festooned the porch of things;
> Apt at life's lore, incurious what life meant.
> Dextrous of hand, she struck her lutes few strings;
> Ignobly perfect, barrenly content.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
> Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
> And little masters make a toy of song
> Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.
>
> And some go prankt in faded antique dress,
> Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;
> And some parade a conscious naturalness,
> The scholar's not the child's simplicity.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Not such the authentic Presence pure, that made
> This valley vocal in the great days gone!—
> In his great days, while yet the spring-time played
> About him, and the mighty morning shone.
>
> No word-mosaic artificer, he sang
> A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.
> Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,
> Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.
>
> He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,
> Grandeur of age insisting to be sung.
> The impassioned argument was simple truth.
> Half wondering at its own melodious tongue.
>
> Impassioned, ay, to the songs ecstatic core!
> But far removed were clangour, storm and feud;
> For plenteous health was his, exceeding store
> Of joy, and an impassioned quietude.

Watson's first volume of verse, "The Prince's Quest," was published in 1880. It was unheralded and

did not excite wide interest, but the few who read it with open minds found it strong in intellectual quality and touched in parts with genuine power of imagination. In 1884 a second volume came from the same hand, under the title, "Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature," rich in clear characterizations and in condensed and beautiful phrase. After an interval of six years, "Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems" appeared, and not only confirmed the impression of poetic power made by the earlier verse, but greatly deepened and widened that impression. The notable poem which gave its title to the volume did not fail to command attention from those who are quick to see and recognize not only what is new but what is true. Attention was directed to Watson at the time of Tennyson's death when he was regarded as a possible candidate for the position of Poet Laureate. He wrote an elegy on Tennyson to which Mr. Gladstone gave official recognition by awarding him £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund. The latest volume of Watson's poetry was brought out a month ago and is reviewed in the Saturday Review that came to hand a week ago. This critical journal has made no allusion to Watson's "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," but damns his book of verse with faint praise. The reviewer says that his limits in the matter of passion have been long evident, but that compensation is to be found in that charm of lucid austerity which alone makes him rare among contemporary versifiers. Nevertheless he is pronounced a static poet, and "static poets," says the reviewer, "are out of place in a dynamic age."

The Spectator

The Fascinating Dimmick Case

Those who take delight in what the exponents of yellow journalism call human interest stories may find much to gratify their taste in the case of Walter Dimmick who was convicted of the theft of $30,000 from the local branch of the United States Mint in which he was employed as assistant cashier. Into a brief period of Dimmick's life have been crowded many vicissitudes of the kind out of which is fashioned realistic, emotional drama that tugs at the heart-strings and chokes the susceptible with emotions. Dimmick has emerged from the gloomy walls of the penitentiary at San Quentin, where he spent six years of his life, and he is now embarked on a new career in this city. A more striking and impressive figure to vitalize a drama with it would be hard to conceive. There is about him that air of profound resolution, indomitable perseverence and sublime patience that makes for effectiveness in dramatic heroes, but it is more the warm color of circumstance than the qualities of a personality that appeal in the case of Walter Dimmick. The case itself has all of that fascination for the mind which is inherent in studies of tragic episodes. It presents at the outset a problem of absorbing interest, the problem involving the question of Dimmick's guilt or innocence. Affirmative proof of Dimmick's guilt, be it known, though he was convicted and though he has served his sentence, has never been produced. He protested his innocence through all the years of his incarceration, and perhaps the most singular of all the circumstances connected with his case is that during his imprisonment he inspired the conviction among all his fellow convicts and among all the officers of the penitentiary that a guiltless man was paying the penalty of another's crime.

His Life in the Penitentiary

It is not unusual for convicts to proclaim their innocence and bewail the cruelty and injustice of their fate. But it is seldom that a convict who insists that he is innocent brings conviction to the minds of his associates. There is a grim sense of humor in penitentiaries, and it is invariably indulged at the expense of those self-styled unfortunates who rail at the cruel fates and the blind vindictiveness of savage justice. Behind the prison walls there is none of the charity that mitigates the miseries of sinners. There society is all of one class—all are reprobates, and the convict who affects the air of an innocent man is scoffed at, and burning brands are heaped upon his head. It is hard to dissemble successfully where men are thrown in such close contact as at San Quentin, where every man is constantly under the eye of his fellows, where his silence is more eloquent than his speech and even his dreams are heard. All of which imparts significance to the fact that Walter Dimmick has left behind him in San Quentin the impression that he is guiltless of the crime for which he has suffered disgrace and ignominy. This impression he did not create by appeals to sympathy or by denials of his guilt. He is not the man to whine. He endured his fate with patience, with fortitude, without lamentation and without complaint. At first he worked in the jute mill, and he worked hard and faithfully. He was always amiable but seldom sociable. His clerical ability soon won him a position in the commisary department and there too his behaviour was exemplary. He was never inclined to dicuss his affairs, but in the course of time it became known that he had consecrated himself to one purpose, that of vindicating himself and establishing his claim upon the respect of his fellow men. While in San Quentin influential friends of Dimmick interested themselves in his behalf, and they succeeded in getting a promise of a pardon for him on condition that he should confess his guilt. This he refused to do. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon him, but in vain.

The Last Act

Dimmick's conviction was effected by what is known as the process of elimination. To the satisfaction of a jury it was made to appear that it was impossible for any of the other men in the department of the mint in which he was employed to have stolen the money. Suspicion pointed to him by reason of but one circumstance; he had been seen leaving the mint with a suit case in his hand. He explained that the case contained a suit of clothes, but the explanation was not accepted. The fact of the matter appears to be that somebody had to be convicted. Uncle Sam had been robbed of a large sum of money; a very dangerous example this, and the government had to set another example to teach its employees the hazardousness of separating Uncle Sam from his money. To this end William J. Burns was sent to San Francisco to work up a case against somebody. It

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was as a gatherer of evidence in the Dimmick case that this man of curious scruples first appeared in our midst, and it was Burns that succeeded in sending Dimmick to the penitentiary. Dimmick is now a clerk in a law office in this city, and his friends say that he is as firm as ever in his resolution to prove his innocence of the crime. Their confidence in him has never been shaken, and they believe that he will succeed in bringing to light evidence that will serve as material for a thrilling wind-up for the drama in which he is figuring. To prove his innocence, of course, he will have to prove the guilt of some one. That there is some one who has not been sleeping peacefully since Dummick shed his stripes is the belief not only of Dimmick's friends but of many lawyers who are familiar with the methods by which his conviction was procured.

Jones—You seem in fine humor for a man who is to have his mother-in-law with him for four weeks.

Brown—Yes, because now I shall be able to send my wife to her for six weeks.

Rumors About Chief Cook

The political writers of the morning papers have a brand new story every day about the approaching removal of Chief of Police Cook from the position which he has filled with such success. I sincerely hope that the new police commissioners, whoever they may turn out to be, will have the good sense to retain Chief Cook in his present position. But I do not think anybody knows just what the Mayor-elect and his political intimates intend to do in this or in any other department of the municipal government. McCarthy is keeping his own counsel with unusual closeness, a fact which is shown by the wide variety of guesses as to his appointments which the political writers are making. I doubt whether even Chief Cook has any positive information as to what is going to happen to him. Of course, he might send out some of his detectives to get the "low-down," but I don't think they would meet with any more success than the journalistic sleuths. The hawkshaws of the police department are expert enough in their own field of crime investigation, but they flounder hopelessly when assigned to any work outside of the routine. I have in mind the occasion recently when two of the upper office men were detailed to attend the performance of the frisky "Girl from Rector's" and make a report to the chief as to its moral tone. I met them on their way back to police headquarters, and a few minutes' conversation convinced me that they did not relish their role of censorship. They were much embarrassed when I asked them what they thought of the show. "It was very suggestchive, very suggestchive," replied one of them. "If I had a clean daughter, I wouldn't let her go to see it," opined the other.

"Kid" Sullivan and the Rubberneck Wagon

While I am on this subject of the police I might recommend to the attention of our peace authorities the remarkable interest which the notorious "Kid" Sullivan seems to take in the daily trips of the "rubberneck wagon," the sightseeing automobile which starts from Market street near Fourth every day. The "Kid" seems to be fascinated by the excursions made by this big motor bus. Time and time again I have noticed him standing across the street watching it with alert attention. His attention is particularly keen when the bus is pretty well filled with sightseers and the chauffeur is about to start. At such times the "Kid" seems to grow nervous, for he makes peculiar gestures, as though he were talking to somebody in the bus with code signs. Now I happen to know that rustic sightseers have come back to their downtown hotels after a trip in the rubberneck wagon, sadder but wiser men. The trip not only makes them acquainted with the beauties of the city but also with some of the ugly traits of human character. I suggest that the police interview the "Kid" who is a most interesting talker on certain subjects, with the purpose of plucking the heart out of this everyday mystery of Market street.

The Old Flower Vendors

I wonder if the old flower vendors will ever return to the sidewalk in front of the Chronicle building and to the open space around Lotta's fountain. Sometimes I am inclined to think that this old attraction has gone never to return, like the cocktail route; but at other times I am not so sure. There are one or two vendors who do a modest trade in violets near the turntable right now; perhaps others will follow their example until the gorgeous colors of chrysanthemums, carnations, roses and other beautiful flowers will gladden our eyes as of yore. The old flower dealers who banked their baskets along the curb at Market and Kearny streets did a thriving business and I would not be surprised if some of them are now quite well-to-do. I have heard people speak of that charming feature of downtown life in the most unlikely parts of the world; the riot of exquisite blooms at reasonable prices appealed strongly to the imagination and the pocketbooks of tourists. That old scene was painted by many artists, and it vies with the similar scene in front of St. Martin's in the Fields in London in the memory of lovers of the picturesque. But the vendors took a great deal of business away from the regular florists and it is quite likely that these would renew their objections if the old flower market were revived.

King is Adamant to Humor

Speaking of the flower vendors reminds me of a good story about Mr. L. M. King of whom I have had occasion to speak recently. It shows that to joke with Mr. King or at the expense of Mr. King is a rather futile pursuit. There is no joint in the King armor of seriousness through which the barb of a jest may enter. Mr. King is clothed in matter-of-fact as in a sober garment. A certain attorney realized this rather forcibly several years ago. It was at the time that the florists of the city were endeavoring to have the flower vendors prohibited by ordinance from selling their blooms about Lotta's Fountain. This attorney represented the florists while King appeared for the Merchants' Association in opposition to the ordinance. To make the new regulation conform to the Charter without interfering with the flower vendors King proposed that a clause be inserted in the ordinance providing that the flower stands should be removed between the hours of 8 p. m. and 2. a. m. The attorney for the florists, realizing that his cause was hopeless, grew facetious and

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suggested that this clause was no doubt necessary as the members of Mr. King's association would need all of the sidewalk and street between those hours. King was greatly distressed by this reflection on the navigating abilities of the members of the Merchants' Association. "I assure your honorable board," he said most earnestly, "that there was no such idea in our minds when this clause was inserted in the ordinance. The habits of the members of the Merchants' Association are most exemplary."

A Professor on Bret Harte

While Mr. L. M. King, secretary of the Merchants' Association, as noted in these columns last week, has only just learned that Bret Harte is dead, Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard is to the fore with a magazine article in which he demonstrates to his own satisfaction that Harte's fame has endured altogether too long. Royce is a Californian by birth and has written a great deal about this State; no doubt they regard him in the East as an authority upon our history, manners and morals. I do not know whether the East was impressed when Royce wrote: "Not one childhood memory of mine suggests any social incident or situation that in the slightest degree gives meaning or confirmation to Bret Harte's stories." In California we are not a bit impressed. We have no doubt that the statement is perfectly accurate. But in making it Royce did not impair the value of Bret Harte's literary achievement; he merely indicated the wide difference between the childhood memories of one born to be a university pedant and one destined to be an immortal story writer. If Royce had seen the early life of California as Bret Harte saw it—with the eye of imaginative insight—he would probably be now a famous writer instead of a stupid Harvard professor.

A Leaf Out of Barnum's Book

P. T. Barnum, the most successful of circus managers, gave utterance many years ago to the dictum that the people loved to be fooled. He attributed his success in the circus business to his persistent efforts in catering to this passion. Having observed for some years the methods and practices of our thrifty pugilists and their shrewd managers I have come to the conclusion that they have found it profitable to adhere strictly to the principle by which the candid Barnum was guided; and the conviction has been strengthened by the character of the preparations that are being made for the Johnson-Jeffries fight. The successful bidder has agreed to give both pugilists a large percentage of the profits to accrue from exhibitions of the moving pictures of the contest. In the circumstances it would be highly absurd to expect the fighters to fight in earnest from the very start. It will be to their interest to give a performance which will look good in the moving pictures. To that end they will do as fighters have done before—they will spar gracefullv for several rounds; they will insure the success of the moving pictures before either of them attempts to knock the other out; and in all the circumstances of the affair it may well be doubted whether the fight will be on the square at any stage of the proceedings. But to the credit of the managers and the fighters, be it said, they have practiced very little, if any, deception on the dear people. They have at least revealed enough to make it clear that it will be to the interest of the fighters to keep the moving pictures in mind. Nevertheless Barnum's dictum will be verified.

Edith—Oh, Percy, your present was so beautiful! And you unintentionally left the price-tag on—forty dollars.

Percy—Oh, how careless of me!"

Edith—And I see you bought it at Sellum's. And I know you wouldn't mind taking it back and exchanging it for one of those lovely forty-dollar brooches they have there, would you?

Percy—Oh, not at all! With pleasure!

Percy (an hour later, in his room)—That is what comes of buying a four-dollar ring and sticking a forty-dollar tag on it. Now I've got to buy the brooch or lose the girl.

Immoral San Mateo

Amazing news has been pouring in on us from San Mateo County. That beautiful suburb of the gay and incorrigible metropolis teems, we are told, with villains, sombre, sorrow-evoking villains, who have formed a political plunderbund for the looting of the village treasury. This is well nigh incredible. San Mateo is a padded and scented seat of culture. It is fertile in all the essentials of refinement and luxury. It is in San Mateo County that Burlingame flourishes like an Assyrian garden of eternal blossoms. San Mateo is the Mecca of all San Franciscans that are animated with social ambition. Moreover, it is within hailing distance of Palo Alto whence the good David Starr Jordan radiates by the bushel sentiments that ennoble and purify. And yet, mirabile dictu! within the confines of San Mateo there is a private citizen as ridiculous as Boke of Berkeley, and as intent as was that self-ordained redeemer of mankind upon diffusing terror and inducing intimidation. It appears that there is a row on in San Mateo between rival banks over the privilege of handling the public funds, and that one Adolph Jacobs, who is probably envious of the fame of Isidore of that ilk, deems it expedient to wreak vengeance on somebody's head. Somebody has been guilty of a technical violation of the law, and Adolph is indulging a pretty passion for indignation meetings and a salutary revival of recollections of the days of '49 when innocent men were hounded by intemperate and ferocious patriots, some of whom were greater scoundrels than the men they murdered. From the amazing agonies of the league of justice that Boke fathers has resulted a kindly predisposition to grin at the Jacobs outfit in San Mateo, but perhaps it might be well to discourage busy-bodies of the Boke-Jacobs temperament. There is a very good counter-irritant for cases of the lawless zeal for indignation meetings designed to incite communities beyond control of the constituted authorities. It is the old fashioned plaster composed of tar and feathers. It is an instantaneous cure.

The Evanishment of Boodler Gallagher

The news of "Big Jim" Gallagher's disappearance from town was received with the same equanimity with which an apathetic and surfeited community learned of Abe Ruef's discharge from the custody of the sheriff on the ground, among others, that the atmosphere of the county jail was injurious to his morals. Apparently nobody cares if "Big Jim" ever comes back, and the most vindictive of the dailies are disposed to discuss

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Ruef's case in whispers as though fearful of waking justice. It is said that Gallagher has not abandoned the scenes of his triumphs and treacheries, but it is somewhat singular that he should have left town surreptitiously, as hitherto he has been given permission to go when the impulse seized him, his return being insured by the swag that was kept in a safe-deposit box to which he had access only in the presence of a detective. There is more than one curious circumstance in connection with Gallagher's disappearance. The relaxation of vigilance on the part of two detectives is one of them, and Mr. Langdon's tardiness in making the discovery that his chief witness had levanted is another. The question has been asked whether it may not be possible that the men who released the grafter's boodle and facilitated his departure were eager that he should take himself hence. The suspicion prevails that there is in Gallagher's possession much information which could be utilized to the disadvantages and uneasiness of some very distinguished citizens.

Heney's Libel Suit

If the enemies of the Hon. Francis J. Heney credited him with sincerity they would rejoice at the pregnant prospect which he has unfolded to their view by his suit for libel against Mr. William H. Crocker. But there is probably not one among them so abundantly supplied with credulity as to believe that the repudiated friend of the pee-pul intends to prosecute that suit to a finish. Conscious though they are of the protracted and prodigious strain which Mr. Heney's nervous system has endured in consequence of his extravagant efforts to gratify the morbid whims of his masters, they are hardly prepared to believe that he has entirely exhausted his fund of discretion. Libel suits have something of the character of the boomerang, and as little as Mr. Heney knows of the law he is not insensible of the hazard that is incurred by those who prove themselves less timid than angels by rushing into court to obtain from the blind goddess a certificate of character. That Mr. Heney is a man of discretion we know because of the utter failure of his enemies to induce him to take up for discussion the subject of the mysterious receipt which he gave to the Contra Costa Water Company. It was discretion of the highest order that kept Mr. Heney as dumb as an oyster during all the time that he was taunted about that receipt. So now it is too severe a tax on the credulity of his enemies to ask them to believe that Mr. Heney will actually go into court and dare Mr. Crocker not only to present a panoramic view of the doings of the Graft Prosecution but also to challenge his estimate of the value of his reputation. Mr. Heney demands judgment for a quarter of a million dollars, thus implying that he believes he has a reputation of exceptional purity. And thus it would appear that Mr. Crocker is to be afforded the delightful opportunity of undeceiving him in the same manner as was Martin Kelly undeceived by William R. Hearst. Kelly was more modest than Heney. He believed that his reputation was worth not more than $50,000 but the jury that tried his libel suit found that he was out in his reckoning to the extent of $49,998. Now Mr. Heney appears to have invited a similar disillusionment, but of course this is a case in which appearance may prove decidedly deceptive. A man with so much confidence in himself as he has always exhibited may feel that a libel suit is notice to the world that he is conscious of his rectitude and that the prosecution of it is a work of supererogation. But in the interest of the community it would be well for Mr. Crocker, as a public spirited citizen, to seize the opportunity afforded and apply at once for commissions to take testimony. Let us have, if possible, a little cross-examination of our civic patriots and of those unparalleled representatives of the American judiciary—Lawlor and Dunne. Make haste, Mr. Crocker, like a good fellow, before anybody has a chance to run out on you.

Fulton on Dunne

If ever Senator Fulton of Oregon and Judge Frank Dunne meet face to face there will immediately occur some kind of spectacular performance, for Judge Dunne has taken a contract to insult everybody who has made an attempt to characterize him fittingly, and Senator Fulton is among those who have not realized the futility of this task. Some days ago Senator Fulton delivered an address before the Bar Association of Portland during the course of which he animadverted upon the amazing character of the administration of justice in San Francisco. With reference to the trial of Eugene Schmitz, he said: "Of the trial judge I hesitate to speak, lest, mistaking ignorance for infamy, I shall express myself in language too severe, or mistaking infamy for ignorance, I shall condemn his conduct not sufficiently. Macaulay, speaking of Bertrand Barere, said: 'In almost every particular sort of wickedness he had rivals. There may have been,' he said, 'men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars as he, though we have never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which,

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in a novel, we should condemn as a caricature and to which we venture to say no parallel can be found in history.' It remains only to add that had it fallen to the lot of Macaulay to read the record in the case of the People vs. Schmitz, he would have either modified or qualified in some respects his famous denunciation of Barere."

"No, sir, I am not a mind reader, but I know just what that man who is coming toward us is thinking of."
"Then you must owe him some money."

The Chivalrous Le Gallienne

When a man is down it isn't a commendable quality of enthusiasm that impels the kicking of him. Nor is it significant of a chivalrous spirit to contribute to the humiliation of one who has brought overwhelming humiliation and immortal shame upon himself. William Watson has fallen from a great height, a much greater height than Richard Le Gallienne will ever be able to attain, and his plight must excite the compassion of everybody accessible to that emotion. Unfortunately for Richard Le Gallienne, incapable of appreciating the tragic piteousness of poor Watson's downfall, with an unseemly relish he constitutes himself a knight-errant under the impression that the spirit of chivalry demands the chastisement of the defenseless. It would be highly flattering to compare his inspiration with that which moved Don Quixote to espouse the cause of an imaginary Dulcinea. Cervantes' hero though foolish was magnanimous, his judgment was no worse and his taste much better than that of the man who, while unconsciously emulating the ass that kicked the dead lion, hails himself a hero and the helpless object of his onslaught a coward. Le Gallienne reminds me of the heartless mob that hooted poor Wilde on his way to Reading Jail. The charitable will assume that Watson, who has never been in robust health and who has suffered from nervous disorders, is more to be pitied than abused. At any rate it is useless to moralize on behaviour that is obviously discreditable. Watson's mind like that of Blake's and of other poets who were absorbed in their ideal and who concentrated too much attention on their work, finds an apt image in the moon partially eclipsed, a glorious luminary unbedimmed in its lucid part but in the other distinctly reft of light. A man of high poetic genius, the intrinsic greatness of whose work is patent and irrefutable, he has been guilty of a fatal error of judgment conclusive of a curious obliquity of moral vision, but his offense carries with it its own penalty

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They Canonized a Horse Thief

The piratical "St." Francis Drake is not the only queer character in the history of California nomenclature, for it is noted in the official history of Contra Costa County that when the time came for determining the names of localities within its boundaries there was one who stood stoutly for naming the highest peak Mount San Diablo for what seemed to him a good and sufficient reason, namely that no Spanish name was complete without the San or Santa. In early days there was a point on the Marin shore called Puenta de Quentin after an Indian horse thief who made it his headquarters. About 1849 or 1850 some newly arrived Argonauts settled there and proceeded to canonize the horse thief, under the delusion that the saintly prefix had been mislaid. The little town of Concord in Contra Costa records another successful protest against a Spanish title. The original settlement was at Pacheco at the confluence of two creeks, but after several disastrous winter floods the owner of some adjacent land offered inducements for a migration of which many availed themselves. The new town was named officially Todos Santos, but the title was not pleasing to a considerable number. For some reason the site had been known as Drunken Indian, and the protestants declared that for choice they would prefer to date their letters and receive their mail at Drunken Indian rather than at Todos Santos. The dispute was carried on acrimoniously, neither side being willing to yield and finally one of the Martinez newspapers began making sarcastic references to "our neighbors at Concord." The bit of pleasantry had the effect of a compromise, for the new name was adopted.

The Death of Father Tabb

It seems very strange and very sad to me that the newspapers should have overlooked the passing away of that gentle priest and true poet, Father John Tabb. For years the editors of the best magazines have been eager to publish the quatrains and brief lyrics in which Father Tabb embodied his gentle inspirations. Few who read these verses would imagine that the author, whose soul breathed only piety, resignation and love, had passed through a stirring career. Father Tabb served as a blockade runner during the Civil War. He belonged to a fine Southern family and was heart and soul with the Confederate cause. In after life he told many amusing stories of his experiences. On one occasion when he was running the blockade in a Northern port, a Southern colonel was aboard during a dangerous cannonade from the Union fort. "That is pretty firing," remarked the colonel, sitting calmly on the wheelhouse, as a shot whizzed by. "This is very pretty firing," he declared, as a second shot ricocheted over his head. And when a shell burst on the deck he arose and drawled with emphasis, "If that isn't the prettiest firing I ever saw. I wish I may be damned." During one of the voyages Tabb was consoling a negro pilot who had left his wife sick at home. "But the ole 'oman is mighty sick, Master Johnny, and I don't expec' to see her no more," sobbed the pilot. Johnny Tabb was silent in the presence of this great sorrow, but presently the old man said: "Dere some mighty pretty yaller girls where we's a-goin', Master Johnny." As a prisoner of war in a Union jail in Maryland, Tabb made the acquaintance of Sidney Lanier, also a prisoner, and the two became life-long friends. After release from prison, Tabb studied for the Episcopalian ministry, but he was drawn to the Catholic church and finally took orders in that faith. For years he was professor of letters in a Catholic college in Maryland. Some time ago he became blind, but this terrible affliction never impaired his sunny geniality and he remained until death the best-beloved of the faculty

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George Sterling Was His Pupil

It is not generally known that George Sterling was one of the pupils of Father Tabb. Sterling as a young

man attended the Catholic college of St. Charles near Ellicott City in Maryland and there he came under the influence of the poet-priest. It would be interesting to know how much of Sterling's poetical eminence is due to the inspiration of this communion. Of course Father Tabb did not make a poet of Sterling; Sterling was born with the divine fire. But he undoubtedly contributed to the refinement of Sterling's taste. Speaking of the dead priest Sterling said the other day: "He was the author of the purest lyric verse ever written in America. When he was my teacher he used to make me memorize poetry by the page. He was the homeliest man living and one of the shyest. Charles Warren Stoddard had an immense appreciation for him."

"Aren't you going home?" asked a fellow club member.
"Not for several days," answered Mr. Snooks. "I'm going to give my family a chance to forget. You see, mother and the girls have been trying to educate me to an appreciation of classical music. This afternoon I heard a terrific racket on the piano, so being anxious to please, I half closed my eyes and said, 'Isn't it perfectly beautiful'?"
"Wasn't that all right?"
"No. It was the piano tuner."

The Anglican Seceders of Graymoor

Quite recently eighteen Anglican monks and a company of Episcopalian nuns embraced the Roman Catholic faith and the religious journals are greatly exercised over the significance of this wholesale secession. Both of the communities are located near Garrison, New York. The monastic body is known as the Society of the Atonement and is under the leadership of Father Paul whose secular name is Lewis Wattson. The nuns are called the Sisters of the Atonement and their convent is about one mile distant from Father Paul's monastery. The reception of the monks in a body is a special privilege granted by the pope through the influence of Monsignor Falconio, the apostolic delegate at Washington. Father Paul and his followers will join the Franciscan order and will continue their monastic life as before. Because Father Paul has been a leading advocate in this country of the corporate reunion of the Anglican Church with the Roman see, great significance has been attached to his conversion and the conversion of his followers, by certain religious editors. Others make light of it, declaring that Father Paul's propaganda has been an embarrassment which is now terminated by the severance of his Anglican ties. That some of the religious editors have been rendered uneasy by the secession is quite apparent. No church likes to lose its sincere workers; yet there has been a steady flow of Anglicans to the Catholic communion. Only a short time ago the Anglican sisterhood of St. Katharine's in Queen's Square, London, consisting of six sisters and ten embroidery-school workers, did exactly what the New York sisterhood has done. The great question in the minds of the Anglican editors of this country seems to be: Will the Graymoor movement spread?

The New Merchant Marine League

There are only eleven vessels flying the American flag engaged in the foreign cross-sea service of this country. England has more than eleven thousand. This is one of the humiliating facts which have made the organization of merchant marine leagues necessary in the United States. California has undertaken her share of the work required to restore the Stars and Stripes to the seas. The Merchant Marine League of California was started at the beginning of November and is rapidly gaining membership. At its head is Frank B. Anderson, president of the Bank of California; the vice-presidents are R. P. Schwerin, Captain John Barneson and C. C. Moore; Albert E. Castle is the treasurer; and C. C. Henion secretary. On the executive committee are George W. Dickie, James McNab, Fred C. Parker, Andrew Carrigan, F. W. Van Sicklen, James Rolph Jr. and J. A. McGregor. With such men enlisted in the cause the propaganda is bound to advance rapidly. The league is to be congratulated on having obtained a real live newspaperman in the person of David Paul, formerly the marine editor of the Chronicle, as its publicity agent. Through the ladies of the California Club feminine assistance is to be given the league and the campaign of education is being prosecuted through addresses to various societies.

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How Reuter's Started

The recent death of Baron G. de Reuter, the younger son of the founder of "Reuter's," recalls a romantic story of the origin of the great news agency. In 1850 Werner von Siemens, a German electrical engineer, was commissioned to lay the first telegraph line between Verviers and Cologne, and soon after the work was commenced, received a call from a young woman who begged him to desist. With tears in her eyes she told him that the telegraph would ruin her husband's business and reduce him to penury, for he was conducting a huge and successful pigeon post between Brussels and Aix la Chapelle. Von Siemens explained to the devoted wife the impossibility of staying the progress of science for the sake of any one, but told her that if her husband would convert the pigeons into pie and go to London he would furnish valuable introductions which would enable him to establish a news agency. The ex-pigeon post man, whose name was Reuter, accepted the advice and so successful was his news line that in the course of a few years he acquired a fortune as well as a title.

To Save the Seals from Extinction

The United States government is just now engaged in the wise and commendable task of saving the fur seals of the Pacific Ocean from extermination. That it is high time to take some action of the kind may be inferred from the fact that when this country bought Alaska from Russia there were about four million seals on the Pribyloff Islands while now there are less than two hundred thousand and this number is rapidly diminishing. The Japanese poachers are blamed for the wholesale slaughter of the seals. There is an arbitration ruling which prescribes a sixty mile zone about the Pribyloff Islands within which American and British hunters may not venture but the Japanese pelagic sealers are not hindered by the treaty and they are actually immune from interference within the zone of so-called immunity. Some time ago a board of experts was appointed to deal with the question and it contemplates an international conference for the purpose of formulating international game laws which will preserve not only the seals but all the other mammals of the sea, including whales, walruses, sea lions, and sea elephants. David Starr Jordan is a member of this commission.

Jordan's Peculiar Fitness

Now the president of Stanford is a very learned pundit who knows something about everything that is and a deal about things that are not. It has always been supposed that his specialty consisted in the study of fishes. Perhaps that is why he was appointed on this seal commission. I remember very vividly that Jordan served on a seal-commission once before, under President Cleveland, if I am not mistaken. If the fact had been remembered in Washington I doubt whether he would be serving again, for Jordan was not a conspicuous success on that former occasion. Jordan went to the seal rookeries and cast his eye over the situation. He noticed that one of the islands used by the seals as a breeding ground was covered with muck and he ordered that the muck should be cleared away. The order was executed but from that day to this no seals have used that island for breeding or any other purpose. For some reason or other Jordan ordered that a wire fence should be erected about another of the rookery islands. The result was that thousands of seals beat themselves to death against the obstruction. I am eager to learn what Doctor Jordan's latest suggestion will be.

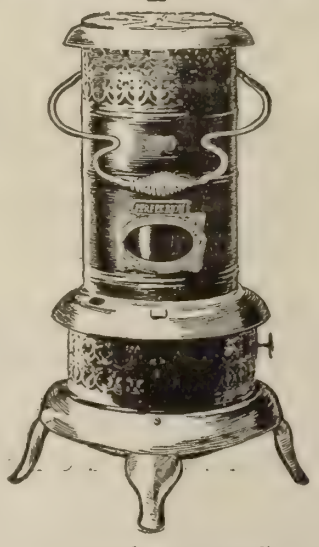
Merle's Latest Play

Martin V. Merle, the young playwright of this city who wrote "The Light Eternal" which enjoyed a very successful run in different parts of the country, has entered the lists with a new play in which Richard Jose is to be starred. The piece had its premiere recently in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the reports which have come to me indicate that it is going to be a decided success. the play is called "Silver Threads," and is commended in a review which I have seen, for its homeliness, directness and heart interest. Dick Jose plays the part of a simple-hearted blacksmith and sings "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and other favorite songs which the public never wearies of. I sincerely hope that Merle's new play will have a New York production, for he is a serious worker at his chosen craft and his success will naturally redound to the credit of the city of his birth.

The English Play Censorship

After all the hub-bub caused by the appointment of a parliamentary committee to investigate the censorship of dramatic productions in England, it has been decided that the censor shall remain but that authors, at their own risk and at the risk of the theatrical managers, may entirely ignore him. An author or manager may submit a play to the censor for approval or may have it produced without submission. This peculiar compromise indicates that the perplexed parliamentarians followed the line of least resistance. They did not want to abolish the censor out of hand and they did not want him to retain his absolute authority, so they took a course which will lead

Dispels the Cold



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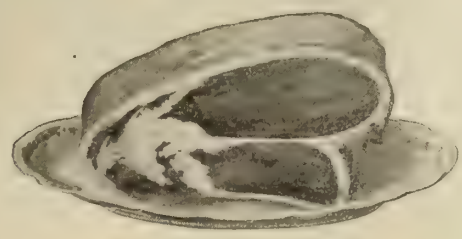
quite naturally to the result desired by the playwrights of London. The censor will be more and more ignored as time goes on and in the end his office will be swept away as a ridiculous sinecure. But the compromise does not mean that the stage in England is to have unbridled license. The production of plays is to be watched over by the public prosecutor. If this official thinks that any unlicensed play which has been actually performed is objectionable on the score of indecency, he will have the manager and the author indicted, with the result that they may be punished by a court of law and the license of the theater "endorsed." Three such "endorsements" are to render a license subject to forfeiture. If the play contains offensive personalities, or hurts the character of a living personage or ridicules religion or wounds the susceptibilities of a friendly power, the attorney-general may bring it before a committee of the Privy Council which, after a secret hearing, may prohibit the performance for ten years. The "endorsement" plan gives the authorities the whip hand over the theaters, of course, but it is not likely to be more terrifying to managers than the provisions of the penal code which are so seldom invoked against stage presentations in this country.

Who Will Be Chief of Staff?

Interest just now center in the discussion of the chances of the different generals who are eligible to succeed General Bell as chief of staff. This important position will not become vacant until April but already there are many candidates. Nearly all the major-generals, I am told, have their lightning rods up—Wood, Grant, Barry, Carter especially. Brigadier-General Bliss is another aspirant; so is General Wotherspoon, now assistant chief of staff, General Murray, chief of Coast Artillery, and Brigadier-General Crozier, the ordnance chief who is looked upon as one of the greatest geniuses in the service. If gossip is to be credited, there are two men who are the likeliest candidates for the tempting position—Generals Wood and Barry. As Secretary of War, the President manifested the greatest regard for Leonard Wood and there is no doubt that this much-discussed soldier is a man of rare ability. His medical knowledge would stand him in good stead, for the chief of staff has to pass on medical questions, and nobody denies that he is a brave and able field officer. As to his administrative talents there has been a divergence of opinion ever since the Cuban days. But he is a hard worker, up early and late, and is of the athletic type which is too rare in the army. His ambition is unbounded and he will leave no stone unturned to attain his ends. But General Barry is much better liked in the army and it is certain that if he were chosen, the appointment would be widely popular. His admirable handling of the last army of occupation in Cuba won him praise and recognition on every side. Some disinterested army men say that the appointment either of Barry or Crozier would be much better for the service than that of Wood.

Melba Goes In For Racing

Madame Nellie Melba, the great lyric soprano, has lately developed a love for horse racing, according to some of her local friends who keep track of her doings in the Antipodes. I do not know whether it is from pure love of the sport of kings or from the hope of financial gain that the diva has begun to manifest this interest. I have heard that her circumstances are rather straitened, but this may be unfounded gossip. At any rate, Madame Melba has registered her racing colors in Melbourne—olive green, mauve sash and white cap. Mrs. Langtry did not wait until so late in life before indulging her passion for horse racing; she began at the tender age of eleven. She and a sporting brother of immature years owned a racehorse named Flirt. Many artifices had to be used to conceal the real character of Flirt who cost the partners about $25, from their father, and they used to smuggle her out under all sorts of pretences for trial spins on the common. But their sporting confidence was well rewarded when Flirt not only won the first race she ran in, but a $150 prize into the bargain. With this auspicious success Mrs. Langtry's connection with racing may be said to have commenced.



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Women Who Smoke Cigars

During the hearing of a rather notorious case in London recently it came out that the member of a very well known ladies' club was addicted to cigar smoking. This unusual discovery has started an investigation of the subject with the result that it has been ascertained that many of the feminine devotees of nicotine in London no longer rest content with the dainty cigarette but prefer to soothe their nerves with the "big weed." This seems to set aside the popular notion that women are constitutionally unfit for such a habit. One of the London dealers who was induced to speak on this delicate subject is reported as saying: "I believe that the example of the member of the ladies' club is being followed to a certain extent in society, although it is difficult to obtain definite information on the point because, while ladies do not mind smoking cigarettes in public, cigar smoking would attract too much attention to be pleasant. Consequently they do it in private. I am led to believe

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that this is so by the increased demand for mild cigars. Ladies order them, presumably for male friends and relatives; but the type of cigar they order is not popular enough amongst the men to warrant the unusual demand. Then, again, I know of three ladies who order the same brand of mild cigar, and as they are acquainted with one another there is not much doubt that they have recommended these cigars to one another for their own smoking."

I'm furious with Charlie. He kissed me right before all the girls.

Isn't that better than if he kissed all the girls before you?

The Divine Sarah as Joan of Arc

Paris finds its latest nine days' wonder in the spectacle of Sarah Bernhardt playing the Maid of Orleans in a new drama by Emile Moreau who collaborated with Sardou on "Mme. Sans Gene." Moreau has not allowed historical accuracy to hamper him in his portrayal of Joan for he represents her as a devotee devoid of those remarkable traits which won her recently the honor of beatification. His disregard of history is as thorough as that shown by Anatole France in his recent dishonest biography and is no doubt a bid for the approval of the bigoted anticlericals who dominate French politics. The sensation of the play comes in the last act, which shows the smoke ascending from the stake at which the Maid is being burned alive. The smoke curls through the window of a chateau, carrying with it the realistic odor of buring flesh and plunging the Duke of Bedford into profound remorse. From all accounts, that smoke with its gruesome odor overshadows the personality of the divine Sarah in the discussion of the play along the boulevards and in the newspapers.

An Amazing Irish Play

Great indignation has been aroused among the Irish of London by the first presentation of "The Tinker's Wedding," by the late J. M. Sygne, which has just been given in the Afternoon Theatre. Even reviewers unsympathetic with Ireland regard it as a very crude study of the lower depths of Irish life. The personages are traveling tinkers. Sarah Casey, a buxom young woman, wishes Michael Byrne to marry her. He is willing, but regards the marriage ceremony as a waste of money and time. Sarah finds a priest, who, after much barganing, agrees to marry them for half a sovereign and a gallon tin jar. Byrne's drunken old mother, a simple pagan, who has never heard a prayer uttered by a priest, steals the jar and exchanges it for porter. The priest arrives for the wedding, demands his fee, and receives the half-sovereign and a parcel supposed to contain the jar, but holding only straw and two empty bottles. He thereupon refuses to marry them. Sarah then tries to attack the old woman with a bottle; the priest interferes, and threatens to denounce them all to the police as thieves and poachers. Upon this they knock him down, gag him, tie him up in a sack, and prepare to bolt. As a merciful afterthought, they set him free on his oath not to denounce them, and as they depart the curtain falls upon the priest invoking all manner of curses on their heads.

"The Tocsin," an Ambitious Drama

Paul Elder, the local publisher, has just brought out a limited edition of a very ambitious dramatic attempt. This is "The Tocsin," a play of the Italian renaissance, the work of Esther Brown Tiffany, who is described as a member of a literary family of Boston. The book is in the best style of Elder's craftmanship and the play, while far from being a dramatic masterpiece, is undeniably interesting. The theme is a big one, being the dépiction of the influence of a saintly nun upon the corrupt society of Florence during the plague which raged in that city in 1586. Sister Maddalena, a "Poor Claire," had been converted several years before by a remarkable sermon preached by a young priest and had vowed herself to a life of poverty and charity. Naturally she never forgot

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the instrument of her introduction into the spiritual life which completely satisfied the yearning of her soul, and the young priest was shrined in her heart as a saint of God. It is her one earthly aspiration to meet him once again, to fall at his feet and to bathe them with tears of thanksgiving. This, of course, is a highly sentimental desire and those who think they understand the spirit of medieval sainthood may question whether Sister Maddalena would have cherished any such aspiration. But the idea lends itself to dramatic treatment and if it be accepted as logical, one can not but admire the manner in which Miss Tiffany developes her plot. For the young priest who converted her has become a pleasure-loving abbot who does not scruple to run away from Florence with all his monks when the plague invades the city. As the priest had won the woman to God, the woman now wins back the abbot to his religious vows, besides profoundly influencing the lives of the courtesan Bianca, the favorite of the reigning de Medici, and other characters.

Miss Tiffany's Heroine

It would be unfair to compare Miss Tiffany's dramatic experiment with the work of a master like the late Catulle Mendes, but there is a great similarity in outline between her Sister Maddelena and his Saint Teresa, a part which Sarah Bernhardt played. In both plays it has been necessary for the authors to indicate, within the narrow confines of an acting drama, the wonderful influence which a saintly personality exerts upon all those over whom it is cast. Mendes did this with a master's hand; Miss Tiffany as well as could be expected of a beginner. Her method may be slightly indicated by quoting the language which Sister Maddelena uses when she discovers that the sainted priest of her dreams has fallen from grace: "Crushed, broken, desolate! Oh, these woman's tears! when I should have the tongue of men and of angels! Lord, not this cup, not this! If ever Thy handmaiden hath found favor in Thy sight, my life for his, my soul, my salvation! Lord, forget not it was he who led me to Thee. O star of my life, dim, fallen! (To the abbot). Count it for you, too, sleep, not death that has lain upon you, sleep, since that hour when your real self woke and spoke. What you were in that moment, be again. Not too late! O Lord, quicken Thou my feeble woman's force. Through the bitterness of these tears the power goes from me. No time now for despair! Your city; your people!" This is no doubt dramatic, touching; but its verity is open to doubt. No saint ever offered to barter his or her salvation to save a sinner. The great Teresa trembled on her deathbed because she had prayed all her life for others and had forgotten herself, a quite different situation. It weakens the force, too, to know that the abbot had preached that touching sermon under the influence of wine. So this play, while frankly religious, must not be judged by religious standards or its appeal is hopelessly impaired.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks—The chief influence in the security market during the recent week has been the awaiting by banking interests for a line on the President's message to Congress. Securities found substantial support in the earlier days of the week on the throwing out of the budget by the House of Lords and the starting of the switchmen's strike on the Northwestern railway systems and this support was undoubtedly influenced by the early knowledge of important bankers here of the position that Mr. Taft would take toward corporations. Hence the strength of the market may be well accounted for in the closing prices. The outlook for a better range of values seems quite bright with labor troubles somewhat subsided and money likely to work easier in the coming few days.

Wheat—Interjection of the switchmen's strike has maintained the price of wheat which was showing some heaviness on the increase in the visible and a promise of liberal receipts of spring wheat. While the strike remains unsettled the market will develop strength; there will probably be a heavy selling the moment the strike is declared off, and in the reaction a good purchasing opportunity will be presented, as it will take some days to restore normal conditions and priority of shipments will be given to perishable goods and fuel. There should be a decline in the visible Monday and if the strike is continued a good bulge will develop. The wheat supplies are far below last year and the present acreage has been largely increased and promises to be the largest since 1902. The condition of the growing plant is as excellent as in that year. Yet with the 34,000,000 acres of 1904 and its high December condition the crop was only 402,000,000. It is too early to take more than passing interest in next year's crop and it will not begin to have an influence before March next. European prices hold firm and Russia will drop back in shipments so we are likely to have demand for our wheat by Europe during the coming sixty days as Argentine shipments will not be available in Europe before the middle of February.

Corn has weakened in the past week two cents in December and a cent in May. The Chicago receipts have been large this week but contract corn has been only two per cent of the arrivals. There were large receipts of old corn last month, some of which has been used in mixing with new corn to get a contract grade. There have been small deliveries as anticipated but the break developed before the deliveries. There has been a good demand for new corn, even for low grades for immediate use. The weather has not improved and complaints of car shortage are being made by country dealers who have sold for December delivery. December is purely a weather market and there is still time for a change to put corn in contract shape for this month's delivery. May is well supported and some of the December shorts have been slipping into the long side of this option.

Cotton—The Cotton market has suffered from the usual November dullness, but with the advent of December we expect a general increase in activity in business both in spots and futures. This is evidenced by private reports and estimates that are coming to the front in anticipation of the government annual crop estimate to be made public about December 10. Notable among the figures given out is the estimate of Mr. Joseph Newburger of 10,200,000 bales maximum. This is attracting attention from the fact that his last year's figures were 13,900,000 bales. Among other estimates of importance were 10,500,000 bales by the Commercial Appeal of Memphis, 10,350,000 by Clement Curtis & Co. of Chicago, and 10,436,000 by Miss Giles of New York. Other estimates will soon be forthcoming and since these may reasonably be assumed to foreshadow the Government, the market in the late days of the week became much firmer. Liverpool was stimulated to retrieve some of the decline, although the estimates of her traders averaged a million bales too high. The low figures have set the trade to thinking, have called attention to the possibilities of the situation and to what had been forgotten, namely, that the condition of the crop declined steadily from its planting in May to its maturity in September, and to the further fact that the acreage was officially reported nearly five per cent under that of last year. A receptive state of mind is being created for other low crop estimates for a very small Census ginning report up to December and for a small return by the Department of Agriculture on December 10. When once the idea that this latter is to be around 10,000,000 is well under way, the probabilities favor an advance of from 150 to 200 points. We are extremely bullish and favor buying on all declines.

Copper—The market for copper shares has been rather irregular for the past week or so due mainly to generally weaker stock market conditions and to the public's fears that the contemplated copper merger will not go through. While the general copper list has had some decline, the reaction has been nowhere near the proportions of the recent advance and it is almost certain that outside of the usual percentage of profit-taking, the balance of the selling has been for weak-kneed bull account. Copper metal has shown but little change, a rather firm tone prevailing in this department. In order to set aside the fears of those who interpret the copper merger as a menace to trade and a restrainer of business, it is learned on unquestionable authority that this combination of copper companies will comply in every way with the Sherman Act and that it is the main object of the merger to promote the uses and sale of copper metal throughout the world. To all appearances the objects of the United States Steel corporation and those of the new Copper Merger will be alike. It seems reasonable to suppose that with this copper deal practically assured, the shares of the interested and other companies will soon start a movement for higher levels and for that reason purchases of the standard copper shares at their present prices are said to be advisable. Specializing, buying orders on Amalgamated, Anaconda, Butte Coalition, Giroux, Miami, Nevada Consolidated, North Butte,

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Local Securities—The past week has seen some of the liveliest local stock and bond dealings in the history of the Exchange. Spring Valley Water stock has been the card and it has shown a startling advance of almost fifteen points. The matter of the purchase of the Water Company's plant by the City of San Francisco has now gone as far as it can and only awaits the public's "yes" or "no" at the special election to be held on January 14. In the meantime the stock will be influenced by rumors and reports concerning the probable attitude of the people at the election. Associated Oil has also been very active and has advanced to high records, on this move, following in the wake of rumors of early dividends and of the listing of the stock on the New York Stock Exchange. Power stocks continue to show a very firm undertone with the chief inquiry for City Electric and Northern California Power. Hawaiian Sugar stocks have been rather dull with few important changes. Alaska Packers has had an irregular trend and seems to lack ginger although at the present writing it is said that there are several large buying orders to be turned loose soon. Pacific Telephone stocks and Pacific Gas & Electric stocks are rather quiet and slightly weaker, if anything, though there has been nothing given out that would have a weakening effect on them. Bond transactions have been of large caliber but the heaviest trading has been in about six issues. The bonds that are showing the largest call are Oakland Transit Con. 5s, Pacific Electric Railway 5s, Peoples Water 5s, Pacific Telephone 5s, Spring Valley Water 4s and United Railroads 4s. Information on Associated Oil is just as bullish as ever and its purchase is said to be still advisable. From reliable sources comes the tip that Alaska Packers will surely cross 90 before the annual meeting which takes place toward the end of January. Concerning Spring Valley, everything lies with the coming election. Those known to be on the inside say that the plant will be purchased for $35,000,000,000. If so, allowing for $17,859,000 of bonds and 280,000 shares of stock outstanding, the stock figures on paper to be worth about $61 per share. If the city takes over the plant, one of two things must happen to the bonds. They must either be guaranteed by the city, principal and interest, which would make them worth par and interest or the city must issue their regular 4½s instead, the latter being worth around 105. Conservative traders are selling the stock and buying the bonds figuring that the element of speculation is greatly reduced and the prifits reasonably large.

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Landlord—There wasn't wind enough to keep all three going, so we took down two.

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No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET
Nov. 16, '09

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$10,948,970.51
Deposits	25,485,903.03
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,852,206.86

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November 16, 1909

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$ 5,617,998.46
Deposits	22,918,570.20
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,872,737.28

We offer our customers every facility consisten with good banking and invite new accounts.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

"Scat" at the Francisca

The card room at the new Francisca Club is becoming a popular rendezvous for the members and their friends, and although no stakes are allowed, much bridge is played. Mrs. William Prentiss Morgan who is considered the cleverest bridge player in the club, was among the first to introduce the game into local society. Recently Mrs. Morgan has put the stamp of her approval on "scat," the rather complicated German game which is entirely too intricate to become widely popular. "Scat" however, has its earnest devotees and among them is a coterie which meets weekly for a game at the Francisca Club. It includes Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. William Hopkins, Mrs. Ida Pierce, Mrs. Le Roy Nickel, Mrs. William R. Smedberg, Mrs. Cyrus Walker and Mrs. M. P. Jones.

High Stakes at Bridge Parties

The younger married set in society has taken up "auction bridge," which has greater possibilities in the matter of stakes than ordinary bridge. That is, I am told, larger sums may be won or lost, an advantage which will be readily appreciated as lending zest to an evening's pastime. Ten cents a point at bridge was considered a heavy game in the old days, a season or two ago. Now the exchange of several hundred dollars in an evening is far from unusual. At such a rate do we progress. Formerly, also, prizes were the chief attractions of afternoon bridge parties. Now it is the stakes. For, while French mirrors and silk hosiery may be awarded at the end of an afternoon, they are merely details arranged by the hostess like the salad and ices. It is the stakes, made by the players at each table, which are of paramount interest. Naturally money does not change hands in the presence of sixty other guests or so, some of whom may still play for prizes only, but the following day checks are sent and debts liquidated. All of this has made the matter of arranging guests one that requires tact and diplomacy on the part of the hostess. It would be fatal to place a plain "prize player" with old fashioned prejudices at the same table with one who must play for stakes or be bored.

Men at the Tea Table

A Californian just back after six years abroad remarked to me recently that the most pronounced change in society was the growing popularity of afternoon tea. It is no longer considered necessary for a man to apologize for drinking tea in the afternoon with his women friends. Quite the contrary. Society regards it as very bad form for a person to ask for anything stronger and only those who do not understand the little ways of the social world consider the tea room as equivalent to the bar. Of course it isn't exactly necessary for a man to be quite as fastidious as Louis Bruguiere, for instance, who often officiates at a tea table at the St. Francis. No bride, showing off for the first time before her friends, is more particular than the debonair Louis who insists on making the tea himself. The afternoon tea room gatherings at the St. Francis and other hotels are growing to be regular institutions. Footlight stars, society belles, visitors, idlers and shoppers make an interesting picture.

The Smallest Feet in Paris

Little Gertrude Fleming who arrived in New York this week from Paris where she had been studying under De Rezske, has been the talk of the French newspapers for the past month, having been discovered as a Cinderella in a competition in which pretty nearly every Parisienne, celebrities of the stage and the opera, society elegantes and professional beauties, participated. As a result of having won, Miss Fleming was privileged to take a two week's trip to London, remaining for the time at the Carleton, every item of expense being paid by the daily papers that were carrying on this competition in dainty feet. That a Californian should win first prize for having the smallest feet in Paris chagrined the Parisian women bitterly, but what were they to do? Paris women have always arrogated to themselves the distinction of having the smallest of feet, and so positive were they that no one ever disputed the claim. Miss Fleming had no idea of entering such a competition until

MRS. CHARLES ALBERT VANCE

The beautiful and cultured young lady who before her marriage Thursday evening was Miss Edith Hoefler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hoefler.

some of her friends urged her to try. The prize was to be awarded not only for the size, but shapeliness as well, and when the award was made no one was more surprised than the demure little San Francisco singer herself. She and her mother made the trip to London just before coming to this side. To answer the curiosity of those interested in the standard as set in Paris by Miss Fleming, the Paris papers aver that Miss Fleming wears a No. I, AA last, but that it was more for their symmetrical shape than for their size that Miss Fleming's feet were given the prize.

Tantalus Was Correct

The approaching marriage of our charming Queen Vergilia to Carlo Baron will not surprise readers of these columns, for it was foretold by yours truly as long ago

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INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
TEMPORARY OFFICE, GRANADA HOTEL TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 422

as September 4. I told at that time of this young Italian artist's sincere admiration for the regal mistress of our Portola celebration and indicated that she would look with favor upon his suit. Young Baron decorated the interior of the City of Paris and painted the portraits of several prominent society women while he was here. His sudden departure from town was regarded by many as proof that the course of his true love ran without the traditional smoothness, but those who were in Miss Bogue's confidence were always pretty sure that she would in due time reward his patient devotion.

Miss Walker's Latest Admirer

The many friends of attractive Genevieve Walker, grand-daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, are noting with much interest the deep devotion and marked attentions which the young lady is receiving from young Richard Burke. This young man is the son of Richard Burke, the Irish barrister, who married Miss Donohue, daughter of James Donohue and cousin of Baroness Von Schroeder. Mrs. Burke died in Ireland many years ago, leaving a large fortune to her husband and children. Mr. Burke's interests bring him to this city at intervals and he is always received with a cordial welcome for he has as many friends here as he has in Dublin and at his Irish country seat. Just how serious the infatuation of young Burke for Miss Walker may be I do not profess to know. This charming girl has had many suitors but heretofore she has not turned her thoughts seriously to the question of marriage. If she reciprocates the ardent feelings of young Burke, that chap is indeed to be felicitated.

MRS. WALTER H. LINFORTH AND DAUGHTER

This charming matron is the patroness of several worthy charities and is helping to gladden many hearts during the holiday season.

The Owls of Bohemia

The new Bohemian Club is to have an Owl Room, but I am assured that the Family Club's Stork Room did not suggest the idea to the "committee on interior decorating." On the contrary. As long ago as 1902, an Owl Room was added to the attractions of the Bohemian Club, which makes it apparent that whatever suggestion is indicated in the bird frieze idea must have been drawn from the older frieze. The Owls decorated a small apartment in the old club. Charles Dickman, who was responsible for them, had, quite by accident, painted in the expressions and characteristic poses of several of the members. The most striking likeness was that of Charles Josselyn, whose dignity and poise were perfectly represented in a solemn brown creature of the frieze. Dickman is, I believe, to assist in disposing "the birds of Bohemia" about the new Owl Room which is to be an imposing apartment suitable for large banquets. There will also be a reproduction of the famous "Red Room" in the new club, and this, too, is to be on a larger scale than the old. The same motto, "Weaving Spiders come not here," will be inscribed above the door, and as far as possible the traditions of the old Red Room will be preserved.

MRS. SQUIRE VARICK MOONEY

Who will take part in the benefit entertainment for Mrs. Graham, a blind widow with nine young children.

Miss Edith Hoefler Wedded

One of the most interesting marriages of the week was that of Miss Edith Hoefler and Charles Albert Vance which was solemnized on Thursday evening at Trinity Episcopal Church, Bishop William F. Nichols and Rev. Frederick W. Clampett officiating. The maid of honor was Miss Nellie Vance and the bridesmaids, the misses Adeline Bogart, Marguerite Dell, Georgine Hanson, Clementine King, Dorothy Mann and Frances Pierce. The flower bearers were Miss Dorothy Herzog

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and Howard Hoenes. Miss Elise Young acted as organist for the occasion. The ushers were Edwin Abbott, Blue Allen, Frank Bray, Clifford Jones, David Martin and Raphael Polk. Charles H. Holbrook Jr. was best man. Following the church ceremony there was a reception at the Fairmont to which 500 friends had been bidden. The bride is the daughter of Ludwig M. Hoefler, the well known attorney and is distinguished by a magnetic personality and a serious ambition for literary and musical honors. Mr. Vance belongs to a Stockton family but has resided in this city for many years. Many entertainments have been given in honor of the young bride and groom. Among them was a dinner given to the bridal party in the breakfast room of the Bohemian Club by Archibald Barnard and another elaborate dinner given by Mrs. Gustave H. Umbsen at her residence, Broderick street and Broadway.

George Crocker's Romance

The death of George Crocker recalls the romance of his marriage which, when it took place ten years ago, caused a sensation in society. The match had been sternly opposed by the young millionaire's family who believed the difference in the ages of the couple would lead to unhappiness. Mrs. Crocker, although a handsome, vivacious woman, was fifteen years her husband's senior. She also, it was said, refused several times to marry young Crocker. But in the end she did and the union was an ideally happy one. Mrs. Crocker, who was Emma Hanchette Rutherford, had three children who have always been devoted to their step-father. Alexander Rutherford, the only son, is in business in New York. Alice, the older daughter, married J. Langdon Erwing of New York, and Emma, who was known as "Birdie" Rutherford, is the wife of Philip Kearney, grand-son of the famous general. Her home is in Morristown, New Jersey. Mrs. Kearney was in San Francisco a few weeks ago to attend the wedding of her uncle, Lewis Hanchette, and Miss Corbett.

Matrons Study Fancy Dancing

Those who imagine that the study of fancy dancing is confined to youngsters at dancing school are mightily mistaken. Some of our most prominent young matrons are just now enjoying their initiation into the mysteries of this art and from all that I have heard, are taking their lessons with a seriousness of purpose and of effort unusual in such pursuits. The matrons I refer to live in San Rafael and Ross Valley and they have formed a class which assembles at regular intervals to go through the most complicated steps under the direction of a very skilful dancing master. Among those who are exhibiting the greatest proficiency are Mrs. Edward T. Schmiedell, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Pence, Mrs. Horne and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee.

Zelaya Delays a Wedding

The crisis in Nicaragua has affected the plans of Ensign George Joerns, who was to have been married in January to Miss Constance Cummins of this city. Ensign Joerns is attached to the gun boat Yorktown, which has been ordered to the scene of the unpleasantness and which sailed from Magdalena Bay last week for Corinto. So instead of taking a bride, as he had planned, the young officer will spend the day set for his marriage assisting in the correction of Zelaya. The postponed wedding will take place on the return of the Yorktown from Nicaragua, which is a matter that rests with the War Department. Ensign Joerns is a Philadelphian who graduated from Annapolis in the Class of 1907. His fiancee is a sister of Earl Cummins, the sculptor, and is a strikingly pretty girl. Her sister, Mrs. Harry Childs of Spokane, a bride of last summer, will be matron of honor when the delayed wedding takes place.

To Help a Blind Widow

One of the worthiest charitable entertainments of the holiday season is that which is planned for the benefit of Mrs. Ida Graham, a blind widow with nine young children depending on her. Mrs. Graham was stricken after the death of her husband and is unable to care for her family, the youngest of whom is two years old while the eldest is eighteen. Sympathetic friends have arranged a musicale for her assistance and it will be given next Thursday evening, December 16, at the St. Francis Hotel. Those who will contribute to the entertainment are artists of unusual ability and the character of the affair is further vouched for by the distinguished names which appear in the list of patronesses. The artists who will assist are Mackenzie Gordon, the tenor; Louis Albert Larsen, the baritone; Miss Georgiana Strauss, the contralto who was here with the International Opera Company last season; Frederic Maurer, the pianist; Miss Eula Howard, the pianiste; Herman Heller, the violinist; Miss Kaethe Pieczonka, the 'cellist; and Mrs. Squire Varick Mooney and Mrs. Louise L. Gage, elocutionists. Tickets are for sale at the St. Francis newsstand and at the Eilers Music Company.

Another American May Be Vicereine

Friends of Miss Jennie Crocker in this city are beginning to take an excited interest in English politics. Not that they bother their dainty heads about the budget or Lord Landsdowne's speeches or any of those tiresome sorts of things, but they are interested in Miss Crocker's friends around the British throne and there is quite a possibility that one of those friends may be the next vicereine of Ireland. I refer to Lady Granard, who was Beatrice Mills before her alliance with Lord Granard transported her to the innermost circle of English exclusiveness. If the Liberal party is returned to power at the next general election, Lord Granard will in all probability succeed

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Lord Aberdeen as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It would be necessary, of course, to put through Parliament a special act making a Roman Catholic eligible for this viceregal post, for only a Protestant can occupy the position at present, and Lord Granard belongs to the older faith. But that would be easy under another Liberal administration. Lady Granard would be the second American to hold the position of vicereine, Lady Curzon having been the first when her husband was Viceroy of India. If Lady Granard goes to Dublin Castle the king will favor Ireland with his presence more frequently for he is fond of the Granards and likes the atmosphere of the Pale when somebody besides the parsimonious Aberdeen is administering affairs there. Do you wonder that Miss Crocker's friends are delving into English politics? A season in Dublin has attractions which are not even to be found in London, for there is a deal of brilliancy in the old capital and a refreshing absence of stiff conventionality. Miss Crocker is in a fair way to find this out for herself.

Miss Kemble's Piano Studies

A series of interpretative studies in modern opera will be given in the opening months of the new year at the St. Francis by Miss Margaret Kemble who is justly admired for illustrative piano playing. On the afternoon of January 10 Miss Kemble will interpret Richard Strauss' Elektra; on February 7 she will give Paul Dukas' Ariane et Barbe Bleu; on March 7 Strauss' Salome, and on April 4 Frederick Converse's The Pipe of Desire. Although these works stand in the forefront of modern musical composition, they are far from well known in this city and there is no doubt that music lovers will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear Miss Kemble's interpretations. The subscription list will be limited and the tickets issued in the order in which the fee of $5 for the season is received. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Kemble at the St. Francis or to 1613 Bonita avenue, Berkeley.

Golf at Del Monte

Interest in the New Year's golf tournament at Hotel Del Monte is increasing every day. Since the first announcement of the tournament, the management of the hotel has received many inquiries as to how the play would be held. The following is the official announcement: There will be a handicap competition for men and a similar event for women; qualifying rounds over eighteen holes, medal play, will he held on Friday morning, beginning at 9:30, eight to qualify in each event. The first match rounds will be played on Friday afternoon; the semi-final match rounds on Saturday morning and the final match rounds on Saturday afternoon, all rounds being over eighteen holes. Trophies will be offered for competition among those who fail to qualify.

New Year's Party at Pebble Beach Lodge

The golfers may have things all their own way during the day time, but those who enjoy a social dance, a merry song and jolly freedom before a roaring fire will have their inning on Saturday evening when an old fashioned New Year's party will be held at Pebble Beach Lodge. Mr. Warner has arranged for the rapid transportation of his guests from the hotel to the lodge and has planned an interesting entertainment for them. The great hall of the lodge is of such size that there will be room for all and there will be lots of popcorn, apples, applejack and cider served during the evening. Those who have already decided to go are busy making up their parties and the old year will be bidden goodby and the new one welcomed with a great deal of hilarity.

The Maclean Musicale

On Sunday evening the beautiful studio of Mr. Donald Maclean, 113 Green street, was the scene of a brilliant musicale, the guest of the evening being Miss Mary Adele Case, whom Mr. Maclean knew in Paris. Miss Case sang a group of songs and her voice and manner were as charming as her appearance. Mr. Maclean himself gave a most artistic rendering of a number of French, German and English songs, singing with great dramatic intensity and grace of expression.

In the Social Spotlight

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow entertained a few friends informally at luncheon recently at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Willard Drown was a luncheon hostess on Thursday at the St. Francis, entertaining, at a table ornate with yellow chrysanthemums, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron and Charles de Young.

Miss Mollie Phelan was hostess at a handsonme luncheon at the St. Francis on Thursday, entertaining in honor of her sister, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan.

After an extended visit in Europe, Paul Verdier has returned to the St. Francis, where he will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lewis have been in town for a few days at the St. Francis.

Major W. S. Wood, connected with the Quartermaster's Department at St. Louis, is at the St. Francis. He is accompanied by Mrs. Wood and their two children.

An engagement of interest on both sides of the bay is that of Miss Gladys Meek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meek, to William Volkman, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Volkman of this city. The engagement was told at an elaborate dinner party given during the week by Miss Elsa Schilling at her home in Oakland in compliment to Miss Johanna Volkman who recently returned with her parents from a lengthy tour abroad. Miss Meek belongs to one of the oldest and most prominent families across the bay. The Meek home, "The Orchards," near Haywards, has been the scene of much en-

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tertaining. No date has been set for the wedding. Many affairs are being planned in honor of the prospective bride.

Mrs. Mary E. Flavel and her two daughters, from Astoria, Oregon, are now registered at the Hotel Fairmont, after a two week's visit at Byron Hot Springs.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert R. Love and their small son who sailed on the Transport Logan December 6, were at Byron Hot Springs for a week before leaving.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado recently included Mrs. H. E. Sherman, H. A. Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Maltby, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Davis, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. John B. Rogers, and Mrs. M. Weil.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hope of London who have been the guests of the Eugene de Sablas at their home at San Mateo, are spending a few days in town and are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Andrew McCreery who arrived from Europe recently, is being most cordially welcomed. She has been abroad for the last two years, having occupied a villa in Italy during the greater part of the time. For the present Mrs. McCreery is at the St. Francis, but she will go to Burlingame in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee gave a dinner recently at the St. Francis. Their guests were Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Nina Jones, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods, Melville Bowman, Charles Rollo Peters, Jr., and Dr. McEnnery.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hope of London, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin entertained at a handsome dinner recently at the St. Francis.

Among those lunching at the St. Francis recently were Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Miss Virginia Joliffe, John Lawson and Edward Eyre.

Captain William C. Redd, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., came up from Monterey last week and during his stay in town was at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles Eby and Mrs. E. L. King and daughter were among the passengers on the Logan which sailed for the Philippines on Monday last. These army people arrived recently from Des Moines and were guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Blue with their young son and Miss Dezengremel are out from New York and are to remain here for some time. They have taken apartments at the Hotel Victoria.

The many friends of Mrs. Ramon Wilson are indebted to her for a rare treat. This cultured lady has been giving a course of lectures on Spain in her attractive apartments at "The Gables." The last of the series was given yesterday, the subject being "Modern Spain."

The patronesses of the University Assemblies have issued invitations for two dances which will take place on December 18 and January 9. The date of the final dance has not yet been determined. The patronesses are Mrs. Rudolph W. Baum, Mrs. Charles Bundscher, Mrs. W. E. Palmer, Mrs. James McNab, Mrs. W. A. Schrocks and Mrs. Henry St. Goar.

An elaborate dance will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Bullard early in January at Century Hall in honor of their debutante daughter Miss Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Eells have closed their home in Ross Valley and have moved to the home of Charles Eells in Pacific avenue.

Miss Jean Tyson, the pretty fiancee of Harry Weihe, was hostess during the week at a bridge party at her home in Alameda. Those receiving were: Misses Gladys and Marjorie Emmons, Miss Fannie Lemcke, Miss Alice Teller, Miss Ione Connor and Miss Roberta Haslett

Dispatches received during the week report the wedding in Yokohama on November 29 of Miss Margaret Stow and Edward Bright Bruce. They will reside in Manila where Mr. Bruce is practicing law.

Mrs. C. Schmidt was hostess at an elaborate bridge party during the week at her handsome home in Laurel street in honor of Mrs. M. Dundee of Sacramento.

Mr. Louis Martel, youngest son of Mrs. Jane L. Martel, left during the week with Mr. Edward Hoag for a visit to mines in Mexico.

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The List of Addresses. Clubs and Societies, giving the Officers and Members with Addresses. Revised Street and Avenue Guide. Permanent Guests at the Leading Hotels. Banking, Insurance, Real Estate and Professional Men. Personnel of the Press. Theater Diagrams, Ladies' Shopping Guide, etc., etc.

The utmost care will be used this year in revision and compilation to make the work complete and accurate. Address all communications to CHAS C. HOAG, Publisher, 313 Battery Street, Room 1, San Francisco.

"The Gay Musician" Not So Gay

By Edward F. O'Day

There are prophets among us who insist that musical comedy will soon cease to be. Unlike the prophets of old who never explained their forecasts and were stoned for their pains, these modern soothsayers condescend to argue the matter, proving their assertion with many ingenious and plausible reasons. I do not pretend to know whether they speak truth or otherwise, but I am free to confess that their doleful predictions have frequently filled me with sorrow. I do not care to see musical comedy pass away. Comic opera is very well in its place, but I see no reason why musical comedy should make place for it, as these melancholy prophets insist it must. There is plenty of room in this sad old world for both comic opera and musical comedy. That at least is the way I usually feel about it; but being an inconstant soul at best, fickle, if you please, I admit that there are times when I am willing to join with those who challenge musical comedy's right to continued existence. I have just passed through one of these unpleasant periods, a sort of blue funk during which, if I had been asked to assign any reason why sentence of death should not be passed on musical comedy, I would have thrown up my hands in despair and acknowledged that it was guilty and could adduce no extenuating circumstances in mitigation of the capital penalty. This pessimistic fit came upon me at the Valencia theater during the two hours or so which were consumed by the first presentation of "The Gay Musician." Now "The Gay Musician" should not inspire such a state of mind for the music is by Julian Edwards. The name of Julian Edwards has never before suggested to me gloomy thoughts of the moribund condition of musical comedy; it has always stood for tunefulness, for airy gaiety, for the joyous abandon which makes musical comedy at its best a thing to conjure away the imps of woe and to summon the sprites of pleasure. But there was something amiss when Julian Edwards tackled the book of "The Gay Musician." What was wrong with the book is no secret, but just what was wrong with Julian Edwards must remain a mystery until the composer himself comes forward to inform us why he consented to use the book at all. Good books must have been awfully scarce when Julian Edwards consented to write the music for "The Gay Musician;" and when good books for comic opera are so scarce that Julian Edwards has to compose for a poor one, there is some sense in saying that musical comedy will soon cease to be. For the book of "The Gay Musician" is not what I would confidently call a good book. A good book for a musical comedy should be clever, it should be ingenious, it should have lines that move laughter easily, its characters should be interesting and more or less original. These, in my opinion, are some of the virtues of a good musical comedy book; but if I am mistaken, if these are not the virtues necessary, then the book of "The Gay Musician" may be a good book. I notice that some of the dramatic critics have given the book their unqualified approval, so perhaps I am entirely in error on this point. Few indeed are those who are empowered to speak with authority when their subject is dispraise. One of the critics paid glowing tribute to the "refinement" of the lines of "The Gay Musician." I remember one line which may or may not bear him out. It comes when the ambitious young composer who is the gay musician of the piece tries to tell his prospective father-in-law a little family history. The father-in-law prospective is in no mood for the disclosure. "We'll chew the rag later—the whole family wash," he interposes. I am not an expert authority on fathers-in-law, so I can not testify as to the propriety of this sentiment when uttered by one of the speciees. It may be that fathers-in-law are addicted to this forthrightness of metaphor; at some time in the remote future I may be able to speak with assurance on this subject. But I confess to some little acquaintance with the books of musical comedies, produced and unproduced, and I have never seen that sort of language in any which I would praise for their "refinement." Far would it be from me to single out this father-in-law utterance if it stood alone in "The Gay Musician," but there are lines a-plenty boasting the same choice pungency of phrase. And there is "business" in the piece (to use a technical term), in which the family wash is thrust upon the attention of the audience. One may not ignore that family wash, no matter how willing one may be to observe this rudimentary regulation of politeness. It is literally flung out of the window and must be gazed at. I was puzzled for a long time about Miss Texas Guinan who is the leading spirit of "The Gay Musician" company. All the blackface type is for Miss Texas Guinan; likewise the center of the stage and most of the limelight. I was puzzled to account for her. She is not particularly attractive; some of the chorus girls are raving beauties by comparison. She is not a particularly graceful dancer; again some of the choristers make comparison rather odious. That she can not act is no great dispargement, I suppose, in these moribund (if moribund they are) days of musical comedy. But to say that she can not sing is to state an unvarnished truth with charitable softness, to strike a harsh note with the soft pedal on. So I was greatly puzzled to account for Miss Guinan until I remembered reading somewhere that she was the niece of Senator Bailey of Texas. That, of course, is the answer; but has it ever been included in the long catalogue of sins which the muckrakers have piled up to the discredit of the naughty United States senators that their postion or their wealth may make leading ladies out of their nieces? It is the severest indictment of our legislative body which I have thought upon since Colonel Roosevelt took the big stick to Nairobi. I do not know whether Harry Benham who plays the gay musician has an uncle in the United States Senate or not. If he has not at least a grandfather in the

MISS NIETA QUINN

The clever young comedienne of the Donald Bowles Company who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

House of Representatives he must remain an enigma. But let us not go through the cast with "Who's Who" in one hand and the Congressional Directory in the other. There are at least two players in it who need no relatives in the Federal government to enhance their importance. For all I care Roger Gray may not even have a second cousin in the pension bureau; he is a good natured fellow with loose joints and a comic style. If the librettist had not gone back to Joe Miller and first principles he would shine instead of merely glimmering. Lottie Kendall deserves more liberal commendation. Not only is she attractive in figure and form, but in her acting qualities as well. She has vivacity, grace, magnetism and a sweet voice which is so honest in its confession of vocal shortcomings that he would be a churl indeed who would find fault with it. I can not help mentioning in conclusion that I sympathize with Freda Klingel who played the soubrette. Miss Klingel is slim and graceful and dances well. Most of the audience thought so and demanded more, but Miss Klingel was not allowed to take her encore. While the audience continued to insist with warm applause, the stage was gradually filled for an ensemble number led by Miss Guinan. The audience was disappointed and I imagine that Miss Klingel felt badly about it, too. I do not blame her. In the United States Senate where Miss Guinan's uncle has a good speaking part, the "gray wolves" do that sort of thing to an insurgent when he scores with the gallery.

Stage

The New Playhouse in McAllister Street

This week sees the completion of another first-class theatre in the down-town section of San Francisco, marking another step in the re-establishment of the theatrical conditions as they existed before the fire. The Savoy Theatre, on McAllister street, a few steps from Market, will open its doors this Sunday night and the attraction will be John Cort's new production of the Pixley-Luders comedy opera, "King Dodo." The Savoy is under the direction of the Northwestern Theatrical Association of which John Cort is general manager. It was built for George A. Storey and the entire plant represents an investment of something like $250,000. Fred W. Busey, an experienced theatrical man, is the resident manager for Mr. Cort. The seating capacity of the theatre is about 1600 and there are twelve boxes which will accommodate six persons each. A portion of the orchestra space will be devoted to divans, each seating two persons. The stage is 40 by 75 feet and is splendidly equipped. The building is Class A in every particular and the exacting conditions imposed by the fire laws have been more than met. In "King Dodo" will be found many San Francisco favorites. The prima donna is Eleanor Kent, who, as Mabel Love, is well known here, as she was born and raised in this city. Zoe Barnett was long a favorite at the Princess. Laura Millard was popular at the Tivoli in its palmiest days and William H. West was also with the Tivoli.

Fritzi Scheff at the Van Ness

The incomparable Fritzi Scheff will be seen at the Van Ness for two weeks commencing next Monday in Charles Dillingham's production of "The Prima Donna," the new comic opera by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. She brings with her the original New York company which includes John E. Hazzard, Vernon Davidson, William K. Harcourt, Gilbert Clayton, Donald Hall, Martin Haydon, Phil Branson, Armand Cortes, Anna Pelham, Tillie Salinger, Grace Delmar, Maxine Verande, La Noveta, Katherine Stewart and many others. Miss Scheff is said to be a delight in the role of Mlle. Athenee, prima donna of the Opera Comique in Paris who disguises herself as a cafe singer in order to help a sick girl and becomes enamoured of a young soldier. Mr. Herbert's music is said by many to be the best he has written and some delightful songs are allotted to Mme. Scheff, enabling her to display her wonderful vocal powers.

Fritz Kreisler, Violinist

This Sunday afternoon at the Novelty Theatre, Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist and one of the most popular of the musical stars that visit us, will give his first program which will include Handel's Sonata in D major, Viotti's "Concerto" in A minor, some delightful old works by Pugnani, Couperin, Friedeman Bach and Boccherini, two gems by Mozart and Weber and two modern works by Dvorak and Wieniawski. On Thursday night he will play a program of works by Bach and the old masters Martini, Dittersdorf, Porpora, Francoeur, Tartini and Paganini and some modern works by Saint-Saens, Debussy and others, besides two of his own compositions. His farewell concert with a stunning program will be given Sunday afternoon, December 19. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's where complete programs are to be obtained. Next Friday afternoon, December 17, Kreisler will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse repeating the great program of Thursday night. For this event seats are on sale at Ye Liberty box office. Tuesday night, December 14, Kreisler plays an entirely different program before the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

FRITZI SCHEFF
In "The Prima Donna" at the Van Ness Theatre

Nance Olden at the Alcazar

Channing Pollock's dramatization of Miriam Michelson's story of a girl thief, "In the Bishop's Carriage," will be the Alcazar's next attraction, commencing Monday evening. Evelyn Vaughan will have the role of Nance Olden, the young criminal who is reformed by kindness; John Ince will be seen as Latimer, the attorney who converts her; Will R. Walling will again play the part of Tom Dorgan, the burglar from whose control the girl is saved, and all the other Alcazar favorites will have characters well suited to their talents. In the staging there will be augmented realism by the introduction of a genuine carriage and an up-to-date automobile.

Dr. Wullner's Farewell Concert

Dr. Ludwig Wullner has been induced to return for one day en route East from Los Angeles and give a farewell concert. So large is the repertoire of this artist that he has arranged another program of twenty-three songs with only one repetition from his former programs and that is Schubert's "Der Wanderer" for which he has received a dozen requests. The offerings will be a group of four Schubert songs, five Schumann works including "Ich Grolle Nicht," three Hugo Wolf numbers, two by Richard Strauss, a novelty by Arnold Mendelssohn and seven charming German folk-songs arranged by Brahms. Many of these works have never before been heard in this city. The concert will be given Monday night, December 13 at the Novelty Theatre and seats are now to be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

The Orpheum Bill

Donald Bowles, an actor who is favorably remembered as one of the bright lights of the James Neill Company, will head the new bill at the Orpheum in the one act romantic drama "Guilty?" which was written for him by Victor H. Smalley, a St. Paul newspaperman. The Klein Family, seven in number, will be seen in a novel cycling act, full of humor and dexterity. For several years this troupe of cyclists has been touring Europe and for two years they were among the chief attractions at the Berlin Music Hall and the Circus Schuman. Harry Fox and the Millership Sisters will appear in a diverting assortment of song, dance and chatter which they call "Artistic Nonsense." Mr. Fox is a light comedian, while his handsome young colleagues are attractive foils for his comedy. Carl Nobel, "The Scandinavian Ventriloquist," will be a unique feature. Nobel's ideas are entirely new and he introduces several remarkable mechanical dummies. Next week will be the last of Florence Bindley, Stella H. Morrisini and the Four Floods. It will also conclude the engagement of that delightful comedienne Eva Taylor and her company who will say farewell in the picturesque fantasy "Dreamona."

FRITZ KREISLER
The master-singer of the violin.

ELEANOR KENT
Prima donna with "King Dodo" at the new Savoy Theatre. She is well known here as Mabel Love.

Western Drama at Ye Liberty

Next week the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will have as their offering "The Judge and the Jury, a western play by Harry D. Cottrell and Oliver Morosco. Although the play will be entirely new to the playgoers across the bay it has earned quite a reputation by successes in other cities. When presented originally at the Burbank Theatre in Los Angeles it broke all records there for the number of consecutive performances, and afterwards enjoyed a successful sea-

son at Wallack's Theatre, New York, and has been played with the same success by nearly all of the stock companies throughout the country. The scenes of "The Judge and the Jury" are laid in New Mexico in the early nineties, and it tells an interesting story of the struggle for the hand of a girl between a rough miner and an effete mining promoter. A realistic mob scene and several picturesque stage settings are prominent features of "The Judge and the Jury," and these can be reproduced with striking realism on Ye Liberty's big revolving stage. The usual adequate cast will be presented.

Facts and Figures of Interest

One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

The bones and muscles of the human body are capable of over 1,200 different mechanical movements.

Paris has twelve more dailies than London, New York, Philadelphia and Boston combined.

Distinguished doctors say the seat of dyspepsia is not in the stomach, but in the head.

It may interest many to know that from an artistic point of view a woman's face is more beautiful when viewed from the left.

The great telescope constructed for the observatory near Nice has an object glass three feet in diameter and with a focal length of 53 feet.

There is a leaning tower at Caerphilly, Glamorganshire, which stands 77 feet in height and is no less than 11 feet out of the perpendicular. The Tower of Pisa leans 15 feet in 180 feet.

The peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fruity parts were used to poison arrows, and for that purpose were introduced into Persia. Transportation and cultivation have removed its poisonous qualities, and turned it into delicious fruit.

The divorces have been about 16,400 annually in the United States for the past twenty years, but this is only one per cent of the number of marriages, and, therefore, there is nothing in the world that human beings undertake to do that can show so small a percentage of total failures as marriage.

The flower badges of nations are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis (lily); Florence, giglio (lily); Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek leaf.

By a simple rule the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and double the time of setting will give the length of the day.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE Oakland, Cal. Direction H. W. Bishop

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Monday Night, December 13 at 8:15
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For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

This Month's History Making Affair

The opening of the Palace Hotel under the management of Thomas Kirkpatrick brings back to San Franciscans one of the dearest associations of the past. Its reputation for comfort and hospitality in the days gone was known to all the travelers of the earth who had ever been in this city, and what more fitting occasion could there be to celebrate the rehabilitation of San Francisco than the succession of fetes and banquets to be enjoyed on the reopening of the famous landmark? There will be "a sound of revelry by night" and San Francisco will gather there her beauty and her chivalry. It is most important therefore that the harmony and elegance of the surroundings be preserved by conventional and correct attire in order that the proper dress simplicity of the men and the regal magnificence of the women may be heightened by contrast. To this end we venture some suggestions as to what is proper and elegant to wear and what is to be shunned as inappropriate.

EVENING DRESS SUIT

DRESS OR DINNER WAISTCOAT

Simplicity in Evening Dress

A gentleman no doubt looks his best in a dress-suit and when you consider the simple attire and how long a time it has been in vogue, it is most remarkable that Dame Fashion in all these years has never been able to deviate more from the first conception of a dress-suit than she really has. Except for the accessories and the more graceful designs of lapels on coat and waistcoat and the more slightly shaped trousers, a dress-suit is still the same as it was 50 years ago. There is one thing noticeable—the absence of all conspicuous jewelry and where, seventy years ago, men wore diamond studs with links to match, today they purchase a plain set of mother of pearls with cuff links to match. Ostentatious lockets of heavy gold chains attached to the watch have been replaced by a plain looking fob or the watch is fastened to a chain worn inside the waistcoat with a buttonhole through the pocket, making the chain invisible and pickpocket proof at the same time. This idea, by the way, is the invention of an attorney-at-law of this city who has been prevailed upon to apply for a patent.

The Full Dress Suit in Its Entirety

There is nothing more attractive nor handsomer than the color scheme of black and white which, notwithstanding the introduction of other colors like blue or plum, is still the only practical combination for the dress-suit. The illustration gives a clear idea of how a man should look if properly attired and for the benefit of those who like to go into details I will give a description. Beginning with the dress coat, the shoulders are natural and while a trifle concave, should be devoid of all excessive padding. The lapels are of a medium width, silk faced, but the collar is of cloth the same as the body of the coat. The coat must have a graceful contour and the roundness of the skirt at the hip should be accentuated by the close-fitting waist. There may be a breast pocket or not, but there should be a buttonhole or elastic fastening at the left lapel for a flower. Either a plain sleeve or blind cuffs are correct, but elaborate cuff finish or turned back cuffs are entirely out of the question. There should be two inner breast pockets, the pocket on the right side to be used for the kerchief.

The Evening Waistcoat

A late model of an evening waistcoat which is now being made by the most fashionable Fifth avenue tailors is shown in another cut. This waistcoat must always be white. The materials used are either silk, linen or pique, the front to be closed with three buttons. It may be noticed that it is almost U shape, the only difference being that at the bottom of the U it is almost square instead of round. The waistcoat may be even with the body of the dress-coat or protrude from one-half inch to one inch.

Trousers

The trousers may have braid at side or not, as fancy may direct the wearer. They are cut comfortably to allow the dancer or diner comfort and ease.

Shirts, Collars, Ties, Shoes and Hats

Shirts for full dress have three buttonholes for studs, and cuffs attached; materials to be either plain white line linen or pique. Of late a very small knife pleat has been worn, but as this is a very hard shirt to launder it is a rather unsatisfactory affair. The popular favorite in collars is still the poke, but a very smart dress collar is the midford, a very small round top English collar. Lawn ties or pique effects, to be tied by wearer. Shoes, button, patent leather or for dancing, pumps. The silk hat is still supreme as a dress hat but wherever there is a large gathering a crush hat is more advisable. Most any long overcoat can be worn, but the Protector or Inverness coats are real dress overcoats. Reefers knitted or padded.

"You look completely tired out, Baron."
"My wife has just given birth to twins."

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The Spider

(Continued from Page 8.)

and the past sinks into the shadows of twilight, perhaps there I shall tell her those things which would have always remained a secret but for her pitiless rebellion. This marriage, which Barbara brands as a deal between her father and myself, was on my part an act of pure love. I married her without a sou of dowry. She was, indeed, the daughter of Chartier, the rich banker, and her beauty and wealth caused her to be regarded as an exceptionally desirable parti.

At first I did not dare to hope that I could win her; she seemed beyond my reach. Her impending engagement to Monsieur de Boutteville, of the diplomatic service, was a matter of society gossip. But soon the gossips had a great deal to say concerning the shakiness of old Chartier's affairs, and Monsieur de Boutteville became a rare visitor at the banker's mansion. When the rumor became confirmed, Monsieur de Boutteville, under the pretext of an official trip abroad, withdrew from the field. Then I presented myself as a suitor for Barbara's hand. I had no rivals. The father frankly described to me his situation. We agreed to conceal the true state of affairs from the proud young woman, and I married her.

My wife did not come down this morning. I went up to her apartment, but she did not receive me. She buries herself in her anger with a certain voluptuous relish; she glories in it as if it were the odor of some exotic and poisonous flower; she becomes intoxicated with it. She will never forgive me.

She appears so distant that only the paths of death might lead us together again. We shall never come together in this world which is so hostile, which persists in separating us.

It is the world in which one enjoys himself, in which one amuses himself, that has made of Barbara the woman she has become. The world is the great enticer which has transformed her into one of its creatures. The lax principles which are its current coin have stained her spirit. Like others of her kind she is indulgent towards scandal; it amuses her, she admires the transgressions of love as if they occurred outside the domains of good and evil.

She is one with the spirit of this world which makes sport of marriage and glorifies the supreme law of passion, and I shudder when I think of the resolve which this misguided, vehement creature may take.

Barbara has become a child of the elegant anarchy of our modern society. In the brief span of our married life I have failed to imbue her with other principles, for her heart is not with me.

Like a somnambulist she has been walking towards the abyss; my rude hand has aroused her. What will come of it? Will a wholesome fear arrest her at the edge of the precipice?

I feel that she is planning some deed of madness there above my head. But I have no power over that irritated spirit. And yet I love her, in spite of all deficiencies of her nature. I feel that somewhere, in the depths of her heart, there slumbers a world of goodness.

I was rather late to luncheon, having been detained at the university. When I entered the dining-room I was surprised to find Barbara there. She seemingly expected me. The soup was just being served.

She replied to my salutation with a tremulous voice. But she did not raise her eyes to greet me, as if they were weighted down by an overwhelming sense of shame. I believed that she was repenting and I felt as if a great light had shed its radiance over me.

My wrath was transformed into an overpowering sense of pity and compassion. She seemed so deadly pale; the spoon trembled as she raised it to her lips.

"Are you suffering, Barbara?" I asked when I had sat down. She looked at me with a glance devoid of comprehension and suddenly rose to her feet. "Pardon me—I feel ill," she murmured. She left the room, calling for the maid.

I remained alone, lost in thought.

When my eyes turned to my plate I noticed with loathing that a gigantic spider was swinging to and fro right over the plate, suspended from the ceiling by an airy thread; it touched the soup with its pointed legs, and, startled, crawled up immediately with lightning celerity to its retreat on the ceiling. I have an almost superstitious horror and loathing of spiders, and pushed my plate away in disgust. I felt annoyed, for it was my favorite soup. As my wife seemed ill and apparently had no intention of returning to luncheon, I exchanged the plates and took hers.

Having finished my soup I rang for the maid: "Mary, ask madame if I shall wait for her with luncheon."

In the meanwhile I stepped into my study, in order to glance over my mail. One of the letters engaged my attention and I was startled when the maid entered and announced: "Madame is waiting for monsieur in the dining-room."

For a moment or two I lingered over the letter which referred to an interesting problem that was to be the subject of a forthcoming lecture.

When I returned to the dining-room the second course had been served. Barbara eyed me with a curiously anxious expression.

She shuddered when I addressed her, and her face bore the expression of a mute entreaty which seemed to me to augur well for our future.

As I was about to leave she seemed for a moment inclined to hold me back with a bashful gesture; suddenly I saw her grow pale and she clutched at her throat, as if she were choking. Frightened by her strange behavior, I exclaimed: "What is the matter with you?" but she recovered her composure and lightly observed: "Nothing, nothing," and bade me go.

I was called home from the lecture hall. It seemed to me as if the breath of some dire evil had chilled my brow. My heart beat violently. Had Barbara left me?

It was not disgrace, however, that awaited me at home. But I loved my wife and it seemed to me that I would have endured anything rather than the sight of the lovely creature, unconscious, stricken, the imprint of death on her anguished face.

Her features were distorted with an agony of pain. The ominous suspicion flashed through my brain that Barbara had voluntarily chosen death. The last traces of my wrath were dispelled like chaff in a whirlwind. I saw only the weak woman, entrusted to my protection, the innocent victim of my harshness, whom my distrust and endless harangues had driven to her death.

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I questioned the maid. Had the doctor been sent for? Yes. Madame had been seized by a violent vomiting spell; the physician had failed to diagnose the case and was now investigating it. He had said something about cholera symptoms.

I bent low over her prostrate form. Where was that triumphant beauty which but a short while since so mightily fascinated me?

I touched her hand. It was cold and clammy. Low moans trembled continually on her lips. I spoke to her, but she did not hear me.

The physician entered the room and addressed me: "Professor, I will not conceal from you the fact that your wife is in a very grave condition. I have determined by means of a chemical analysis that this is a case of arsenical poisoning. Mme. Lasneret had some arsenic which I prescribed for her, but I cannot imagine how she could have taken so very large a dose. It seems almost incredible."

"I don't know what to think of it, doctor, but for heaven's sake give her an antidote!"

"I have done that, but unfortunately I was called very late. An ordinary antidote, an oxide of iron or precipitate of sulphur, will not be effective, for the poison has already inflamed the intestines. The poisoning must have occurred some hours ago, possibly at luncheon."

"At luncheon?" I whispered. "And you think—"

"Well, professor, I fear a fatal termination, but it may last a day or two."

I mumbled: "Try the impossible! Try to save her!"

"We shall leave nothing untried, but we are merely human and are powerless in the face of so destructive an agent."

I remained alone. I buried my head in the bed and my hands clutched convulsively. I cried to God for her recovery, I implored Him to spare me the inextinguishable sorrow for her ruin. Anything but that! The consciousness of my guilt crushed me into the dust. A hoarse cry escaped the pale lips of the suffering woman.

"Barbara!"

Was it the sound of my voice? She seemed to regain consciousness. Her eyes opened and she regarded me with the expression of a delirious sufferer.

"Barbara, my wife, why did you do this? Did you take this poison by mischance? Tell me that you did not wish to die."

"Die?" The expression of abject terror was mirrored in her features. "No, no! I did not take poison."

This vehement denial, so palpably true, filled me with fresh hope.

"I am thirsty. I suffer! I suffer!"

As I handed her a glass she looked up to me with a distrusting glance and whispered: "You are not ill. How, why, are you attending to me?"

Her mind seemed to be wandering.

I asked myself: "What then did occur if she did not take poison voluntarily?"

She pushed the glass aside with a delirious gesture: "No, no! They have given me of the poisoned soup."

"Barbara, what are you talking about? You are delirious. Nobody has given you of a poisoned soup. You yourself—"

She regarded me for a moment with a look of comprehension and rapt attention and interrupted me in a terror-stricken voice: "I myself—you know it, then?"

"I believed that she was about to confess her attempt at suicide. But she fell back and continued with a delirious vehemence: "They changed the plates somehow. It is terrible. I was crazy. It was a mad thing to do. They should have had pity."

Her eyes closed again. I listened appalled and bewildered. I could not understand the connection. Finally I began to ask myself which of us two came nearer losing his reason.

I held her head in my hands and despairingly appealed to her: "Barbara! Speak! Be clear! Trust me! I pity you. I would give my life to save you. Banish this terrible suspicion. Nobody has poisoned you. What are you saying about the plates? No one has changed any pl—"

I suddenly stopped as if I had met an insurmountable obstacle. The simple word "changed" altered the direction of my thoughts and seemed to throw a new light on the situation. It conjured up a scene that was a revelation. A thread of cobweb seemed to cross the trend of my thoughts and it transformed them. And my thoughts "changed" their course.

It was brief and decisive. I knew all. There was now not the slightest doubt about it.

A chilly brightness, a deadly iciness gripped my soul. The pitiless certainty stunned me. Yes, indeed, I had changed the plates. And the spider knew why. This apparently so trifling incident had escaped my memory. The present moment revealed its momentous importance—a terrible, a stupendous importance. My life, saved by a miserable little accident, appeared to me suddenly wretchedly worthless. All love, all joy had gone out of it. I felt sadder than the saddest thing of this world.

The man who in the next moment bent low over the sick bed was no longer the husband of a worshiped wife, no longer the Hubert Lasneret of an hour ago; he was merely a poor lonely man at the bedside of an unfortunate creature; a soul from the wretched herd of those who suffer and strive to attain the heights of pity.

In her rambling she repeated: "They have changed the plates. The poison! Hubert! Arsenic." These words, alternating with moans, seemed to circle and whirl in her fevered brain.

I watched at her side and mechanically attended to the duties of humanity.

In the corner of the chamber I observed a spider that stolidly moved up and down while weaving his web, the strange mute witness of a tragedy. During the night she called me: "Hubert!" Her voice had again the ring of the peaceful days of the past. Her features seemed no longer racked with pain. The anxious sorrowing love that had filled my heart but a few brief hours back was no longer there. In order to make all things clear I spoke with calmness: "Barbara, in your delirium you spoke of changed plates. I do not know what this may have to do with your illness. This is certain, however, that when you left the table at luncheon I did not think that you would return. A spider had descended from the ceiling upon my plate. You know my horror of spiders. Well, I just took your plate of soup and put mine in its place. These are the plain facts."

She did not reply a word. Her features expressed a nameless fear. Later she breathed in a hoarse whisper: "Must I, then, die? What dreadful punishment!"

"Poor woman!" I said and attempted to fold her in my arms.

"Do not touch me! If you but knew! Why, oh, why, did you threaten to kill Boutteville in a duel?"

She cried it out in her mortal agony.

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This name, uttered by her in such an hour, finally robbed me of my self-possession. In order to save that man she had been willing to sacrifice me in cold blood! I seized her hand and roughly said: "Silence! Do not utter that name again! Do not carry into another world the idle illusion which has robbed us both of happiness! I speak to you unsparingly, but it must be done. You were misguided by falsehoods. I have long kept my silence. But the hour for truth has come. I married you when you were absolutely poor. Your father died a ruined man. I married you because I loved you above all else on earth. I wooed you when de Boutteville had withdrawn his suit in consequence of your father's ruin. He came near you again after your marriage. A married woman! Of course, no obligation is involved there. I despise him because he spurned you, and I hate him, because while you were at my side you yearned after that sorry hero and blamed me for the cowardice of that poltroon. Now you know all, but it is all too late."

Had I told her this a few days ago, her indomitable pride would have recoiled in wild indignation, and she would never have forgiven me for the humiliation my words involved. But today, chastened by a higher power, she listened without reply. I saw an expression of loathing curl her lips, as if she had crushed under foot a venomous snake.

Then she broke down and soft, despairing sobs shook her frame.

I left her alone.

Still the same night. I am watching the spider who is pursuing his weaving task undisturbed. I am watching the busy insect without a trace of the gratitude I owe to one of his kind. There is a popular superstition which ascribes to spiders some mysterious office of messenger and herald. But I cannot feel grateful to him for a deliverance that means the cutting off of a life that was as dear to me as my own.

A moan rings through the air.

"Hubert!" Her arms are wound around my neck; she clings to me like a shipwrecked mariner to a rock. She stammers: "It is—as if there were a God. I fear—save me!"

Suddenly she utters an agonized cry: "Forgive me, Hubert! I die because I sought your life. I am blinded, crazed! Your jealousy drove me to despair. I was innocent. But it was I that—"

I lay my hands on her lips. "Enough! I know all, Barbara!"

Her confession brought me nearer to her again.

Who was I that I should judge her? Were we not both equally guilty? Had not my jealousy driven her to the paths of crime?

I knelt down at her side and embraced her: "We can forgive one another. I, too, have sinned, blinded by passion."

She raised her eyes. The wonderful blue that once had sparkled in her pupils had dulled, but the ennobling power of forgiveness had kindled in them something that had never shone for me in the days of her triumphs and glory.

That visionary glance seemed to radiate hope and promise that life could no longer realize.

And in that momentary transfiguration we both realized what a masterpiece of human happiness had been ours to enjoy—a masterpiece of which we had made a sorry mess!

For some time we regarded each other in silence; then her limbs twitched convulsively. Her eyelids dropped and she collapsed utterly.

Cries of pain ring through the silence of the night.

The physician administers to the dying woman, laboring hard to ease her pains.

My head clasped in my hands, I look through the open window and see the Deliverer stalking through the blossoming garden; with hesitating hand he breaks the branch of peace for her penance.

Towards dawn Barbara was dead. An unrecognizable and lifeless shell was all that was left of that once glorious creature. But the spider, on whose thread had hung the fate of two human beings, still weaves his web, undisturbed and mysterious, in the corner of the death-chamber.

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Auto Notes

A. H. Piepenburg, one of the best known automobile men on the Pacific Coast and the holder of many world records made in speed contests, hill-climbs and on tracks, has joined the salesforce of the Studebaker Bros. Company under manager John H. Eagal.

Finished in the most handsome red that has ever been seen in the west, a new Studebaker-Garford "40" roadster was received from the Studebaker factory a few days ago by the local Studebaker branch. Automobile men who have seen the new car describe the machine as having the most graceful, racy lines of any machine that has ever been on the Coast.

The Diamond Rubber Company reports that B. E. Nixon, C. E. Gray and Western Garage, Martland Tires & Vulcanizing, Victory Motor Company, Moore Motor & Supply Company, the Oakland Traction Company and Osen & Hunter are recent purchasers of the new Diamond Grip Anti Skid Casings.

Writing from Watsonville, R. W. Eaton pays some compliments to a Studebaker E-M-F "30" which he has been using for several months. He says: "I have just returned from a trip to Fresno and made 425 miles, using 36 gallons of gasoline and one gallon of oil. This is about twelve miles to the gallon. There was a lot of sand and I crossed the Pacheco Pass twice. Do you think this machine ought to do better? I had an abundance of power and am well pleased with the car."

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast Manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, was an interested spectator at the San Jose race meet and is now wearing the usual Diamond smile. "Not only did they win the five-mile events in equipping the 'Comet,'" said Mr. Mathewson, "but by the Thomas car winning the fifty-mile race in 52 minutes and 6 seconds, we made a clean sweep of all the regular races. This being practically the last meet of the season, we close with a record to be proud of. Not only did we capture the Portola $3000 cup but also the world's stock car record at Santa Monica. We also won the Portland and Santa Rosa races, the Decoration Day twenty-four hour event, the Los Angeles and San Diego round trip record, the San Francisco and Los Angeles record. Diamond tires finished with the original air in all four."

Reports that the road through Niles Canyon is in good shape again are said to be false by Tom T. Roe of the Studebaker Bros., who recently had occasion to drive a Studebaker E-M-F "30" from this city to Tracy in making delivery of a car.

Frank Cox of Westley and his family are greatly enjoying the use of a new Chalmers-Detroit 30-horsepower car, which Mr. Cox purchased recently. Several trips have been made to Modesto and to Stockton, the car averaging sixteen miles to the gallon of gasoline. Charles O'Day of the Pioneer Automobile Company accompanied Mr. Cox to his home and remained with him for a few days until he was familiar with the car. Mr. Cox now handles it with perfect ease and is quite an enthusiast. O'Day reports the roads in very good condition between here and Westley by way of Livermore.

Word has been received here that the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company has received its first order for a 1911 model. Charles Ross of Little Rock, Ark., has placed the order. Mr. Ross says that he does not know what the plans of the Chalmers-Detroit Company are for 1911, but that he has had such satisfaction out of the "40" he now owns, and has such confidence in the Chalmers-Detroit Company that he believes the car will give him satisfaction.

The Pioneer Automobile Company, from telegrams received during the past week, feels very much encouraged in regard to shipping conditions in connection with the various factories. Since the fifteenth of the month there have been shipped to the local agency twenty-five cars of the different models of the Chalmers "30", twelve of the 40-horsepower touring cars and roadsters, twelve Hudson runabouts and two carloads of Thomas cars—one carload of the new Model "H" six-cylinder, and one carload of the Model "F" 4-60's. This makes a total of fifty-five cars shipped. "At this rate," says Manager E. P. Brinegar, " we should be caught up on deliveries by Christmas, or not later than January 1st."

Dr. A. W. Kirk, who took delivery of a new Chalmers-Detroit runabout recently and drove it from Oakland to Palo Alto via San Jose, reports that his speedometer showed sixty-six miles, and by careful measurement he used just four gallons of gasoline, or at the rate of sixteen and one-half miles per gallon. The doctor is much pleased with the economy of the car as shown on this trip.

Lee Jones of Modesto, accompanied by R. S. Luther of the Pioneer Automobile Company as driver, made a remarkably fast drive from San Francisco to Modesto recently in one of the 1910 Chalmers-Detroit "40" roadsters. They left the Ferry Building on the 3:20 p. m. boat and arrived in Modesto at 6:50, the entire trip being made in considerably less than four hours. Eliminating the trip across the bay, the run from Oakland Pier was made in three hours or less. The party went eight miles out of its way north of Ripon, taking the wrong road by mistake. Otherwise the trip would have been made in quicker time. Mr. Jones will use the machine until the arrival of the touring car which he has ordered.

Frederick B. Moscovic, the well known eastern designer of automobiles, is spending a few weeks on the Coast, and passed through this city recently. In speaking of the new 1910 models, Mr. Moscovic states that he thinks there is more value in the Chalmers-Detroit 30-horsepower car than in any other that has ever been turned out in this country. "I have just spent a few days at the factory," said he, "and after studying this organization and the way they do things in their factory, I can well understand why they are so far in the lead over other American manufacturers of cars."

Among the recent purchasers of Hudson runabouts in this city are C. Parker Holt and L. J. Cowgill. These gentlemen expect to take early delivery of their cars.

Chalmers-Detroit "30" rounabouts have been purchased by Dr. Thomas X. Sullivan, C. S. Laumeister and W. J. Wilson.

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Letters

A Romance of Court and Camp

"A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg" rejoices in a title which may be accepted literally, for Adolph, the Margrave of Schwedt, concealed beneath his ungainly exterior and his predilection for over much beer as kindly and chivalrous a soul as ever was bestowed on man. Singularly enough, for a romantic tale of courts and camps, Charles Major has chosen to eliminate the swashbuckling braggart full of strange oaths and daringly lawless deeds, and even his secondary hero, "the Handsome Captain," comports himself soberly. The time and the scenes have to do with the court of that King, Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great, whom we must believe to be at least half mad if we would not judge him wholly bad. The tale begins by introducing us to the Margrave of Bayreuth in conversation with his son, the Hereditary Prince, over a matrimonial proposal which they have reason to believe is about to be placed before them. Both are averse to the alliance, but dire political disaster is likely to follow a refusal, so, to avert the calamity Prince Frederick Henry proposes to disappear, leaving his father in ignorance of his whereabouts in order that he may be able, at least, to procrastinate. As Prince Frederick Henry has already been something of a soldier of fortune, the plan, which is feasible, is put into operation at once, the intention of the prince being to proceed to England and enter the British army. Before he had been long on the road he was overtaken by a detachment of soldiers who took him prisoner, and knowing that a disclosure of his identity would liberate him from any undesirable situation, he was, for the moment, indifferent to his destination. At a wayside inn he encountered Adolph, Margrave of Schwedt, whose wit and good humor commended themselves to him and it was from Adolph that he received the key to his situation. He had been kidnaped because his six feet of stature made him a desirable recruit to that regiment of giant dragoons which was the chief object of King Frederick William's solicitude. The Margrave of Schwedt also confided to his new friend the fact that his own destination was also Berlin, whither he had been summoned as a possible husband for the unfortunate Princess Wilhelmina, eldest daughter of the king, and joint subject, with her brother Frederick, of the unnatural father's hatred. Wilhelmina was to be given her choice between the grotesque Margrave and the altogether dissolute Duke of Wessenfels, both of whom were supposed to be tractable subjects in the hands of the Austrian spies who dominated the royal court. But Adolph, the Margrave of Schwedt, despite his ungainly body and inexpressive countenance, was far from being the fool they supposed. He honestly loved the poor princess and was unwilling to be the cause of any unpleasantness to her. He hoped to win her by his devotion to her and in any case, to save her from a worse fate, for, ere long, it developed that if she did not signify her willingness to accept Adolph she would be forced, after revolting indignity, to marry the dissolute duke, and at the same time a sentence of death would be carried out upon the crown prince and all his friends. Arrived in Berlin, the Prince of Bayreuth, still concealing his identity, decided to accept service in the regiment, and his military ability secured for him at once a commission as captain. His quick wit enabled him to be of service at once to the unfortunate Prince Frederick, but the undoubted favor in which he stood with the king rendered his position a trying one, for father and son were mutually distrustful, and the friends of one became thereby the enemies of the other. But Prince Henry Frederick, owing to his own high rank, felt secure from penalties that might be inflicted on others, and displayed an independence which pleased as much as it startled the monarch. He speedily lost his heart to the unfortunate princess who reciprocated his attachment despite her certainty of its hopelessness. The younger princess, Charlotte, "Don't Care," complicated heart interests by herself falling in love with "the handsome captain" and signaling him out for her special favors, and when, as a bit of court gossip, he learned that an alliance between Princess Charlotte and the Hereditary Prince of Bayreuth (himself) was about to be proposed, he was obliged to resort to diplomacy in order to divert her vagrant fancy. We are given more than a glimpse of the intrigues by which it was hoped that Prussia and Brandenburg would be absorbed by Austria; of the incredible parsimony practiced in the royal household, the bickerings between parents and children, the sessions of the "Tobacco Parliament," and the selfishness and self seeking of all save the anonymous captain who eventually won both the heart and the hand of the princess. One of the most serious faults to be laid at the door of writers of romantic novels of other times is the artificial difficulty which they create for their readers by trying (and usually failing) to reproduce the language of the day. Mr. Majors has wisely refrained from such an attempt. His diction is modern in the extreme and he has not even attempted to Teutonize it. The result is that he has achieved the effect of an old story retold rather than of an old manuscript badly translated by some boggling amateur. The best that can be expected of a historical romance is that it will send readers back to real history for their facts, and "A Gentle Knight of Old Branderburg" is well calculated to do that much. Published by the Macmillan Company.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office No. 623 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased.

FINDLEY BUCHANAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Catherine Johnson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, Sometimes Known and Written as SOL LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 8713, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alexander Lippman, Executor of the last will of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Maurice L. Asher, 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased.

ALEXANDER LIPPMAN,
Executor of the Last Will of Solomon Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Executor,
615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased, appear in said Court on Monday, the 27th day of December, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Charles G. Lyman as such executor, should not sell the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of O'Farrell Street with the easterly line of Mason Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along the said southerly line of O'Farrell Street fifty-five (55) feet to the easterly line of Mason Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 197.

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published for at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, November 18, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-10-11 Chronicle Building, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased.

EVELYN DORAN GOUBERT,
Administratrix of the Estate of Eugene McCarthy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1909.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff,

vs.

MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-?

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7670, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE T. O'TOOLE, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of PATRICK J. WHELAN as the administrator of the estate of Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, this day filed, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said estate that the real property belonging to said estate hereinafter described should be sold.

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered that the heirs of said Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situate on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 3rd day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock of that day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing said Patrick J. Whelan, as administrator of the estate of said decedent, to sell the property belonging to said estate, said property being situated in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Chestnut Street, distant thereon ninety-three (93) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Tenth Street, and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Chestnut Street forty-two (42) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly forty-two (42) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred (100) feet to the said line of Chestnut Street and the point of beginning.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks before said 3rd day of January, 1910, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 29th day of November, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. S. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
718 Union Trust Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBERT KRUGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Fitzpatrick & Greeley, Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, attorneys for said Executor, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALBERT KRUGER, deceased.

GEO. L. RICCOMI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Albert Kruger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13th, 1909.

FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, Attorneys for Executor,
Nos. 423-425 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, An Incompetent Person.

Nels Rasmussen, guardian of the person and estate of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of the interest in the real estate of the said incompetent person for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent person appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the third day of January, A. D. 1910, in the forenoon of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court, Room No. 601, Grant Building, corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian of the said incompetent person to sell the interest of the real estate of said incompetent person, at private sale; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open Court this 7th day of December, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 7, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. ALLEN, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX BROOKS, Deceased—No. 8718, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased.

JULIA BROOKS,
Executrix of the Estate of Max Brooks, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Attorney for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL S. WISE, Deceased—No. 8719, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Building, No. 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased.

WALLACE A. WISE,
As Administrator of the Estate of Rachel S. Wise, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

WALLACE A. WISE, Administrator,
Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. HOGG, Deceased—No. 8540, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned James A. Hoag, Administrator of the estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, James F. Sheehan, Room 623, Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased.

JAMES A. HOAG,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Hogg, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13, 1909.

JAMES F. SHEEHAN, Attorney of Administrator,
Room 623, Balboa Bldg., 2nd and Market Sts., San Francisco. 11-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,

vs.

LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,

vs.

ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LYDIA KIRKPATRICK, Also Known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LYDIA IRKPATRICK, also known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Metson, Drew, Oatman & Mackenzie, on the 5th floor of the Balboa Building at the corner of Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

THOMAS KIRKPATRICK,
Administrator of the Estate of Lydia Kirkpatrick, also known as Mrs. L. Kirkpatrick, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 20, 1909.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Fifth Floor, Balboa Building, Second and Market Sts. 11-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, Deceased—No. 8588, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie M. Donovan, Administratrix of the estate of JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said JEREMIAH J. DONOVAN, also known as J. J. DONOVAN, deceased.

ANNIE M. DONOVAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Jeremiah J. Donovan, also known as J. J. Donovan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, Deceased—No. 8437, N. S.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Theodore C. Rethers and William D. O'Kane, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of their attorney, Neal Power, Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, at the Northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ELLEN ROSE KENGLA, deceased.

THEODORE C. RETHERS and WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Ellen Rose Kengla, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, this 13th day of November, 1909.

NEAL POWER, Attorney for said Executors,
Rooms 544 to 546, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches, thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches, thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches, thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly Line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 168 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Baldwick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM THIRD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at Room 609 in the Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said place the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased.

JENNIE THIRD,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of William Third, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4, 1909.

JOSEPH B. KENNEDY, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

Knight & Heggerty

ATTORNEYS AT LAW and

PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY

CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810

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Chas. F. Duisenberg

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Have you been married six times before?

Flirtation

Let us follow now, one after the other, the successive periods over which flirtation can, and sometimes does, pass before it reaches that crisis which may transform the operette into an opera, and the innocent, insignificant by-play into a drama full of tears and blood. The other afternoon, for instance, you have called upon a lady whom you seldom visit. On that day you showed yourself good-humored and even witty; she used to classify you among those callers whom one has to receive out of social duty, and she is quite surprised as well as charmed, to find so much pleasure in your company. When you leave, you have grown more satisfied with yourself and her. It seemed almost as if you had discovered her. A few days later you call on the same lady again; this time she is alone and is visibly pleased by your coming. She begins teasing you in a way she never had before. You answer in the same tone, and this alone might be called flirtation. Perhaps, about that time, you have some serious attachment in some other quarter, and the fact of conversing in this light, airy tone with another woman has all the piquancy of a demi-infidelity. Little by little, you contract the charming habit of visiting your flirt with a perfectly quiet conscience, since you feel sure never to fall in love with her. Your new friend, on her side, although most earnestly devoted to her duties, discovers an ever new charm in this close proximity to a danger the existence of which she refuses to admit. It is just like the candy she is munching half the afternoon. She is not taking a meal, but only tasting sweets. Besides, if there is also, on her side, some serious affection toward somebody else, she finds it great fun to render this "somebody else" just a little bit jealous, so that he may hold in higher value the happiness granted him. This is what might be called the honeymoon of a flirtation; it is something like the minor motive in a sonata: the melody is there, but it is so faint and so vaguely indicated that it just caresses the ear without forcing it to listen. We are reaching now the second period of this interesting situation. One, or both, of the two flirts is, or are, beginning to suffer the first symptoms of an indescribable uneasiness. She has been discovering that he is very deeply in love with somebody else, and rather illogically imagines that he has been deceiving her all along. Why does she think so? She couldn't tell, since she doesn't love him and would feel much embarrassed if he did love her. But vanity is made of such paradoxes. He, on his side, is made aware by some accident that there is a masculine affection hidden in this woman's life, and that she is bound in that direction as solidly as she is insignificantly attached to him. He didn't mind at first to be counted simply as a kind of appetite-opener, but that was when he thought the dinner only of an indifferent kind. Now that he knows the table is spread with all the luxuries of the season, he finds himself rather too candid, and, to say the word, he feels himself victimized. So, one fine morning—by the way, why do we always speak of fine mornings, when in general the early hours are just the reverse—well, one morning, fine or otherwise, she is struck with the idea that you are observing, with too strict fidelity, the tacit understanding existing between you. On your side, you get up decided to prove to her that you are worth troubling her imagination a little more. From that moment dates the most surprising unevenness in her humor as well as in yours. You begin addressing each other sundry remarks that are more biting than tender; she occasionally makes even fun of you, thrusting such witty sallies as are apt, sometimes, to touch you to the quick. Yourself are apt to indulge in jealout inquisition, acting almost as awkwardly as the most obtuse of husbands. A storm is evidently brewing, and your nerves suffer from the amount of electricity in the atmosphere, although no clouds have yet appeared upon your horizon. Never fear; those clouds are coming, and with them lightning and thundering bolts, even hail, which is going to mow down those pretty daisies, the petals of which you had taken such pleasure picking together in the innocent bloom of your early flirtation. The third period is now on. There is no more question of honeymoon, and the sky has grown as black as the ink I write with, or the heart of my lady-love. The man has sworn that he would have this woman his own, and she, on her side, begins to display a well-acted indignation at the pretensions he dares to bring forward. Or perhaps it is the other way; she has felt her slight power over you dwindling to nothingness, and she is trying her very hardest to transform into sworn duties those attentions you so gladly manifested toward her at first; you rebel, and war is declared—and this war ends what I should call flirtation proper, and I have no occasion to pursue my study any farther.

—Paul Bourget.

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

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Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, December 18, 1909. No. 903.

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World's Fair Reflections

The world's fair project has caught the imagination of the people of San Francisco and fired them with contagious enthusiasm. The whole secret of success in life is enthusiasm, the success of every great project is the triumph of enthusiasm, and behind the movement to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal with a world's fair, there is enough enthusiasm to justify the prediction that the city by the Golden Gate will give a show of which the nations of the earth will sit up to take notice. We have abundantly proved our capacity to organize success on a large scale, and we shall certainly sustain our reputation for grit and gumption as well as for energy and enterprise in the accomplishment of the great task that we are about to undertake. The people of San Francisco are in need of no encouragement in this matter; they are sensible of the vast benefits that are bound to accrue from the prompt seizure of so pregnant an opportunity; of the importance of contributing so powerfully to the great impetus that is bound to be given to the tide of industrial progress when the isthmian canal is opened that there shall be no possibility of resistance, but it is none the less advisable to consider some of the less obvious advantages of such an exposition as we have resolved upon. These costly and colossal displays of ingenuity and splendor that are called world's fairs have something more than an ephemeral interest, and they do something more than stimulate the flow of the pactolian stream in the cities where they are held. Their educational influence is prodigious and lasting. Every city in which an international exposition has been held has learned that all their previous efforts at education were merely local crystallizations. In addition to shedding light on the competitive achievements of the principal nations in commercial contact and teaching important industrial lessons in the different branches of manufactures and arts, world's fairs have a considerable refining influence upon the people, awakening as they do an interest in the things that contribute to the sweetness and beauty of life. For much that is now regarded as of inestimable value to the people of this country we are indebted to the Columbian Exposition held at Chicago, which it would be just to regard as an epoch-maker though it had done nothing more than transform our homes; and that much it certainly accomplished. It was there that the people became conscious of the hideousness of their furniture and house decorations; there they learned that even those of scanty means can surround themselves with beautiful things, and there they acquired a taste for some of the spiritual joys of existence which mitigate the miseries that are always with us. Even our own little Mid-Winter fair was an epoch-maker, for as a result of its bringing hither Fritz Scheel and his orchestra it created in the masses a taste for good music. Now the World's Fair that we are to hold in 1915 will indubitably produce more good results than the average man is able to conceive at this time. So far the prospect is regarded exclusively from the commercial viewpoint, and from that it is of exceeding fascination. Moreover it is a most important viewpoint, and because of its importance we should endeavor to make it a fair of gigantic proportions. To that end we should seek the co-operation of all the States of the Pacific Slope, and of the South American States bordering on the Pacific. Not merely should we solicit their participation as exhibitors, for of course our solicitation in that direction will be universal, but we should urge them to join with us in giving the fair. It should be sufficient for us that the celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal take place in San Francisco.

A Dream Worth Realizing

Now that we are about to purchase the property of the Spring Valley Water Company thoughtful consideration should be given to the proposition involving the tract of land known as the Laguna de la Merced. Out of this tract the directors of the company wish to reserve a large section for speculative purposes. Now it is to be hoped that the city will become possessed of much the greater portion of the tract with a view to transforming the barren wastes into a beautiful public playground. The thought of converting this tract of land, which is larger than Golden Gate Park, into a park is not of recent birth. Twenty years ago it occupied the minds of men who looked into the future and thought of San Francisco's potentialities and of the things that we should avail ourselves of in pursuance of a plan to make this the most beautiful and attractive city in the world. They pointed out that a co-ordinated and articulated park and boulevard system which should include the picturesque Merced lakes, Golden Gate Park and the Presidio and have pre-eminent among its features the driveway along the ocean front, would be unsurpassed and in itself be sufficient to make any city famous. Now this is a fascinating dream no longer to be regarded as the image of fantastic hopes, but as susceptible of realization. Along with the prospect of a world's fair comes the perception of facilities for making this dream come true. We shall soon begin thinking of a site for our exposition grounds. What better site can be had than the Laguna de la Merced? For a world's fair we need a beautiful site and expansive grounds, and for this particular fair we need an ocean prospect, all of which are to be had on the banks of the beautiful lakes in the old Merced rancho. The opportunity has come to us of killing two birds with one stone. We should avail ourselves of it. In building for our fair we should seek to avoid as much as possible the wasting of money on ephemeral things. Permanence should be the watchword here as it was in Seattle. By thus keeping the future in mind we may have among the substantial net results of the exposition a new park of surpassing beauty.

Canal Calculations

In some quarters there is doubt as to whether the Panama Canal will be opened for navigation in 1915. It is believed, however, to be half finished, and the engineers are unable at this time to conceive of anything that might prevent them from finishing their labors within the time fixed by their methematical calculations, but experience teaches that facts and figures are often irreconcilable, and that problems solved on paper are not always to be relied upon. The canal engineers, eminent as they are in their profession, are far from approximating infallibility. In 1902 they estimated that the canal would cost $144,000,000 inclusive of police and sanitation. In 1906 they fell a-calculating again and estimated that the big ditch would cost $139,999,999 exclusive of the cost of police and sanitation. Now, according to the

latest official report the total expenditure will be in the neighborhood of $375,000,000. It is explained that the increase is due to an addition of 50 per cent to the amount of work necessary to be done and 20 per cent to the cost of labor due to the enhanced cost of living, the difficulty of attracting labor from the United States and the introduction of the eight-hour day. Of course the engineers could not have anticipated the increase in the cost of labor, but that they should have fallen short in their calculations with reference to the amount of work to be done to the extent of 50 per cent is well nigh incredible. A good guesser might have come much nearer the mark.

Puritanical Revolt in England

From England, home of George Bernard Shaw, champion of liberty and contemner of the prudishness and puritanism that flourish in American soil, comes the astonishing news that there is organized revolt against literature that is designed to gratify prurient tastes and lickerish appetites. This revolt has not been organized by illiterate maiden ladies or squeamish gentlemen of the pulpit, but by the enlightened Publishers Association and the by no means benighted Libraries Association of London. This is astonishing enough, but somewhat more astonishing is the news that H. G. Wells is one of the authors who have occasioned the revolt. Mr. Wells is one of England's "advanced thinkers." He has the merit of thinking with the minority and consequently the pleasure of being misunderstood by the masses, but his thoughts when they are not employed in the development of extravagant fiction are generally absorbed in theses of a political or austerely sociological nature. We have never known him to compete with George Bernard Shaw in the elucidation of shocking theories of domestic morality. But it appears that in his latest book he has exposed himself to the charge of discussing in plain English a subject that is barred in polite society. This he has not done for the purpose of exciting gross and vulgar emotions after the manner of the author of "Three Weeks," or after the manner of some of the classic writers whose works are treasured as specimens of art; he was imbued with the most laudable of motives, that of calling attention to an evil custom. Nevertheless his book has been pronounced poisonous by the Spectator, and it is now the subject of a sharp public controversy. Mr. Wells having the courage of his convictions, says: "My book was written primarily to express the resentment and distress which many women feel nowadays at their unavoidable practical dependence upon some individual man not of their deliberate choice and full sympathy with the natural but perhaps anarchistic and anti-social idea that it is intolerable for a woman to have sexual relations with a man with whom she is not in love; also, to express the idea that it is not natural and desirable and admirable for her to want them." He says that while these may be very shocking ideas it is not the first time they have crept into literature, and that he believes a case can be made out for tolerating their discussion. "The case," he says, "lies in the fact that the opposite arrangement by which a woman is subdued first to her father and then to a husband of his choice, is not in our present phase of civilization working satisfactorily." The fact is, he declares, that the custom is not giving the modern State enough children or fine enough children for its needs." To this the Spectator has replied that Mr. Wells "has written a book which glorifies incontinence and yielding to lustful impulse." And thus the discussion goes serenely on much to the delight of the publishers of Mr. Wells's book. Meanwhile the agitation started by the Publishers Association and the Libraries Association engages widespread attention, and is so pregnant with the possibility of infringement upon the liberty of the press, that England's foremost critic, Edmund Gosse, has taken occasion to utter a solemn note of warning. It may result, he fears, in a censorship of the press by the side of which the censorship of the stage will be child's play. "It is an unheard of tyranny," he says, "and if it had been exercised fifty years ago would have prevented the circulation and sale of Darwin's 'Origin of Species.'" To give emphasis to his views, Mr. Gosse has been quoting Milton's "Areopagitica," which can always be relied upon for forceful argument against those who would shackle the press. It was Milton's idea that in the interest of truth it is better to vouchsafe an ephemeral existence for the pernicious than that action should be taken to end all liberty of publication. The thing that is being lost sight of in England is that there is a fashion in reading as well as in dress and that it last only for the season.

A Perennial Controversy

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy has broken out afresh. The Baconians have discovered another cryptograph in the works of the great philosopher, one that indicates the location of a cave wherein is buried the story of the deception that was practiced on the Elizabethan public by William Shakespeare. The supposition is that as soon as the hidden documentary proofs are brought to light the worshipers of Shakespeare will not have a leg to stand on. While it must be admitted that some pretty strong arguments can be brought to bear in support of the proposition that Shakespeare never had the opportunity to acquire the learning displayed in the plays attributed to him, yet we have never been able to persuade ourselves that Bacon had any hand in those extraordinary products of genius. The most salient of all the characteristic qualities of the Shakespeare plays is humor, which unquestionably is the one intellectual quality in which Francis Bacon is deficient. In Bacon's acknowledged writings there is never a gleam of humor. Furthermore Bacon lived the life of a man that was utterly devoid of a sense of humor. There is nothing that we know of that is harder to be-

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lieve than that Francis Bacon was the creator of Falstaff. Another thing that dissuades us from the belief that Bacon wrote the plays is the manifest feebleness of his power of versification. That the poetic faculty was in him well developed cannot be questioned but he was more of a poet in his prose than in his verse. The author of the Shakespeare plays at his worst, was never so infelicitous in versification as was Bacon when he produced his pretentious translation of the palms wherein he scarcely rises above the dignity of doggerel.

Fate

Published by Request

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
Yet these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross; escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step unto this end,
That one day out of darkness they shall meet,
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So closely side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
Yet these with groping hands that never clasp,
With wistful eyes that never meet, and lips
Calling in vain on ears that never hear,
Shall wander all their weary days unknown
And die unsatisfied. And this is Fate!

Perspective Impressions

In the hands of the Chinese the boycott is a weapon that even our rampant demagogues are likely to respect.

Rattlesnake poison is the latest consumption cure. Another argument against Prohibition.

The police and the newspapers are hot on the trail of the hold-up man to the accompaniment of brass bands.

From all accounts it was a very fine banquet that Mr. Hearst presented himself with in New York.

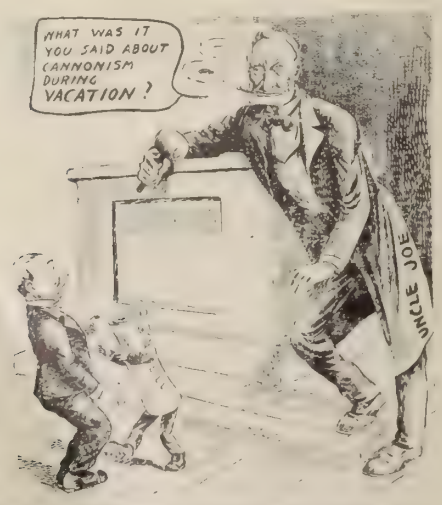
"Drinks Acid Before Wife," says a headline. Another instance of the rudeness of husbands.

The dailies have discovered that Mayor-elect McCarthy knows how to keep the lid on patronage news.

The bread trust that is now being organized may create an appetite once more for the kind that mother used to make.

The latest argument in favor of a municipal railway is that it will make money for the city. This is the argument of the senile pickpocket of journalism, the Call.

Morgan says he bought the Equitable only to save it. Perhaps we shall next hear of the billionaire becoming a reformer.



CONGRESS IS NOW READY FOR BUSINESS
Houston Post

SOME LITTLE BOYS EXPECT TOO MUCH OF SANTY CLAUS
Cleveland Leader

Da Vinci or R. C. Lucas

The Question of the Authenticity of a Wax Bust Attributed to the Great Italian Artist Still Agitates Europe in General But Germany is Satisfied Because the Kaiser Has Spoken

By Robert McTavish

Seldom has the world of artists and near-artists been so overwrought as it has been since Dr. Wilhelm Bode, director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum of Berlin, paid $40,000 to a London antiquarian for a wax bust supposed to have been modeled by Leonardo da Vinci. Ever since that simple little transaction men who consider themselves experts in the sculpture of the Renaissance and other men who pride themselves on their keen scent for artistic forgeries have been hurling gallons of ink at one another. It is indeed a poor and unprogressive art critic who has not expressed his valuable opinion on this bit of business dealing between the German doctor and the English tradesman and as the controversy is one which is being taken seriously by the greatest journals of Europe, it is easy to understand why everybody with pretensions to art-erudition should wish to have his little say in the affair. On the one side are those who insist that Dr. Bode has acquired for the Berlin museum an inestimable treasure of antiquity, a perfect production of one of the world's greatest masters of art, worthy the study and veneration of all who love the beautiful. On the other side are the goodly battalions of those who, without mincing words, declare that the worthy director of the museum has allowed himself to be buncoed, that he paid a ridiculously high price for a worthless fake and that he has forever damned his critical acumen by allowing himself to be taken in by a plausible dealer. Of course, as always happens in disputes of this peculiarly diverting kind, very little attention is paid to the intrinsic worth of the bust in question. The attitude of the world of artists and near-artists is that unless it is proved to be the work of da Vinci it is entirely without value. This is apt to surprise those of us who do not pretend to be unerring art critics. It might be supposed that if a wax bust appeared to be worth $40,000, it would be worth that price without regard to the name and fame of the artist by whom it was made. But to hold such an opinion and to have the hardihood to express it would expose one to the withering scorn of those who know all about art—or think they do. The canons of criticism provide a more complicated system for the appraisement and appreciation of objects of art. If that bust is not the work of da Vinci, it may still be very beautiful; it may even approximate perfection in its waxen retention of the soul of an ideal conception. But it is not worth $40,000. Why not? That is one of the esoteric mysteries of art which may not be expounded to the satisfaction of the uninitiate. Suffice that it is so.

The controversy over the wax bust will probably continue for a long time. It may or it may not be definitely settled some day, as was the similar bitter dispute which waged over the famous or infamous tiara of Saitapharnes purchased at great cost for the Museum of the Louvre and afterwards found to be a rank and clumsy fake. But as far as Germany is concerned there is no longer any controversy over the wax bust which has the place of honor in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. That great art critic, the Kaiser himself, has pronounced in favor of its authenticity and it would be lese majeste for any Teuton to raise his voice in a tone of dubiety when word has come from the throne.

The whole story of the wax bust is interesting, if not diverting. Let us approach it in as serious a manner as we can. Sometime ago Dr. Bode paid a visit to London. Now Dr. Bode is indeed a great personage in Berlin and elsewhere. He has done great things for the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at an expenditure of great sums. The Kaiser believes in him and this confidence on the part of imperial majesty has always been reflected in the conduct of Dr. Bode. It is said that he rules his museum with the serene arrogance of a proconsul administering a province; in fact he has been dubbed the "von Moltke of the museums." Dr. Bode considers himself especially at home when the subject is the sculpture of the Renaissance. That is his hobby; he has written and talked so much about it that it has been the habit of other art-experts to close their mouths and let the ink dry on their pens when Dr. Bode discourses on this tremendous department of culture.

THE BUST WITH THE MONNA LISA SMILE

Which the Kaiser, and therefore all Germany, believes to have been modeled by da Vinci.

Naturally, when Dr. Bode visited London his arrival was duly signalized in the press; naturally his doings were carefully studied and minutely described. One day Dr. Bode, in quest of treasures for his darling museum, visited the shop of Murray Marks, a well known London dealer in antiquities. There he found the much-talked-of wax bust. It is the bust of a woman, modeled lifesize with a bit of drapery below the bare breasts, a smiling face, broken arms and a coiffure with flowers. Dr. Bode looked it over with a critical eye and asked its price. Murray Marks was willing to let it go for $40,000. Dr. Bode was willing to take it for that sum and take it he did. After the deal was completed he announced to the eager public, always interested, if not in art at least in the prices paid for art treasures, that he had secured a splendid specimen of the sculpture of Leonardo da Vinci.

How did he know it? That was easy. In the first place the bust displayed the celebrated Monna Lisa smile. In the second place it was modeled exactly on

(Continued on Page 32.)

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Being a Brief Account of the Amazing Career, Financial as Well as Matrimonial, of a Money Wizard Who Has Seen a Fortune of Twenty-two Millions Blotted Out But Who is by No Means Incapable of Rehabilitat ing Himself

By Francis Bartlett

When the gate of a federal prison shuts upon Charles W. Morse, the ice king, one of the most spectacular careers in the history of this country will be interrupted. I say "interrupted" advisedly for it would indeed be rash to declare that even a stiff sentence of imprisonment would be sufficient to daunt the amazing courage of this wizard of frenzied finance. Morse has seen a fortune of $22,000,000, every cent of it accumulated by himself, swept away like a feather in the wind and an indebtedness of $7,000,000 heaped up in its stead; but even while the judge was pronouncing sentence upon him he was revolving schemes, not only for the conquest of liberty but also for the rehabilitation of his stricken fortunes. In his rise and in his downfall Morse has given the country many thrills; his whole life has been a romance of mystery, daring and struggle against tremendous adversaries. It is probably too soon yet to say that he worked and plotted in vain; he may yet rise superior to events that would break the heart of another man. Another fortune may be built when he emerges from prison, his head filled with enterprises matured in dreary confinement.

Not the least remarkable episode in the career of this Wall street magician who seemed to evoke millions from nowhere was the story of his matrimonial entanglements—a story which even today is only imperfectly understood. Abe Hummel appears in this part of the Morse drama, truly a most sinister figure, evoking memories of the scandals which clustered about the hoary head of Colonel Mann of "Town Topics" not so long ago. Hummel was caught in the meshes of the Morse matrimonial mix-up and as a result he went to jail for a year and to Europe as an exile afterwards.

Morse's first wife had been dead some time when he married the woman whose recent fight to get him released on bail and to save him from going to jail has attracted almost as much attention as Morse has himself. This woman was the divorced wife of Charles F. Dodge when she married Morse in 1901 after having been his housekeeper for some years. Morse was then piling up the big fortune he was after and with her he moved into a fine house in Fifth avenue. On January 7, 1904, attention was attracted to a decree, filed in an unusual way in the Supreme Court, annulling Morse's marriage to this wife. It turned out that the two had separated a few weeks before and Mrs. Morse had gone to stay at Lakewood while Morse occupied his house alone. From that time on for two years the criminal and civil courts were busy with this strange case—"a live wire," as District Attorney Jerome once called it when the plot was thickest and sparks hovered around the heads of many well known lawyers. Briefly summarized, it may be said that Charles F. Dodge, the woman's former husband, had suddenly appeared and contended that he had never been served in the divorce proceedings, and that the woman was still his wife. William A. Sweetser, the woman's lawyer in the divorce action, then unearthed documents showing that Dodge had been served properly, whereupon Morse asked leave to intervene and reopen the entire Dodge divorce proceedings. Justice Truax finally declared that the divorce decree was valid. The annulment decree was never made final, so that the Morses did not have to remarry. For almost a year while the courts were probing the case they lived apart and the entire proceedings were surrounded with mystery. What tended to deepen the mystery was Morse's own behavior in refusing to answer questions put to him by the grand jury tending to clear up the case. Abe Hummel was Dodge's lawyer. When Mr. Jerome sought to bring Dodge to New York there ensued a chase through Texas in which a vast sum of money was expended in order to keep Dodge from his clutches, but he was finally landed in New York, and as a result of a confession Hummel was indicted and tried for perjury. It was brought out at the trial that Capt. Jim Morse, Morse's uncle, had paid Hummel $77,850 to break up his marriage with Mrs. Dodge "for the honor of the family." Hummel's trial was one of the most sensational that New York ever saw. Hummel, who was said to be absolutely broke after serving his time in jail, has since decorated the show places of Europe, liberally supplied with money from some unknown source.

Morse's career as a money-getter began when he graduated from Bowdoin with the class of 1877. His father had been in the ice business in Maine, that is to say, he was one of those who cut ice on the Penobscot and sold it in friendly competition with other dealers. It struck Morse that the business was a good one but that the way to thrive in it was not to cut too much ice, so that when summer came there would be a chance to get high prices for it. This idea took him to New York where he worked very quietly for several years. He began to emerge from comparative obscurity in 1890. About that time some of the ice companies woke up to the fact that Morse had quietly cornered the supply of Maine ice and that to buy any they would have to pay him his own price. They did buy it, but some of them couldn't pay for it and Morse took stock instead. That gave him control of the companies. Morse had planned to put the price of ice up, and it did go up. It went up to 60 cents a hundred pounds at the piers. Naturally that invited competition, in view of the fact that nature makes ice in abundance; but when competitors looked into things they found that Morse had been a politician as well as an ice man. There wasn't a dock along the waterfront where they could discharge a cargo of ice. Tammany was in control then and Tammany was the friend of Charles W. Morse. Up went the stock of his American Ice Company to 90 and up went the fortunes of the Tammany friends of Charles W. Morse. Morse's American Ice Company had not alone bought out the ice companies, it had bought out the little dealers as well, paying them sometimes as much as $500 for their routes and threatening them with dire things if they broke agreements not to sell again. The fuss that was made when the price of ice went soaring made a lot of trouble for Mr. Morse and brought his name for the first time prominently before the public. His ice company was sued for being a monopoly and all sorts of proceedings were started. The same fuss also brought trouble for Mr. Morse's Tammany friends. First and foremost of these was Mayor Van Wyck. When hauled up and questioned on the stand it was discovered that he had bought 5,000 shares of Mr. Morse's ice company stock from Mr. Morse a short time before the price of ice went up and it began to be hard to land independent ice on any of the piers. Mr. Van Wyck had even gone into debt to Mr. Morse to get these shares. It was a great scandal but it was comparatively short-lived and when the public began to forget the indignities of the ice-trust the Tammany men were left in quiet enjoyment of their

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INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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MARY ELIZABETH FORBES AND HENRY HALL

Principals of "The Man from Home," the Booth Tarkington-Harry Leon Wilson play, coming to the Valencia Theatre for the holidays. From the original painting by Harrison Fisher.

"Under the Mistletoe"

Harrison Fisher's drawing, "Under the Mistletoe," for which Mary Elizabeth Forbes and Henry Hall posed, was first published on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post's Christmas number for 1908. It so pleased J. Ogden Armour, the Chicago millionaire, that he sent the artist a check without any amount written in, asking Mr. Fisher to name his price and to place him in possession of what he considered a charming work of art. Fisher got his start on the newspapers of this city and has now reached the enviable position of being able to ask as much as $800 for a magazine drawing. Miss Forbes regards her posing for this composition as one of the pleasantest incidents of her career.

Jinny: A Comedy

By Ashley Dukes

(It is a hot July afternoon. Upon the white, dusty road that leads from Aldershot to Basingstoke there is a village, clustering about a little Norman church. Beyond the churchyard, and neatly, modestly screened from the highway by a dense box hedge, lies the rectory with its garden. Subdued voices are heard, and a girl's voice cries: "Fifteen—Forty," "Thirty—Forty," above the clink of tea-cups and the murmur of conversation. A man appears in the distance, at the crest of the hill, and draws steadily nearer, tramping along with a good, dogged swing in the middle of the roadway. Presently one can see that he is ragged, unshaven, sunburnt. As he approaches another figure appears—that of a girl carrying a bundle, and following him boldly, marches up the path, and makes a leisurely survey of the house and garden. The rector's housekeeper appears at the door.)

Housekeeper (calls out)—Not today, thank you!

The Tramp regards her with interest.

Housekeeper (more decisively)—Not today. We don't want anything.

The Tramp—I do. Gimme somethink to eat. And drink.

Housekeeper—Not today. Go away.

The Tramp (mocking her tone contemptuously)—"Not today, not today, not today!"

Housekeeper—You are a rude man. Go away!

The Tramp (wearily)—"Go away!" Cawn't yer say somethink fresh? Or are yer wound up?

Housekeeper—We don't give to beggars.

The Tramp—I ain't beggin'. I'm arskin'.

Housekeeper (feebly)—Go away.

The Tramp—Go it, old girl! Wound up, that's wot you are! Tell me next that you'll set the dawg on me!

Housekeeper (impotently)—We haven't got a dog.

The Tramp (with satisfaction)—Ain't got no bloomin' dawg, ain't yer? That's all right. I'm a goin' ter sit down. (He subsides into a deck chair on the front lawn.)

Housekeeper (scandalized)—Get up! I shall send for the policeman—

The Tramp—Your bloomin' local copper's two miles up the road, sittin' in a ditch wiv a stop watch, lookin' out for motorists. Like ter fetch 'im? Nice walk for yer.

Housekeeper (at her wits' end)—I shall bring the master!

The Tramp (signing to her to come nearer)—'Ere. (She comes unwillingly)—'Ere. (Taking a dirty piece of paper from his pocket.) Your master. Is 'e the Reverend George Armitage, rector of Farnley?

Housekeeper—Yes.

The Tramp—And are you Miss Jane Pippin, 'is 'ousekeeper?

Housekeeper—I am.

The Tramp (surveying her critically)—Yus. You look it.

Housekeeper—Well, of all the—

The Tramp—'Ere. Stow it. Fetch 'im. (She hesitates.) There's my card. (He offers another piece of paper.) 'Erbert Cannon, out o' work. Now fetch 'im. I've come—on business.

The housekeeper takes the paper reluctantly, and retreats to the tennis lawn. Presently the rector appears, hurriedly putting on his coat.

Rector (to the housekeeper)—Where did you say? . . . Ah, I see— (He approaches cautiously.) Come, come, my good man! You can't stop here!

Cannon (looks him up and down without speaking.)

Rector (more peremptorily)—You can't sit here! This is my garden.

Cannon—I've come—on business.

Rector—Ah, exactly. . . . But the fact is, I am rather fully occupied at present. Perhaps later in the day—

Cannon (slowly)—That won't suit me. I've got a pressin' engagement.

Rector—Then I am afraid—

Cannon—Gimme something to eat. And drink.

Rector—I make it a rule not to—

Cannon—Gimmie wot I'm arskin' for!

Rector—Is that all your business with me?

Cannon—I'll tell yer wot my business is when I got food in me. Not before.

Rector—That is not the proper tone to adopt—

Cannon—I don't care. I ain't got no manners. The bloomin' upper clawsses 'ave pinched 'em all. I just arsk for wot I want.

Rector (wavering)—Perhaps—there are extenuating circumstances in your case. . . You are really hungry?

Cannon—Am I hungry? Get the grub!

Rector (hesitates, then calls)—Miss Pippin! (To Cannon)—Possibly—if you will go into the kitchen—we will see what can be done—

Cannon—I'd sooner 'ave it 'ere. Then I can talk to yer.

Rector—Really—that is quite impossible—

Cannon (calmly)—All right. I'll wait.

Rector (gives way reluctantly. To housekeeper)—Ah—perhaps you would be good enough to bring something to eat . . . . and (with a doubtful glance) possibly tea. . . ?

(Cannon grunts his assent.)

Rector (hastily)—And will you please ask them to excuse me at the tennis court; I shall remain here.

(Miss Pippin, visibly disapproving, brings the food and drink. Cannon eats ravenously without taking any notice of his companion. When he has done he investigates the interior of the teapot, turns it upside down. Empties the milk-jug into his teacup, drinks to the last drop, and leans back in the deck chair with satisfaction. Then he turns to the rector.)

Cannon—Got any terbaccer?

(Rector looks at him for a moment, then hands his pouch. Cannon fills his clay pipe with deliberation, borrowes a match, lights up and smokes tranquilly.)

Rector—Now—what is your business?

Cannon (slowly)—I want ter git married.

Rector—Indeed? May I ask—to whom?

Cannon—To Jinny.

Rector (glances at the scrap of paper in his hand)—Who is Jinny?

Cannon—Jinny Dawson. She's my gal. On tramp with me. (Pause.) She's expectin' a child. Next Michaelmas. She wants ter git married.

Rector (rises)—Do I understand that you are living together?

Cannon—Course we are.

Rector—And that you are the father of her child?

Cannon—Yus.

Rector—I am sorry to hear it—I cannot help you.

Cannon—You was recommended ter me.

Rector—By whom?

Cannon—Chap of the name o' Palmer. You give 'im yer gardenin' last summer.

Rector—Ah—I remember.

Cannon—'E recommended me ter you. "'E'll marry you," 'e says. "'E'll make a 'oly fuss about it, but 'e'll marry you if yer worry 'im long enough. Immorality's agin 'is principles. It's 'is business ter tie 'em up," 'e says.

(Rector coughs.)

Cannon—That's what I've come on, yer see. Business.

Rector—Is your—is this young person here?

Cannon—Yus. Outside. Shall I fetch 'er?

Rector (hastily)—One moment, please. You say that it is her wish that you should marry?

Cannon—Yus. I don't think much on it meself, but Jinny's mother was a Methodist . . . . and there's the kid, o' course. . . . We thought it was just as well, if we could find a parson 'andy.

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Thieves

By "Reila" (From the German)

She stood before the mirror, her red-brown hair fell in rich waves around her and through them she could see her gleaming white shoulders. She gazed with admiration at her own beauty and thought: "Oh, I am well worth the price!" At this thought a shiver went through her body and she felt a loathing.

He came up to where she stood and embraced her passionately, kissing her neck. She saw in the glass his yellow shrunken face, his cruel, cold eyes burning with sensuous lust, and grew very pale.

He felt that she shrank with anger and fear at his touch, and a very ugly expression appeared around his thin lips.

"Come, Magdalene," he said, "let us have a chat."

He made her sit near him upon the sofa and continued:

"Your father, Herr Schlosser, had very long fingers—just keep quiet, please—he had long fingers, so long that he landed them into my desk and stole from it 5,000 marks. You said he did it from bitter necessity—very good, my dear; I believed you and did not hand him over to the police. I let him have the big sum of money. His name was not disgraced through me. Now I want my reward. I want to be thanked for my good heart."

He buried his head in her hair and continued:

"You have nothing to complain of, Magdalene. Only yesterday morning you were a poor little bookkeeper, now you are ruling over me. You are my princess whom I have freed from her chains."

She sprang to her feet, deadly pale, with burning eyes.

"Chains? You are putting chains upon me! Chains with which you will drag me into the very mire! You have saved my father from disgrace only to drag his daughter into shameful sin."

He gazed at her, breathless from admiration; in her excitement she was wonderfully beautiful.

"Do you call it sin, Magdalene? Is it a sin to drink when one is thirsty? And I am thirsty for your beauty! Shall I let another pluck this red rose? I feel a hot desire for your burning lips, for you, your beauty, your youth!"

They were so excited that they did not hear the door of an inner chamber quietly open and suddenly before them appeared the masked figure of a man. They were numb with horror. Magdalene covered her face with her hands and her companion put his hand to his hip pocket.

"Leave your revolver where it is, if you really have one," said the man in the mask. "I am not a brutal robber. I am only a thief. My specialty is the nightly visit to the various hotels of the city. What I heard from your conversation—you must excuse me, I could not help it—has hindered me from taking your valuables. There is honor even between thieves; they do not rob one another. I did not want to rob a greater scoundrel than myself. Farewell!"

A dark shadow vanished through the door, the draft lifted Magdalene's hair. Outside their window on the canal mandolins and flutes played a sweet love song full of longing and pain.

The Spectator

An Illustrious Cit.

Mr. Harris Weinstock has come back to us from Europe, if not with a large stock of new ideas at least with renewed assurance of the esteem in which he is held by a grateful and thrifty press that never fails to appreciate the importance of justifying the large chest expansion of merchants that advertise extensively. By our alert and amiable contemporary, the Examiner, he is introduced to us on his return as a distinguished "philanthropist, humanitarian and student of labor conditions." Thus is it made obvious that it is worth while for a merchant who buys newspaper space by the yard to make occasional trips to Europe and from the distance that lends enchantment to the view appeal to friendly imaginations capable of transfiguring him beyond even his own power of recognition. Mr. Weinstock unquestionably is a student of labor conditions, and he is also as steadfast a friend of labor as any one of the Hale brothers. It is believed that when he marks down goods to something ninety-nine he has the welfare of labor at heart; and thus it is, perhaps, that he has established the reputation of being at once a philanthropist and humanitarian.

The Result of His Commission

As a student of labor conditions Mr. Weinstock is in the dilettante class. Indeed he is a dilettante in everything but drygoods, but he is regarded by a select body of disciples in the Commonwealth Club as the paramount authority on all philosophical questions. So when he started on his trip to Europe equipped with a special commission from the Governor of the State to look into the status of labor unions in other countries, his disciples were persuaded that he would accumulate so much knowledge in the course of his travels that on his return he would be prepared to solve all questions with reference to the difficulties that arise from time to time between employers and wage-earners. But with all due respect to Mr. Weinstock it must be here recorded that he disappointed expectations. He came back pregnant with suggestions, he gave an imitation of a mountain in labor, and he was delivered of nothing worth speaking about unless it be deemed worth while to express astonishment that at this late date the idea of solving the labor problem by arbitration should be regarded as something new. The amiable Examiner, with an inspiration from the business office, tells us that there were "some striking points in Mr. Weinstock's paper." These striking points were encomiums on labor unions and wage-earners which remind me of George Eliot's address to workingmen in "Felix Holt": "In my opinion there has been too much complimenting of that sort; and whenever a speaker, whether he is one of ourselves or not, wastes our time in boasting or flattery, I say, let us hiss him."

Our Famous Raconteur

Let us return for a few moments to the famous cocktail route, recollections of which I revived a week or so ago. I have been recalled thereto by John Farley, an artist in wet goods, who was one of the principal attractions on the cocktail route when that gay bohemian rendezvous constituted one of the distinctive charms of the City that Was. Mr. Farley has many claims upon our attention. One of the picturesque survivors of the mad, glad days of yore, he is now in his anecdotage, and as plethoric of reminiscences as of this world's goods, abounding at once in testimony of the pecuniary suc-

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cess that crowned the hospitality of the old cocktail route and of the liberality of the men that gave it their patronage. Mr. Farley is today a retired capitalist. He cuts coupons now with the same facility with which in other days he imparted to the stimulating dry gin cocktail that supreme distinction due to what he was wont to describe poetically as "the farewell of the bitters." But Farley was noted for other things besides his ability to endue any combination of liquors with a fascination equal to that of siren's voices. He was the raconteur par excellence of the cocktail route. When Henry Irving first came to San Francisco he discovered Farley, and he spent most of his leisure moments in a curtained recess of the old "Reception" listening to the reminiscences of his host. Oscar Wilde doted on Farley—for his mining camp folk lore—and pronounced him a second Bret Harte. Lawrence Barrett, Charley Reade, Billy Emerson, Bill Pinkerton and Captain Lees—all were Farley's familiars, and many an hour he held them entranced.

One of Farley's Stories

I came across Farley the other day in the "cooling room" of the Olympic Club where he was reclining with something of the air of one of the surfeited sybarites of old Rome whose figures are perpetuated in the pages of Petronius. Somebody said something about the opening of the new Palace Hotel and Farley at once opened the floodgates of memory and poured out a tragic tale with all his old-time dramatic power. I will try to reproduce his language. "In the seventies," he said, "there lived at the Palace Hotel two very interesting men. One was John C. Daly, a handsome fellow of athletic form and a man of education, a graduate, I believe, of either Yale or Harvard. The other was a Spaniard by the name of Derondo, a man in appearance somewhat effeminate. He wore a low collar and a fluffy shirt and on his wrist was a gold bracelet. Nobody knew anything much of the antecedents of these men. Shortly after their arrival in this city they opened a brokerage office, and they did a lot of entertaining in their rooms. Both were fine singers and musicians, one being an expert harpist and the other a wizard with the piano. One day Derondo entered the elevator in the old Palace and as he did so he accidentally stepped on the foot of Lesley C. Hanks, a Southern gentleman and a fire-eater. Derondo apologized but the apology was not accepted. Calling the Spaniard a vile name Hanks struck him a blow in the face which was not resented. The next day Daly met Hanks in the Palace courtyard, and with an oath he denounced the Southerner and went at him with the ferocity of a lion, giving him such a beating that he had to go to bed for a week. The next scene is Daly's apartments. Daly is alone. He is standing in front of a mirror shaving himself. Suddenly the face of Lesley C. Hanks is reflected in the mirror. He has noiselessly entered the room and locked the door. 'Now you ——— ———,' he exclaimed, 'I am going to kill you.' Before Daly could make a move Hanks drew his gun and fired. Daly fell and never again uttered a word. Hanks walked straight to police headquarters, and surrendered himself to Pat Crowley who was then the chief of police. The murderer was locked up in the steel-lined tanks in the basement of the old City Hall on Kearny street. Each day he was permitted to walk up and down in front of his cell, in a closed corridor directly beneath the sidewalk. Those were the days of the Kearny riots. In one corner of the corridor were some guns that had been seized by the police. One day Hanks discovered that one of these guns contained a cartridge, and he took it and blew his head off." Thus ending the story Farley turned over and went to sleep.

One of the Old Guard

Another reminder of the old cocktail route came across my path the other day in the person of Jere Driscoll, one of its most ardent habitues. Driscoll came into prominence many years ago as one of "Chris" Buckley's lieutenants. When Buckley found it expedient to levant over the border into Canada Driscoll deemed it discreet to change his place of residence also. He went to Chicago where he became a book-maker and fattened his bank account. When Eugene Schmitz came into power, Driscoll, who is related to him by marriage, came into prominence again, but when a grand jury began investigating municipal cribs Jere once more deemed San Francisco's climate uncongenial and went on a tour for his health. Now he is with us again, and apparently he is in fine fettle and well satisfied with the prospect which the old town once more affords.

The Quest of Detweiler

The reappearance of Mr. Jere Driscoll reminds me that we have yet to hear of the whereabouts of Mr. Detweiler of the Home Telephone Company, who vanished about two years ago as completely as though he had been swallowed by the earth. For a time it was believed that Detective William J. Burns was losing much beauty sleep on account of the difficulty he was experiencing in trying to get in touch with either hide or hair of the missing telephone magnate, but slowly the vagrant rumor got into circulation that Detweiler's absence was deemed more desirable than his presence. In time the story of the putative quest of Detweiler and of the reason why he was not wanted became so stale that even the man that winds up the ferry clock excluded it from his repertoire. In time it reached Los Angeles and then some of the people of that benighted village were able to appreciate the anxiety and unrest of their foremost reformers as well as their vociferations in approval of San Francisco's civic patriots. Detweiler, I believe, has been attending to business all the while as serenely as though he had never heard of a grand jury.

The Gumshoe Stampede

The only persons who appear to be eager these days to make what the police describe as a "get-away" are the men that were in the confidence of William J. Burns. Burns himself was in such a hurry to leave town that he neglected to say farewell to some of his dearest friends of the tenderloin. His departure resembled a panic, and the disintegration of his gumshoe brigade has been in the nature of a stampede. It is evident that what happened on election day filled with consternation the men that had been employed in conducting a reign of terror. Nearly all the gumshoe men have left town and no more trace behind than was left by Gallagher. What was it that caused the exodus? If Heney

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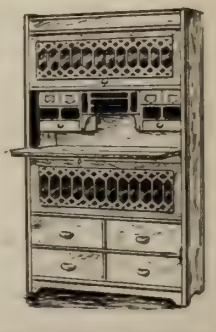

has the courage to prosecute his libel suit we shall probably find out.

Langdon's Perfervid Crew

Along with the stampede of the gumshoe brigade has been observed the change that has come over the spirit of the erstwhile zealous partisans who have been feeding at the public crib by virtue of Bill Langdon's political favor. All the assistant prosecuting attorneys have mended their manners since the election. They have become amiable and courteous. Not one of them is going around with a chip on his shoulder. Each appears to be trying to lose the reputation he acquired in the days when the whole office was afflicted with the Heney swagger. In those days when the limelight was playing on Langdon's joblot of legal talent each of his deputies was on the qui vive for an opportunity to insult opposing counsel. Then was it considered the proper thing in court to play the role of Bombastes Furioso, to give emphasis to argument by stiffening the sinews, summoning up the blood and disguising fair nature with hard-favored rage. It was in those days that young O'Gara, once upon a time a man of modest mien and Christian spirit, borrowed one of St. John's allusions to the Redeemer for the purpose of paying deference to Heney and giving offense to several distinguished representatives of the bar. Of course O'Gara and all his confreres are now contrite of spirit, and doubtless they would like to make amends. So it is to be hoped they will be forgiven and allowed to drift peacefully into oblivion.

She is of excellent family—her father and grandfather were both generals.
Ah, she ought to be proud of her generalogy.

Where Cohan Gathers Material

Those who attended the Marathon race last Sunday were afforded an opportunity of studying the manner in which George Cohan gathers material for his musical comedies. For the first time during his visit to this city the little wizard of Broadway emerged from retirement and during all the twenty-six miles of the big race his attention was never long distracted from the performance of his friend Johnny Hayes. In the meantime Cohan held levee surrounded by a retinue of sporting characters. Spider Kelly, Eddie Hanlon, Tim McGrath, Billy Jordan and others conversed with him and one might note with what a critical and appreciative eye he sized them up and filed them away in his mind for future use. We need not be surprised if Cohan, one of these days, sends us a play in which some of the famous bon mots of Tim McGrath or the choice argot of the Spider are preserved. That is the way Cohan has always worked.

The Prune Belt Philosopher

Up from the south at high noon bringing with him intact his fund of optimism and a few choice epigrams came Charley Shortridge, the perennial prophet of the prune belt, to enlighten the politicians of San Francisco with reference to his brand newest plan of action. Charley has been in penumbra for some time, but he has emerged as radiant as ever and like Halley's comet he threatens to cause some commotion in the world. No longer beholden to the machine that formerly had a monopoly of the manufacture of statesmen, Charley has resolved to go before the people at the primary election as a candidate for Attorney-General. "What the people need," says Charley, "is an Attorney-General sound in all his parts and I can produce a doctor's certificate. I am especially well developed in the backbone. I am guaranteed to stand upright in a storm. I never flounder. Besides I know some law. I know it because I used to make it. The office of Attorney-General is the most important office in the gift of the people, but the people don't know it. Being a particular friend of the people I'm going to take the job just to enlighten them. It's one of the fallacies of political philosophy that when reformers become enlightened they are transformed into practical politicians. The fact is it's the other way about, as you will see if you examine the personnel of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. I was for years a practical politician, but observe me now."

Such a Brave Soldier!

The Boughten Bulletin has been singing a requiem over the Rev. David J. Evans, who, though not dead, is preparing to go to sleep at Palo Alto. For the Rev. David J. Evans has resigned the rectorship of Grace Episcopal Church to settle down in the shadow of the Stanford University where, in academic groves he will no doubt cultivate the companionship of his favorite muse, that of poetry, for this distinguished divine is skilled in the language of impassioned feeling, and finds that the music of his own creation soothes his afflictions and multiplies and refines his enjoyments. But why should that perpetual fount of crocodile tears, the Boughten Bulletin, be weeping over the Rev. David J. Evans? The explanation is easy. Indeed it is disclosed by the Bulletin itself. He is "a brave soldier," says the Bulletin; "he sided with the graft prosecution from the beginning." Everybody that "sided with the graft prosecution" was "a brave soldier," but Dr. Evans was especially brave because he was the pastor of a church many communicants of which were not in sympathy with the cause which he had espoused. He gave offense to some of these communicants who ceased to attend Grace Church, but he went bravely on because he had to be true to himself, and because, as he explained according to the Bulletin, he could not go through all eternity despising his own soul. Such an awful outlook on eternity would certainly be enough to deter any man from being untrue to himself. Dr. Evans was loyal to self and incidentally to the graft prosecution, and now for an infinitesimal fraction of eternity he will be able to possess his soul with the raptures of warm admiration in the classic precincts of Palo Alto where the air is ever balmy and the sabbath stillness is never broken except by an occasional rebellion against Dave Jordan's iron rule.

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The Impulsiveness of Him

The Boughten Bulletin intimates that Dr. Evans' resignation of the Grace Church rectorship was due to "difference of opinion between himself and certain vestrymen on the question of the graft prosecution." This intimation may not be far from the truth, but it does not necessarily follow, (as the thrifty journal that transmutes its morality into drachmas would have us believe), that by reason of Dr. Evans' resignation San Francisco has suffered a great loss. Dr. Evans may be a most sincere man and zealous clergyman, but he is not distinguished for soundness of judgment. When he espoused the cause of the graft prosecution it was because he mistook first impressions for deliberate opinions. Believing himself to be the civil arm of a spiritual power ordained to diffuse the efficacy of righteous indignation he ranged himself on the side of the notoriously corrupt Bulletin and its masters in ignorance of almost everything that he committed himself to. With motives of perhaps the highest sacramental virtue he permitted himself to be influenced by the clamor of the mob, and he ranked himself with certain representatives of the pulpit whose chief aim in life is to bask in the limelight, and who, to that end, are at all times at the beck and call of yellow journalists.

His Attitude Towards Crocker

In espousing the graft prosecution cause Dr. Evans doubtless gave offense to certain communicants of Grace Church, not because they were rich men and out of sympathy with movements for the promotion of civic decency, but because they knew what was being done by the cabal of canting hypocrites with which he had allied himself. One of the most prominent members of Grace Church in those days was William H. Crocker, a gentleman to whom the church was under many deep obligations. It was known almost from the beginning of the graft prosecution that one of the men by whom it was controlled had long been eager to revenge himself upon Mr. Crocker. The indictment of Mr. Crocker was one of the chief aims of the graft prosecution. That indictment his enemy sought to procure notwithstanding the fact that there was not a scintilla of evidence upon which it could be based. The conspiracy against Mr. Crocker was one of the most cruel of the many that were formed during the career of the prosecution cabal. Did Dr. Evans know of this conspiracy? Before deciding upon aiding and abetting the graft prosecution did he take the trouble to ask Mr. Crocker about the matters in which he knew that gentleman to be personally interested? Surely to have done so would not have been beneath his dignity; nor would it have been at all inconsistent with the character of a Christian clergyman who is supposed to be ever mindful of the injunction, Judge not lest ye be judged. In the circumstances the humblest member of the church would have been entitled to the sympathy and kindly offices of his pastor. In Mr. Crocker's case a sense of courtesy, if nothing else, should have moved Dr. Evans to make a few inquiries before assuming the role of archangel and with awful brow and flaming sword summoning us to do right and the divinely heroic.

The Crockers and Grace Church

Mr. Crocker, I am told, resigned from the vestry of Grace Church some months ago; whether on account of the part that Dr. Evans played through ignorance in the conspiracy to bring humiliation and dishonor upon him, I am not informed, but I will submit that in view of the rector's conduct, if he had remained in the church he would have given an exhibition of Christian forbearance even greater than that which Christ contemplated when he told his disciples that the eye-for-an-eye doctrine was out of date and that a blow on one cheek should be taken as the signal for turning the other. Mr. Crocker, it should be remembered, has been identified with Grace Church for many years. Long before any of the parishioners ever heard of the Rev. Evans members of the Crocker family were giving their financial support to Grace Church, and they were assisting in the good work that was being done under the auspices of the church. William Crocker's father and mother were among the most honored and respected members of the Church. When they died eloquent, heartfelt tributes were paid to their memory from the pulpit of Grace Church. There their funeral services were held. It was in Grace Church that Hattie Crocker and Charles Alexander were married. When San Francisco was ravished by fire and earthquake and most of our millionaires were tightening their purses and thinking of the Poor House, Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker were thinking of Grace Church and to their sentments they gave expression by deeding to the church the whole block of land on Nob Hill which had once been the site of the Crocker homes. It was in a temporary church in that block, erected I believe by the Crockers, that the Rev. David Evans poured encomiums on the heads of men who were willing to fabricate evidence upon which to base a lying indictment against Will Crocker. But it was not from Grace Church that George Crocker was buried. That funeral took place from Trinity Church, and the funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Clampett, a clergyman who had the courage to scorn the importunities and covert threats of Fremont Older, the whipper-in of the graft prosecution. The day after George Crocker's funeral the Rev. David Evans proved that he was not devoid of good taste by sending in his resignation.

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The Aftermath of the Charity Edition

William R. Hearst's local editors and business managers are beginning to realize that charitable endeavor is not always charitably construed and they are discovering a connection they knew not of between charity and the stern and uncompromising science of arithmetic. It all comes of the Thanksgiving edition of the Examiner which was written, edited and sold by the energetic women of the Associated Charities to replenish the funds of that worthy institution. The edition was a great success, judged either by the counting room or the editorial standard. The "stories" were cleverly written, the "make-up" was excellent and the pages fairly bulged with advertisements. Everybody remembers how the paper sold. It was a lovely success and the ladies of the Associated Charities were tickled to death with their achievement—until the day for settlement came. Then the troubles of the ladies and of the innumerable business managers began. When a statement of the receipts and disbursements was compiled the net result was not up to the expectations of the charity workers. They stated to the Examiner chiefs that they counted on receiving a larger sum and they objected to the statement of current Examiner expenses as being too high. I believe the Examiner estimates its daily expenses at $4,000, a truly formidable figure; but the figure for the special edition was much larger. The dispute has been acrimonious and has reached the stage where the ladies have flatly refused to accept the settlement offered by the Examiner, insisting that the edition brought in a great deal more than appears in the financial statement. Hearst is expected out here for the holidays and I am given to understand that the ladies will carry the matter straight to him. I would not be surprised if the Examiner men are beginning to feel sorry that they used a charitable cause for the financial aggrandizement of their paper. I know that the advertisers who cannot afford to withhold an advertisement when it is solicited in the name of charity, will be mighty glad if the dispute puts an end to the special charity edition scheme.

A Notable Phalanx

Last Monday night the Examiner marshaled, in the language of one of its headline writers, a "solid phalanx to fight for Geary street bonds." A solid phalanx of what, whether of hoplites or Macedonian infantry or vociferous demagogues, the headline writer sayeth not. It is deemed sufficient for those who glean the news of the day from headlines only that the phalanx is armed to the teeth with double-barreled enthusiasm of the on-to-victory kind. For information as to the nature of the phalanx one must read on and discover the personnel of the latest patriotic movement in civic affairs. One of the first names that the eye falls upon is that of E. A. Wolcott, a novelist, whose training as a writer of sensational fiction was obtained in the editorial rooms of the Examiner office. Then comes M. C. Hassett, familiarly known among his admirers as Michael Catholic Hassett, current President of the Iroquois Club, an organization devoted to the promotion of the benign interests of eternal job-chasers. Shoulder to shoulder with Hassett, and on the good right hand of Wolcott looms the swart figure of Max Popper, ex-partner of that retired civic patriot Chris Buckley. In the forefront Richard Cornelius bobs up serenely, the same Cornelius that precipitated the memorable car strike and that was rewarded with a job by the good Mayor Taylor. Alongside of Cornelius we find Charley Sweigert, the zealous police commissioner who hopes to go to Fremont Older when he dies; also, Charles Wesley Reed, whose hobby is cheap water because he still has that flock of thirsty mules that he hypothecated to the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company; also, E. P. E. Troy, the greatest reformer of his weight and inches in all the wide world; also, Phelan's supervisor, D. C. Murphy, and last but not least, little Eustace Cullinan, a specimen product of the Bulletin office. A solid phalanx indeed! Where can you beat it for patriotic self-sacrifice, for impassioned love of the dear pee-pul, for the public service that signifies a private snap? There should be nothing indefinite in the description of this phalanx. It is a phalanx of horrendous heroes in the eternal strife that is being waged for the redemption of the unregenerate, a phalanx whose resolutions have all the efficacy that was embodied in those of the three immortal tailors of Tooley street. By this phalanx it has been resolved that we must have a taxpayers' railroad on Geary street, and that ought to settle the matter. Such heavy taxpayers as E. P. E. Troy and Dan Murphy and M. C. Hassett and Author Wolcott have determined that the cost of the road is a matter of no significance; nor in their opinion should anybody stop to consider the folly of the project from the standpoint of practical service. All that we should consider at this time are ways and means of

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swatting the United Railroads, and if we cannot swat that corporation except in a way injurious to ourselves, then let us gratify our passion by a little self abuse.

So the baritone slapped the tenor? What happened then? They went on the stage and fought a duet.

Edgar Saltus on California

If the Portola fiesta did nothing more for us it was amply justified in this that it showed us to Edgar Saltus at our very best. When the Saltus dry point is exercised on personalities or places, those personalities or places are etched into more enduring fame, for nearly everything that Saltus writes is of literary importance. Even the jewels that he drops into newspaper columns will be gathered up some day and set in books which will display their brilliance to the best advantage. Saltus has been discoursing of California in one of his recent essays, and as he was in this city no longer ago than the occasion of our big celebration, his words may be interpreted in connection with that memorable affair. According to Saltus the only American plays worth while are "those of the West as seen from California." Here is a statement which may well cause all our local playwrights—and there are more of them than you imagine—to pluck up heart of grace. But Saltus continues: "The mere name is evocative. It ushers—when it is not raining—a streaming sun, a stream of gold and glittering girls, the caresses of all, their cajolements, sensations and situations." It is quite evident that when Saltus writes of California he has San Francisco in mind. The reference to "glittering girls" would not fit Los Angeles. The whole passage is eloquent of Saltus' enjoyment of the Portola celebration. Enjoy it he did, as anybody can tell you who had the pleasure of his company during his stay here. In fact he enjoyed it as one to the local manner born and is worthy, in my opinion, of being reckoned a San Franciscan by adoption.

The Jealousy of Los Angeles

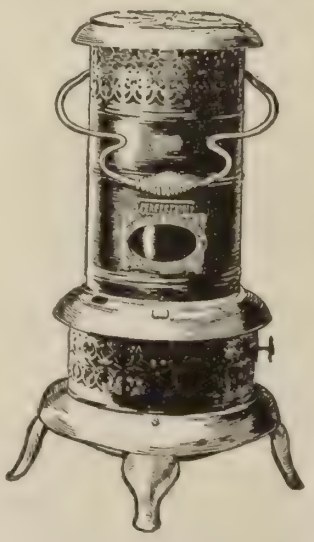
From Charles C. Moore I learn that the energetic gentlemen who are promoting the plan for a world's fair in this city on the completion of the Panama Canal are meeting with obstinate opposition from the people of Los Angeles. It seems that the southern city wants to have the fair either in Los Angeles itself or in San Diego and that it will not accede to the proposition of celebrating the opening of the great waterway in the only city which anybody has so far thought of as the fitting place for such an affair. Of course it is nothing new for Los Angeles to be jealous of San Francisco, but this happens to be a peculiarly aggravated case because unless the representatives of the whole State pull together, there will be trouble about getting an appropriation from Congress. I understand that a delegation of local men will soon leave for Los Angeles to try their skill at bringing the refractory southerners to a reasonable view of the situation. I will venture to assert that if the Los Angeles people put obstacles in the way of holding the fair here, it will not be held in this State at all. New Orleans would like nothing better than to entertain the world on the occasion of the opening of the canal.

The Sweet Soul of Le Gallienne

Those who read the various diatribes which Richard Le Gallienne leveled at William Watson in the expiring controversy about the wife and daughter of the British prime minister may have suspected that the publicist was actuated by motives not wholly pure. I do not mean to insinuate that the diatribes were contributed to the Hearst papers at so much per diatribe; but it has doubtless occurred to many that Le Gallienne exhibited an excess of chivalry at the expense of an adversary already self-tumbled in the dust of the lists. A man who flourishes his little pen with loud vociferations and spills such an intolerable deal of ink that all other ink-spillers are constrained to give him a monopoly of the quarrel is apt to be charged with other motives than the prompting of quixotic courage. I cannot say what spite Le Gallienne was venting when he thus attacked unhappy William Watson, but I have a shrewd notion that it was a case of spitefulness just the same. Why? Because I have just found another reason for believing Le Gallienne a spiteful man. It comes to me in the shape of a signed criticism written by Le Gallienne for The New York Times on the latest book of Arthur Symons, "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." If this article was not conceived in a most spiteful humor and written with a pen of wormwood I confess myself incapable of reading the meaning of plain English. And if it is spiteful I leave it to the reader to tell himself just what sort of a sweet-scented epicene creature Richard Le Gallienne is. All who have facilities for following the trend of events among British literary men know into what an unhappy condition Arthur Symons has been plunged; consequently they can appreciate the depth of malice from which Le Gallienne strikes at him in defiance, not only of truth and justice, but even of common pity.

What He Has To Say of Symons

Le Gallienne begins his critique of Symons' book by stating that Symons was the disciple of Walter Pater



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and that he has made it his study to carry out Pater's formula of the function of an esthetic critic. Symons has applied this formula, he says, "with a narrow thoroughness impossible for Pater, with his richness of temperament and his colored humanity. Pater was a poet who fondly dreamed he was a critic, Mr. Symons is a critic who fondly dreams he is a poet." Le Gallienne then goes on to tell us a thing which he has no means of knowing to be true, that Pater threw off his critical formula in a moment of fanciful carelessness. Then he pleasantly elaborates the pains which Symons has been at to follow this carelessly thrown off formula during years of critical endeavor. This would be a remarkable instance of the master setting up an ignis fatuus for the disciple's everlasting confusion if there were the least truth in it, but there is not. Even so Le Gallienne admits that Symons has achieved some success in his critical work but the concession is only made in order that he may pretend to praise the work of "this man who never seems to have had a dream of his own—this man who never seems to have felt a kindly human emotion." And then by deliberate misinterpretation of Symons' words he arrives at the conclusion that the only love of which Symons knows is sexual love. It follows, to the satisfaction of Le Gallienne, that Symons does not love literature and we have this splenetic outburst: "The really great critic . . . loves literature. . . . He does not sit up as a pert, lightweight Rhadamanthus, with a shrill cockney accent, pronouncing a glib doom on this poet and on that." Then Le Gallienne finds himself driven to a theological explanation of Symons' criticisms. "They are of the Devil." Finally Le Gallienne laments that the "taint of the superior person" mars all that Symons writes.

What Others Have Thought

Such utterances are so effectually condemned by their own evident malice that it may seem the work of supererogation to point out that men for whom Le Gallienne would not be worthy to perform menial service have acclaimed Symons an incomparable critic. When Symons published his "Introduction to the Study of Browning," a book which has done more for that great poet than all the journals of all the Browning societies, he won the applause of Walter Pater and George Meredith, but best of all, he had these words from Browning himself: "It does indeed strike me as wonderful that you should have given such patient attention to all those poems and (if I dare say further), so thoroughly entered into, at any rate, the spirit in which they were written and the purpose they hoped to serve." In our own country James Huneker has spoken of Symons thus: "In the vast and shrill concert of contemporary polemics the voice of Arthur Symons is the 'still small' one. It is easily distinguishable because of its timbre, like that of some rich-toned violin." As for Symons' poetical achievement, it is not of the highest, but in delicacy of thought and in mastery of rhythmical expression it is beyond anything Richard Le Gallienne may ever hope to do. The difference lies in this that Symons is a genius while Le Gallienne is not. Many of Symons' poems have been published in this paper from time to time, but the following little lyric may serve to indicate some of the qualities of his verse:

The night's held breath,
  And the star's steady eyes;
Is it sleep, is it death,
  In the earth, in the skies?

In my heart of hope,
  In my restless will,
There is that should not stop
  Though the earth stood still,
Though the heavens shook, aghast,
  As the frost shakes a tree,
And a strong wind cast
  The stars in the sea.

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King Leopold as a Penitent

The world is pretty well agreed as to the extreme necessity of penitence in the case of King Leopold of Belguim. The old king has many sins to answer for, if we may believe even a tithe of the stories told about him. Once before two continents were edified by the news that he had become repentant. That was in 1902, about the time that a crazy anarchist made an attempt upon his life. It is likely that the aged king did not continue long in sackcloth and ashes. Perhaps if Leopold had sincerely intended to mend his ways he would have removed the snowy beard of which he has always been inordinately vain and which is so familiar to the habitues of the music halls and green rooms of Paris. Leopold's beard flows to his waist and it is said that he is so fond of it that every night his valet ties it up in a bag of pale blue silk in order to preserve its luster and to prevent the hairs from tangling. The

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most notorious of the demi-mondaines of Paris have toyed with the remarkable hirsute appendage of this royal rake. His amours with Cleo de Merode and Liane de Pougy have been the mock of Europe for years, but more sinister by far have been the transgressions which he has committed against his own family.

Herbert Roth to Marry

I hear that young Herbert Roth, the cartoonist, is soon to marry. This very talented chap went abroad with his mother nearly a year ago and when last heard from was exploring out of the way places in Hungary. I understand that the young lady of Roth's choice is a native of this city but that they will be united in Europe, it being the intention of the bride-to-be to go abroad very soon. Roth's plans do not include a return to the newspaper field of this city. He has had the offer of a splendid position on one of the big New York dailies and will undoubtedly accept it when he has finished his wanderyear and honeymoon. When Roth was on the Bulletin the discerning marked him as one of the most promising cartoonists in the country and it now looks as though the prediction is about to be fulfilled.

Cannibal—Have you any last message you would like to send home?

Stern-looking Female—Yes. Don't let my son-in-law know.

Why Tom Boyd Blushes

Thomas P. Boyd, the popular district attorney of Marin County, has recently developed a degree of bashfulness which would do credit to a stammering schoolboy. Let two of Boyd's friends pass him on the street in San Rafael and they have but to exchange a knowing look or a nudge and Tom breaks into a ruddy glow of unmistakable confusion. As for the ladies—well, Tom Boyd is not fond of feminine society just now. It all came of a fire in the Boyd kitchen a few nights ago. A careless housemaid, just before retiring, threw a match into the woodbox and in a few minutes the slumbering household was awakened by cries of "fire." Not only was the household awakened but the whole neighborhood and a number of men, women and children came pattering into the Boyd home to lend their assistance. When they reached the kitchen door they took one look and gasped. Tom Boyd had rushed amid the flames in his pajamas and after he had used all the towels that were handy in his attempt to smother the flames, had divested himself of his scanty covering and was extinguishing the last spark with his sleeping attire. Boyd fled somewhere to escape the eyes of the onlookers—to the attic, some say—but at any rate he hasn't the nerve to look his friends in the face these days, for the story simply galloped through San Rafael.

Japanese Decreasing in Hawaii

For many obvious reasons the people of this State are more than sentimentally interested in Hawaiian affairs, and it is therefore remarkable that our daily papers devote so little space to news of the industrial development of the islands. When Governor Frear of Hawaii recently came to this country on his way to Washington the dailies might have obtained some important and interesting news from him, but evidently they did not think it worth while. The impression prevails in this State that all the good things in the islands are rapidly falling into the hands of the Japanese who are constantly increasing in numbers. From Governor Frear I learn that as a matter of fact the Japanese are rapidly diminishing in numbers. By reason of the arrangement between Japan and the United States immigration from Japan has ceased and now departures are twice as many as arrivals. "We are taking a great deal of interest in immigration just now," says Governor Frear. "We are endeavoring to get immigrants that will not only make good laborers but good citizens as well. We have obtained some from the mainland, but they come in very slowly, and we have had some from Europe. Just now we are experimenting with European Siberians, that is Europeans who have settled in Siberia. About two months ago we brought over a lot of 230 men, women and children, and so far we are pretty well satisfied with them. They are large, strong and intelligent, and as the men have brought their families with them they are contented on the plantations. We are now arranging to bring others. We get them from the regions about Harbin, bring them to Japan via Dalny and ship them thence on a Pacific Mail steamer. This work is

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being conducted by the Territorial government through its board of immigration. We pay their passage, but there is no contract. Large numbers of them in Siberia are anxious to come into Hawaii. It is simply a question of raising the money to pay their passage and to keep out the undesirable. We have them examined before they leave Dalny. It costs about $70 apiece to get them to Honolulu, but we hope to get the price reduced to $50 a head. The money for this purpose is raised by a special tax on incomes of over $4,000 a year. The rate is 2 per cent, and it yields about $400,000 a year. Of this three-fourths is applied to immigration purposes and the remainder to the conservation of our natural resources. This is in addition to the regular tax on incomes, which is 2 per cent, and applies to all incomes of $1,500 a year and more.

Industrial Development

Hawaii has been very prosperous for two years, Governor Frear reports. The sugar crop is good and prices high. But planters are no longer devoting all their attention to sugar. They are developing other crops. They are branching out into cotton, tobacco, rubber and siral and the outlook for these products is very good. Furthermore the people are contented and are not clamoring for Statehood. Nor have the native Hawaiians, who control two-thirds of the vote and who have a majority in the Legislature, any desire for a return of monarchial government.

The Cavortings of the Gridironers

Every year the funnymen of the Washington press are turned loose to chronicle the doings of the Gridiron Club, as the association of Washington correspondents is called. There is a sort of tradition that the incidents of these annual meetings shall not be made public but so far as anybody can discover this tradition is honored in the breach only. Perhaps, as the Gridiron Club is not so much a club as a designation for annual gatherings of the newspapermen and their guests, the etiquette of these affairs has not been very accurately settled. At any rate there is a widespread belief that these Gridiron dinners are redolent of rare humor and electric with novel wit—that all the unspoiled merriment of the capital is let loose to make a journalistic holiday. I have never been able to find much justification for this belief. Take the dinner which was held about a week ago. There were the usual topical allusions to the polar controversy, to Roosevelt's hunting trip, to Taft's perplexities and so on, but as far as any quality of delicacy or subtlety was concerned, it was conspicuous by its absence. Perhaps the newspapermen are too busy to prepare for the function in any but a haphazard, hit-or-miss fashion; but I am willing to wager that the gentlemen of the Press Club in this city can, on just as short notice, give an entertainment which will compare favorably with any of the Gridiron affairs.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy.

Stocks—Nothing has developed in the Wall street situation in recent weeks worthy of serious comment. Prices of stocks have been maintained by bankers who bought the leading railway specialties. However, no effort has been apparent to warrant the belief that bankers were willing to see any bull speculation at the moment, a slow advance being more desirable at this time. The subject of labor agitation continues to be somewhat of a menace to the future but this matter will not be of serious consequence until after the first of the new year and then this momentous question will undoubtedly be threshed out satisfactorily to those concerned. The lowering of the English bank rate to 4½ per cent is indicative of cheaper money both abroad and here and will eventually be a factor for higher security values. We believe that securities will work higher over the first of the new year.

Wheat prices are looking higher and no material reaction need be expected. The switchmen's strike has reduced the available supply of spring wheat and it will take a month to build up a fair surplus for Minneapolis mills alone. The winter wheat region has been swept cleaner of farm surplus than a year ago. There will be a hand to mouth existence in the milling trade of this country all winter. The European situation is fair at present. Argentina will not have a crop in excess of last year and this will be a constant bullish factor. The outlook for next year's crop will not be a factor before March. The condition was near perfect, but this was forecasted. The years of large acreage and fine condition in December gave the smallest yields. We anticipate a final estimate of wheat next week around 750,000,000 bushels, perhaps the largest on record. We believe the crop to be worse overestimated than in the past two years. The market should break on this report but should be bought on the break as supplies in sight, not estimated yields, make a market.

Corn is passing through the crucial period of December on a big advance. Th cold weather in the big belt and the small receipts have created alarm. St. Louis sold No. 3 corn this week at 65 against 57 for the same quality at Chicago. Kansas City is higher than Chicago. The Iowa State report says one-third of the crop is rotten and unfit for use. The estimate for the State is 34 million under the Government. Yet with all 'this the Government's final report is apt to give a larger crop than the preliminary estimate. It does look as if the Government Bureau is attempting to reduce prices by making fictitious yields. The wise men will buy May corn on any reaction. It is worth 85 cents on the farm for feeding.

Cotton—The Government report of 10,088,000 bales of 500 pounds gross indicates a crop of but little in excess of 9,700,000 bales when it is considered that about 20 pounds should be deducted from each bale for bagging and ties. To these figures should be added about 297,000 bales for linters and repacks which would mean a commercial crop of about 9,997,000 bales which is easily the most bullish crop estimate ever issued by the department. We consider the conditions full justify the small estimate and believe that it will take an enormous early movement from the new crop next August for the crop to reach the 10,000,000 bale mark. The situation on a basis of supply and demand is therefore favorable to higher prices, especially as regards September and October of the new crop. Liquidation will cause natural reactions from time to time and on such reactions we advise buying, as present prices do not nearly discount conditions.

Copper Stocks—Copper stock prices have shown fair sized variations for the past week or so, moving up and down with the rumors concerning the copper merger. As for the metal itself, the most important development in this department is the larger domestic consumption. Returns from manufacturers indicate that the smelting in this country in November was close to 60,000,000 pounds and that the electrical industry including the wire drawers have experienced the heaviest month of the calendar year. A more significant fact, even, is that the orders for the manufactured material for future delivery have been greater, the demand being stimulated during the period of advancing prices, and it is estimated that new business for the manufactured material was placed in November, aggregating between 65,000,000 and 75,000,000 pounds. Copper metal exports, however, are largely in excess of foreign consumption, which is evident from the fact that there was an increase of 14,000,000 pounds in the warehouse stocks of Great Britain and France last month. Concerning the copper merger, it is said that the plans for its consumption are gradually being drawn up and that some sort of an announcement dealing with the progress that is being made will be issued between now and the first of the year. Negotiations are said to be under way for the acquisition of the Miami by the Cole-Ryan interests. It is understood that the asking price is $25 per share of 100,000 shares. Butte Coalition is enlarging the Rarus air shaft and will sink both the tramway and the Rarus to greater depths. General conditions on the Copper Range Company's Champion mine are reported better, between 70,000 and 75,000 tons of rock being shipped each month. Shannon's shipments in November were 1,400,000 pounds of copper. It is understood that the Lake Copper Company will begin regular shipments of ore to the mill shortly. For the purpose, it is presumed, of getting the assets of the various subsidiary companies of the Amalgamated Copper Company under a capitialization more nearly representative of their actual value, preparatory to the completion of the copper merger, some of them are to be reorganized. That it is the intention of the Amalgamated directors to confine the company to mining and the allied industries is disclosed by the fact that all the mercantile interests have been disposed of. Because of the favorable outlook in the United States and the effect of the switchmen's strike on the smelting operations in the West, it seems probable that a renewal of speculative interest will be shown in copper stocks in

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the near future and that a reaction from the recent lower prices will follow the heavier operations. There is also a disposition to credit the more favorable report received in regard to the contemplated consolidation of copper properties. Purchases of Amalgamated, Anaconda, Butte Coalition, Giroux, Miami, Nevada Consolidated, North Butte, Ray Consolidated and Utah Copper look to be the most advisable.

Local Securities—The local market for stocks and bonds continues to be quite active and, taking the list as a whole, a rather healthy tone prevails. Alaska Packers shares have lately become very popular and have made a new high record. As the annual meeting of the Association approaches, the talk of dividends on this stock becomes more generally believed. Associated Oil, after passing through a small decline, recovered very sharply in the early part of the week and has since presented a firmer front. Spring Valley Water continues to be influenced by rumors concerning the probable result of the coming special election but it seems that the "red-fire" has temporarily gone out of it. Sugar stocks are more quiet and somewhat irregular. Hawaiian Commercial, Honokaa, Makaweli, Onomea and Union are all firm, with Hutchinson and Paauhau slightly weaker. Pacific Telephone stocks are not attracting much attention and they, and the Pacific Gas and Electric stocks, have been temporarily put on the shelf. Firemens Fund stock is very strong and has lately sold at its highest price since the fire of 1906. The shares of the North Alaska Salmon Company were recently listed on the Exchange and their quotation has increased from 101 to 107½ bid. This company owns salmon canneries in the North and pays 9 per cent in dividends. It is said that the surplus of the North Alaska Salmon Company is now sufficient to maintain a 9 per cent dividend rate for a number of years. Dealings in bonds have fallen off slightly, the main activity being in Associated Oil 5s, City Electric 5s, Oakland Transit Con. 5s, Pacific Electric 5s, People's Water 5s, Spring Valley Water 4s and United Railroads 4s. It is said that Alaska Packers will see 95 before the end of next January, that North Alaska Salmon will be advanced to around 120 and that Associated Oil will make a new record, on this move, at no remote date. Spring Valley continues to be picked up by brokers who are known to be buying for the inside.

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TO A PORTRAIT

Did the wing of some dark raven,
By the hand of Love enslaven,
Leave its dusky hue engraven
On the tresses of your hair?
Did the snowy lily whiten
Your fair face? Did roses brighten
And with crimson petals heighten
On your lips the color rare?

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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits.....$ 5,617,998.46
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Anonymous Dance

The No-name ball at the St. Francis Friday night has passed into history and left society still struggling with its anonymity. Among the variety of designations the St. Francis ball seems to be favored when it is under discussion. It is necessary to call it something, even though a dancing club, according to the latest cry in the East, must be nameless. This somewhat puzzling innovation is probably a reaction from the elaborate effects of the "Rose Leaf Social Clubs" and the "Bon Ame Cotillons." One of the interesting diversions of the evening was the reception by Minister Chang and his suite in the tapestry room of the St. Francis to prominent Chinese of this city. The guests at the ball left their dancing to watch the Orientals in their gorgeous brocades, and they in turn seemed quite as interested in the lovely frocks of the fair Americans. Among the most effective costumes worn was that of Mrs. Walter Martin who first evolved the idea of the subscription dances. Her gown was of old blue silk with a tunic over-dress of thin black lace, and her jewels were sapphires and diamonds.

Greenway Was Absent

The absence of Ned Greenway from the ball has been much commented upon. By accident or design the former lone leader of society was out of town, as far away as Seattle, which made it impossible for him to grace the debut of a rival with his presence. Mr. Greenway, however, had received an invitation to the ball, and the most cordial relations are said to exist between him and Mrs. Martin and all the twenty-four patronesses. But the fact remains that Mr. Greenway was not at the ball, and that his absence from the city covered only a few days.

Luncheon in Fairyland

Prodigal San Francisco society women will have to do a great deal to surpass the records made during the past week. The luncheon given yesterday at the Palace, when Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst entertained some two hundred and more of her friends, made many an experienced pair of eyes grow big and round with wonder and admiration. The ball room was a fairy vision of glitter and sparkle, a small forest of tinsel-bedecked Christmas trees with a big pine standing in the center of every one of the fifteen tables where the guests were seated. Each tree had gifts for the guests, but these were not taken down until the conclusion of the luncheon. Fancy the eagerness. It was like a lot of kiddies awaiting the coming of Santa Claus. Then toward the end of the luncheon, a pretty surprise delighted the guests when a choir of white robed altar boys, chanting Christmas hymns, came winding in and out among the tables, as an organ in the distance gave forth the sweet strains of old carols. Mrs. Pfingst who is certainly a diplomat, had all her friends seated in such a way that every coterie was by itself, and naturally, everyone was delighted. There was one table where the buds sat, with pretty Anna Peters and Amy Bowles as the hostesses. At another table Mrs. William T. Sesnon and Mrs. C. C. Moore presided. Others who had tables, assisting Mrs. Pfingst at her luncheon, were Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. Alden Anderson, Miss Ardella Mills, Mrs. Francis Lucas, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. Danforth, Mrs. W. W. Fennimore and Mrs. John T. Porter.

The Rift Within the Lute

Should the Hebrew members of the San Francisco Musical Club resign in a body, that, of itself, would scarcely make the music mute, but merely minus the wonderful "Jewish timbre" that in the past has given it no little distinction. Had the club never thus ungrammatically written by the hand of the ex-chairman of its Admission Committee: "The Club has nearly reached its limit as far as the hall will accommodate and they felt the restrictions should be made with Jewish applicants, as the Club is primarily a Gentile Club," it might now be pursuing the even tenor, or rather, soprano, of its way, instead of shouting itself hoarse in flat explanations, fearing to face its own music. Had it never fiddled thus off-key: "Your name will be placed on a waiting list and when a vacancy occurs by the resignation of a Jewish member, you may succeed as a member," it might now be at play instead of at its wit's end how

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS PHYLLIS DE YOUNG

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young who is one of the most attractive of the younger girls in society.

without loss of dignity and prestige to pay the piper. Had it never made the following vulgarly invidious ruling: "Moved and seconded that the list for Jewish Associate Members be closed and any future applicants must await a vacancy in their waiting list," it might now be seated elsewhere than at the organ, weary of its own voice and ill at ease by reason of the noise raised. How its "dodgers" do dodge!—must needs, even as civilization, devil-driven, of necessity civilizes! Then it was: "Later on it will be necessary to restrict the Gentile applicants too." Now, according to the dodger, "It is the decision of the Board of Directors that the Roll of As-

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sociate Members, Jew and Gentile, should for the present be closed, the membership having attained such numbers, that further increase is not desirable." Nor, having attained such notoriety, is further increase desirable! Eh! Honorable, unbiased Board, whose action in this questionable matter, "like its other transactions, was executive, and not intended for publication." I should say not! Well, the best laid plans of—shall we say mice!

The Club's Unhappy Plight

If civilization civilizes, dodgers dodge, surely explanations must needs explain, nor fall flat! How can they help themselves? Musically speaking, nothing is more natural than that sharp practice should be taught the lesson it stands in need of, get the toning down that is truly desirable. The authorized-version voice of the Board is woodeny, wobbly, nor bridges the difficulty. It hints a thistley tongue and great ears, but not for music. Unmusically speaking, the devil, being tolerant, is not as black as he's painted. 'Tis intolerance that is absolute pitch! Unluckily for the San Francisco Musical Club, there are on its active list—the list of the musically able—thirteen Hebrew members and but one on its associate and larger list; the proportion of active to associate members being about as 118 is to 262. Moreover, the musical director of the Club's Choral Section is a Hebrew and, incidentally, the most competent and caustic musical critic in San Francisco. Of what race is Elman? Bauer? Levinne? and the matchless rest? Whose compositions do they play? Whose money makes their concerts possible in this musical West? Our impresario—were he woman, would he (or she) not have to wait for one of his (or her) people to resign in order to become an associate member of the primarily Gentile, not primarily musical, club aforesaid? Could the force of folly further go?

Mrs. Welch's Bridge Party

Chic little Mrs. Andrew Welch who always reminds me of a Tanagra figure bewitched to animation by some wonder-worker, has outstripped all the other women in the attempt to surprise by originality. Originality seems as easy to Mrs. Welch as the commonplace does to the average woman. I presume that is an inheritance from her Latin ancestry. She has given the largest bridge party of the winter so far, decorating her rooms with little Billikin gods. The squat grinning chap at whose shrine folks are learning the doctrine of common sense, reigned that afternoon over a charming throng of card devotees. The consolation prize was a wee gold Billikin that was awarded to Mrs. Grayson Dutton who is one of the few among the younger matrons who says that she will not learn bridge for fear of its fascination. But the Billikin may change her mind. All of the old experts were there, carrying away gorgeous prizes so easily that a lot of the beginners declare that they hate to compete with such women as Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Mountford Wilson and the rest of the invincibles. Never was there such sharp, spirited playing, for everyone knew that the prizes would be worth while owning. One of the women mentioned above has such a number of bridge trophies that her boudoir is crowded with costly knick-knacks and they overflow into other rooms.

Miss Josselyn's Secret

Miss Mary Josselyn seems to be unusually happy these days and as her pleasant state of mind can hardly be attributed to the weather or any other prosaic cause, all her friends are looking for the man in the case. Some think it is the young Italian chap who is so often seen in her company, but I am inclined to the opinion that they are on the wrong track, for I know of a certain wealthy bachelor, regarded as one of the confirmed variety, who is cherishing a very tender feeling for this charming young lady. If this surmise is correct there will be general surprise, for this bachelor has been the despair of managing mamas for many years.

Photo, Peterson and [illegible]

THE ELOQUENCE OF A POSE

The lady is the charming Mrs. A. W. Scott, prominent in social and club circles.

Nickelodeon Parties

Our social pets, ever on the alert for a new pastime to banish languor and stiffle yawns, have suddenly come to realize what thousands with no aspirations toward exclusiveness have known for many a long day, namely, that the nickelodeons afford an excellent variety of entertainment. So it is all the fad right now for our gilded

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Jewelry, embroideries, unique trimmings, laces, lacquer, enamels, Caucasian silver and horn carvings, hand made toys, novelties for prizes, wedding and Christmas gifts. Precious stones from the Caucasian and Ural Mountains.

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fashionables to go in parties from one nickelodeon to another until half a dozen have been visited; then a supper at one of the cafes rounds out the evening. Of course our aristocrats who condescend to mingle with the vulgar herd at these places of five cent entertainment take every care to avoid the contamination of too close contact with the unwashed. In the first place a discreet chaperon makes the rounds, selecting only such nickelodeons for her list as exhibit nothing to wound the susceptibilities of our sensitive elite. Then the belles and beaux take care to so dress themselves that they may not be mistaken for members of the middle class. It is true that they sometimes dispense with their motor cars, but blue blood may be traced even in one's manner of threading the crowds on a thoroughfare like Fillmore or Market street, and by loud talking, an air of boredom and indifference to the stage one may make it plain that one is high bred and "in society." So the nickelodeon fad is quite a popular one with our exclusives and may be counted on to last ever so long—say, from the blooming to the fading of an orchid.

Wedding Comes as a Surprise

The wedding of Miss Winifred M. Pollock, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. O. W. Pollock, to Lieutenant John C. Fairfax, U. S. A., was a very quiet affair. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents in Ashbury street on Tuesday, December 9, Rev. William Edward Hayes of All Saints Episcopal Church officiating. This quiet simple notice has caused more talk over the tea cups than any of the large and brilliant weddings within the last year. All of Miss Pollock's friends had received invitations to her wedding which was to have taken place on October 19, the day of the opening of the Portola festival, but the groom was to have been, not Lieutenant Fairfax but a Mr. Long of Mexico. A few days before the wedding friends were surprised to receive delicate little notes from the prospective bride announcing that owing to sickness in the family, the wedding would be postponed indefinitely. No other explanation came until a few days ago when the new romance became known. Mrs. Fairfax is the granddaughter of the late Robert R. Thompson, the millionaire. Her mother was Miss Sallie Thompson, a sister of Mrs. Ivy L. Borden, formerly Miss Dixie Thompson of this city. Lieutenant Fairfax is a handsome young officer and a general favorite in the army. Upon the return of the young couple from their wedding tour they will reside on Angel Island.

Mrs. Atherton's Conversion

The sudden conversion of Gertrude Atherton to the cause of woman's suffrage came as a great surprise to her friends in this city and can only be attributed to the wonderful powers of persuasiveness possessed by Mrs. Clarence Mackay. In an interview given to one of the New York papers Mrs. Atherton stated quite frankly that it was at the request of Mrs. Mackay that she had become a member of the New York league for the advancement of the suffrage cause. Certainly her name is a valuable one for the suffragists to list in the roll of their champions, for Mrs. Atherton is capable of doing great things for the propaganda both in this country and England. But those who read an article contributed by Mrs. Atherton to a recent number of a well-known woman's periodical may well be astonished at her swift change of heart. In that article Mrs. Atherton said: "Personally I hate the sight and sound of a suffragist" and she added that the movement in favor of woman's suffrage was merely a detail of feminine progress, a declaration which did not betray a great deal of sympathy for the work in which Mrs. Mackay was so actively engaged. But of course there are suffragists and suffragists and no doubt Mrs. Mackay has as little regard as her famous convert for the vociferous sort.

Fritzi's Woolen Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. John Fox Jr. celebrated their woolen wedding with a supper party at the St. Francis Monday night. Mrs. Fox is fascinating Fritzi Scheff and Mr. Fox is the same John Fox Jr. who wrote "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and other well known novels. Their marriage last year was one of the keenest sensations of the sort literary and dramatic New York has known. The first anniversary of this interesting event fell on Monday and a "woolen" party was given to celebrate. Among the gifts was an absurd collection of wool dolls sent by Richard Harding Davis. Peter Martin brought a wooly lamb as his offering. When she made her first appearance here with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company Fritzi Scheff was the wife of an Austrian army officer whom she divorced two years ago. Miss Scheff is one of society's favorites. On her last visit she was the belle of a Greenway assembly, proving quite as irresistable in the ball-room as she is on the stage. The friends she made then have been doing much for her entertainment in the past week.

The Durkin-Fealy Nuptials

Until a press despatch from Denver announced the other day that Maude Fealy had married James Durkin, most of us had lost track of that extremely temperamental actor who used to be the leading man at the Alcazar. It will be recalled that one day Durkin who looked more like a clergyman than a leading man,

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Ladies' Hand Bags

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ROOS BROS.
Market at Stockton

startled the town by eloping with pretty little Frances Starr who was then the ingenue at the Alcazar. Durkin and little Fanny went East and had a hard time of it for awhile. But Frances Starr who had been a great hit here justified those who had painted a glowing future for her by landing in Broadway as the star of "The Rose of the Rancho." Durkin has been playing in stock companies ever since. The wife whom he left behind when he levanted with Frances Starr secured a divorce. Maude Fealy also was divorced some time ago, her marital affairs receiving considerable exploitation in the papers, owing to her mother's alleged interference between the young actress and her husband who was a Denver newspaperman.

The Best Exhibition

The annual exhibition of Best's Art School opened Thursday afternoon at the studio, 1628 Bush street. There was a goodly number of art-lovers in attendance, both in the afternoon and evening. Those who have not yet visited the exhibition will have their last opportunity today. There are many works well worthy of study including a number of canvases of the Bests themselves. In addition to these are the studies of the pupils in oils, water colors, pastel and black and white, many of them indicating unusual powers of workmanship.

Golfers Eager to Beat Tubbs' Score

Last September Chapin F. Tubbs, one of the younger golf players of California, went around the 18 holes of the Hotel Del Monte course in 63 wonderful strokes, beating all previous amateur and professional records and setting a new score for this famous course upon which nearly every golf player of note in this country has played at sometime or other. This was one of the sensational features of the annual tournament, and so insistent has been the demand that the management has decided to have another tournament over the New Year's holiday. The play will start Friday, December 31, and end on New Year's day, giving all day Sunday for resting up. There will be a handicap competition for men and a similar event for women—qualifying rounds over eighteen holes, medal play, will be held on Friday morning, beginning at 9:30, eight to qualify in each event. The first match rounds will be played on Friday afternoon; the semi-final match rounds on Saturday morning and the final match rounds on Saturday afternoon,—all rounds being over eighteen holes. It is also hinted that some of the well known San Francisco players who have been playing in excellent form for the past few months now feel able for the task and are going to try to equal or beat Tubbs' score. As a great many society folk are planning to spend the Christmas and New Year's holidays at Del Monte the tournament will provide a delightful diversion and will be of great interest to the spectators, as well as their friends. The Del Monte links are in perfect condition, making play there particularly delightful.

Violet Asquith as a Stump Speaker

Miss Violet Asquith who, with her mother, furnished the inspiration for William Watson's notorious "Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," has taken the platform as an advocate of the government over which her father presides. Miss Asquith has never before taken a hand in politics and her appearance made a great sensation. The occasion was the opening of a bazaar in Hammersmith, one of those charitable functions which are made to serve the ends of politics in Great Britain much more frequently than in this country. Miss Asquith's speech is said to have been of the red hot variety and if the young lady bore in mind the many criticisms which have been leveled at her pretty head since Watson made his astounding statements in New York, she was probably spurred to unusual efforts. The indications are that Miss Asquith will continue to occupy the hustings during the desperate campaign which is now in progress.

E. B. COURVOISIER

The well known Art Dealer and Frame Maker announces to the public the opening of his new store at 431 Sutter street between Stockton and Powell.

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"TAKE A TAXICO"

In the Social Spotlight

The Spinners' Club met at the home of Miss Enid Gregg at the St. Regis on Tuesday. Among other attractive numbers on the program was the Chinese Bridal Song in costume by the following: Bride, Miss Elizabeth Mills; attendants, Miss Conried Weil and Mrs. Clarence Holmes, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Ardella Mills and Miss Fernanda Pratt.

Mr. Frank Unger who has been visiting in California for several months, will leave soon for New York, there to settle up his business and return to his old home to reside permanently.

Mrs. William Grosse is visiting in Los Angeles.

Colonel and Mrs. Edward Miles have taken rooms at the Hotel Stewart for the winter.

Mr. Carl Wolfe recently made Miss Marian Newhall the motif of a jolly supper party.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee of Fruitvale entertained recently in honor of Mrs. Eleanor Bingham of Chicago who is here for the winter.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria include Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kaste and Miss Isabel Stephens who arrived on the steamer "Peru." Miss Stephens is a writer of note and recently came from the scene of the Central America trouble. The Misses Dillon and Mrs. Edwin Stevens are also registered at the Victoria for the week.

Mrs. J. H. McKinsey of Santa Cruz was the guest at a dinner given recently by Mr. H. O. Rowley who is wintering at the Hotel Victoria.

On New Year's eve an old fashioned New Year's party will be given at Pebble Beach Lodge for the pleasure of the Hotel Del Bonte guests. Manager Warner is preparing to take his guests from the hotel to Pebble Beach Lodge in automobiles at a reduced rate, and otherwise promote their good time.

Miss Jean Tyson, the pretty fiancee of Harry Weihe, has issued cards for a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on December 22. The guests of honor are Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Miriam McNear and Miss Ila Sontag.

Milo M. Potter of Santa Barbara is a guest of the Fairmont, having come up for the opening of the Palace. Mrs. Potter and her daughter Miss Nina Jones have been at the Fairmont for some time and have been lavishly entertained, Miss Jones being one of the most popular of the season's buds.

Among the many happenings at the Fairmont during the week was the beautiful luncheon given by Miss McMahon on Monday in the Laurel Court. Around the great oval table heaped high with flowers Miss McMahon gathered fourteen of her friends. Those present were Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Marie Lundeen, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Peterson, Miss Jean Tyson, Miss Amalie Simpson, Miss Miriam McNear, Miss Willmott Holton, Miss Marguerite Doe and Miss Florence Cluff.

On Tuesday Mrs. Andrew Welch, always a charming hostess, entertained at bridge in the Red room at the Fairmont, having eight tables filled. After the game tea was served in the Laurel Court.

Miss Edith Chesebrough was at Del Monte recently to visit Miss Genevieve Harvey. Miss Chesebrough is one of the strongest golfers of her sex in San Francisco and makes a round of the Del Monte links daily. Two or three years ago she won the Del Monte Cup at the Fall Tournament.

Mrs. Meinecke who has been staying at Del Monte for some time, has been joined by her son, E. P. Meinecke of Berkeley and by Miss Minnie Meinecke of San Rafael. Dr. Meinecke is an expert on forestry and has been study with much interest the trees and fungi in the gardens of Del Monte.

The Baroness de Knoop of London registered at Hotel Del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wellcome of Pasadena registered at Del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. France of Los Angeles arrived at Del Monte recently. Mr. France is sales agent for the Hope Ranch at Santa Barbara, on the development of which the Pacific Improvement Company has spent large sums.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene J. Meyberg of Los Angeles registered at Del Monte recently.

Mrs. Stephen Ralli of Hove, Sussex, who arrived at Del Monte recently, is still enjoying the restfulness of the hotel. She and her physician, Dr. Gilliatt of London, after visiting Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Riverside, Coronado and other places in Southern California, will proceed direct to the City of Mexico and thence to the West Indies and New York. Mrs. Ralli's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lance, reside in New York.

Capt. A. F. Pillsbury and H. J. Knowles of San Francisco were at Del Monte last week, having come down to examine the wreck of the vessel Majestic, which went ashore about seven miles below Point Sur.

W. H. Smith Jr. of Philadelphia, gave a dinner party at Hotel Del Monte recently, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Campbell Jr. of New York, Major and Mrs. B. M. Wright, Lieutenant and Mrs. Wright, Mrs. H. R. Warner and Mr. and Mrs. Baker. A corner of the large dining room was shut off by screens, the entrance to the small dining room being draped with a large American flag. There were handsome floral decorations. After dinner the party played bridge.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included: H. C. Dodge, Mrs. William R. Wheeler, the Misses Hammond, J. B. Williams, H. G. Martell, W. M. O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. H. E. Sherman and H. A. Jerome.

Mrs. Frank Powers will leave immediately after the holidays for New York where she will take an apartment and spend the next few months.

Miss Linda Cadwalader has been spending the past week with her cousin, Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse, at her beautiful home in San Jose. She returned to her home the early part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Campbell Jr. of New York arrived at Hotel Del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brendon Brady have taken an apartment at Bush and Taylor streets for the winter.

Miss Marie Louise Foster has been the week-end guest of Miss Lou Foster at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Mansfield who have been residing at the Hotel Rafael for the past three years have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,929, Dept. No. 12.

In the Matter of the Application of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a Corporation, for Change of Name.

Upon reading and filing the petition of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a corporation, by T. H. ELKINGTON, N. F. PEART, and H. F. PEART, all of the Directors thereof, for change of name to that of PEART & ELKINGTON, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 26th day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the courtroom of this Court at No. 216 McAllister Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and they are hereby fixed and designated as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said matter are hereby directed to appear before this Court at said time and place to show cause why said application for change of name shall not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of four successive weeks.

Done in open Court this 15th day of December, 1909.

GEORGE H. CABANISS, Judge.

GEO. F. HATTON and H. F. PEART, Attorneys for Petitioners, Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8755, New Series, Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of DANIEL HANLON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned CLARA M. HANLON, Administratrix of the estate of DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of December, 1909), to the said Clara M. Hanlon, Administratrix of the estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, Room 1255, Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased.

CLARA M. HANLON,

Administratrix of the Estate of Said Daniel Hanlon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 18th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,

Attorneys for Administratrix,

Room 1255, Flood Bldg., 870 Market St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

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Sierra Folks

By a Sierran

It is getting to be so much "the thing" nowadays to spend a few days at the Hotel del Portal and then go on to Yosemite that two of us decided we would not be left behind. Our experiences were so novel and delightful that it seems only fair to let others know of them.

The morning train brought us to Merced about two o'clock, with a stop for lunch on the way. From there we traveled for four hours on the Yosemite Valley Railroad along the banks of the beautiful Merced River. I have found that many people who have visited Yosemite in former years have never been via Merced and therefore are unfamiliar with this picturesque route.

The Hotel del Portal, at the Sierra end of the railroad, is a large, roomy, artistic building, finely equipped with accommodations for two hundred guests. Situated on a wooded plateau about one hundred and fifty feet above the station, it commands a splendid view on all sides—canyon and river and mountains and waterfalls. It stands at the foot of a mountain from whose peak you can survey the whole of Yosemite Valley sixteen miles away, El Captain, Half Dome and all the other wonders of that region. Across the river, in front of the hotel is a precipice 2,000 feet in height. The white, shimmering streak, which seems to pulsate in the sun's rays, is the famous Chinquapin Fall. It has a fascination which takes possession of you as you sit in comfort on the broad veranda of the hotel and watch the foamy water falling, falling.

GUESTS OF THE HOTEL DEL PORTAL

Who have run into the Yosemite for a sleigh ride.

Everything was so pleasant at the Hotel del Portal, the climate was so sunny and genial, the surroundings so restful and picturesque, and the hotel service so excellent that we stayed longer than we had intended, as many others have done.

The stage ride into Yosemite, with Henry Hedges driving, must always be a pleasure. After passing the Cascades we began to meet snow, first in patches and then covering the ground and every branch and rock and pinnacle, until one felt as in a dream. After an excellent dinner with appetites sharpened by the stage ride we started for a tramp in the woods. Though the snow lay a foot deep there was no bite in the air and, leaving our overcoats at the hotel, we simply put on rubbers as a precaution against wet feet.

Instinctively, it seemed, we turned to the Le Conte Memorial Lodge. Always beautiful and appropriate, it seemed more so then than ever as we climbed through the drifted snow on the steps and stood bareheaded before the door. As we turned away a jolly party came gliding swiftly by in a sleigh, singing and laughing in their joy and exhilaration, while the sleigh-bells tinkled away in the distance through the trees.

A TOBOGAN PARTY IN YOSEMITE

Enjoying the pleasures of the valley in the winter season.

The next day we discovered that Nelson Salter, that kindly genius who presides over the General Store and is always doing someone a good turn, had prepared an artificial pond within a hundred yards of Yosemite Vallage. By letting water flow over the ice every night a fine new sheet of glass-like ice is ready every morning. There are plenty of good skates, easily adjusted, and soon we are flashing up and down the pond, here, there, curving, gliding, falling, up again and at it, a merry crowd indeed.

Several of the best trails are open and on the sure-footed mules we climbed to Vernal Falls, snapping our cameras frequently as we went. Once down on the valley floor again it was a mile gallop to Mirror Lake, more pictures, and another two mile run through the woods to lunch.

Then came the stage once more and the ride down the canyon to Hotel del Portal, where we rested from our unusual exertions, compared experiences and argued on every subject except the beauty of Yosemite in winter and the comfort of Hotel del Portal.

To those who love the Sierras (and who does not?), to those who know them in summer but not in winter, a new story is at your door for your unfolding—a story which you can read nowhere but in California.

Delicious Fritzi Scheff

As my esteemed contemporaries of the daily press have very selfishly exhausted the visible supply of adjectives in their rapturous descriptions of the personality of Fritzi Scheff, I am constrained to adopt a manner of the utmost simplicity in dealing with her. Perhaps simplicity is best, after all. Is not simplicity the secret of Fritzi Scheff's power to charm? Genius is simple, as we all know; so perfectly simple that stupid people cannot understand it and attribute to it all sorts of ridiculous complexities. As Fritzi Scheff is a genius, the conclusion that her method is the method of simplicity is reached with syllogistic ease. Now simplicity is not the easiest thing in the world to analyze, so it is no mean task to explain simple Fritzi Scheff; the reason, no doubt, why the favorite adjectives of the critics are vague in their application. It is no trick to say that her charm is too evanescent for words, that her appeal is indescribable, that her beauty is inexpressible and so on. Fritzi Scheff is quite palpable and words there are to characterize her. I think that "delicious" is one of them. Let me contribute that to the general store of my exuberant contemporaries. To eye and ear and brain she affords exquisite pleasure; to the eye because of her quite irregular prettiness of face and her extremely regular beauty of form; to the ear because of her crystal pure birdlike voice; and to the brain because all her movements, all her moods, all her utterances are informed with the charm of a warm and sympathetic, though perhaps not very deep, mentality. "The Prima Donna" gives Miss Scheff admirable opportunities for the exploitation of her varied fascinations, but the very fact that it was written to her measure indicates its weakness. The greatest achievement of a great artist lies in the interpretation of a masterpiece and masterpieces are not written to fit particular artists, although tolerably good pieces very frequently are. "The Prima Donna" is a very good piece indeed, but one feels throughout that Miss Scheff has nothing to contend with, that there is nothing in the music against which she has to measure her artistry. It is all very easy for her because the composer had her limitations in mind when he wrote it. Puccini was not thinking of anybody's limitations when he wrote "La Boheme"; he was not building music to anybody's vocal proportions; he was producing a masterpiece and it was for the singers to attempt its adequate interpretation. Miss Scheff will not add one cubit to her artistic stature by singing such roles as that of "The Prima Donna," but she will undoubtedly add to the general joy of the American public which has a niche for her in its affections and will let her stay there as long as she likes. The book of the latest Scheff piece is worthy of special mention. Henry Blossom is the writer and certainly he gave Victor Herbert very stimulating stuff. The dialogue is always clever, some of the lines being so good that one would fain remember them for repetition. "Are you the pearl without price?" asks the tipsy soldier in the cafe. "No, I'm the pearl before swine." The words of the songs are full or originality. To those who think that there is nothing new in lyrics I commend the ditty, "Every Other Fellow's Girl Looks Better to Me Than Mine." And to those who think they are surfeited with German comedians I recommend John E. Hazzard who has one of the simplest, most offhanded comic manners imaginable. Miss Scheff could not have a more excellent foil. There are many other things which might be said about Miss Scheff and "The Prima Donna," but no doubt they have all been said before and the adjectives wherewith I might cunningly deck them out in the semblance of originality have all been preempted. 'Tis a sad state of affairs, but not without its compensations, some of which no doubt Miss Scheff could name if she cared to.

—Edward F. O'Day.

A Good Omen for the Savoy

When the Princess Theatre opened after the fire with Cecilia Rhoda at the head of a capable company in "The Mocking Bird," there was a girl of slender figure and snappy black eyes playing the soubrette role in a fashion which made instant appeal to the discriminating. Of course she had other things to distinguish her besides her snappy black eyes and her slender figure; else the discriminating would have been very easily pleased indeed. She had a good mezzo voice and a pair of legs that were as graceful as they were untiring. She had also a pretty face with a great deal of seriousness in it, except when it lit up with a piquant smile and then nothing seemed to be worth while but gaiety. Her speaking voice was good and her dramatic training, one could see, had merely refined and directed a natural gift. The girl's whole personality radiated intelligence; she was magnetic and had a quick way to the hearts of her audience. But of course the principal things were that good voice and that pair of graceful untiring legs. Zoe Barnett—for I am speaking of her—did not convince everybody that she had a bright future on that first night at the Princess; naturally it took two or three roles to bring out her abilities. But the point is that she was a success from her first San Francisco introduction and it is pleasant to be one of those who prophesied a fine future for her. Since the opening of the Princess Zoe Barnett has played many parts in this city, good, bad and indifferent—I remember one or two that were impossible—but she played them all with verve, with distinction, for all they were worth. She has come and gone once or twice since that opening night and on each return she has been welcomed with greater warmth. Her latest return is a triumph. I cannot think of a better omen for John Cort and his pretty new theatre, the Savoy in McAllister street, than the triumph which Zoe Barnett enjoyed last Sunday night. Triumph is the only word for it. The audience was "laying for" her from the beginning of "King Dodo" and before she was fairly on the stage they caught her up in a hearty embrace of plaudits and hugged her, so to speak. It must have been a great surprise to the other members of the cast and I am glad to say that it was a great surprise to Miss Barnett; it fairly took her breath away and I could swear that she was on the verge of tears. Later Miss Barnett was smothered with flowers, but flowers do not suggest spontaneous enthusiasm and it is the suddenly aroused fervor that manifests itself in applause which is particularly dear to a player. Zoe Barnett's welcome was the best sort of a christening for the Savoy Theatre; it starts the history of the house with a sweet memory. Besides it will be something to recall and talk about when Miss Barnett makes her Broadway debut, as she surely will one of these fine days. The Savoy Theatre is a very comfortable playhouse, tastefully decorated, with a good stage and roomy divan chairs. It was hard to realize that the same walls supported the old Colonial where Frank Bacon amused some very large audiences in the post-earthquake days when theatrical entertainment was not so plentiful as it is now. There is very little left of the Colonial except the walls, but I imagine that even these hold a few pleasant memories for theatregoers. There is no reason why Cort's house should not be popular if it lives up to its opening night. "King Dodo" was given very satisfactorily by principals, chorus and orchestra. Let Cort continue as he has started and we will have no cause for complaint, especially if Zoe Barnett comes back once in a while.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Stage

The Orpheum Road Show

Every year the lovers of vaudeville rub their palms with satisfaction when the first posters announcing the Orpheum road show appear on the bill-boards. In the vaudeville of the West there is no greater treat. San Francisco has long appreciated its high excellence and has always included it among the prime entertainments of the holiday season. The road show starts with this Sunday's matinee under the personal direction of Martin Beck, general manager of the circuit. Bill-topping honors are shared, we are told, by La Titcomb, known as the singer on horseback and dainty Ida O'Day. La Titcomb has an act which includes singing, serpentine dancing and riding with novel lighting effects. It is said that her American beauty turned the heads of many of the gilded youths of Paris. Her costume is white, tight-fitting and cut directoire, according to the press agent who knows all about such things, and her mount is a white Arabian steed. Miss O'Day who used to sit at the footlights and smile and thrum a banjo, to the general satisfaction, is now playing "Saucers" in "A Bit of Old Chelsea," a part which Mrs. Fiske made famous. In a day or so we will know whether Miss O'Day is warranted in thus boldly vying with one of our greatest actresses. From all acounts this young woman has made rapid strides in her profession. Melville and Higgins come with "Just a Little Fun." Mae Melville has a reputation for being one of the funny women of the stage and Robert Higgins is well recommended. Hyman Meyer is the "Man at the Piano" who made a great hit in this city a year ago. His is a musical monologue and he unites humor with rare skill as a pianist. Fay, Two Coleys and Fay, bring a blackface act called "The Minstrels" dealing with the woes of four stranded members of an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe. Then there is "A Night in a Monkey Music Hall" presented by Miss Maud Rochez. This is a European act which has excited a great deal of amazement. The only holdovers in the bill will be Carl Nobel and Harry Fox and the Millership Sisters who have scored heavily during the week. It is too bad, by the way, that we are not to have another week of Donald Bowles in his powerful little play "Guilty." Donald Bowles made many friends among theatregoers in this city when he came here with James Neill and Edythe Chapman. He showed himself at that time an actor particularly capable in the depiction of intense characters like the mad soldier in "Barbara Frietchie." Those who saw Bowles in that part have never forgotten him. In "Guilty" he finds a splendid vehicle for his powers and it is to be regretted that he will not be with us for another week.

"The Man from Home" at the Valencia

The last performances of "The Gay Musician" will take place at the Valencia this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday night Liebler and Company's production of "The Man from Home" will begin a two weeks' engagement. The coming of this celebrated play, the joint work of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson is regarded as an event of importance. The local premiere of "The Man from Home" is the tangible evidence of the much discussed alliance between Liebler & Co. and the Shuberts, which has so changed the theatrical map in every city of importance from San Francisco eastward. "The Man from Home" company is headed by Henry Hall and includes Charles D. Herman, so long with the Warde-James Shakespearean productions, Harrington Reynolds, Mary Elizabeth Forbes, Harrison Fisher's famous poster girl who was last seen here with Lillian Russell in "Wildfire," Bertha Welby, Mary Meffert, Leonard Howe, Vaughan Trevor, Albert Roccardi, John Martin, Harry Brewster and others. "The Man from Home" carries its own scenic equipment complete and will be presented here with the attention to detail which marked its three years' run in New York and Chicago. The only matinee performances will be given on Christmas and New Years.

"KID BURNS" and SOME GIRLS

In the delightful Cohan musical comedy-drama, "45 Minutes from Broadway," at the Theatre Savoy.

Cohan Show at Savoy

The last performances of "King Dodo" will take place at the new Savoy Theatre in McAllister street near Market this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday night, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," George M. Cohan's famous musical production, will begin an engagement limited to one week. In the hands of Elizabeth Drew, "Plain Mary" has been pronounced wonderfully pathetic and convincing. Charley

FRITZI SCHEFF
At the Van Ness Theatre.

Brown as the "Kid" has been well received all over the country. With the exception of these two the original company comes to the Savoy. A bargain matinee will be given on Thursday, with the usual performance on Christmas afternoon.

A New Play at the Alcazar

A play replete with human interest and thrilling situations is "Pierre of the Plains" which will be given its first presentation in California next Monday evening and throughout the week at the Alcazar. Edgar Selwyn adapted it from Sir Gilbert Parker's widely-read novel of the Canadian border, "Pierre and His People," and it ran one season in New York and another on the road, with Mr. Selwyn in the title role. Each of the four acts calls for an elaborate setting, and the pictorial side of the play is extremely attractive. Evelyn Vaughan will play Jen and John Ince will be seen as Pierre, a part for which he is admirably adapted both physically and by temperament. Howard Hickman is cast for Sergeant Redding, Will R. Walling for Jap Durkin, Louis Bennison for the elder Galbraith and William Garwood for his son. All the minor roles, which are numerous and varied, will be adequately filled.

Rural Comedy at Ye Liberty

The Christmas week offering at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will be Neil Burgess' famous old comedy, "The County Fair." Year after year Burgess starred in it and although it would be hard to find an old-timer who does not fondly remember his creation of "Aunt Abby," the piece will be practically new to the younger generation of playgoers across the bay for it is a good many years since he presented it on the coast. In George Fried Ye Liberty management are fortunate in having a comedian superbly suited to the role of "Aunt Abby." With his legitimate methods and unctuous humor he should present a most delightful interpretation of the character. Maribel Seymour will appear as "Taggs," the most important of the feminine roles, and most of the remaining favorites of the company will be seen in the cast. The great race scene will be splendidly reproduced, and altogether "The County Fair" should keep holiday theatregoers of Oakland in a happy state of mind. James M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" is in preparation for New Year's week.

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove. Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgr. Phone Market 500

Monday, December 20 Second and Last Week Only Matinee Saturday

FRITZI SCHEFF

In Charles Dillingham's Production of the Light Opera Triumph

"THE PRIMA DONNA"

By Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert.

Seats, $2.00 to 50c.

December 27 DAVID WARFIELD in "The Music Master."

VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, near Thirteenth. Phone Market 17

This Saturday Afternoon and Evening Last Times of "The Gay Musician"

Starting Sunday Evening, December 19 For Two Weeks

Matinees Christmas and New Years "The Success of the Century"

THE MAN FROM HOME

By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, Authors of Dustin Farnum's Hit, "Cameo Kirby."

Direct from the Three Years' New York-Chicago Run.

Liebler and Company, Managers.

Reserved Seats from 50c to $1.50, on sale at the Theatre and Emporium.

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Built at a Cost of $150,000.

This Saturday Afternoon and Evening Last Times of "King Dodo"

Beginning Sunday Evening, December 19 One Week Only,

Cohan and Harris Present George M. Cohan's Greatest of All Musical Triumphs,

45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY

A Whirlwind of Music, Fun, Songs and Girls. 50 People in the Cast. The Play that Impresses All America.

Nights and Saturday Matinee—25c to $1.50. Thursday Matinee, 50c and 75c. Seats on Sale at the Theatre and Emporium.

Next Ezra Kendall, in "The Vinegar Buyer."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE Cor. Sutter and Steiner. Class 'A' Building. Phone West 1400

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.

Monday Evening, December 20, and Throughout the Week,

First Presentation in San Francisco of Last Season's Hit in New York

PIERRE OF THE PLAINS

Edgar Selwyn's Dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's Story of the Canadian Border, "Pierre and His People."

Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.

Matinee Saturday and Sunday

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The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

Newspaper Clips from Fairchild's, London

A fashion writer in the London Sunday Times reports: "A particular kind of fancy waistcoat is likely to be a rarity, because the material from which it is made is manufactured, so I am told, by only one firm, and at present there is hardly enough stuff to go around. It is very smooth, fine cloth and is of a peculiar texture. The stuff is so soft that a waistcoat made of it can be practically molded to the figure. This cloth is made in every shade that a man can think of, and not a bad one among them. At present this stuff has not been imitated, and I doubt if it will be possible for the imitators to reproduce anything quite like it. I should add that the material has no pattern on it and that some of the best shades are subdued enough to suit the quietest man in London—whoever he may be."

A New Stormproof Overcoating

The same writer comments: "The other day I was looking at some new overcoatings that Mr. Ellis of 201 Strand has asked me to inspect. Mr. Ellis seems to me to have hit on the happiest of names for the particular overcoating of which he is making a specialty this season. It is called the 'Stormproof.' Everybody has heard of rainproof overcoatings; the mention of the word makes you think of a thin, smooth cloth, light in weight, excellent for the purpose for which it is intended, but of little use to a man on a rough winter's day. Similarly the word 'Stormproof' as applied to cloth seems to suggest a rough, thick material which, made up into a long overcoat, will keep the wearer dry and warm during the heaviest downpour of rain or in a blinding snowstorm on a bitterly cold day. The cloth in question is an Irish frieze specially prepared to resist rain and snow. A coat of this description gives warmth and yet is not heavy. The cloth is to be had in a large variety of patterns and colorings, the newest being a pattern composed of stripes of black and gray. Mr. Ellis has bought this cloth in such large quantities that he is able to sell a coat of it, made in any way that the buyer may require, for three guineas."

A Smart Coat

The Tailor and Cutter says: "We congratulate George Alexander, the well-known actor, on his interpretation of the latest thing in smart overcoats. He is now wearing a fly-front Chesterfield faced with bright silk to the edges, and rolling to the waist. It is close-fitting and has a seam up the center of back, finished with a deep vent; it has horizontal flap pockets on the hips and plenty of fullness in the skirts. This strikes us as a very neat modification of the new D. B. low-rolling Chesterfield."

The New Twill

"The new broad twill is becoming more and more popular for overcoats as well as suits; but, while it has a very smart appearance in the body, yet, when it comes to the facings on the lapels, it is extremely ugly, for the twill on the one lapel runs parallel to the edge, while that on the other runs horizontally and presents a most odd appearance. This is a defect that could be easily avoided by a little readjustment of the facing on the one side. We think it would be best to arrange both laps with the twill to run parallel with the front edge, when the effect will be decidedly smart."

Turned Up Trousers Doomed

The News Leader prints the following: "Blue is undoubtedly the most fashionable color for men's attire at the present time.

"Indigo of a rather light blend is the most popular tone, but a really bright blue, sometimes with a vertical stripe, is also permissible. The tobacco brown material of the early spring has, on the other hand, almost entirely disappeared from the West End.

"Another vanishing fashion," says the Tailor and Cutter, "is that of turning up one's trouser bottoms. Turned-up trousers most emphatically are going out, and it may be added that they certainly look out of keeping with a warm bright day.

"Trousers creases on the other hand are very much in evidence, not only do they much increase the smartness of the garment, but they minimize the 'Bagginess' of the knees.

"Next to blue, as a favorite color, comes grey—of may diverse shades and materials. Iron gray hop sack worsted of thin texture in the lighter shades of gray flannel, both in self-colors and stripes, is well represented.

"Light waistcoats are being much worn at present, and are fashioned either of a silk mixture or of a simple washing material. The edges are often bound with a dark color binding.

"Foreign fashions also have not escaped the eagle eye of the sartorial expert, and the clothes of American visitors appear not to meet with his approval.

"Their garments," he says, "are mostly of the lounge type, made up in an extreme style; generally they are very long, though sometimes they are very short, very loose fitting and wide in the shoulders."

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The utmost care will be used this year in revision and compilation to make the work complete and accurate. Address all communications to CHAS C. HOAG, Publisher, 313 Battery Street, Room 1, San Francisco.

Chas. W. Morse, Ice King and Convict

(Continued from Page 8.)

millions and Morse had again boosted the price of ice stock long enough to allow him to unload his holdings and retire from that particular business with more than ten millions.

Then Morse turned his attention to the business of banking which was destined to wreck his career. He realized that to get rich quickly it was necessary to own banks, so he started acquiring a string in New York. In 1902 he was the owner of a round dozen, as big a chain as had ever been brought together under single control. His method of acquisition was very simple; he put up the stock of one bank as collateral for a loan with which he bought the stock of another. Next Morse determined to make himself the master of American shipping. He operated again as in the case of the banks and in 1907 when ruin impended, he owned eighty-one ocean-going steamers to say nothing of smaller craft on the Hudson and other rivers. Besides this he was the boss of thirteen banks and dominant in the management of a score of other corporations, including several insurance companies. The amount of the combined stock of the companies he controlled was $125,000,000. Then came Morse's plunge into the treacherous bog of copper dealing and the beginning of the end. With the Heinzes and Thomases he determined to corner the market in copper and began borrowing money in enormous sums from his banks. The money was obtained on notes made in some cases by clerks who acted as dummies. When some of the banks were loaded up with these notes, copper stock began to appear from unexpected places and the contemplated corner was made impossible. The Clearing House made an investigation and Morse went to Europe with the federal district attorney at his heels. He returned to face trial and was found guilty of misapplying the funds of the Bank of North America.

The fight for liberty that followed was spectacular but futile. In the course of it, however, Morse began wiping out his debts and he will owe practically nothing when he goes to prison. On the day that he was taken to a cell to await deportation to the federal penitentiary he was elected president of one of his reorganized steamship companies. It was evident from that spectacular coup that he had powerful backers, as indeed he should, having enriched many on his way to fabulous wealth. Morse declared only a few days ago that he was unconscious of having ever done anything wrong; he assumed the attitude of an innocent man greatly sinned against. That is at it may be, but as I have remarked already, it would be rash to say that his career has been finished.

Da Vinci or R. C. Lucas

(Continued from Page 7.)

the lines laid down by da Vinci in his treatise on painting. In the third place the flowers in the hair indicate that it is a bust of Flora and da Vinci was partial to Floras. In the fourth and all other places, Dr. Bode just simply knew what he was talking about and it was a bust by da Vinci, so there! This was interesting and all very well until one day the Times published a letter from a Southhampton antiquary and auctioneer named Cooksey. Cooksey must be an irreverent and sceptical dog, because he took sharp issue with Dr. Bode. He dared to say through the columns of the Thunderer that the bust was not by da Vinci, but that it was the work of an English sculptor of the last century named Richard Cockle Lucas. Richard Cockle Lucas had lived in Southampton and all the art pundits knew a little about him, especially after Cooksey refreshed their minds. Lucas had a studio in Southampton and was noted for his expertness in restoring or copying the works of the old masters in sculpture. To prove his allegation Cooksey produced an album of photographs of Lucas' works in which was a reproduction of a bust very much like the bust for which Dr. Bode had paid $40,000. The bust in the photograph is discreetly veiled as to the breasts by a bit of drapery which had been thrown over it before it was photographed. Of course that complicates the work of comparison, hard enough at any time between a bust and a photograph of a bust. But that was not all the evidence. The son of Richard Cockle Lucas, a very old man, came forward and told how his father had acquired a Flora painting undoubtedly the work of da Vinci and had used it in modeling a bust; he told how the bust had been kept in his father's studio and photographed; and he said that Dr. Bode had purchased the identical bust. You may imagine how much all this delighted the Londoners. To see a celebrated art director from Berlin buncoed like an unsuspecting rustic just simply tickled them to death; so they rang the changes on the theme till Dr. Bode felt like a pfennig with a hole in it.

Dr. Bode meditated revenge. What did he do? It was all very simple. He took the wax bust to Berlin, gave it a splendid position in his museum and invited everybody to come and say whether it was or was not a work of Leonardo da Vinci. That was where the Kaiser came in. Of course, being something of an artist himself, he had followed the bitter dispute in the English newspapers. He saw his opportunity and grasped it with both mailed fists. He announced that he was going to the museum to inspect the bust. There was great excitement in Berlin. The papers got out extras; the burghers could talk of nothing else over their beer and limburger. Finally the great day came. The Kaiser, attended by a retinue of formidable proportions, clanked into the museum in full military regalia. The whole staff of the museum was on hand with Dr. Bode at their head wearing his best bib and tucker and sporting his finest smile. While all held their breaths Dr. Bode led the Kaiser to the wax bust. There it stood smiling its enigmatical smile at the Kaiser who frowned back at it in deep study. Nobody dared to move in the presence of imperial contemplation. Like Nero rapt in ecstacy by one of his own tunes, the Kaiser hypnotized himself into a condition of artistic coma. After a time he stroked his mustache and Dr. Bode wondered what that meant. Then he snorted a little and the assembled dignitaries quailed. Leonardo da Vinci probably trembled in his grave. But all things come to an end and so did this solemn ceremonial. Slowly the Kaiser spoke, like one pronouncing a great and hitherto unknown truth, and everybody privileged to be present hung anxiously on his words. The Kaiser declared that the bust was the work of da Vinci!

London is still sceptical; Paris is openly satirical, but Berlin is convinced. A great dispute is settled and if it is established some day that Richard Cockle Lucas and not Leonardo da Vinci wrought the pretty bust, there will probably be a revolution in Germany or else the Kaiser will die in an excess of artistic mortification.

Policeman at the Theatre—Stand back. Don't block up the passage. This exit is specially reserved for the author.

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Jinny: A Comedy

(Continued from Page 10.)

Rector—I hope you realize that it is very wrong of you to go about the country in this—irregular way?

Cannon—It's company, like.

Rector (staggered)—I was speaking of the moral aspect of the case—

Cannon—I know. Just as yer please. Don't mind me. (Pause.) Will ye marry us?

Rector—I will consider the question.

Cannon (indicating the roadway)—Shall I fetch 'er?

Rector—If you please.

Cannon (rises, turns)—I expect she's come, by this time. She was a bit be'ind. That's 'ow we allus go. 'Arf a mile apart. Saves naggin'. We see enough of one another every night. When yer got a 'ouse o' yer own yer can sit in different rooms, or go out and walk the streets. But on the roads, wiv an empty stumick—take my tip. 'Arf a mile apart! (He goes to the gate, and utters a low whistle.) Are you there, Jinny? Aye, 'ere she is!

(Jinny enters. She comes forward nervously, laying down her bundle.)

Cannon (in an undertone)—Buck up, ole gal! It's all right. 'E's game.

Rector—Good afternoon. Ah—I understand from your friend that you wish to be married?

Jinny—Yes, sir. If you please, sir.

Cannon (audibly)—Not so 'umble, ole gal. Stand up to 'im!

Jinny (to the Rector)—Oh, sir, I hope you won't mind what 'e says. 'E do talk so wild. But 'e means well.

Cannon (to Jinny)—'Ere, stow it!

Rector (kindly)—Well, well, we shall see. Perhaps something can be arranged. . . . And now—I suppose you are very hungry?

Jinny—Yes, sir.

Rector (calling)—Miss Pippin! (The housekeeper appears.) Will you please give this young woman a meal. And (in an undertone) have you engaged a new housemaid yet?

Housekeeper—Not yet, Mr. Armitage.

Rector—Then perhaps we can give her a trial. Just for a few weeks. You understand?

(Housekeeper eyes Jinny with disfavor.)

Rector (to Jinny)—There. That way. Never mind your bag. That's right.

(The housekeeper and Jinny go into the house. The Rector comes back rubbing his hands.)

Cannon (after a pause)—I suppose you're one of them blokes wot go about doin' good? Bloomin' Samaritan, eh?

Rector (overflowing with satisfaction)—Well, in one's limited sphere, and when opportunity offers. . . . But don't let us speak of that. I suppose you know that you will have to live within the parish for some little time before you can be married?

Cannon—Yus.

Rector—Then there are the banns—

Cannon (suspiciously)—Wot's that?

Rector—Ah—we can discuss the details later. First we must find you work. What is your trade?

Cannon—Joiner. Trade unionist. Out of a job these three years.

Rector—Ah! No doubt you will take any work that offers itself?

Cannon—Depends.

Rector—Depends upon what?

Cannon—On the wages, o' course. None o' yer "'Ere's a 'arf a crown, my good man. Touch yer 'at and say 'Thank yer'!" Not for me!

Rector—I should have thought you would be grateful for any—

Cannon—Would yer? Then you're wrong. Yer can't expect gratitude for twelve bob a week. Or if yer do, you've come ter the wrong shop! Employer ought ter be grateful ter git 'is dirty work done cheap.

Rector—But I hope you would take work if it were—

Cannon—Tike it? Course I'll tike it. 'Cos I got a bloomin' stummick wot 'as ter be filled. And for 'er. . . . But as for gratitude—pah! (He expectorates. The rector watches him as if fascinated.) 'Tain't you nor any other man who employs me or lets me starve. 'Tis Serciety. See?

Rector—Ah—I realize that our social order is not all that it might be—

Cannon (in mock amazement)—No? You don't say so? You've made a big discovery, ole man. You'll 'ave ter look out.

Rector (nettled)—I mean, of course, that there is an unfortunate gulf between rich and poor—

Cannon (with contempt)—Gulf? There's a bloomin' clawss war, that's wot there is! You can be grateful to Serciety, if you like. I should be if I was you. But bein' meself, I'm not. See?

Rector (hopefully)—Come, I feel sure you will easily find something to do. You seem to be an intelligent man—

Cannon—'Ere, stow that! 'Oo are yer getting at?

Rector—I am not "getting at" you, as you put it. I mean that you have, if I may say so, a peculiar aptitude in voicing your grievances. . . .

Cannon—'Ere, would you like ter know what my grievance really is?

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Rector—Well?

Cannon—'Cos I'll tell yer. First of all I want a 'ouse. And a garden, where I can grow things in me spare time. Like yours. See?

(Rector nods.)

Cannon (meditatively)—About the furniture—books and pictures an' all that—well, I dunno. But I want 'em. (Warming to his subject.) Then I want a woman ter live wiv me. And some kids. Same as you 'ave.

Rector (hastily)—Ah—I am not married—

Cannon (unmoved)—Never mind. P'raps you will be. Any 'ow, I want 'em. An' I want the 'ouse properly arranged—meals at reg'lar hours, and no waitin'. See?

(Rector is speechless.)

Cannon—Then I want ter be a kid again meself, and ter be brought up different. With manners. And eddication. All wot you got. (Reflectively): There's a few more things, like travel, 'olidays abroad, and p'raps a stinkin' motor car. They may be all right when yer git inside 'em. But them's luxuries. Wot I said before, that's wot I want. And my grievance is that I don't get it. See?

Rector—I understand. But you must know that every one cannot have these advantages, as society is at present constituted—

Cannon—Then scrap yer bloomin' serciety, and start afresh! 'Cos if yer don't, it'll git scrapped for yer. See? Take my tip. Scrap it!

Rector—It is very wrong for you to speak like that.

Cannon—Preach me yer sermons, p'raps?

Rector—No. I can find you work. Will you do it?

Cannon—You'll get me work, arter wot I said?

Rector—I will do my best. That will be a fresh start for you.

Cannon—A fresh start. . . . ?

(Rector goes into the house. Jinny comes out by the side door.)

Cannon—'Ullo, Jinny! This is a bit of all right, ain't it. (She does not reply.) Why, wots' up wiv yer?

Jinny—O' Bert, I can't do it. I can't!

Cannon—Cawn't do wot?

Jinny—I—I don't want ter git married—

Cannon—Well, soak me bob, you are a wunner! An' you bin at me every day this last ten weeks an' more—

Jinny—O, I know. But they wanter make a 'ousemaid of me. Wiv a cap an' strings. An' a bloomin' little time-table for gettin' up an' doin' things all day. An' a bedroom wiv texts. An' that old cat of a 'ousekeeper naggin' at me from mornin' to night. O, she's a 'oly terror, she is. Never done nothink wrong in 'er life. An' knows it. You take a look at 'er eyes. I nearly blacked one of 'em for 'er jes now.

(A girl passes across the lawn with a tennis racquet. She glances at them in surprise, and then goes into the house.)

There's another of 'em. A lidy this time. No, I cawn't do it! I ain't no clawss!

Cannon—'Oo says you ain't no clawss?

Jinny—O, you know it, Bert. You know. I ain't got the cheek ter stand up to 'em, same as you 'ave. They can git over me wiv their tricks. (Coming to him) Bert!

Cannon—Well?

Jinny—Let's—'ook it!

Cannon—Wot—now?

Jinny—Yus.

Cannon—Jest when I got a job?

Jinny—Oh, Bertie, yer don't mind, do yer? See—I'll never nag at yer to marry me again! (She comes close to him.)

Cannon—Did yer git a good meal?

Jinny—Not 'arf!

Cannon—Wot?

Jinny—'Am, an' eggs, an' jam, an' everything.

Cannon—Feel good?

Jinny—Feels—like 'eaven. (They laugh.)

Cannon—An' so yer wanter sleep out tonight, do yer? Give me a kiss?

Jinny (playfully pushing him)—Ow, git along!

Cannon—Well, I'm on. (He takes the bundle upon his back.) Come, Jinny!

Jinny—'Ush! There 'e is!

Rector (comes down the steps from his study, and into the garden. As he sees them)—Why, what does this mean?

Jinny—If you please, sir—

Cannon—We've changed our minds.

Rector—Changed your minds?

Cannon—About marryin'. We thought it was better not. So long. And thank yer all the same.

(They go out before the rector has recovered his speech. He hurries over to the gate, seems about to call after them, but checks himself, and stands watching them until they pass out of sight at a turn of the road. Then he comes slowly back into the garden. The housekeeper stands at the door, smiling. He looks at her with some annoyance. She continues to smile. With a quick exclamation and a little whisk of his coat tails he goes past her and disappears into his study.)

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gift Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

Auto Notes

The following telegram has been received by the Studebaker Bros: "E-M-F won first prize in touring car class in big four-day-across-Florida-run. The most strenuous thing of the kind ever given. There were sixteen starters all told."

Mrs. Annie F. Clay of Oakland has recently purchased a six-cylinder seventy horsepower Thomas touring car, in which she expects to do considerable touring. The car is a very attractive one, being painted gray with plum colored stripes.

Capt. J. A. Dougherty of the Presidio is one of the many army men who have become enthusiastic motorists. The captain recently purchased a 1910 Chalmers-Detroit, and with his family spends considerable time driving about the city and vicinity. While they have not as yet taken any long trips in the car, it is their intention to do so as soon as the weather will permit.

During the past thirty days the Lord Motor Car Company of Los Angeles, agents for the Studebaker Bros. Company of California, have accepted delivery of fifty-one Studebaker E-M-F "30" cars, six Studebaker-Garford "40" cars and one electric coupe and one electric Victoria-Phaeton. All of these cars have, in turn been sold to residents of Southern California. A large sign in the showroom of the Lord company bears the following pertinent legend: "We are too busy selling Studebaker cars to knock others."

Harris Hanshue, famous as the driver of the Apperson Jack-Rabbit, is a very warm advocate of the new Diamond Demountable Rim. In a letter to the Diamond Rubber Co. he is loud in the praise of the services given by this type in such events as the Oakland-Portola heavy car race, Redlands mile high hill climb and the 150 mile Ascot Park race, all of which he won handily. In the 150 mile race in Los Angeles he effected a change on account of a puncture in one minute and a half.

An indication of the importance attached at the present time to the automobile industry on the coast is found in the fact that most of the best known agents in Los Angeles and San Francisco are erecting new and modern buildings for their headquarters. This is especially true of the automobile dealers in this city. Several have recently completed buildings for their salesroom which compare favorably with any in the world. Prominent among these buildings is that of the Standard Motor Car Company, corner of Golden Gate and Van Ness avenues. This is a large brick, fire proof building, the lower part used as a salesroom for the Ford and Velie cars, the top floor devoted to a thoroughly equipped repair shop in which the machinery and entire plant of Ivan L. deJongh has just been placed.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington of this city is one of the latest to realize the value of the new Diamond Grip Anti-Skid casing and is having the rear wheels of her car equipped with them.

J. A. Lavensaller of this city has become a convert to the new Diamond Grip casing and is having the rear wheels of his car equipped with them.

W. H. Turner, factory representative for the E. R. Thomas Motor Company, arrived in this city, coming direct from Boston. Mr. Turner is one of the best known automobile experts and salesmen in the East. He will spend several months on the coast making his headquarters with the Pioneer Automobile Company of this city and will make trips to Los Angeles and through the Northwest to Portland and Seattle.

Charles S. Howard, head of the Howard Automobile Company, distributors of Oldsmobiles and Buicks, commenting on the situation in general, says: "I think the buying public is beginning to realize the importance of purchasing their automobiles when able to get delivery. I think this is the reason that we are doing 100 per cent more business than we ever did before at this season of the year. Of course we are getting new motors in much larger quantities than we ever did before at this time of the year. The factory is realizing that a big winter business can be gotten on the coast if they get the cars out here early. We are getting Buicks in at the rate of three or four carloads a week right along but have been unable so far to get a stock ahead as the cars are sold and delivered just about as fast as they arrive."

The new Diamond Grip Tire is becoming immensely popular. Mr. S. T. Meyer who has just purchased a new Locomobile is having the rear wheels of his car equipped with them.

It is claimed that the Rambler, because of its offset crank shaft, can be operated most smoothly and steadily when running even as slowly as three miles an hour under load, in crowded traffic or on a hill or sandy road. A prize was recently offered by H. T. D. Wilson, Houston, Texas, to the car that would make a quarter of a mile in high gear at the slowest rate of speed. By the rules of this contest the drivers were compelled to use the high gear throughout the race. The object of the race was to demonstrate which machine could best be operated on a crowded throughfare on high speed without danger of colliding with other vehicles. Four cars entered. Two were disqualified, being unable to travel this distance on high gear at such a low rate of speed without killing the engine. The Rambler won the event, consuming four minutes and thirty-five seconds of time.

R. K. Roberts of the Howard Automobile Co. who has just returned from an extended trip over the Northern part of the State in the interest of the Buick and Oldsmobile, brings most flattering reports from all sections visited. Roberts said: "I can only reiterate with even greater emphasis my firm conviction that the coming season will be a record breaker. While it has been generally conceded by all that the season of 1910 would produce a greater volume of business than the automobile world has yet known, I confess that I had no conception of the real magnitude of what it will surely be."

One of the most important changes of the present automobile season was announced recently by Mr. W. L. Hughson, President of the Standard Motor Car Company, to the effect that the State agent of the Ford and Velie cars has purchased the machinery and repair plant of Ivan deJongh, the well known automobile expert. DeJongh who is recognized as one of the most expert automobile mechanics on the coast has one of the largest establishments for repairing and making automobiles in the West and by securing both the plant and services of Mr. deJongh, the Standard Motor Car Company have added an important feature to their mechanical department. All the machinery of the deJongh house will be moved to the new building of the Standard Motor Car Company, corner of Van Ness and Golden Gate avenues.

Last week the Buick "White Streak" base ball team won two games, one from the Loziers and one from the John Swett Grammar School team. The Buicks are out with a challenge to any 11 to 12 year old team in the city.

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Letters

"Why American Marriages Fail"

The pleasure which might otherwise have greeted the small violet-covered volume entitled "Why American Marriages Fail" will be dimmed by the discovery that it is "In Memoriam Anna Alexander Rogers." The contents are made up of the more recent critical essays of the author, which, when published in monthly periodicals, attracted attention and comment, for Mrs. Rogers was a drastic critic of Americans and their institutions, though she was far from being a carping fault-finder. On the contrary, her objections to Americans and their tolerances was that of a judicious monitor, grieved and humiliated by the needless gaucheries and egotism of her countrymen and women. Mrs. Rogers was the daughter of General Alexander of the Union army and the wife of a naval officer. Though she often found herself an exile, she was never an expatriate, and her sojournings in other countries did not engender in her a spirit of fault-finding with things at home simply because they were home ways. Neither was she imbued with that self-satisfied elation which, starting out with the assumption that the United States is in all things perfect, goes to the other extreme of finding nothing commendable elsewhere. She was not one of those restless spirits ever on the alert for some "cause" to espouse, some topic to exploit, but spoke only at intervals, when she had a message to deliver, and then, forcibly and to the point. Practical common sense and keen insight mark her utterances, and there is a full meal of strong meat in every one of these half-dozen discussions of the topics: "Why American Marriages Fail"; "Some Faults of American Men"; "Why American Mothers Fail"; "What We Put Up With"; "Behind the Times," and "Some Fallacies in our Education." Mrs. Rogers' views are not pessimistic, since the remedies for the evils suggest themselves and would be applied automatically were the public but to take notice of the need, for our national bad manners are but the cumulation of individual selfishness and heedlessness. There is no other country in all the wide world where civility is confounded with servility and impudence with independence. Mrs. Rogers says nothing on that fruitful topic, the American abroad, but confines her strictures to our own land and the impression made on the returning exile and the foreign visitor. Her remarks have the force of a fireside admonition rather than that of a public exposure, and deserve all the more attention because of that attitude. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Futrelle's "Diamond Master"

Readers who recall with pleasure Edwin Le Fevre's "Golden Flood" will have a welcome ready for Jacques Futrelle's "Diamond Master," for the two stories belong to the same class, though Mr. Futrelle's conceit would affect a smaller circle, since we are not all deeply concerned with the danger of swamping the diamond market. The idea was probably suggested by the recent fraudulent Parisian sensation, but it takes no very great amount of imagination to picture the consternation of the diamond dealers confronted with the danger of having several million dollars' worth of genuine gems dumped on the market, without regard to the effect on their fortunes and without the power to control the unknown source of supply. The action is brief and rapid. Simultaneously, five of the largest gem dealers in New York receive throught the mails, on the same day, an absolutely pure and perfect diamond. No mark of identification indicates the source and no letter of instruction accompanies the treasure. Submitted to the scrutiny of experts, the gems are pronounced genuine and perfectly cut. In fact, they are the most perfect stones known to exist. Amazement is divided between admiration of their perfection and conjecture as to the identity of the careless and indifferent owner when a letter is received appointing a conference, and at the appointed time there arrives a man young and alert, who, in the course of negotiations, casually takes from his pocket the Kohinoor, the Orloff, and a few other historic gems, and empties in a heap from his hand bag several million dollars' worth of cut and polished stones. His proposition is to the point. Either the diamond mechants must agree to purchase, at half the market rate, a hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds, or he will throw them on the market regardless of anything but his own profit. Virtually they are held up. To refuse is to court ruin, yet to agree is little short of robbery in their eyes, and they follow the only course open to them. It is to be expected that they have already employed detectives to find out not only the mysterious cache, but all that they can of the agent or owner, and a merry dance he leads and misleads them during the three days that intervene between the conference and the tragedy which destroys the source of the treasure. Readers who recall their early lessons in elementary chemistry will see the same light which revealed itself to the expert, Czenki, when Detective Birnes reported his discovery that the exhibitor and negotiator, E. Van Cortlandt Wynne, was an importer of brown sugar. The others will be divided, like Latham and Schultze, between commonplace assumption of a smuggling syndicate or a newly discovered American field and the possibilities of meteorites, and electrical phenomena. As Wynne says, every school boy knows how a diamond could be made. That is no secret at all. What Mr. Futrelle has conceived is a practical means of applying the demonstrated theory in such a way as to produce stones of marketable size at a cost sufficiently small in proportion to justify the effort. There is a better prospect of success in this line than there is in tinkering with perpetual motion and bottles which cannot be refilled. "The Diamond Master" is not too long to be read at one sitting and the interest is of that compelling kind which demands that one's curiosity shall be satisfied without delay. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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---

Mama, did you ever flirt when you were a girl?
Yes, my dear, I did once.
And were you punished for it?
Yes, m-- dear; it ended in my marriage.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverst to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Corner Montgomery Ave. and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Celina Legallet, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, French Savings Bank Building, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased.

CELINA LEGALLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Georges Henry Legallet, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

S. J. BRUN, Attorney for Celina Legallet,
French Savings Bank Bldg., 110 Sutter St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, Deceased—No. 8667 (New Series), Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of Thomas F. Dunn, Esq., one of her attorneys, Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased.

MARIA TERESA ELLIOTT,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Orson H. Elliott, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco; and
THOS. F. DUNN, Hibernia Bldg., San Francisco,
Attorneys for Executrix. 12-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased, appear in said Court on Monday, the 27th day of December, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Charles G. Lyman as such executor, should not sell the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of O'Farrell Street with the easterly line of Mason Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along the said southerly line of O'Farrell Street fifty-five (55) feet to the easterly line of Mason Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 197.

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published for at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, November 18, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-10-11 Chronicle Building, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased.

EVELYN DORAN GOUBERT,
Administratrix of the Estate of Eugene McCarthy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1909.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff,

vs.

MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-?

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7670, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE T. O'TOOLE, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of PATRICK J. WHELAN as the administrator of the estate of Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, this day filed, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said estate that the real property belonging to said estate hereinafter described should be sold.

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered that the heirs of said Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situate on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 3rd day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock of that day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing said Patrick J. Whelan, as administrator of the estate of said decedent, to sell the property belonging to said estate, said property being situated in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Chestnut Street, distant thereon ninety-three (93) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Tenth Street, and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Chestnut Street forty-two (42) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly forty-two (42) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred (100) feet to the said line of Chestnut Street and the point of beginning.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks before said 3rd day of January, 1910, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 29th day of November, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. S. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
718 Union Trust Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX BROOKS, Deceased—No. 8718, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased.

JULIA BROOKS,
Executrix of the Estate of Max Brooks, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Attorney for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LYDIA KIRKPATRICK, Also Known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LYDIA IRKPATRICK, also known as MRS. L. KIRKPATRICK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Metson, Drew, Oatman & Mackenzie, on the 5th floor of the Balboa Building at the corner of Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

THOMAS KIRKPATRICK,
Administrator of the Estate of Lydia Kirkpatrick, also known as Mrs. L. Kirkpatrick, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 20, 1909.

CAMPBELL, METSON, DREW, OATMAN & MACKENZIE,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Fifth Floor, Balboa Building, Second and Market Sts. 11-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL S. WISE, Deceased—No. 8719, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Build, ing, No. 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased.

WALLACE A. WISE,
As Administrator of the Estate of Rachel S. Wise, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

WALLACE A. WISE, Administrator,
Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. HOGG, Deceased—No. 8540, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned James A. Hoag, Administrator of the estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, James F. Sheehan, Room 623, Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. HOGG, deceased.

JAMES A. HOAG,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Hogg, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 13, 1909.

JAMES F. SHEEHAN, Attorney of Administrator,
Room 623, Balboa Bldg., 2nd and Market Sts., San Francisco. 11-13-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,
vs.
LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,
vs.
ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, An Incompetent Person.

Nels Rasmussen, guardian of the person and estate of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of the interest in the real estate of the said incompetent person for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent person appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the third day of January, A. D. 1910, in the forenoon of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court, Room No. 601, Grant Building, corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian of the said incompetent person to sell the interest of the real estate of said incompetent person, at private sale; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open Court this 7th day of December, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 7, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. ALLEN, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, Sometimes Known and Written as SOL LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 8713, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alexander Lippman, Executor of the last will of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Maurice L. Asher, 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased.

ALEXANDER LIPPMAN,
Executor of the Last Will of Solomon Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Executor,
615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office No. 623 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased. FINDLEY BUCHANAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Catherine Johnson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18,765, Dept. No. 10.

O. H. FERGUSON, Also Known as OSCAR H. FERGUSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of O. H. Ferguson, also known as Oscar H. Ferguson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green Street, distant thereon 92 feet and 3 inches Westerly from the West line of Powell Street, thence running Westerly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 24 feet and 3 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the Southerly line of Green Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon 108 feet and 2 inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Broderick Street; running thence Westerly along said line of Filbert Street 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 137 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 25 feet and 7 inches; thence at a right angle Southerly 137 feet and 6 inches; to the Northerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 551.

PIECE NO. 3

Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in Block 160 as per Map of the University Extension Homestead Association, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on January 30, 1871, at the request of Emmet & Gallagher.

PIECE NO. 4

Lot 30, in Block 3 of Subdivision 1 of the Castro Street Addition as per Map filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco October 28, 1895, at the request of The California Title Insurance and Trust Co. in Book 1 of Maps at page 198.

PIECE NO. 5

Lot 3 in Block "B" of Getz' Addition to Lakeview as per Map thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, October 3, 1890, at the request of Sol Getz.

PIECE NO. 6

Lot 17 as per J. B. Hill's Map of Percita Valley Lands, filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on June 11, 1864, at the request of Jerome Rice.

PIECE NO. 7

Lot 29, in Block 10, as per Map of People's Homestead Tract "A" filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco on September 9, 1863, at the request of C. S. Capp.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,, Clerk.
By T. C. RYAN, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of October, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES	ADDRESSES
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
H. L. Burleson	San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM THIRD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at Room 609 in the Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said place the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased.

JENNIE THIRD,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of William Third, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4, 1909.

JOSEPH B. KENNEDY, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

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Samuel M. Shortridge
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO
Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor
Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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Well, it took me an hour to go there and a year to get back.

The Invitation

Will you join my little party
With covers laid for ten?
A bunch of blushing beauties
And a few congenial men?

You modern men so hate a crowd,
If you will keep the date,
I'll take the list and cut it down
To covers laid for eight.

In fact, if that's too large a crowd,
The figures we can fix,
For many a man has many a joy
With covers laid for six.

I have a pretty friend, well versed
In all the palmist's lore,
So, if you like that sort of thing,
We'll make the covers four.

So call me up tomorrow, please,
Whatever else you do,
And do not tremble in your fear
Of covers laid for two.

The hour is eight, or thereabouts
And, pray, R. S. V. P.,
For every Jack must have his Jill,
Or he'll be lonely—see?

—M.

Hints for Conductors

A certain young and aspiring musician had so far been successful in getting up minor concerts that he aspired to becoming an accepted conductor. Consequently he was always on the alert to learn something from the acts and manners of any conductor of note whom he happened to see. Great was his delight to find an advertisement in the local newspaper offering valuable hints to rising conductors. "Just the thing for me," said he. "I see my way to prominence." So with a little hesitation he dispatched the ten dollar fee; but what was his surprise on receiving the following hints for which he had paid so dearly: "Take lessons in swimming and carpet-beating. Confine your attention to your toilet—to cuffs, collars, gloves, and back-hair, and always bear in mind your cuffs and shirt-front cannot be too much displayed. Tap vigorously on the desk, and give a prolonged 'Hush' in all soft passages. It draws the attention of the audience from the music to the conductor. At the conclusion of each piece wipe your forehead—whether it needs it or not. Scowl occasionally at the man with the double-bass, and directly the drummer comes in with his part, wave your left hand violently in his direction—it keeps down his vanity. If you wear long hair, throw it back by a graceful swing of the head, for it helps to remind the audience that all the merit is yours."

That new farm hand used to be a bookkeeper.

How do you know?

Every time he stops work for a minute he tries to put the pitchfork behind his ear.

Were there any lions at Mrs. Blingum's reception?

Yes, and she fed them—with daughters.

A Boy's Essay

A boy, fourteen years old, recently imported from Kentucky, handed the following in as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was, "Tell all you can about breathing." He said, "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corosits, that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I'd ruther be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram."

A gentleman traveling stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and, observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal.

The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Moreover."

"Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," said the pious lady; "but I thought it must be a good one as I found it in the Bible."

"Found it in the Bible!" quoted the gentleman. "Pray, in what part of the Bible did you find it?"

The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and, turning to the text, read as follows: "Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores."

That horrid woman could never make a man happy.

She did, though. She got a divorce last week.

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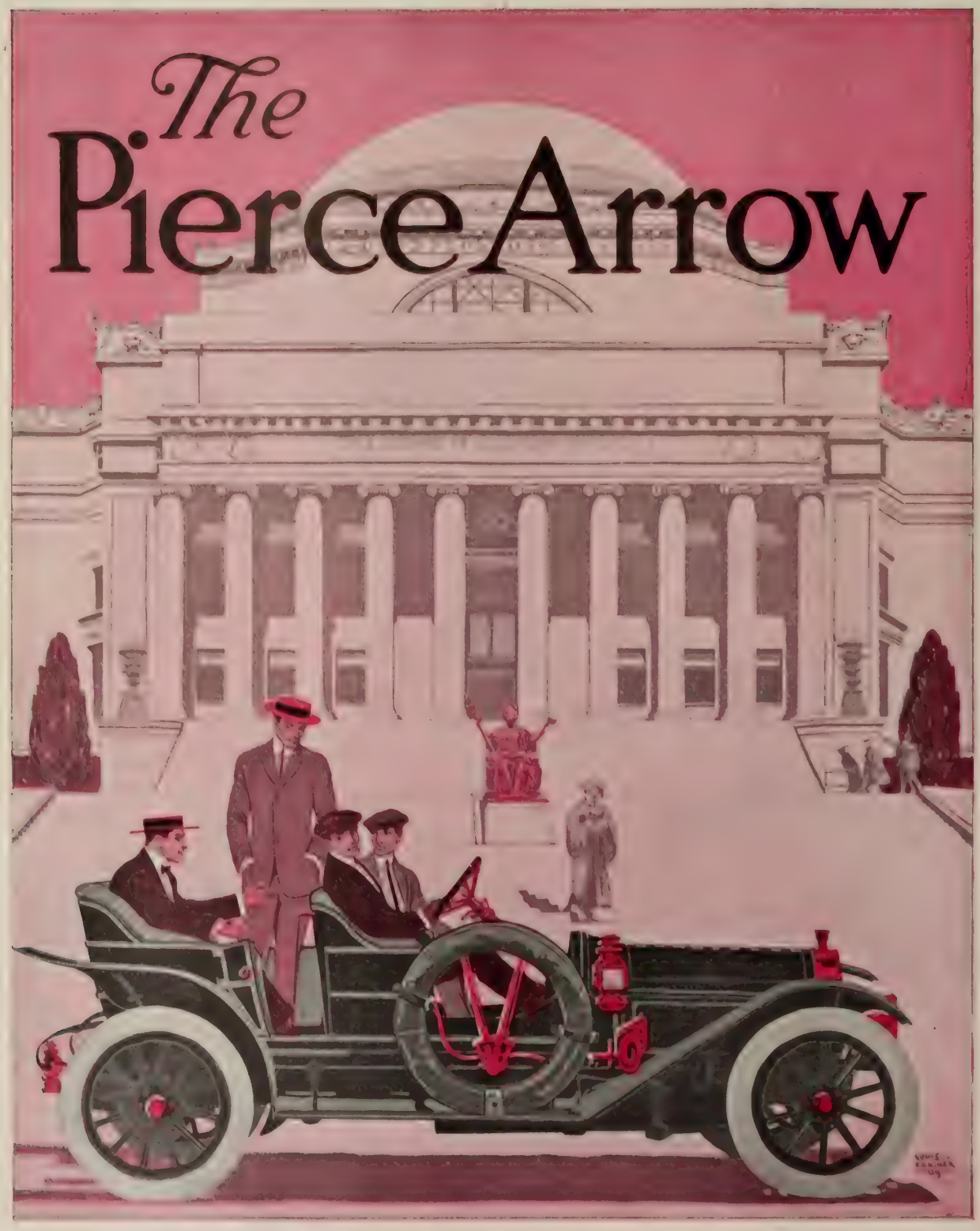

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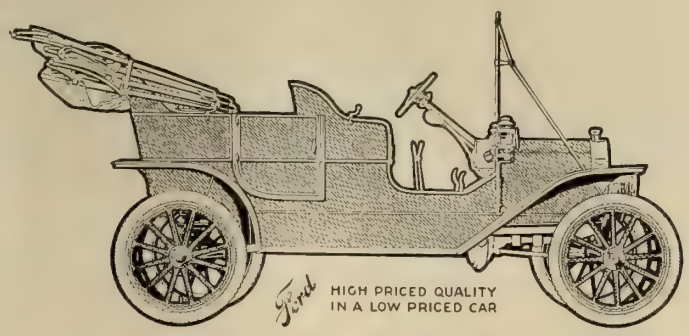

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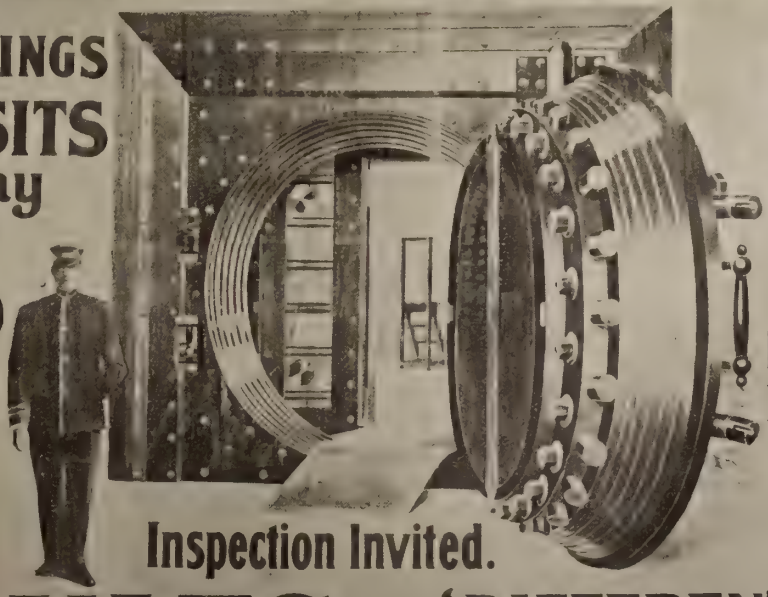

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SOAP

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII. San Francisco, December 25, 1909. No. 904.

SKATING ON MIRROR LAKE

One of the favorite diversions of the parties which nowadays throng to Yosemite by way of Hotel del Portal.

A WINTER FAIRYLAND

Showing some of the recreations which visitors to Yosemite Valley at this season of the year are able to enjoy.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Moonrise on Seventeen Mile Drive

Motorists who have become familiar with the beauties of Monterey will instantly recognize this scene on the celebrated drive which John M. Gamble has depicted at the hour when the trees are silhouetted against the moon.

Sand Dunes

In this canvas by Bertha Stringer Lee the poetry of the sands along the ocean shore is sympathetically interpreted. Lovers of the sea do not find the dunes monotonous, especially when they are clothed with foliage.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Del Monte Art Gallery

Where the Waves Break

San Franciscans know this bit of coast which Eugen Neuhaus has painted. The combers tossing over the jagged rocks and sliding up the sands and the white sails in the offing make a picture of unusual charm.

Street in Monterey

Here is a poetical bit of the old town of Monterey skilfully treated by Evelyn McCormick. The charm of life that has grown old in grace and beauty has been transferred to this picture and it breathes a sultry somnolence.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Del Monte Art Gallery

The Desert Shower

Maynard Dixon knows the arid places better than most of our painters and in this picture he has reproduced a striking atmospheric condition of the wastes which appeals to all art lovers on account of its fine technical treatment.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Cypress Trees

Charles Dickman has won a splendid reputation by his presentation of the beauties of nature. This blasted tree, the prey of many storms, is transfigured by his keen insight and the whole picture is in his best manner.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Afternoon Among the Cypresses

The work of Arthur F. Mathews is highly esteemed among art lovers for its poetical suggestion and admirable restraint of treatment. This canvas embodies one of his most beautiful conceptions.

Gray Morning

This painting shows Joseph Greenbaum at his happiest. A cheerless dawn has come and the water laps listlessly at the curve of the cliff. The air is chill and the frowning promontory waits for the smiling of the sun.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Del Monte Art Gallery

Oakland Creek

Xavier Martinez has here presented the Dutch beauty of sluggish water, marshy shore and inactive keel. There is no movement in this picture; it expresses the charm of a life that has anchored, never to move again.

California Oaks

William Keith is one of our greatest poet-painters. Beneath the sweep of his brush life takes on a new significance; witness these oaks which he has bathed in the effulgence of his genius till they glow to the eye and mind.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Del Monte Art Gallery

California Oak Trees

C. Chapel Judson has also studied the oaks of California and it is interesting to note the differences in his treatment. He betrays the influence of French masters in this mass of foliage bulwarked against a cloudy sky.

Back from the Shore, Pescadero

Will Sparks knows the charms of our coast line better than most of our artists. Here is a memory of the old Spanish regime rendered with accuracy of eye and insight. How many know such scenes as this, except on canvas? Yet they are to be found very near this city.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Del Monte Art Gallery

San Buenaventura Mission

Our artists never weary of painting the beautiful old mission piles. In this picture Chris. Jorgensen has been more than unusually happy in transferring to his canvas the antique charm of one of the most romantic of religious foundations.

Remembrance of San Juan

Charles Rollo Peters is the poet of the moonlight. This is his particular field and there is no other California artist who can dispute possession. This study of old San Juan shows Peters at his very best.

Del Monte Art Gallery

Jesus Christ: Gentleman

By Harry Cowell

Save the aspect set forth in the title of this Christmas lay sermon, all aspects of the Christ have been done to death, crucified and crowned with thorns ten thousand times over, much of the tortured torturous handling of the sacred subject enough to call forth afresh those most heart-broken and heart-breaking of words, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?

In very deed, be it said in deepest reverence, is Christ the first gentleman of Christianity; martyr of misunderstanding, like every other, Death and He are still, despite, his victory, his revelation, the world's great misunderstood; the emblem of one a cross; of the other, a skull. How exquisitely his "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" supplements, supplants, Plato's epigram: All sins are of ignorance. Which, I trust, if a very free translation, is at least a legitimate paraphrase, or fair English equivalent, of the most significant word of Greek philosophy.

Any fool can be formal, as can any cad born and bred; but to be fine—that is reserved for the gentleman-scholar. This, at first sound, is a hard saying. But does it really take three or four generations of God-lovers and fearers before the virtues of the fathers are fixed in the children? Are there no second-generation gentlemen? Yea, and first-generation gentlemen—fatherless and motherless gentlemen—gentlemen "sports," unaccountable gentlemen geniuses, the despair of science, the delight of the ages. Money can work wonders! True; but by no manner of means can a cad become a gentleman. Money of a truth talks, saying at the top of its pestiferous vociferous voice: Lo here a gentleman! lo there! But how loud soever it talk, do thou, gentle reader, believe it not.

From the moment of conception we are predestined cads or gentlemen. Then are shut the everlasting gates, then is the doom of doom sealed. Thus decrees the "last of the Fates and the most terrible." The only one of all the gods whose real name we know is indubitably a god of foreordination, deaf, dumb, blind, and feelingless; neither may myrrh, spikenard nor any manner of frankincense make subtle intercession in behalf of the born sinner. This is the awful matter-of-fact; nothing more nor less than physical truth with a vengeance. Are you socially a Saul? Then, nothing short of a journey towards Damascus and a miracle by the way can save you, convert you into a Paul to preach the sainted gospel of quintessential gentleness, the gospel of love that is not puffed up.

Without the scholarship are possibility, promise, but finished gentleness, scarce that. As to the university whence are graduated gentlemen, 'tis no select Rabbinical school for the fortunate firstborn of Levi, neither Oxford nor Cambridge called, nor yet Yale or Harvard, much less California—though this last comes paradoxically closer to it by way of suggestion, it being that larger college whose proper president is Experience, and pupil, Power of Observation, plus singleness, gentleness, of heart.

When the clay, and all that clings thereto or appertains, shall have been laid aside like a garment, then shall stand revealed the true prince, the man among men, but not easily until then. Not without reason did the critical Brunetiere beg us to bear in mind that the rarest things in the world are diamonds and pearls—next to discernment! Than which divinely inspired and free advice God send that no less seasonable or appropriate Christmas present ever fall to your lot or mine!

To be born with the milk-eyed kine for all midwife, and for all cradle, the hay-sweet manger, yet cause your birthplace to be the song of poets, the painted of artists, the adored of saints, after it had been, to begin with, the sought of the wise; to choose fishermen and such for associates, and of the number one for bosom friend, of twelve chosen to be at fault but once, if at all; to go about your and your Father's business afoot, or, on state occasions, on a borrowed ass and her colt; to eat frankly with publicans, to speak fair and without fear the Magdalene by the wayside, the Samaritan woman by the well, and, above all, her whom no man dare stoop to stone; to have a fine scorn for greed and hypocrisy, for the phylacteried Pharisee, the sacrilegious dove-seller, the money-changer out of place; to be able to afford to be poor, careless of dress as field-lilies, contemptuous of kings; to be humble, simple, mild, self-sufficing, self-possessed, detesting the formal and ephemeral, or ignoring them, spontaneously observing and rejoicing in the eternal and fine—that is to be in very deed and truth a gentleman.

To don gentility with a dress suit, only to doff both together in favor of pyjamas or smoking-jacket, is to behave like a ridiculous clown, the incongruity between hide and heart enough to kindle inextinguishable laughter in the grayest of ash-gray Homeric gods.

To be a gentleman is not to be incapable of righteous indignation. Woe to the long-winded milk-and-water hypocrite who tells you the contrary! Heed him not, my son! Suppose the sun should go down upon your wrath, remember that "even the gods have their off-days." In him who is in little or no need of self-loathing, hate of the hateful is the most unselfish thing in the world. It hurts as naught else. Its is the height of misery. By comparison, the cross is kindness. Love of the loveable is ineffable happiness, but to be forced to recognize the existence of the hateworthy, that, I repeat, hurts. It behooves Gentleness itself to warn a generation of vipers of a coming wrath to be fled.

Rare as is the finished gentleman, yet are there more gentlemen born than the fool and the wayfaring man wot of. Myriads die mute-inglorious-Milton-wise, bludgeoned by Chance out of what was intended for gentle existence, filched of their birthright by Circumstance. Many are called to be gentlemen of whom as yet but few are chosen. Happy, easily held though it be, I, for one, can not hold by the doctrine of intellectual aristocracy that, despite the devil, the poet-born will sing, the song all the richer, the truer, by reason of the tongue cut out, the teeth knocked down the throat; that the mere absence of deathless literary remains proves every stammerer to be "in esse" but the would-be immortal, knocking with pitiful impotence at the door of sealed doom. Myself have heard the song's suggestive strangle in the unknown poet's throat, and the bludgeoned gentleman's significant struggle for utterance. Self-expression is, after all, but the proof-positive, the gaping spear-thrust wound demanded of your undiscerning Thomas Didymuses. How many of the formally faithful will not be put to it to recognize the smiling Christ of the Hereafter—minus his crown of thorns? 'Twere not amiss to remember once a year that well-bred cruelty makes a better appearance than blundering gentleness. Blacklead and mother-of-pearl are the commonest things in existence—next to the discernment that discovers the poet after his fame is world-wide. Much more to our credit would be the discovery of the Miltonic mute. He is many, for all his silence. The soul of man is a shell wherein murmurs the music of Eternity. To be convinced of this all one has to do is to put one's ear to it. Nor need the ear have absolute pitch or be in any wise wondrous in its delicacy: music-loving, sympathetic, appreciative of hidden harmonies—no more! Despite Heredity's awful foreordaining, many are the roads to Damascus, miraculous possibilities infinite as God's mercy. Christianity's numerous highways—and they are many as the minds of men—wind uphill, to meet at the apex—how else? True, to Prejudice they seem to be heading for divers and sundry places; but just as sure as all the roads converging lead backward in time to Rome, so sure in time will all the roads lead forward to the hilltop city not made with hands. Yet to the end, for the born Saul will conversion be a cruel thing and

(Continued on Page 59.)

The House of Orchids

By George Sterling

How swift a step from zone to zone!
A moment since, the day
Was cool with winds from linden-bowers flown
And breath of mounded hay
That ripens on the plains,
Beneath the shadow of the western hill;
But here the air is still,
Warm as a Lesbian valley's afternoon
Made langourous with June
And moist with spirits of unnumbered rains,
Pervaded with a perfume that might be
Of rainbow-haunted lands beyond the sea
And ocean-ending sands—
A ghost of fragrance whose elusive hands
Touch not the hidden harp of memory.

What sprites are these that gleam?
Can eyes betray?
Till now I did not deem
That Beauty's flaming hands could shape in bloom
So marvelous and delicate designs.
The vision here that shines
Seems not a fabric of our mortal day
And Nature's tireless loom.
By custom long defiled,
But symbol of a loveliness supreme.
A god's forgotten dream
In alabaster told by elfin skill
In caverns underneath a haunted hill.
Or in some palace of enchantment hewn
From crystal in the twilights of the moon,
Where white Astarte strays
And Echo and the silver-footed fays
Make alien music, fugitive and wild.
Ye seem as flowers exiled,
More beautiful because they die so soon;
But who the gods that could have scorned
Your tenderness unmarred?
Put first ye forth your fragile wings,
Less of the form than of the soul of things,
Where seraphim had mourned
In Eden's evening, heavy-starred,
When first the gates were barred
And cruel Time began?
For mystery hath lordship here, and ye
Seem spirit-flowers born to startle man
With intimations of eternity
And hint of what the flowers of Heaven may be.
Nor can your glamour greatly seem of earth:
Her blossoms are of mirth,
But ye with loveliness can tell of grief—
Unhappy love most exquisite and brief.

Wingèd ye seem and fleet,
Such flowers pale as are
Worn by the goddess of a distant star—
Before whose holy eyes
Beauty and evening meet,
Mysterious beauty delicate and strange,
And evening-calm that sighs
With Music's inexpressible surmise—
Her question ere she dies.
From form to form ye range.
From hue to hue,
And this, with petals wan and mystical,
Seems votive to those spirits of the dew
That weep at silvern twilights silently,
With tears that gently fall
On hidden elves dim-curtained by the rose.
And thou, thy chalice better glows
In purple grottos where the stainless sea
On sands inviolable swirls—
On evanescent pearls,
That hold not all thy bosom's purity.
And thou, more white
Than when on some blue lake,
Just as the zephyrs wake,
The ripples flash to light—
Touched by a swan's unsullied breast to foam,
Hadst thou in melancholy halls thy home?
For long ago thou seemest to have slept,
Forlorn, in palace-glooms where queens have wept.
Ah! they too slept at last,
Whose sighs are half the music of the Past!

But thou, O palest one!
Dost seem to scorn the sun.
And, in a tropic, dense,
Lanquid magnificence,
Desire to know thy former place,
Where no man comes at night.
And in its antic flight
Behold the vampire-bat veer off from thee
As from a phantom face,
Or watch Antares' light peer craftily
Down from the dank and moonless sky,
As goblins' eyes might gleam
Or baleful rubies glare,
Muffled in smoke or incense-laden air.
And thou, most weird companion, thou dost seem
Some mottled moth of hell,
That stealthily might fly
To hover there above the carnal bell
Of some black lily, still and venomous,
And poise forever thus.

Chill, in thy drowsy aether warm,
Softly thou gleamest, subtler form;
Witch-bloom thou seem'st to be,
For Lilith would have bound thee in her hair—
Smiling at dusk inscrutably,
And Circe gathered such for gods to wear,
In evenings when the moon,
A sorceress who steals in white
Along the cloudy parapets of night,
In every glade her ghostly pearl hath strewn.
Thou art as violet-wan
As eyelids of a vestal dead and meek.
If after-life can come to blossoms gone,
Surely Persephone
Shall crown her brow with thee,
In realms where burns no star nor sun
To show the dead what amaranths to seek.
And ah—this other! none
Of all thy kin more purely is arrayed—
Pallid as Aphrodite's cheek
To some long passion-swoon betrayed,
By ecstasy foretold;
Yet as with blood thy bosom gleams;
Red as Adonis' wound it seems,
By Syria mourned of old,
Or scarlet lips that drink from bowls of jade,
Slowly, an ivory poison, sweet and cold.

Oh! mystically strange
That speechless things should so have power to hint,
With subtle form and tint
That seize the heart's high memories unaware,
The sorrow and the mystery of Change,
And elements in Fate's controlling plan
Not altogether ministrant to man
Nor mindful of his care—
Some joy to death akin,
Or tragic kiss, or fruit malignly fair,
Some garden built by Sin
For Love to wander in,
Some face whose beauty bids the heart despair!
And yet, O blossoms pure!
How marvelous the lure
Of your fragility and innocence—
This grace and wistfulness of helpless things
That ask no recompense!
Ye give the spirit wings,
For yours the beauty that is near to pain.
And stir the heart again
With visions of the Flowers that abide—
Ah! sweet
As when love's glances meet
Across the music, heard at eventide!

Lloyden, June, 1909.

Christmas Superstitions

While the superstition that the farm animals are gifted with human speech at midnight on Christmas eve is generally known, fewer folk seem to have heard of the similar belief that bees awake from their winter sleep at the same time, and that any one who will listen at the hives may hear them chanting the One Hundredth Psalm: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with a song."

The legend of the "Christmas Chimes" exists in many countries. If one goes early in the morning to the specified locality and puts his ear to the ground, he will hear church bells ringing deep down under the earth. The tale that is told is of a tremendous earthquake which occurred on Christmas morning centuries ago, when the whole village was swallowed up as the bells were ringing, and ever since they may be heard on the anniversary of the day of disaster. In England this mysterious event is believed to take place in a valley in Nottinghamshire, and formerly it was the custom of the populace of the surrounding district to repair on Christmas morning to listen reverently to the ghostly bells.

Christmastide was the period of the original "Halcyon days." The halcyon (kingfisher) was fabled to build its nest on the waters at this season, and it was popularly believed that the holiness of the period had the effect of a charm on winds and waves, and that the bird could build its nest, deposit its eggs and brood upon them in safety. A still older superstition declared that not only the winds and seas but all animals and plants and every living thing gave evidence of intuitive knowledge of the advent of the anniversary of the birth of Christ and became imbued with the spirit of joy, peace and adoration. At the moment of the advent universal peace reigned throughout the earth and the heavens; silence rested upon the earth, the birds paused in their flight, the cattle ceased to feed, men stood motionless, the stars glittered with added lustre and the sun bounded twice for joy.

The wren is held in special reverence by peasants in many lands, being credited with having made efforts to pluck the crown of thorns from the brow of the crucified Saviour, and it is especially sacred from molestation at Christmastide. In Brittany those mischievous children who hunt the wren in the holidays will be afflicted with pimples, boils, blotches and St. Anthony's fire (erysipelas.) The robin is also held sacred, the tuft of red feathers on its breast being the symbol of the scorching fires of hell endured while the brave little bird attempted to quench them by carrying water in its bill, a drop at a time.

"The robin and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen."

says one old rhyme, while the Scotch youngsters lustily shout:

"Malisons, malisons, mair than ten
Gin ye harry the Lady o' Heaven's hen."

"Rumor nights" fall between new and old Christmas, December 24 to January 5. They are full of the sounds of goblins and ghosts, and the cattle are sprinkled with salt, the houses filled with incense and the people asperged with holy water in Styria and the Tyrol. In Styria a corn wreath made from the last sheaf of the harvest is placed in the manger to make the cattle thrive. Elsewhere the Christmas decorations of green are fed to the herd for the same reason.

In Norway and Sweden but particularly in Sweden the peasants strew straw about their houses and churches in the holiday season in commemoration of the circumstance that the Christ Child was laid on a bed of straw. The straw thus used is believed to become possessed of miraculous properties and is gathered up at the end of the festival to be fed to the cattle when they are first turned out to pasture in the spring, as the holy straw will preserve them from sickness or accident. A portion is scattered over the fields at planting time to insure abundant crops.

The French Canadian peasantry relate traditions of miraculous events which occur annually in the native provinces from which they originated but which have no counterparts in the new land. In one locality there is a pyramidal boulder which turns thrice on its base when the priest recites the genealogy of the Saviour at the midnight mass. In another the mountains open and the sea rolls back, displaying all the hidden treasures of the earth. In Franche-Comte the graves open and give up for a brief space the bodies of the departed who, following their deceased pastors, gather about the cemetery cross to recite the prayers of the Nativity, after which, taking a brief glance over the scene of their earthly pilgrimage, they return to sleep.

—The Historian.

TOWN TALK

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Some Forms of Philanthropy

It is reported that Mr. John D. Rockefeller gives away large sums of money at this season of the year and derives great happiness from thus making other people happy. This is certainly a very good way to attain happiness. There is no greater happiness than that of communicating happiness, but those who have not the ability to achieve Mr. Rockefeller's high felicity should not for that reason be envious of our richest citizen. There are forms of philanthropy which are within the capacity of men in the humblest walks of life. The noblest philanthropy is that which enriches the soul with impulses and aspirations that have their root in the passion of love, the passion that Christ came upon earth to instil in the hearts of mankind. The philanthropy which Christ preached we can all practice. There is also a negative kind of philanthropy, the practice of which requires not wealth but tact and a large benevolence of soul. We should remember that charity does not consist altogether in the giving of money, and that to be truly philanthropic is to be kind and disposed to increase the volume of joy in the world. Much of the sadness of life is produced by persons who are disagreeable from thoughtlessness. To refrain from being disagreeable is in itself a form of philanthropy. There are some people who see only the discouraging side of life, and who contrive to make everybody they meet uncomfortable. They remind us of things that have gone wrong in times past, they have a disposition to cavil and an aversion to a large and liberal view of things. These people can convert themselves into philanthropists by the simple process of cultivating an agreeable tone and manner, by avoiding unpleasant observations and doleful grimaces and abstaining from scoffing at the triumphs and reducing the enthusiasm of others. If we cannot abound in a flow of pleasantry and good humor, we can at least refrain from giving alarming advice and offensive information. Moreover we can look on the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger, and we can alleviate distress by words of cheer. In short it is possible for the average man to become a joy-maker and develop into a moralist as well as a philanthropist, for joy is the root of morality. There is nothing so demoralizing as gloom; it produces annihilation. If each of us spent some of his time trying to dissipate gloom we should unquestionably succeed in making life more charming and sweet despite its pains and sorrows. If we went about it with a little of the zeal with which some men weave the black drapings of pessimism we might succeed in creating a little of that buoyancy of spirit that defies despair, and develop among all who are barred out from the large possibilities of a life of luxury and restricted to the meagre products of a laborious virtue, an instinctive inclination to sing with the lark in the sky in preference to croaking with the frog in the swamp. There is no finer capital than a propensity to hope and gladness, but the circulation of it is a matter the importance of which we do not appreciate. Were the Government to devote as much attention to this matter as it devotes to the tariff, for example, or as it will devote to President Taft's proposition conducive to pauperism that we should pension all civil service employes, there would soon be more gladness in the land. If instead of devising new checks on individual liberty the Government spent a little time inventing new popular pleasures in furtherance of joy there would be less of the dissatisfaction and discontent that are leading us into social democracy with its innumerable schemes for dragging us all down to one level and a more widespread ambition to rise to higher things. The tendency of government nowadays is to devise ways of persuading us that we are either the product of circumstance or merely the enlargement of a germ. It is one of the unhappy signs of the times that we have come to exalt the kind of philanthropy that John D. Rockefeller practices and to ignore the philanthropy of poets, musicians and painters. There is nothing so beneficial to mankind as the arts that exalt beauty and maintain the dignity and delight of life. Painters, poets and musicians, who, by the way, should be judged by their fidelity to the wholesome errand of joy and their ability to diffuse a mild serenity, are the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Another Idol Mutilated

Political economists are turning their attention to the farmer and inquiring as to whether he is less addicted to offences against the moral code than are the soulless corporations that monopolize industries, control the courts and legislatures and plunder the people. The inquiry so far has been somewhat superficial, but from certain facts that have been brought to light the conclusion seems inevitable that the farmer is not more virtuous than other men. Indeed many instances of his cupidity and worse have been brought to light. It appears that he is not slow to drive a hard bargain or to take improper advantage of technicalities or to avail himself of any of the things by which men exhibit an inclination to do unto others as they would not be done by. These are sad revelations that tend to destroy one of our most cherished illusions. The farmer has always been regarded as a man of the most exalted principles. It was supposed that life on the farm was conducive to high morality, to zeal for fair-dealing and to prejudice against the manners and methods that are engendered in the fierce conflict for supremacy that rages in populous cities. It must be confessed that this notion was in a large measure due to bucolic and pastoral criticism of the ways of the madding crowd. The farmer is always in an attitude of hostility to the city. He regards it as his highest duty to regulate the morals of the city and to purify its politics. The fiercest and most scathing denunciation of our sins comes from agricultural regions, where, it must be inferred, there is no inclination toward the pastimes in which we seek compensation for the ills that are peculiarly metropolitan. But the farmer is not altogether responsible for the notion that he is a person of superior morals. He has been so frequently told so in the impassioned language of city-bred orators that it would be singular if he did not feel that he had reason to point to himself with pride. The sterling worth of the farmer is a theme upon which silver-tongued spellbinders have been rhapsodizing since the days of the Republic's infancy, and from that early period the impression has been widespread that were it not for the civic patriotism that abides in the agricultural districts no kind of statesmanship could keep the nation off the rocks to which all human government is every tending. Hence, to be told at this late day that the farmer we have been worshipping for lo these many years is an idol with feet of clay, is, to say the least, conducive to poignant

emotions. Each illusion that goes a-glimmering fills us with sadness. There are few left.

A Moral Issue Petering Out

The indications are that the vexed water question which has been an irritant in municipal affairs for nearly half a century is soon to be eliminated from politics. This is a consummation in itself as desirable as the acquisition of an adequate water supply. The water question is the most venerable of all our moral issues. Innumerable generations of reformers and prophets of public righteousness have qualified for their great mission of civic salvation in the handling of water rates. The politician's attitude toward the water octopus has been the chief test of personal purity. We have elected hundreds of men to the board of supervisors wholly on the strength of their professed prejudice against Spring Valley, and as a result we have fared far from well. In the history of our relations with Spring Valley is to be observed a fine illustration of the stupidity and also the moral obliquity of the dear people. The fixing of water rates being in the nature of a judicial act it is obvious that the men who are sworn to perform that service should act impartially on the evidence submitted to them. But this is not what the people ever expected their servants to do. The people generally pledged their candidates for office to reduce rates. It was as though a judge had been required to announce his decision before hearing the testimony. Under this system pledges were lightly taken and as lightly broken. Of course, the people acting under the guidance of an enlightened and moral press, got precisely what they deserved. Men elected to office for the purpose of doing something immoral for the benefit of the people did not scruple at doing other immoral things for the benefit of themselves. At length we have grown weary of the perennial scandal, and the stockholders of the Spring Valley Company have grown wreary too, and they are eager to sell out and invest their money in some enterprise that is not menaced by the selfish interests of the mob. Apparently there is absolute unanimity on the proposition to purchase the Spring Valley plant. Indeed the proposition has excited so much enthusiasm that even the most vociferous demagogues have become acquiescent, and for the present they are concentrating all their attention on the fight for a municipal railroad.

Cancer Research

George Crocker's death from cancer and his bequest of a large sum of money for the purpose of promoting scientific investigation of the nature of the disease, reminds us once more of its dreadful ravages and of the efforts being made in the interests of mankind to discover the cause and produce a remedy. In England where cancer investigation is being conducted on a larger scale than anywhere else, it was recently reported that of deaths of persons who have attained the age of thirty-five, one in every eight, in the case of women, and one in every eleven in the case of men, are to be attributed to cancer. One can therefore scarcely go anywhere without encountering predestined victims of the disease. But death comes to all of us, and there is some consolation in the knowledge that cancer is eminently a disease of ageing tissues. The experimental method in the investigation of the disease has been brought to great perfection, and the British scientists by recording every detail, and by freely distributing their culture stages, have encouraged widespread research. They have not yet set forth any far-reaching general conclusions, but they have made reports of approximate results. They have reported, for example, that it is unlikely that inheritance or even inherited predisposition plays a part in the incidence of cancer. Owing to the frequency of the disease few large families can escape, and this circumstance has occasioned the notion that, because cases have occurred amongst a patient's kinsmen, there was a family disposition or inheritance. Experiments with many generations of cancerous mice have satisfied the British scientists that the worst possible family history brings with it no susceptibility to the disease. The well-supported theory that cancer is due to the presence of some congenital or embryonic vestige of tissue is also being undermined. Singularly enough many important facts have come to light which tend to bring the scientists back to a theory that was generally accepted many years ago—the theory that cancer is associated with peculiar and very different forms of irritation. With this theory it is impossible to reconcile that of a congenital origin in all cases. Cancer of the skin of the abdomen is almost unknown in the case of Europeans, but is common in Kashmir where the natives habitually irritate the skin of that part of the body by wearing a charcoal oven round the waist. Cancer in the floor of the mouth is rare in European women, but is common in India and Ceylon, where women chew betel-nut and keep a plug in the cheek at the point where the cancer starts. In needlewomen cancer frequently develops in the finger at the site of constant puncturing by the needle. The cancer inquiry is gradually narrowing the possibilities of view as to the essential nature of the disease, and therefore of its mode of onset, its course and treatment, and is providing a vast body of fact against which every new hypothesis that may be suggested can be measured. The results so far point not to the discovery of anti-toxic serum, but towards the possibility of being able to control the growth of cancer, and by following up the mechanism by which mice can be rendered artificially resistant, learning to imitate and reinforce the processes of natural cure.

Democracy in England

England is wrought up to a high pitch of excitement over the threatened annihilation of the House of Lords. It is the avowed intention of the present Government to deprive the House of Lords of its veto. To deprive a

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deliberative assembly of the faculty of refusing to pass the measures submitted to its judgment is to reduce it from a legislative to a consultative body, which practically is annihilation. The purpose of Premier Asquith and his followers is to throw the entire power of legislation into the hands of the House of Commons, or rather of its executive committee, which is called the Cabinet. To carry out this purpose would be nothing short of a revolution. It would be quite as drastic as a change of dynasty, and would probably produce consequences more momentous than those that followed the substitution of William III for James II. The interest that it has for us is that which we derive from contemplating the spread of democracy. It is the passion for democracy which demands that the peers of England be reduced in power beneath the level of the popular assembly.

Dream Song

Lullaby, hushaby, hasten away,
Little pink pilgrim, till dawn of the day;
Slow swings the cradle, but swift is the flight,
Lullaby, hushaby, baby, good night.

Over the bridges of Slumberland's streams
Lies the most wonderful Garden of Dreams;
Short is the journey and soft is the sod
Down by the valleys of Drowsy and Nod.

Daisies and violets peep thro' the grass,
Buttercups beckon and bow as you pass,
Tiny dream-fairies in tunics of blue
Bring sweetest dreams in the garden for you.

Lullaby, hushaby, hasten away
Over the bridges till dawn of the day;
Short is the journey to hours of delight—
Lullaby, hushaby, baby, good night.

Perspective Impressions

As soon as we adopt a common ideal we shall have the new moral world that our uplifters hope to create.

Christmas is here and Good Times are ahead. So let there be peace on earth and serenity in the marts of trade.

Now that it has turned out that Poet Watson has been in an insane asylum "Dickie" Le Gallienne doesn't feel so much like a hero.

The Senate is threating to take a hand in the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy much to the alarm of Mr. Pinchot's friends who have no taste for a public investigation. They prefer muckraking in the dark.

For superintendent of the municipal railway the Hon. E. P. E. Troy is respectfully placed in nomination.

The Oakland youth who held up a cigar stand probably doesn't care for the money so much as for the attention of the daily newspapers.

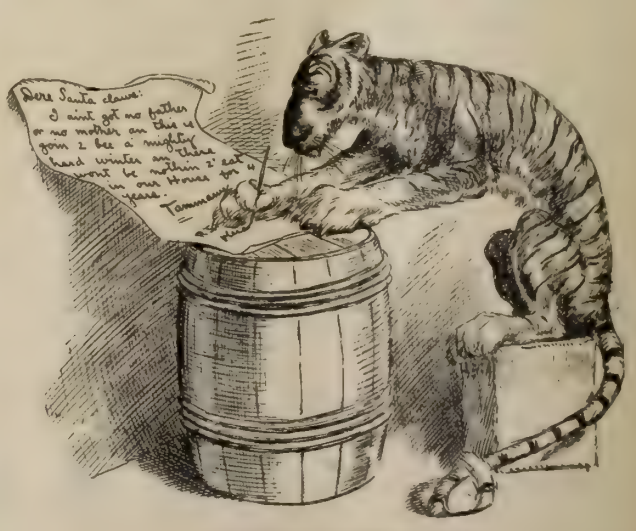
If you stop to consider you will find that the thing that displeases you most is the inevitable way of the world.

The modern college professor may be described as an omniscient gent. who perceives the illusion of which all his fellow creatures are the willing playthings.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN THE JUNGLE

The Strenuous One—A message of 15,000 words and nobody's feelings hurt. Is Taft also a mollycoddle?

—Baltimore Sun.



A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

—New York World.

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The Glimpse

By Arnold Bennett

(Note—Last year the editor of "Black and White" commissioned me to write a story for his Christmas number. I wrote the following story. He expressed a deep personal admiration for it, but said positively that he would not dare to offer it to his readers. I withdrew the story, and gave him instead a comic tale about a dentist. Afterwards I was glad that I had withdrawn the story, for I perceived that its theme could only be treated adequately in a novel. I accordingly wrote the novel, which has been published under the same title.—A. B.)

I

When I was dying I had no fear. I was simply indifferent, partly, no doubt, through exhaustion caused by my long illness. It was a warm evening in August. We ought to have been at Blackpool, of course, but we were in my house in Trafalgar Road, and the tramcars between Hanley and Bursley were shaking the house just as usual. Perhaps not quite as usual; for during my illness I had noticed that a sort of tiredness, a soft, nice feeling, seems to come over everything at sunset of a hot summer's day. This universal change affected even the tramcars, so that they rolled up and down the hill more gently. Or it may have been merely my imagination. Through the open windows I could see, dimly, the smoke of the Cauldon Bar Iron Works slowly crossing the sky in front of the sunset. Margaret sat in my grandfather's oak chair by the gas-stove. There was only Margaret, besides the servant, in the house; the nurse had been obliged to go back to Pirehill Infirmary for the night. I don't know why. Moreover, it didn't matter.

I began running my extraordinarily white fingers along the edge of the sheet. I was doing this quite mechanically when I noticed a look of alarm in Margaret's face, and I vaguely remembered that playing with the edge of the sheet was supposed to be a trick of the dying. So I stopped, more for Margaret's sake than for anything else. I could not move my head much, in fact scarcely at all; hence it was difficult for me to keep my eyes on objects that were not in my line of vision as I lay straight on my pillows. Thus my eyes soon left Margaret's. I forgot her. I thought about nothing. Then she came over to the bed, and looked at me, and I smiled at her, very feebly. She smiled in return. She appeared to me to be exceedingly strong and healthy. Six weeks before I had been the strong and healthy one —I was in my prime, forty, and had a tremendous appetite for business—and I had always regarded her as fragile and delicate; and now she could have crushed me without effort! I had an unreasonable, instinctive feeling of shame at being so weak, compared to her. I knew that I was leaving her badly off; we were both good spenders, and all my spare profits had gone into the manufactory; but I did not trouble about that. I was almost quite callous about that. I thought to myself, in a confused way: "Anyhow I shan't be here to see it, and she'll worry through somehow!" Nor did I object to dying. It may be imagined that I resented death at so early an age, and being cut off in my career, and prevented from getting the full benefit of the new china-firing oven that I had patented. Not at all! It may be imagined that I was preoccupied with a future life, and thinking that possibly we had given up going to chapel without sufficient reason. No! I just lay there, submitting like a person without will or desires to the nursing of my wife, which was all of it accurately timed by the clock.

I just lay there and watched the gradual changing of the sky, and, faintly, heard clocks striking and the quiet swish of my wife's dress. Once my ear would have caught the ticking of our black marble clock on the mantelpiece; but not now—it was lost to me. I watched the gradual changing of the sky, until the blue of the sky had darkened so that the blackness of the smoke was merged in it. But to the left there appeared a faint reddish glare, which showed where the furnaces were; this glare had been invisible in daylight. I watched all that, and I waited patiently for the last trace of silver to vanish from a high part of the sky above where the sunset had been—and it would not. I would shut my eyes for an age, and then open them again, and the silver was always in the sky. The cars kept rumbling up the hill and bumping down the hill. And there was still that soft, languid feeling over everything. And all the heat of the day remained. Sometimes a waft of hot air moved the white curtains. Margaret ate something off a plate. The servant stole in. Margaret gave a gesture as though to indicate that I was asleep. But I was not asleep. The servant went off. Twice I restrained my thin, moist hands from playing with the edge of the sheet. Then I closed my eyes with a kind of definite closing, as if finally admitting that I was too exhausted to keep them open.

II.

Difficult to describe my next conscious sensations, when I found I was not in the bed! I have never described them before. You will understand why I've never described them to my wife. I meant never to describe them to anyone. But as you came all the way from London, Mr. Myers, and seem to understand all this sort of thing, I've made up my mind to tell you, for what it's worth. Yes, what you say about the difficulty of sticking to the exact truth is quite correct. I feel it. Still, I don't think I over-flatter myself in saying that I am a more than ordinarily truthful man.

Well, I was looking at the bed. I was not in the bed. I can't be precisely sure where I was standing, but I think it was between the two windows, half behind the crimson curtains. Anyhow, I must have been near the windows, or I couldn't have seen the foot of the bed and the couch that is there. I could most distinctly hear Cauldon Church clock, more than two miles away, strike two. I was cold. Margaret was leaning over the bed, and staring at a face that lay on the pillows. At first it did not occur to me that this face on the pillows was my face. I had to reason out that fact. When I had reasoned it out I tried to speak to Margaret and tell her that she was making a mistake, gazing at that thing there on the pillows, and that the real one was standing in the cold by the windows. I could not speak. Then I tried to attract her attention in other ways; but I could do nothing. Once she turned sharply, as if startled, and looked straight at me. I strove more frantically than ever to make signs to her; but no, I could not. Seemingly, she did not see.

Then I thought: "I'm dead! This is being dead! I've died!"

Margaret ran to the dressing-table, and picked up her hand-mirror. She rubbed it carefully on the counterpane, and then held it to the mouth and nostrils of that face on the pillows, and then examined it under the gas. She was very agitated; the whole of her demeanor had changed; I scarcely recognized her. I could not help thinking that she was mad. She put down the mirror, glanced at the clock, even glanced out of the window (she was much closer to me than I am now to you), and then flew back to the bed. She seized the scissors that were hanging from her girdle, and cut a hole in the top pillow, and drew from it a flock of down, which she care-

(Continued on Page 61.)

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The Year's Work of California Writers

By Sarah Connell

There has been nothing remarkable in the literary production of California during the year 1908. Few of the books brought out are destined for more than a temporary popularity, and no new writers of note have sprung into view. Early in the year we were informed of the intention of Joaquin Miller to establish a colony of poets at the Heights, and after Jack London's ill health forced him to abandon his voyage it was reported that he, too, was going in for intensive literary farming at Glen Ellen. Perhaps it is too early to look for crop returns yet, but up to the present writing there has been no notable effect on the market. Mrs. Carolan's Persian poet, Mirza Ali Kuhli Khan, spoke in such glowing terms of the already established colony at Carmel that real estate prices began to soar at once and fortunate owners looked out in the morning expecting to find the Tree of Knowelge in full bloom on their lawns, but as yet, climate has done less for the literary colonists than hard work and inspiration accomplishes less than old fashioned stick-to-it-iveness. Mrs. Alice McGowan and Grace McGowan Cooke, formerly members of Upton Sinclair's Helicon Hall experiment, are late additions, and Mr. Sinclair himself was a sojourner during the early part of the year, when some of his plays were being sumptuously staged. The dramatic productions were not successful from a financial view point and the author, who has since complained bitterly of our abominable climate, where it rained in winter, shook the dust—or the mud—from his feet and betook himself to Michigan. Gertrude Atherton spent the greater part of the year in California, a large part of the time on the summit of Tamalpais, where she was at work on her new book which will be one of Macmillan's early spring productions. From time to time she launched forth in the daily papers on the subject of culturines and their behavior at public entertainments, but it is doubtful whether her drastic and much needed scathings will have any effect on those who called them forth. Frederick Stimson (J. S. of Dale), Frederick Isham, George Ade, Jacob A. Riis, S. S. McClure and John Burroughs were amongst other temporary sojourners, and Miriam Michelson came home to lend a hand in our political troubles. Her novel, "Michael Thwaite's Wife," dealt with the question of the hour, a reformer, but as yet Miss Michelson has produced nothing to satisfy the promise held forth by her earliest work.

The Irwins, all three of them, were in evidence. The "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy," the work of Wallace Irwin, has been hailed as one of the greatest feats of humor ever produced and sustained, not excepting even Peter Findley Dunn's "Dooley." Mrs. Grace Luce Irwin's "Dairy of a Show Girl" received the recognition which it demanded, while Will Irwin's realistic "Confessions of a Con Man" is an addition to the literature of roguery. Gellett Burgess, whose name links itself naturally with that of the Irwins, gave us "Lady Mechante," which, however, is not to be placed on the same shelf as his "Heart Line" of two years ago. Hermann Whittaker's "Planter" is easily the best work of any Californian, unless a possible exception is found in Mr. London's "Martin Eden," but except for the one fact that they are both to be classified as fiction, there is nothing else in common between them on which to base a comparison. Mr. Whittaker's novel is the outcome of his sojourn in Mexico and deals with the experience of a rubber planter and the horrible conditions of the virtual slavery under which the industry is carried on. Mr. London's story comes so near to being a recital of his own biography during the years of his upward struggle that his detractors have been sadly hampered in dealing with it. They have been unable to point out the impossibilities and absurdities of the narrative because the author is in a position to refute them in his own person. Mr. London has contributed a number of short stories to the magazines, the results of his sojourn amongst the South Sea islands. Another good story of earlier days in San Francisco, "Behind the Closed Door," was the work of Miss Lucia Chamberlain, whose improvement, since her first production, "The Blue Moon," in collaboration with her sister, Miss Esther, is marked and steady. Miss Esther died at the close of last year.

A complete new edition of Ambrose Bierce's works was issued but at a price which recalls the famous saying of some author, that his own works were too expensive for him to afford. It is not that one would place a limit on the value of a book but sometimes there are other considerations than the desire of possession to be thought of. "Write it Right" is a late production of this author, a treatise on the use of words and if a familiarity with its contents could be made an enforced requisite for every writer, English literature and language would be the gainer. A new edition of Joaquin Miller's poems may have had something to do with the theatrical posings of their creator, since anything is legitimate in these days of self-advertisement. John Muir's dog story, "Stickeen," made its appeal to the few, Grace McGowan Cook's pen has been kept busy with stories of the Tennessee mountaineers, E. W. Townsend, whom we still claim as Californian, published one book, "The Climbers," and George Sterling's much-discussed "Wine of Wizardry" came out in book form.

The Portola Carnival was seized upon as the psychological moment of its queen, Miss Vergilia Bogue, for launching her "Strength to Yield," and as it has achieved the distinction of being condemned by club women and sequestrated in the public libraries of the cow counties, there is reason to expect that its successor will find ready acceptance as a best-seller. Kate Douglas Wiggin has been busy with the dramatization of her "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," the best girl's book since "Little Women." The play, which includes the events related in the "New Chronicles of Rebecca," has been put together under the joint labor of the author and Miss Charlotte Thompson, and the reception accorded to it on its appearance gives hope that the drama is as good as the book. "Susanna and Sue," a story of the Shakers, is Mrs. Wiggin's contribution to the year's literary output.

Will Irwin put us under obligations to him in collecting a few of the remaining short stories left by Frank Norris, into a volume under the title "The Third Circle." Being amongst the earliest productions of that lamented author, it was not to be expected that they would add new laurels to his fame, but his unknown friends, the readers, are only too well pleased to have the fragments gathered up to be laid away in the rosemary of remembrance.

James Hopper's "Trimming of Goosie" seems to be a light bit of fluff and featherdown, as far as possible from the gruesome "9009" of last year. The mention of Mr. Hopper's name recalls that curious entanglement in his nationality revealed when he had occasion to apply for a passport to France, and discovered the possibility of his being liable for military duty because of his French birth and unnaturalized American residence.

It was reported as early as last winter that Edward Greenway was contemplating the publication of his memoirs, and society was agog and apprehensive in con-

(Continued on Page 63.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Once More---The Palace Hotel

By James King Steele

Since the opening of the Palace Hotel in 1875 when, under orders from William Sharon "no expense was spared to make it the best house in the world," it has occupied a peculiar position. Here on the western shore of the continent, it was the last place of American comfort which the outgoing traveler enjoyed. In like manner it was the first place of welcome for the one returning from foreign shores. Because it held this unique position and maintained it for years by a constantly better service and equipment, the news of the burning of the Palace came as a blow to thousands scattered over the world. Here in San Francisco, and in fact throughout the entire coast, the Palace was for years the center of things social, political, industrial and financial. Here the political victories of the early days were planned, careers started and ended and vast industrial enterprises launched. Here the men who had made millions gathered and enjoyed themselves, as did other pleasure seekers from every land.

THE GENIUS OF THE PALACE

John C. Kirkpatrick, manager of the new hostelry, is one of the most noted Bonifaces in the world, for he has entertained the famous men of all countries in the years during which he has presided over the Palace.

When the Palace Hotel opened in 1875 there were 275 names on its register the first night, the first being that of Leland Stanford. Warren Leland, one of the Leland brothers who had been noted the country over for their hotels, was the manager, having been brought out by Mr. Ralston from Long Branch, N. J., where he was operating the Ocean House. The erection of the Palace Hotel was due to William Ralston who owned the land on the corner and decided to build the hotel there. The land was valued at $400,000 and when the hotel was completed it represented an investment of $1,000,000, being one of the largest in the country. It had 850 rooms and 437 bath rooms—at that time an unprecedented number. An early account of the first dinner given in the Palace brings out most of the names prominent in the city's history. I quote from one who was present at that auspicious opening:

"The first party to enter the dining room at the first formal dinner at the Palace was Charles Crocker, accompanied by his wife and daughter, Hattie (married to C. B. Alexander of New York in 1888), and two of his sons, Will and George. Then came General John F. Miller and Mrs. Miller, with their son and daughter (now the wife of Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N.) Others who registered at the Palace as permanent boarders and were seated at the first dinner were Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and daughter Eva (now Mrs. Clinton E. Worden), and Miss Hattie Mansfield, a sister of Mrs. Towne, who afterwards married a well-to-do merchant of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Goodman and Mr. and Mrs. John Corning.

"Among the first permanent boarders at the Palace were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main who for twenty-two years had a fine suite of rooms on the third floor on Market; Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. McDermott; Nicholas Luning, the capitalist, son and two daughters; Drury Melone and wife, the latter the eldest daughter of Woodward of Woodward Gardens, and a strikingly fine looking woman; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Castle, consid-

THE MARBLE CORRIDOR

Showing the artistic simplicity of the passageways which flank the great Central Court.

ered at that time the most beautiful Jewess in San Francisco; William Sharon, the owner of the Palace and his son, Fred, who married the divorced wife of young Breckinridge, who died in Fresno about ten years ago and daughter, Flora, who became the wife of Sir Thomas Hesketh in 1882; John W. Mackay; Dr. McNulty and wife; Morris M. Estee, always prominent in politics and

THE PRIDE OF THE CITY

This view of the Palace gives an excellent idea of the graceful architectural lines on which the new hotel has been constructed.

twice beaten for Governor; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Coit (the latter the dashing Lillie Hitchcock); Dr. and Mrs. Hitchcock; Admiral McDougall and his famously beautiful daughter Nopie, now Mrs. LeBreton of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills and daughter; General and Mrs. Barnes and their two sons; Judge and Mrs. Sawyer; Trainor W. Park, the president of the Panama Railroad; General J. F. Houghton and his two very pretty daughters and many others not so readily remembered, nor so well known.

"I lived at the Palace twelve years—from 1878 to 1890—and call to mind many of the permanent boarders of those days. There were Senator and Mrs. Hager and their two sons and two little girls—the eldest son being Frank Hicks, the popular clubman of this city; Albert Jenckes, the artist, and his wife and two of his daughters, the younger one, Nellie Trowbridge, now the wife of Walter Newhall of Los Angeles; Charlie Sontag and his very showy and cultivated wife; "Sandy" Austin, city treasurer, who became a defaulter and killed himself; a handsome broker and his handsome wife named Marks; a professional gambler named Taylor, a man of excellent manners and good habits, with his wife and five children sat near the door.

"One of the jolliest tables in the room was made so by the presence regularly at dinner of Paymasters of the Navy Cockran and Wood and Paydirector James Fulton who in 1879 married Miss Belle Mallard of this city. At another table were Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Hermann, he a straight, tall and elderly Creole, an unreconstructed rebel, but very fond of our army and navy officers, and one of the most charming men I have ever met. At this table also sat Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Tucker of Virginia—the Beverly Tucker for whom our Government offered a reward of $100,000 after the war, but who was really no better nor worse than Lee or Longstreet.

"Next to Mr. and Mrs. Herman's table were Mr. and Mrs. W. Chapman and daughter, the young lady who in 1884 married Jesse, the youngest son of General Grant. In the middle of the room sat one of the brevet wives of the muchly-married Sewing Machine Singer, and her four daughters and son, all very good looking, well mannered and well educated and rich; two of the daughters married English noblemen, two are dead and the handsome boy went to Monte Carlo and in a single evening won 400,000 francs and the next week lost it all and then killed himself. Old Josiah Belden and Mrs. Belden and their son and two daughters, formerly of San Jose, lived at the Palace for many years. So did Judge and Mrs. Ross and their son, and also Justice Stephen M. Field and Mrs. Field, when not in Washington.

"But what a multitude of great and distinguished people the Palace has housed during the past thirty years. Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Howard, McClellan, Schofield and Miles, Longstreet, Joe

THE GOLDEN BALL ROOM

In this exquisite ball room of the new hotel the great social affairs of San Francisco are destined to take place. The picture is designed to show the decorative scheme of the ceiling.

THE LARGEST RANGE IN THE WORLD

This view of the Palace kitchen shows the ranges, fifty feet long, over which fifty cooks will preside in order that guests may be supplied with every conceivable dainty that their palates demand.

Johnson, Gordon, Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, Presidents Hayes, Harrison and Roosevelt, Morgan of Alabama, Frye of Maine, Joe Brown of Georgia, Fenton of New York, and hundreds of other senators and congressmen; Dana and Amos Cummings of the Sun, Pulitzer of the World, Jones of the Times and Reid of the Tribune, Medill of the Chicago Tribune, Crosby Noyes of the Washington Star, James Gordon Bennett and scores of other distinguished journalists; George Augustus Sala, George Alfred Townsend, Beecher, Talmage, Moody, Henry Irving, Booth, Barrett, Patti, Proctor, De Lesseps, Stevenson, James, Kipling, Hawthorne, Haggard, Melba, Jeremiah Black, Andy Curtin, C. P. Huntington, George Gould, Harriman, Hill, Fish, and thousands of others.

"There were often at one time, from 1875 to 1885, 800 permanent guests at the Palace, and among them many very pretty girls. Miss Dora Miller was fair and sweet looking, and her chum, Miss Mary Eddy, was extremely chic and vivacious; both were daughters of army officers and both married navy officers. Miss Nellie Wood was a petite brunette and considered by many the prettiest girl in San Francisco. The Misses Houghton were very pretty, and the younger divided honors with Miss Aileen Ivers, one of the most bewitching maids in California. One of the Belden girls was considered quite pretty, and Miss Towne and Miss Chapman had many admirers. Flora Sharon was a perfect rosebud, and her dearest friend, Bessie Sedgwick, (now the beautiful Mrs. Thos. Dargie), had a most attractive face and manner. Miss Chamberlain was a stately blonde and created a sensation in London as an American beauty. Miss Nettie Tubbs was also stately and beautiful, and became the wife of Lieutenant Oyster. The youngest of the Singer girls was a perfect blonde and remarkably sweet looking and pretty. Nellie Trowbridge was extremely witty and otherwise attractive and full of mirth. Miss Estee was a bit thoughtful looking, prettily plain, with fine eyes and mouth. Miss Peters was chubby and pretty. But in my opinion the most beautiful girl of all was Miss Schmiedell, tall and straight as a spear, with lovely eyes and hair and the carriage of a youthful queen. A number of these Palace maids are grandmothers now!"

The present Palace is built on the same general lines as the old hotel. Its Central Court 140 feet by 88 feet, is still the great feature. This court, however, instead of extending the full eight stories as before has its great domed roof of leaded glass brought down to the third floor level. This makes every room in the house an outside room—a vast improvement over the former arrangement. Another slight departure from the old plan is the arrangement of the dinning places—the men's grill is to the north of the Central Court, the main restaurant is on the south side, with the banquet room on the south side of it. The ball room—a superb golden room of the Louis XVI period—is in the old place on Jesse and Annie streets, with its own separate carriage entrance as before.

Along the Jesse street side are small banquet rooms, ladies' parlors, reception and dressing rooms. Another department for ladies' use is the reception room and gallery on the second floor overlooking the court at the east end and the ladies' parlor on the New Montgomery street side.

The main restaurant is a stately apartment in a wonderful shade of gray and gold. Its cheery carpet and upholsteries and white napery make a pleasing picture.

The men's grill is a room of vast size and splendid arching ceiling with the electric grill and coal ranges at the west end.

The kitchens are marvels of efficiency and convenience and are located, as before, along the Annie street side. No other hotel in the world has so complete an arrangement. In most of the hotels and cafes the kitchens are located down stairs, or far away from the dining rooms, but Colonel Kirkpatrick insisted that these should be as they are, and this fact is the continued guarantee of the excellence of the Palace Hotel service, which has been famous for thirty years in two hemispheres.

The Palace has 700 rooms and 670 bath rooms. On the second, seventh and eighth floors are located the "royal suites" which present the highest examples of elegance and luxury in hotel life. These apartments have from four to ten connecting rooms, consisting of reception salon, dining rooms, parlors, bed rooms, etc. They are beautifully decorated and richly furnished and present the acme of modern hotel luxury.

Two Poems in Prose

By Charles Baudelaire

WHAT IS TRUTH?

I once knew a certain Benedicta whose presence filled the air with the ideal and whose eyes spread abroad the desire of grandeur, of beauty, of glory, and of all that makes man believe in immortality.

But this miraculous maiden was too beautiful for long life, so she died soon after I knew her first, and it was I myself who entombed her, upon a day when spring swung her censer even in the burial-ground. It was I myself who entombed her, fast closed in a coffin of perfumed wood, as uncorruptible as the coffers of India.

And, as my eyes rested upon the spot where my treasure lay hidden, I became suddenly aware of a little being who singularly resembled the dead; and who, stamping the newly-turned earth with a curious and hysterical violence, burst into laughter, and said: "It is I, the true Benedicta! It is I, the notorious drab! As the punishment of your folly and blindness you shall love me as I truly am."

But I, furious, replied: "No!" The better to emphaise my refusal I struck the ground so violently with my foot that my leg was thrust up to the knee in the recent grave, and I, like a wolf in a trap, was caught perhaps for ever in the Grave of the Ideal.

THE MARKSMAN

As the carriage traversed the wood he bade the driver draw up in the neighborhood of a shooting gallery, saying that he would like to have a few shots to kill time. Is not the slaying of the monster Time the most ordinary and legitimate occupation of man? So he gallantly offered his hand to his dear, adorable, and execrable wife; the mysterious woman to whom he owed so many pleasures, so many pains, and perhaps also a great part of his genius.

Several bullets went wide of the proposed mark, one of them flew far into the heavens, and as the charming creature laughed deliriously, mocking the clumsiness of her husband, he turned to her brusquely and said: "Observe that doll yonder, to the right with its nose in the air, and with so haughty an appearance. Very well, dear angel, 'I will imagine to myself that it is you!'"

He closed both eyes and pulled the trigger. The doll was neatly decapitated.

Then, bending towards his dear, adorable, and execrable wife, his inevitable and pitiless muse, he kissed her respectfully upon the hand, and added, "Ah, dear angel, how I thank you for my skill!"

PLAYERS WHO STOPPED AT THE OLD PALACE

All of the actors and actresses in this group were famous in their day and many of them are immortal. The following key will enable readers to identify these old favorites:

1. Mrs. Jas. A. Oates.
2. Harry Edwards.
3. Mad. Leonowa.
4. John T. Raymond.
5. Jos. Maas.
6. Emma C. Thursby.
7. Billy Crane.
8. Neilson.
9. W. S. Carleton.
10. Mrs. Judah.
11. J. C. Williamson.
12. May Howard.
13. E. J. Buckley.
14. Bella Pateman.
15. Barton Hill.
16. Annie Beaumont.
17. Ilma de Murska.
18. Carrie Wyatt.
19. M'lle Anna de Belocca
20. Maggie Moore.
21. N. Long.
22. Wm. Mestayer.
23. Fanny Davenport.
24. Nellie Cummings.
25. Maggie Mitchell.
26. Signor Taghapietra.
27. Jeffreys Lewis.
28. Emma Waller.
29. Annie Pixley.
30. Frank Lawlor.
31. Anna Elzer.
32. Jacob Mueller.
33. Madame Fabbri.
34. Eleanor Carey.
35. Alice Dunning.
36. George Rignold.
37. Mad. Janauschek.
38. Charlotte LeClercq.
39. Chas. Pope.
40. Ellie Wilton.
41. Mary L. Young.
42. Dickie Lingard.
43. Alice Kingsbury.
44. Charlotte Thompson.
45. Boucicault.
46. Chas. Fechter.
47. Marie Gordon.
48. Alice Harrison.
49. Nelson Decker.
50. Frank Chantrau.
51. Mary Anderson.
52. T. W. Florence.
53. H. J. Montague.
54. John McCullough.
55. Mrs. Chanfrau.
56. Edwin Booth.
57. Mme. Ristori
58. Barry Sullivan.
59. Edwin Adams
60. Jennie Lee.
61. Billy Emerson.
62. Mrs. Mary Gladstane.
63. Louis L. James.
64. John Wilson.
65. Parepa Rosa.
66. Theodore Wachtel.
67. Winnetta Montague.
68. Tom Keene.
69. Lawrence Barrett.
70. Edwin Forrest.
71. Joe Emmett.
72. Katy Mayhew.
73. Emily Rigl.
74. Marie Aimee.
75. Lewis Morrison.
76. E. A. Sothern.
77. C. B. Bishop.
78. Horace Lingard.
79. Wm. Castle.
80. Mrs. Bowers.
81. Geo. Chaplin.
82. Mme. Zelda Seguin.
83. Maurice Barrymore.
84. Jas. W. Wallack.
85. Jas. O'Neil.
86. Geo. Fawcett Rowe.
87. Theodore Habelman.
88. Louisa Hawthorne.
89. Stephen Massett-Jeems-Pipes.
90. Mrs. Richings Bernard.
91. Minnie Walton.
92. Hattie Roach.
93. Frank Mayo.
94. Joe Murphy.
95. Emily Melville.
96. Julia Dean.
97. W. Peakes.
98. James Lewis.
99. Clara Morris.
100. Catherine Rodgers.
101. M. A. Kennedy.
102. Theresa Careno Sauret.
103. Lotta.
104. Gertie Granville.
105. John Jack.
106. Mrs. Scott-Siddons.
107. Robert Pateman.
108. Tony Pastor.
109. John Mortimer
110. Owen Marlowe.

The Spectator

The Reticence of McCarthy

Since his election to office Mr. P. H. McCarthy has made a record for taciturnity, which is all the more remarkable in his case inasmuch as he has a talent for oratory. Orators are usually loquacious. The average orator has an ear greedy for the sound of his own voice, but Mr. McCarthy seems to have developed a taste for the eloquence of discretion, which is silence. Except on one or two occasions of a public nature, when, in response to an invitation to contribute to a postprandial flow of soul, he gave utterance to a few glittering and satisfying generalities, his tongue so far as the public knows, has shown no disposition to become wanton or luxuriate. So far as political patronage is concerned he has enveloped himself in an impenetrable cloak of silence, and at this writing the newspapers have not been able to get so much as a hint as to the policy he is pursuing in the selection of an official family. Apparently the persons—if any there are—that have been taken into his confidence, are as successful as himself at emulating the oyster. But the Mayor-elect has not been so studiously averse to discussing his policies as newspaper readers have reason to believe. One night recently he outlined one of his policies with frankness and considerable emphasis, and while doing so he commanded the undivided attention of his hearers upon whom he made a very deep impression. The policy outlined on that occasion has reference to the newspapers, which is probably the reason why the newspapers have not seen fit to give it publicity.

A Popular Policy

Mr. McCarthy's enunciation of his policy in regard to the press was unpremeditated, but it was nevertheless forceful and edifying. It was made at an impromptu symposium which was held at a late hour on the night of the opening of the Palace Hotel. After withdrawing from the celebration of that notable event the Mayor-elect joined some prominent citizens who were engaged in talking it over. In this little coterie the press was represented. While the intellectual graces were expanding themselves colloquially, a casual remark that came to the surface in the eddies of conversation incited Mr. McCarthy to a discussion of newspapers, and he gave utterance to some sentiments indicative of a spirit of independence that is not to be subdued by the usual methods employed by the dailies when engaged in dictating the policies of public officials. The Mayor-elect announced that it was his intention to conduct municipal affairs according to his own lights, and to have not the slightest regard for the whims or interests of those newspapers whose editorial policies are shaped in the business office. He intimated moreover that he was prepared to exact fair treatment from the press. A tentative demurrer was interposed to some of Mr. McCarthy's epigrammatic observations touching the relation between pocket and principle, but it was overruled and the objectionable observations were amplified, supplemented and illustrated with pertinent instances so pat and so far beyond contradiction that no effort was made to join issue. At the close of the discussion it was the censensus of opinion that so far as his newspaper policy is concerned the new Mayor has adopted a wise and popular principle.

The Struggle For a Chairmanship

There are three candidates for the chairmanship of the finance committee of the incoming Board of Supervisors, and the contest is attracting a deal of attention because it is believed that the outcome will be a matter of considerable significance. The three candidates are Loughery, Kelly and Nelson. Loughery has the backing of Michael Casey, and Nelson, it is believed, is grooming for the job under the auspices of the Mayor-elect, while Kelly, who is President of the Labor Council, is depending on his own personal influence. There is no expectation of a clash between McCarthy and Casey, for they are on the most cordial terms, but in the event of Casey's man winning out the conclusion will be drawn that he is to be vouchsafed prodigious power under the new dispensation. During McCarthy's term the Board of Public Works, of which Casey is President, will handle an immense lot of patronage, and if in the distribution of it nothing occurs to damp the ardor of existing friendships experienced politicians will be greatly surprised.

The History of Fire and Earthquake

Professor Henry Morse Stephens' "History of the Fire and Earthquake" is a work that ought to excite a great deal of interest. It will doubtless be accepted as the only truthful and accurate history of the events with which Professor Stephens deals, for in a sense it is an official record of what happened in April, 1906, and of what was done by the commitees that had charge of the work of relieving distress and bringing order out of chaos. Aside from the importance of the work as an historical production, it is of value as a literary performance, for Professor Stephens is a man of rare literary ability. He is no writer of slapdash history; nor does he content himself with the dry as dust tabulation of facts. He abominates hackwork. He exhibits a scholarship remarkably comprehensive in its range, and a style that flows pleasantly and never jars. In all his work there is ingenuity of analysis and an imaginative sympathy with ideas which gives it the unmistakable stamp of quality. With him plan and execution are perfect, and one cannot but admire the sharply delineated and vivid representation of what he chooses to represent. Unquestionably the demand for "The History of Fire and Earthquake" will be so large that the book will run through many editions; that is, if it ever comes out, for be it known this is not a review of the work. The fact is the work has not yet appeared. It has been on the point of appearing several times ever since the spring of 1907, and consequently keen expectation has suffered frequent disappointment. The cause of the delay? That is something beyond my power of enlightenment; but as I have said Professor Stephens is no writer of slapdash history. He is devoted to the secluded life of pure research, and research is slow work. Since starting his history Professor Stephens has dashed off a beautiful grove play for the Bohemian Club, but writing a drama is child's play compared with writing the melancholy history of our disaster and the thrilling history of the part played in subsequent events by some of our leading citizens. It is said in explanation of Professor Stephens' apparent slowness that he has had a most difficult time trying to verify reports of the great achievements of some of the

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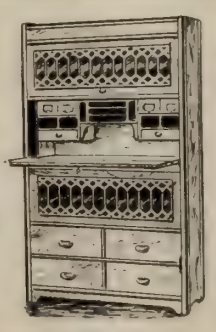

little gentlemen who think they did all that was worth doing, but who ought to consider themselves very lucky if he has succeeded in putting a coat of whitewash over their performances in connection with the distribution of the Relief Fund. Professor Stephens is now in Europe. Where the book so full of promise is to be found nobody knows.

Does mistletoe bear fruit?
Yes, my son, very often. Forbidden fruit.

Mrs. Atherton's New Novel

The novel on which Gertrude Atherton was engaged during her recent stay in this city will be called "Tower of Ivory." The novelist's choice of this title was made after many others had been tried and found wanting. It gained her approval, I am told, simply because it embodied what might be called a spiritual motif underlying the romance which she has written. The story has to do with the career of a great singer but aside from that nothing can be told, as Mrs. Atherton guards the secret of her themes very closely. When Mrs. Atherton was entertaining Miss Maude Fay here a ridiculous story got about that the beautiful and talented San Francisco girl was the heroine of her novel. This bit of gossip was very distasteful both to Mrs. Atherton and to Miss Fay and they both denied it most emphatically.

A Memory of Senator Sharon

Happening into the Press Club the other day I met Captain "Billy" Barnes there and asked him if he remembered the opening of the old Palace Hotel, for I knew that he had attended the famous inaugural dinner with his father, General W. H. L. Barnes. Captain Barnes said that he was too young at the time to be properly impressed with the affair, but he has a recollection of living at the old Grand and watching the masons at work on the walls of the Palace. The captain said that he still retained a vivid memory of Senator Sharon and particularly of one rencounter with him. It was in the Palace court where Senator Sharon was shuffling along in the Arctic footgear which he was compelled to wear because his fatal malady made it impossible for him to walk in ordinary shoes. "Senator," said young Barnes, "you are not looking well today." "And I am not feeling well, either," replied the senator; "I have just lost the last pleasure in life. Dropped $2500 in a poker game with Mackay and the rest of the crowd a little while ago and don't feel the least regret about my loss."

A New One About Daniel Webster

Captain Barnes has earned the distinction of being the best raconteur of the newspapermen's club and he vindicates his right to that proud honor whenever he is in reminiscent mood. For instance, he told me a story about Daniel Webster which has never been published, although the biographers and memoir writers have covered the ground with unusual thoroughness. As a youngster General Barnes, the father of Captain Barnes, was a clerk in the law office of Charles O'Connor, the brilliant Irish lawyer who was at the top of his profession in New York in those great old days. One afternoon O'Connor who had just been retained in an important case, called young Barnes into his sanctum and said: "Mr. Barnes, take this check for $1,000 to the New York Hotel, find Mr. Daniel Webster and ask him to accept it as his retaining fee in such-and-such a case." A fee of $1.000 was an enormous one in those simpler times and Barnes departed for lower Broadway to the historic New York Hotel with proper appreciation of the importance of his errand. He found the great statesman in his usual position at the bar, drew him aside, presented the check and explained the nature of the case. Webster examined the check with a Jovian frown, folded it and tucked it into his waistcoat pocket, saying: "Very well, young man, inform Mr. O'Connor that I shall appear in this case." No sooner had Barnes returned to the office than O'Connor told him that the case had been compromised and sent him back to the hotel to inform Webster that his services would not be necessary and also to recover the check. Webster was still at the bar when young Barnes returned and allowed the lad to interrupt his potations long enough to explain the new aspect of matters. He was silent until Barnes asked for the check; then slowly drawing it from his pocket, unfolding it and studying it for a moment, he said: "Tell Mr. O'Connor that in the circumstances I will charge no further fee." With an impressive wave of the hand he repocketed the check and the incident was closed.

The Authorship of "Fate"

A subscriber writes to this paper to inquire the authorship of the poem "Fate" which was published in Town Talk last week by request. That is a difficult question. I would as soon attempt to settle the question of the authorship of "Hurrah For The Next That Dies," "Laugh And The World Laughs With You" or the Letters of Junius as to speak with authority on this subject. "Fate" is such a beautiful poem that many people have thought that it was just the sort of thing of which they were capable and they have accordingly affixed their names to it. For instance, it was published in the scholarly and carefully edited Saturday Review of London for January 18, 1908, over the name of one G. E.

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Edmundson. Under his name appeared "Bucamaranga, 1907," giving the impression that Mr. Edmundson composed this masterpiece in that far-off South American city some time during the year preceding its publication. Of course the poem was written long before 1907 and it looks as though Mr. Edmundson was either hoaxing or buncoing the scholarly and carefully edited weekly aforesaid.

Milton Royle's Opinion in the Matter

Several years ago Edwin Milton Royle, before "The Squaw Man" and other plays had made him wealthy and internationally famous, appeared in vaudeville in a sketch of his own writing called "Friends" in the course of which he recited this poem of "Fate." He played "Friends" at the Orpheum, by the way, giving Ashton Stevens a chance to proclaim his great talent for playwriting long before other dramatic critics paid much attention to him. The poem was published on the vaudeville program with a note from Royle expressing his thanks to the unknown author for the opportunity of using it. The last time I met Royle I asked him if he had ever discovered the authorship. He smiled and told me that he had been swamped with letters from claimants, but he added that as nearly as he could determine, the best claim was that of Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding. That of course was before Mr. Edmundson had claimed the poem by contributing it to the Saturday Review of London. All I can add is that the New York Times' query editor has on several occasions attributed the poem to Mrs. Spalding. If any reader can throw light on the subject I will be glad to place the columns of Town Talk at his disposal.

What did you get for Christmas?
I got a seat in a street car.
Nonsense! don't exaggerate!

A Suggestion for the Exposition People

The fact that Dr. Rupert Blue is about to leave this city on a four months' leave of absence and that the military authorities may find work for him to do thereafter which will keep him away from this city for several years reminds me that I have a suggestion to make to the men who are laying the plans for the great exposition to be held here on the completion of the Panama Canal. Every world's fair needs a director of sanitation; why should not San Francisco put in a bid for the services of Dr. Blue for that position? Of course there will be a medical director who will undoubtedly be a local physician competent to handle that department of the exposition work; but the director of sanitation should be a man of national fame who has gathered experience in coping with sanitary problems in various parts of the country. I believe that Dr. Blue is just the man for the place. He was the director of sanitation at the Jamestown Exposition of 1907 and made a record there of the most enviable kind. The dangers which confronted the exposition people in Jamestown lurked in the menace of malaria, typhoid and smallpox and all of these dread diseases were effectively prevented by the masterly precautions adopted by Dr. Blue. Owing to the shortage of funds Dr. Blue was not provided with an adequate staff of assistants and had to do most of the field and office work himself; yet no executive function was more thoroughly performed or won such hearty praise. It will be remembered that Dr. Blue came from Jamestown directly to San Francisco to take charge of the plague situation and it is a matter of history how efficiently he cleaned up this city. As a result of his work this city is today regarded by sanitation experts as the cleanest in the world. I don't imagine that Dr. Blue would be very eager to tackle another job like that of Jamestown, but if the proper representations were made I am pretty sure that he might be induced to come here for the work. There are several big sanitation problems before Congress and Dr. Blue will be assigned to some of them, without doubt, so the directors of our exposition should put in a bid for his services in 1915 without delay.

Suspicious Bankers

"Today I had the queerest experience of my whole career as a bank employe," a well-known banking clerk said to me last Thursday, the day after the opening banquet of the Palace Hotel "Some time ago friends of mine came to me and insisted that I be present at the opening banquet at the Palace. I did not want to go, because I am not very fond of banquets and besides I really could not afford to pay the big fee. But I allowed myself to be dragooned into attending. This morning my name appeared in the list of those present and before noon the officials of the bank had an expert at work on my books."

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The Whine of a Barnstormer

Another actor-r has discovered that San Francisco is a jay town. Wright Lorimer is his name. He is the pet of one-night stands from the heart of the Middle West to the sundown rim of this glorious continent. Mr. Lorimer came to San Francisco to introduce to us what he calls "a play with an uplift," a play entitled "The Shepherd King." This play was received with great enthusiasm everywhere within the circumference of the Chautauqua Circle, but here in San Francisco where there is not much of the sweetness and but faint flickers of the light that Matthew Arnold deemed essential to a high civilization, "The Shepherd King" excited not half the interest that has been excited from time to time by kings of the turf and kings of the opium ring and kings of the tenderloin and other monarchs indigenous to the home of democracy and popular at prices ranging from ten to fifty cents. Mr. Lorimer, I suspect, made the mistake of putting too high an appraisement on his royal puppet. "The Shepherd King" was not seen for less than a quarter and the highest priced seats were $1.50. Theatregoers balked, and Mr. Lorimer sulked and waxed indignant, and on the last night of the show, after disposing of the big Philistine, the actor, quitting the role of Shepherd King appeared before the audience in his own propria persona and chided the people of San Francisco on their lack of taste and their abominable prejudice against plays that uplift. Now as I have never seen Mr. Lorimer's play I am not competent to judge whether the actor was justified in censuring us for failing to overflow the theatre and put money in his purse, but I will suggest that perhaps the reason of my failure to go to the show was the same that deterred others. My reason was that Mr. Lorimer placarded the town with bills which set forth the dictum of one William J. Bryan to the effect that "No greater play than 'The Shepherd King' had been written since 'Ben Hur.'" From these bills I drew two inferences; first, that Mr. Lorimer regarded Mr. Bryan as a competent dramatic critic; secondly, that he regarded "Ben Hur" as a great play. Everybody who knows anything about drama knows that "Ben Hur" was one of the worst pieces of claptrap that was ever put on the stage. Knowing something about the drama I concluded that Mr. Lorimer who believes that no higher praise could be given to his play than to compare it with "Ben Hur," was peddling through the country something that was hardly worth while. In all the circumstances of the matter it is intensely amusing to hear of this barnstormer setting himself up as an apostle of culture.

Teacher—Why did Abraham implore mercy for Sodom and Gomorrah?

Levy Jr.—He must have had capital invested there.

Director-General of the Fair

Already there are many candidates for the post of director-general of the Panama Canal Exposition. M. H. De Young has not announced himself as a candidate, but I hear there is a good deal of sentiment in his favor on account of his signal success in the management of the Midwinter Fair. He certainly exhibited exceptional executive genius in organizing that exposition. He conceived the idea of holding that fair and he inspired all the enthusiasm that attended it. James McNab's friends are in favor of him for director-general, and though he is not ambitious of the honors of the office, his friends are already conducting a vigorous campaign in his behalf.

McKee Rankin Sues Nance O'Neil

Nance O'Neil is having a hard struggle to free herself from the meshes of the law. Process servers have dogged her footsteps for years and if she dreamed that the winning of her suit against the Shuberts would end her days in court she was very much mistaken. This time it is her old manager, McKee Rankin, who has brought suit against the beautiful tragedienne. When the courts liberated her from the Shuberts Nance joined the forces of David Belasco, but now comes Rankin with

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the assertion that he has a prior claim on her services and the law will be invoked once more. Rankin has retained the redoubtable Colonel Kowalsky to represent him and true to his usual method, the colonel has been hinting to the newspapermen of sensational developments which will startle New York when the case comes to trial. I do not put much stock in the colonel's dark insinuations. Rankin and Miss O'Neil may fall out over the interpretation of a contract but I hardly think that there will be any recriminations of a personal kind. If there should be, I will be greatly disappointed in both of them.

Why General Barry Smiles

General Thomas S. Barry is one of the happiest men in San Francisco and his happiness has nothing whatever to do with matters of military achievement. It is the sort of cheerful feeling which comes of knowing that the passing of years has not dimmed the memory which he left behind. Fifteen years ago General Barry, then a captain of infantry, was stationed in San Francisco and was one of the choice spirits of the Bohemian Club. The other day he went to the club in company of a couple of friends and gravitated quite naturally to the bar. "Do you still serve the Barry cocktail?" he asked the mixologist who presided at that shrine of bohemianism. The functionary smiled a ready assent and concocted the tempting drink which had been named in honor of Captain Barry more than a decade ago. Is it any wonder that the general is happy?

A Poet and His Mentor

To Herman Scheffauer has come the rare distinction of having a volume of verse dedicated to him. It is a rare distinction for two reasons: Scheffauer is a poet and also he is a young poet. It is not usual for poets to dedicate their poems to poets; nor is it usual for a poet who wishes to dedicate his poems to a child of the muses to select one who has not risen to a towering height in the world of literature. When Goldsmith dedicated one of his plays to Sam Johnson Bozzy's idol was universally recognized as England's dean of letters, and the author of "She Stoops to Conquer" felt that he had done himself more honor than he could possibly do to the great oracle. Almost everywhere that we find a work of literature dedicated to a man of letters, the person to whom the compliment was paid towered above his contemporaries. The poet who has dedicated his poems to Herman Scheffauer is no mean versifier. He has written many lines that have a good deal of genuine poetic feeling, but also a good deal of the mocking fluency of phrase and metre which lures us to the verge, it would seem of poetry, only to confront us with a void. Whether from the consciousness of his limitations or through sheer modesty, this poet veils his identity with the initials "H. B. S." As he has entitled his volume of verse "Arrows of Adolescence," it is to be inferred that he is a young man, but this inference I should draw had they come from the press under any other title, for his poems have many of the echoes of Baudelaire and Swinburne that appeal especially to very young men who have persuaded themselves that they have sounded all the depths of the passion of love. "H. B. S." is a frank young man. He tells us that all his poems are "the authentic outcome of temperamental efferverscence." "God or the Devil rioted in me," he says, "and the writing of verses provides an outlet at once simpler and more subtly drastic than any other." As to his modesty I seem to be filled with doubt when I read: "This

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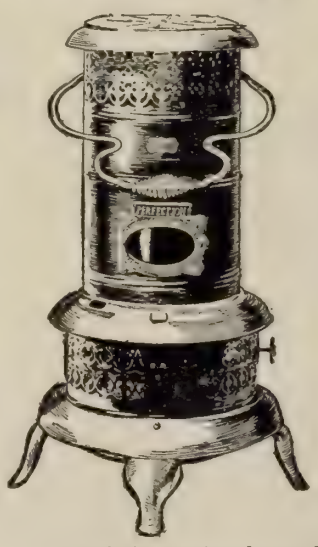
Meeting Emergencies



For the chilly mornings and evenings of early Fall and Spring or the more bitter days of Winter in the house, in the bungalow, any place where heat is needed in a hurry, the

PERFECTION Oil Heater
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fully meets the emergency—never smokes—never goes wrong—in a class all by itself.

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(Incorporated)

innate spontaneity will, I think, be corroborated by the general style of the verse, which is at times so swept away by the swing of its own impetuosity as to be somewhat callous of the claims of the smooth polish of a perfect technique; qualities are thus manifested which are susceptible of the name of ruggedness or harshness, according to the character of the individual verse and the individual critic and which the benevolent will call richness and the malicious turgidity." All this is naive and characteristic of self-confidence. It is interesting to know that this poet claims Herman Scheffauer as "my dear friend and poetical mentor." He addresses him as follows:

Oft our sorrows we would interchange,
Arm in arm through London in the night,
Through the present, past, and future range—
What we'd do, and win, and love, and write;

Naked we would strip the heart and mind,
Measure fibres, test the pounding blood,
Sing each baffling nymph for whom we pined.
Prate about the true, the great, the good:

You, my hero, highly picturesque,
Reasoned ever with your Titan soul,
I would love most blandly from my desk,
Lashing logic to a flying goal.

So these oats of wild and headlong art
Bring their fruit of somewhat purple grain,
To the poet of the grandiose heart,
From the poet of the restless brain.

Some Arrows

Being short on space I cannot give my readers many specimens of this poet's workmanship. I can only inform them that he calls on Messalina to thrill him with her magic, assuring her that Narcissns, nor Claudius, Nestor, Sitius nor Valens shall "quench the insolent furnace" of their bliss; that he assures her that her body was her "immortal harp" which was "Attuned to the immortal song of love, a song so warm it melted virtue's wax, burning the bonds of wisdom," etc., and that he apostrophized her infidelity as something to be not less proud of than the mercenary spirit which prompted her to hawk her beauty in the mart of flesh, for to her coin was "the gold of love." There are some powerful and striking lines in this poem. For example Messalina is addressed as "Thou bowl insatiate of the wine of life." The poet in his preface tells us that this poem has all the foaming violence of a mental debauch. The poet is his own critic and by means of his preface enables us to understand his purpose which is "to build up the two spheres of the human world, for it is intellect and sex that constitute the breath of existence and the blood of life."

What a shame to cut down this fine forest. What will they do with the timber?
Build a restaurant called the Forest Inn.

Pollok's Judgment

Supervisor Pollok is of the opinion that what the United Railroads needs is a change of management. It is singular that Mr. Pollok should regard himself as a competent judge of such matters. He has had a lot of experience as a manager, but the volume of it has been due apparently to a lack of appreciation on the part of those by whom he was employed. Even now he is about to lose an official job because of the dissatisfaction of the people with the kind of service that has been rendered by the official body of which he is a member. That body has spent a lot of its time harassing the officials of the United Railroads, and, as a consequence, impairing the service rendered by that corporation. What is mostly needed in this city at present is a change of government, and that we are about to get. It will be too bad if about the same time the people do not make emphatic their disapproval of the municipal ownership scheme with which we are now threatened, and which if it be adopted will unquestionably result in creating the impression abroad that we are incorrigible. We are supposed to be eager to propitiate eastern capital, but the eastern capitalist is not hunting for investments in cities that have become addicted to municipal ownership.

The Cabinet

With the Cabinet back in the Palace Hotel, Mine Host Kirkpatrick doubtless feels that his cup of joy is filled to the brim, for the Cabinet completes the list of essentials of which the atmosphere of the famous hotel is compounded. It now remains for the Cabinet to signalize its return to its old haunts with a banquet. Indeed it remains for the Cabinet, which is the only body that truly represents the divers tints, crotchets and characteristics of San Francisco's cosmopolitanism to strike the keynote of the new era of harmony that has just dawned upon us with blinding effulgence. In the Cabinet are men that direct affairs of State; men that make

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politics and unmake politicians; men that guide the destinies of financial institutions; men that animate and vitalize the institutions of our country; men that mitigate with epigrams the oppressive seriousness of life; lawyers that keep the bar from degenerating and doctors that keep the medical profession from stagnating. In short the Cabinet is composed of men that do things, thereby affording a strong contrast to the Commonwealth Club which is composed of men that merely deliberate and resolute. There is no problem that is not solved offhand by the Cabinet—none save the problem of a pretext for a banquet. Many suggestions have been made and all have been rejected. When it was proposed to make Postmaster Fiske the motif of a banquet in recognition of his refusal of a Cabinet position on the ground that while he loved Washington, San Francisco was his affinity, it was thought that the problem was solved. But it is still pending, Fiske having demurred out of modesty and an overwhelming reluctance to enter the limelight.

That Gridiron Dinner

Some of my newspaper friends who have worked in Washington and absorbed some of the journalistic traditions there objected to my slighting reference last week to the annual Gridiron Dinner. They said that I had not done justice to the Washington correspondents. Well, let us see. I have a detailed report of the dinner before me and find that one of the big hits of the evening was the song:

> We love, we love, we love Roosevelt,
> But oh, you Taft.
> He's gone away to Africa,
> But oh, you Taft
>
> He said he would come back again
> And thereupon we laughed
> We love, we love, we love Roosevelt,
> But oh, you Taft

Now I maintain that that is a mighty poor parody and that it would not get a hearing in the Press Club of this city; it lacks "class." "Class" is the quality which one thinks of instinctively in reading of the Gridiron Dinner—it was so conspicuous by its absence. Two candidates for admission to the club posed as Cook and Peary and wrangled over their discoveries; members made up to represent Ballinger and Pinchot, Joe Cannon and Herbert Parsons, etc., were announced for boxing matches; orders were sent to the kitchen for various dishes such as "the Roosevelt Policies," "One Uncle Joe" and so on. Suffragettes broke into the banquet room but fled when the toastmaster threatened to feed them through stomach pumps. If these diversions appeal to anybody as embodying rare wit or delicious humor, I am away off in my judgment. To me they seem about on a par with the sort of doings that convulse the groundlings at a native sons' low jinks.

Merely a Reminder

The Hon. James D. Phelan has forgotten something of which I conceive it to be my duty to remind him. He has forgotten that he is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Free Library. I am persuaded of this lapse of memory on the part of our most repudiate citizen by the circumstance of his resignation from the Park Commission in anticipation of the McCarthy cleaver. It is natural to suppose that while in the melancholy mood of separating himself from his dearly beloved public service he would have abandoned the Free Library to its fate had he remembered his official connection therewith. It is barely possible that Mr. Phelan has suffered no lapse of memory in this matter; that he did not resign

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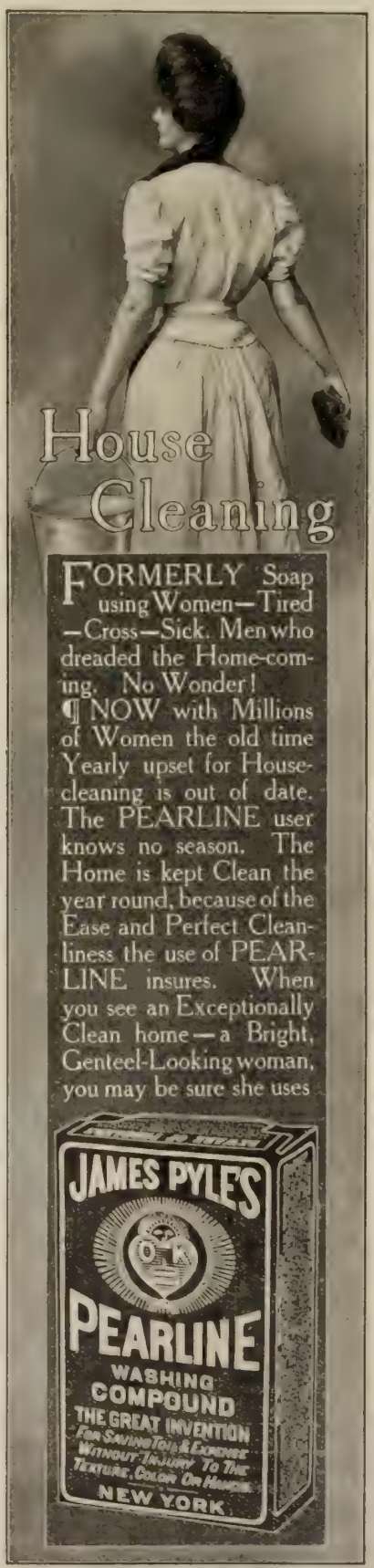

from the Free Library board because he is under the delusion that as a trustee he is in the nature of an irremovable barnacle, but if so his mind is likely to be purged long before he finds himself in Maxim's merry throng. Mr. Phelan, by the way, is going to Europe with a view to being recalled from as long a distance as possible. He is still under the impression that his potentialities as a saviour are illimitable.

Lucky Mr. Johnson

In the Call of Tuesday I read that a default judgment had been rendered against the city and in favor of G. E. McCrea, an architect, for $2,677. The suit was based on a claim that had been rejected both by the Board of Education and the Board of Supervisors. How did it happen that the city authorities failed to oppose this suit? The Call explains that though the complaint had been served on the indefatigable civic patriot and censor of morals, Mayor Taylor, the City Attorney was never notified of the suit. This explanation is not satisfying. How are we to account for the remissness of the whiskered gentleman who lisps in numbers and halts in verse? When Mayor Taylor labors in the service of his darling Muse it is because he has received inspiration. Are we to suppose that even his inertia when he is in the service of the people is also the result of an inspiration, the inspiration that is born of an ardent friendship. Let us hope not. But one is inclined to be fearful of the cynics who may take notice of the fact that the attorney for the man who obtained judgment by default against the city was the highly esteemed civic patriot, the Hon. Hire-Him Johnson. During the last few years Mr. Johnson has seemed to be a perpetual inspiration to public officials as well as a joy to his clients. His patriotism if not its own reward has at least brought him wonderful luck. Besides a fee from Mr. Spreckels, he has had the valuable indulgence of Mr. Langdon in criminal cases, and now we find one of his clients profiting by the neglect of Poet Taylor. Mr. Johnson's friends have reason to rejoice in his good fortune, and his enemies can wish him nothing worse than a eulogy from Judge Dunne.

Poetess of Passion—I love to be alone with my thoughts.
Prosy—Without a chaperon? How daring you are!

Too Many Santa Clauses

Santa Claus is a beloved institution but it strikes me that we have seen too much of him during the present holiday season. He has been in evidence on every block of Market street from Third and Kearny to Seventh and Jones and some blocks have had several of him. Now this is too much of a good thing. What chance have the children to believe in Santa Claus when they see him three in a row in front of a department store? I wonder what answer mothers have ready when the youngsters ask how many Santa Clauses there are? It would not be so bad if these multitudinous Santa Clauses were worthy representatives of the fine old gentleman; but they are not. In most instances they have very red noses and a beery look in the eyes and are far from clean. I do not understand how mothers can allow some of these Santa Clauses to kiss their children. The absurdity of the situation is illustrated in the evening when these furred and bearded impersonators in awkward squad formation march up Market street to their headquarters. If I were a child and saw that procession my belief in Santa Claus would die the death.

Mumm Scores a Victory

That was a terrific engagement which the embattled wine agents fought last week at the portals of the new Palace. Never did knights of old, struggling for possession of some donjon keep, lambaste one another as lustily as the agents of the vintages in their fight for recognition at the Palace opening. This hand-to-hand encounter in the Battle of Fizzwater was a stubborn and a bitter contest and fearsome were the casualties there-

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GREEN AND YELLOW

GREEN AND YELLOW

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

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of. But when the noise of the popping of corks had died away and the rattle of clashing ice buckets was hushed, it was found that Sir Ned Greenway had copped the honors of the fray. Depending less on endurance than on diplomacy Sir Ned had captured the hotel while his enemies still fought outside and Mumm reigned as the king of wines at the Palace banquet on Wednesday night and at the opening dinner of Thursday.

Telephones Indicate Growth

There is nothing more conclusive of the growth of San Francisco than the records of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company showing as they do a large and steady increase in the demand for telephones. This company's system has greatly expanded since the fire. It has put into service several thousand more phones than were in use before April, 1906, and new subscribers are coming in every day. This expansion of business is not to be attributed altogether to improvement in service, although to everybody the improvement has been obvious. No public service corporation ever made a better record for generous attention to the wants of the people. This record has been due in no small measure to the fidelity of employes, the cultivation of which is the policy of the leading officials of the company. Nobody ever hears nowadays of the discourtesy of a telephone operator, though in former years it was the constant cause of complaint. Under the present management the hello girls receive a great deal of encouragement. Their burdens have been lightened and they are allowed to take a vacation on pay. The whole telephone service has been revolutionized since Mr. E. C. Bradley took charge. Mr. Bradley was formerly connected with the Postal Telegraph Company in New York. He is one of the executors of George Crocker's will

The Latest Irish Bulls

Gilbert Chesterton says that the Irish make bulls for the same reason that the Pope issues them, a statement which only an Irishman or a British Hibernian like Chesterton can understand. But while the Pope continues at intervals to issue bulls, there are those who ignorantly think that the Irish have ceased to make them and for their benefit I am going to quote two which are brand-new. Tay Pay O'Connor addressed a meeting in Boston recently and in the course of his speech described a famous division in the House of Commons. With that ghost of a rich brogue which distinguishes him, he said: "The Tories wint out into the right hand lobby and the Liberals wint out into the lift hand lobby, and whin the House was intirely impty only the fifty Irish mimbers remained." That is a very good specimen of an Irish bull and so is the remark of a recent Lord Mayor of Dublin who said: "The exact truth about Ireland is that the country is overrun by absentee landlords."

Organist Eaton is Honored

One of the rarest distinctions in American musical circles was conferred on Louis H. Eaton, the organist of Trinity Episcopal Church, last week when he was elected a colleague of the American Guild of Organists. Musicians alone will appreciate what high honor this is. As far as I know, Wallace Sabin is the only other member of the guild in this city. Eaton's election is more than ordinarily complimentary because of the three classes of members of the guild, the fellows and associates must qualify for membership by a rigorous ex-

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The beautiful half tones with which this special holiday number of Town Talk is garnished are the work of the William Brown Engraving Company of 140 Second Street, San Francisco. They are of the very highest class. The workmanship is of an exceptionally artistic quality such as can be produced only by the employment of the very latest facilities for half tone engraving. The Brown Company boasts the very finest equipment on the coast. Before the fire the plant was located on Montgomery street and it was there completely destroyed. Mr. Brown, the president of the company, immediately went east and spent several months there studying the newest appliances in engraving and making careful selections. The company has its plant now in operation on Second street where it is handling the cream of the half tone business, and by the excellence of its productions greatly enhancing the reputation of the firm.

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amination and only the colleagues are elected without this entrance test. Now that New York has spontaneously honored Eaton, San Francisco will probably awaken to the fact that he is an exceptionally fine musician. The choice spirits of the Press Club realized that fact long ago and whenever any musical entertainment is in preparation Eaton is one of the first to be consulted.

Solving the Waiter Problem

Those who cannot dine at home or in their clubs as often as they would like to and who have exhausted all the other expedients for assuring good service on the part of waiters, might try the method of an ingenious New York man. A friend of mine who has just returned from New York went to dinner with this man in one of the big metropolitan hotels. When they sat down the New Yorker stripped a five dollar bill from a fat roll and proceeded to cut it in half. His friend asked the reason. "Well, you see," was the reply, "I always do this when I have to stay for a few days in a hotel or when I have to dine or lunch for a time at some restaurant or cafe. I find a waiter who looks promising and give him half of the bill. I tell him that if he takes good care of me I will give him the other half when I leave. I have never yet failed to get good service by this method and my idea of good service is stricter than that of most men."

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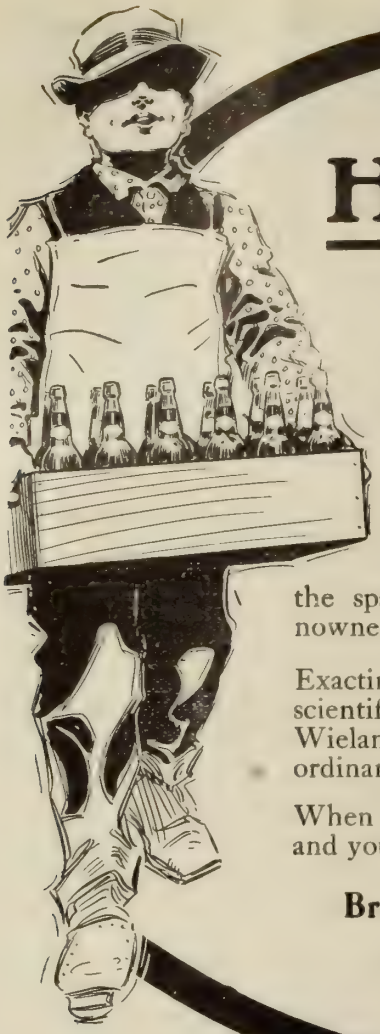
The above pens can be purchased at H. S. Crocker Co., 460 Market Street, San Francisco, and 210 "J" Street, Sacramento; Cunningham, Curtis & Welch, 565 Market Street, and Osgood Bros. Oakland, Cal.



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UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

Another Bust Controversy

Apropos McTavish's interesting article in last week's Town Talk regarding the much-discussed wax bust which the Kaiser has pronounced an undoubted masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci but which English experts insist to be the work of Richard Cockle Lucas, an artist friend reminds me of similar controversy which arrayed art sharps in ranks of bitter opposition in the middle of the last century. Although many famous artists were deceived by that bust, it was finally found to be a forgery, like the tiara of Saitapharnes. According to my artist friend, Giovanni Costa, the great Italian painter, during his stay in Florence in 1863 with his friend and brother artist, Cristiano Banti, unearthed a colored terra cotta bust in a dirty little charcoal shop. It had all the appearance of being the work of one of the great artists of the Quattrocento and after careful examination Costa and Banti bought it between them for $2,000. All the great artists and connoisseurs in Florence went to see it. Dupre, perhaps the greatest sculptor of modern Italy, was enthusiastic about it. He pronounced it a masterpiece of fifteenth century art and opined that it might be an early work of Michelangelo or of Luca Della Robbia. Lord Leighton was equally enthusiastic. Costa was anxious to have the Italian government or the city of Florence buy the bust to preserve it for Italy, but the matter hung fire for several years and after a while there arose rumors that the work was a modern forgery. The result was that Costa obtained a confession from one Bastianini who admitted having modeled the bust and completely proved his story. Great was the chagrin of the experts.

The Palace Menu

Everybody wants to know just what sort of a dinner Manager Kirkpatrick prepared for the throngs which gathered in the Palace on the opening night. Here is the menu:

Canapes Frivole
Shasta Water
Huitres de Toke au Raifort
Clysmic
Tortue Verte, a la Ralston
Cresta Blanca
Olives Amandes Salees Pecans
Asti Chianti
Timbales de Filets de Sole, Monte Carlo
Noisettes d'Agneau, Noveau Palace
Gondoles de Terrapene, a la Sharon
Spoom Granite
Champagne, G. H. Mumm & Co.
Pintades Farcies, aux Raisins
Celeris, a la Vinaigrette
Peches Parisienne
Paniers d'Excellence
Cafe Noir

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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An effort will be made to create an entertainment worthy of a New Year that welcomes Old San Francisco back again

Tables may be reserved in the Tapestry Room, Cafe, White and Gold Room

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We have all sorts of suggestions to offer you; books of every description, calendars of every kind; a grand array of pictures, framed and unframed, and art novelties galore. We have ideas for gifts to be found nowhere else and no matter who you purchase for we can satisfy you at our store.
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Ladies in the Palace Bar

None of the daily papers, in their splashing accounts of the opening of the Palace, mentioned that the real christening took place in the bar room. It was nip and tuck between the society crowd and the outsiders to be in at the real killing, and the woman or girl who failed to rest her prettily slippered feet on the rail of the bar and her bare elbows on the marble as she participated in the baptismal of the Palace, was deprived of participation in the real ceremonial that will go down in history as the opening of the new hostelry. To mention the names of those who were there would be to include just about everyone of the smart set crowd as well as the celebrities of the social world from Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Seattle and so on. They were all there and many of them did not leave until daylight. Few left

MISS SUZANNE KIRKPATRICK

One of the most fascinating of the girls who are making this winter a brilliant social season.

before two or three. Talk about the return of the "old San Francisco spirit." It simply cavorted and avalanched in its mad joy. The festivities beginning with the dinner parties on Thursday night continued uninterruptedly for at least three days. The crowd of men and women was so jammed in the bar room at one time that a certain fashionable young matron lost her beautiful braid of French blonde hair. It was real convent hair too, the most expensive of all, and must have cost not a cent less than $50. I saw her earlier in the evening, the braid encircling her trim little head, each twist held in place with a shell pin, a treacherous clasp, by the way.

Mrs. Flood's Original Gown

There seems no exhausting the capacity of the fashionable wardrobes of the haut ton of San Francisco. Night after night the grand dames of the millionaire set appear in fresh plumage, wearing costly gowns with as much indifference as their mothers wore their calico wrappers just a few years ago. At the last Greenway ball one of the most oddly original gowns was that worn by Mrs. James Flood who revels in masterpieces from the shops of the modistes. She wore a plain white satin princess, close fitting and very ample as to train and fulness about the feet. Over this simple affair were draped two black scarfs woven with tiny bits of hammered silver of Syrian workmanship, similar to the scarfs worn everywhere on all dressy occasions. But those draped over Mrs. Flood's gown were exquisitely elaborate, the silver standing out against the black in beautiful contrast. They were draped flat, like the chasuble of a priest, with the sides slightly held together

MISS LURLINE MATSON

A charming maid who has been in attendance at many of the season's most enjoyable functions.

by bands of the silvered net. The thing was daringly simple and in that maze of elaborate gowns one was struck with its wonderful beauty.

Too Tired to Dance

The second Assembly Ball at the Fairmont was unique in many ways. Saving the debutantes, everyone was too tired from the Palace frolic of the night before to dance. The girls, to keep warm, danced by themselves in the dressing rooms, and it was not until after supper that the crowd really took the ball in earnest. The music was fine, but except for half a dozen couples, no attention whatever was paid to the orchestra. Many left after the supper, too worn out to keep up a pretense. "I guess the goose that laid the golden egg was killed at the Palace last night," remarked Greenway, viewing the deserted ball room. But after supper all was different, probably because it was a tip-top supper. A magnificent diamond and pearl necklace was lost and for an hour or so it was in the keeping of the clerk at the desk of the Fairmont, everyone wondering to whom it could belong. During the supper an excited young woman called at the office to identify the bauble, and when it was presented to her, she looked so absurdly

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relieved and pleased that everyone who witnessed the episode joined in her rejoicing.

The Moribund Sunday Tea

The passing of the Sunday tea has been noted in London and at the rate at which such accidents of progress send their influence abroad another season or two may sound its local doom. It was not a long lived institution but it was a grateful one that served to introduce a note of informality into the heavy and somewhat provincial atmosphere which prevailed in the middle era of San Francisco's social history. Ten years ago it was a daring innovation. I believe the Ames girls were the first in San Francisco to hostess a Sunday tea at their hospitable home in Taylor street. Both Bessie Ames and her sister Alice who is now Mrs. Robbins of Boston, were musical and their first revolutionary function was described as a musicale. For some reason music was supposed to elevate the Sunday function above the week-day level of entertainments given solely for amusement. Later other progressive hostesses plunged boldly into the new idea and in spite of protesting sermons from fashionable pulpits the Sunday tea became a settled institution. Among the pioneers were Mrs. Jimmie Robinson, Mrs. Jack Casserly and the Tobins. In London it has died of neglect, the week-end house-party being responsible, and since many of our hostesses also have country homes and are given to week-end entertaining the San Francisco Sunday tea may soon, perforce, be abandoned.

The Crocker Garden

The grounds of the new William H. Crocker place at Burlingame are the most elaborate and attractive on the peninsula and I am told that no European landscape gardener is responsible for their beauty. The gardens were laid out after designs made by Bruce Porter of this city whose talents have heretofore been devoted to painting and stained glass window designing. Mr. Porter spent much time going over the site and studying the architect's plans, with the result that the imposing mansion has a suitable and beautiful setting. The natural charm of the surroundings has not been eliminated, as in the gardens of one millionaire resident of San Mateo who has achieved an effect of a city park with a totally extraneous Italian garden attached. The approach to the Crocker residence is by a broad drive-way that sweeps gracefully to an entrance guarded by ten massive marble pillars. The house is of cement and has fifty rooms, one of which is a handsome ball-room where society may see some brilliant functions in the debutante days of Miss Mary Ethel Crocker.

Miss Newhall's Contretemps

Miss Marian Newhall is telling an amusing story at her own expense. Be it known that this interesting young lady, among other attractions, possesses a beautiful head of curly hair which makes it unnecessary for her to wear the ever-changing false locks of capricious fashion. One day recently she was going for a motor ride with a prominent young chap, who, by the way, has been paying her marked attentions. Her pretty new hat did not exactly suit her, so she deftly pinned on some false curls which had the effect of making the costly creation quite fetching. Speeding through the park, the conversation turned on the present style of head dress. Miss Newhall was as vehement as her admiring chauffeur in condemning the extravagant modes and the conversation was as exemplary as it was spirited. But, unfortunately, in the midst of it, a sudden gust of wind caught Miss Newhall's hat and bore it away. The false curls went with it. Stopping the car the gallant chauffeur sprinted down the boulevard, captured hat and curls and returned them to Miss Newhall without the ghost of a smile.

MISS MARY ADELE CASE

The charming vocalist whose engagement to Willard Metcalfe Beam was announced recently.

Blingum Was Not Represented

Baroness Uchida, the wife of the Japanese Ambassador, made a most favorable impression on the ladies who had the good fortune to meet her at the reception given in her honor at the Fairmont. She is a graduate of Bryn Mawr and the women of the Collegiate Alumnae of this city saw to it that she was accorded all the honor one in her position merited. The reception, while

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not a large one, was attended by a score of women, most of them identified with the larger activities of the city. There was Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Francis M. Wright, Mrs. Julius Kahn and Dr. Carolyn Rosenberg. Strange to relate, one saw not a single fashionable from Burlingame. The society crowd, were they to be depended upon to express the hospitality of San Francisco at such times, would, it is feared, be obliged to send their "regrets."

The Cinderella Dance

In all the animated chatter over the present "social war," so called, with its feature of five exclusive dancing clubs and a bewildering array of patronesses, the Cinderellas have "laid low," so to speak. Now they come forward to announce that they will give but one ball during the season and, having made the announcement, relapse again into dignified silence, content that they have supplied a fresh impetus for gossip. While the polite rivalry that exists is in no sense war, it is true that the conservative twenty who make up the Cinderella patronesses are averse to anything that savors of fighting and the widespread discussion of the situation with its conflicting reports of a conspiracy to depose Czar Greenway, has been most distasteful to them; wherefore they have agreed among themselves to retire gracefully, giving one ball to prove there is no ill feeling. The first dance of a series had been planned for December 30, but when the idea of a series was abandoned and a single function of unrivaled brilliancy was decided upon, the date was changed to January 6, the scene to be laid at the Palace. "The Cinderellas" was originally a club for the younger set, which came into being five years ago and gave a series of jolly dances at Cotillon Hall. The idea then was to supplement the Greenway Assemblies with early hour dances for the young, and the name was chosen because festivities ceased and lights went out promptly at 12 o'clock. In its renaissant state, however, early hours will not be observed, and the younger set is not considered. The patronesses are chiefly of the "Menlo set' as distinguished from the "Burlingame set" which sponsors the nameless dances at the St. Francis. They are Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Percy Moore, Miss Jane Flood, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. John Brice, Mrs. William Bourn and Mrs. W. L. Elkins Jr. Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and Viscomtesse de Tristan are also patronesses but being in mourning their names do not appear on the invitations.

The Mob Cap Coiffure

As the veracious chronicler of all things down-to-date I find it necessary to record the approach of a new coiffure recently devised by a French artist and even now finding its way to popularity in New York. No doubt it will find its way to this city soon and as it has the advantage of eliminating puffs and curls to such an extent that only a very small part of the coif need be false, it should be very popular, even with those to whom it will not be becoming. To be technical, this new coiffure of severe simplicity is called the mob cap because the hair is arranged like the old-time mob cap. To effect this the hair is drawn loosely in a line with the roots, so that it has a fluffy smoothness, the ends being tucked under in such a manner that they do not show. The fewest possible number of hair-pins are used, these cleverly concealed. The hair-dressers, I am told, have anticipated requirements for this style so successfully that a woman possessing only scanty locks of her own may cover them with one of these coifs entire. One manipulation shows a soft coil binding the hair above the forehead, a few stray strands being carelessly drawn in front of it. The original arrangement was accomplished by parting the hair down the middle, then drawing it down over the ears in an uncompromising line, or by turning it back below the eye-line. In either case the ears are entirely concealed, when the long drop earrings are particularly desirable adjuncts.

The Wright-Campbell Wedding

All arrangements are about perfected for the wedding of Miss Marian Wright, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, and Henry C. Campbell. The ceremony will take place Wednesday, January 12, at the handsome home of the bride's parents, 2504 Scott street at 4 p. m. Pink will be the prevailing color. Mrs. Edward Torney, the beautiful sister of the bride, formerly Miss Jeanette Wright, will be the matron of honor. Miss Nina Curry, an intimate friend of the bride, will be the bridesmaid. Both matron of honor and bridesmaid will wear exquisite pink robes. The bride's gown of rich cream satin will be trimmed with rare lace which was worn by her grandmother on her wedding day, and was worn by her mother and sister on their wedding days also. Little Miss Louise Langley, a cousin of the bride, and Henry Rixford, nephew of the groom, son of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Rixford, will be the ribbon bearers. Mr. Campbell had desired his brother Alexander Campbell who resides in the East to attend as best man but owing to business reasons it will be impossible. As yet

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the best man has not been named. Only relatives and intimate friends to the number of 125 will be present.

Dropped Hubby's Cigarettes

My compliments to the charming young society woman who conquered an awkward situation with dignity the other day. Stepping down from a bootblack's stand she dropped her purse and out rolled her husband's cigarette case. The cigarettes were scattered over the sidewalk. Some men from the Bohemian Club were passing and assisted the young woman in gathering together her treasures. She thanked them with perfect poise and went her way with serene self-possession.

An Old Rumor Revived

Mrs. James A. Robinson chaperoned a merry party of young people to Santa Barbara last week. It was a jolly little jaunt much enjoyed by Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Helene Robinson and others who were invited. The party made use of William F. Herrin's private car. This fact has been sufficient to revive the old rumor of a romance which, it has been prophesied, may result in a marriage between Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Herrin.

Sanford Lewald Scores

It was characteristic of the wife-awake energy of Sanford Lewald to capture the honor of holding the first ball in the new Palace for his Entre Nous cotillon. Lewald is a cotillon leader who does not torture his nightly pillow with uneasy dreams of social exclusiveness. Not for him the haughty limitations within which other leaders are wont to restrict their pampered dancers. I have frequently noted that the young ladies of the Entre Nous, as pictured in the papers, have no reason to fear comparison with the beauties of the Greenway set; and I have not the least doubt that their dances are very enjoyable affairs. I congratulate Lewald and his followers on the distinction which they have won of being the first to trip the light fantastic in the new hostelry. They have made a bit of dancing history.

Christmas in the Clubs

The Christmas Jinks of the Bohemian Club will take place Wednesday evening, December 29, when a Christmas Pantomine will be given. Porter Garnett is the author and incidental music has been arranged by Herman Perlet. Vail Bakewell will sing "Noel," the old French carol which Donald de V. Graham first introduced into the club's annual festivities. There will also be a tree with suitable gifts for the members, but since their suitability may not be fully appreciated by the recipients the identity of Santa Claus is being carefully guarded. In other years the late "Uncle" George Bromley was a genial Santa Claus whose kindly wit added much to the success of the ceremony. The Press Club will have its Christmas Jinks on Tuesday night. Captain Barnes will be the Santa Claus of the newspapermen and will distribute appropriate gifts. An unusual feature of this celebration will be the reading by "Jack" Wilson, with dramatic accompaniments, of Dickens' Christmas Carol. The Family Club held its Christmas Jinks Wednesday night and in the words of the rural editor "a good time was had by all." Frank Moroney was the "mother-in-law," which means that he managed the affair.

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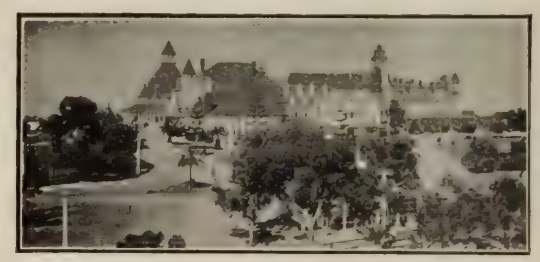

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In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Harvey Toy entertained at luncheon last Friday in honor of Miss Anna Scott, the fiancee of Mr. Howard Baxter, at the Hotel Manx. Luncheon was served in the tapestry room which was beautifully decorated in yellow and green. Covers were laid for twelve.

Recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado included: F. M. Hess, Minna Hess, Mrs. J. A. Driscoll, Miss M. Driscoll, Frank C. Brewster, Alfred R. Grim, F. M. Joers, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Van Loben Sels, Martin Schneider and H. C. Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herrscher of San Leandro gave an elaborate luncheon at the Palace Hotel last Saturday in honor of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Geo. R. Wright and wife of Boston, Mass., accompanied by Mrs. C. A. Litchfield, are now staying at the Hotel del Portal after a delightful visit to Yosemite.

Reservations have been made at the Hotel del Portal for several large parties of visitors who intend to spend their vacation at El Portal and in Yosemite Valley. The attractions of skating, tobogganing, sleigh riding, skeeing and traveling over the trails are taking many into the valley this year. The weather is reported as delightful.

The wedding of Miss Mary de Fremery and David Atkins of Oakland will take place on Thursday evening, January 8, at St. John's Episcopal Church. A reception will follow the ceremony at the de Fremery home in Fairmont avenue, Oakland.

Ivan Langstroth is arranging a concert which he will give early in February. On this occasion the program will be made up of his own compositions entirely.

Miss Maye Colburn will be the hostess at a delightful dinner on Sunday evening, January 2, at the Hotel Monroe. Covers will be laid for fourteen belles and beaux.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Danforth and Miss Fannie Danforth are spending the holidays at Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Miss Ellen O'Sullivan will soon leave for London where she will join her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dennis O'Sullivan. She will be accompanied by Miss Therese Thompson, sister of Mrs. Charles Norris.

Mrs. Frank Willis has taken rooms at 2020 Washington street for the winter.

Late letters from Lieutenant and Mrs. Thurman Harrison Bane, U. S. A., report their safe arrival in Manila.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin was hostess at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon in the Laurel Court at the Fairmont.

William Mayo Newhall Jr. has arrived in this city from Philadelphia where he was attending school.

Mrs. Richardson, the well known artist, gave a tea recently in her attractive studio on Russian Hill. This charming artist has sent many of her paintings to New York where they have received much notice.

Dr. and Mrs. Carroll Buck, U. S. A., will arrive in the middle of January from Manila. Dr. Buck has received his promotion as Major. All their friends are hoping this popular couple will be stationed at the Presidio.

Mrs. J. Koeberg of Los Angeles, after visiting relatives in this city, will spend the holidays with Mrs. Charles Kohler in Stockton.

Mrs. Max Bertheau of Stockton is visiting Miss Sidney Davis and Mrs. Pierre Moore at the Davis home in Scott street.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Seeley of Galveston, Texas, and Norman Livermore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore of this city, will take place in January at the home of the bride's parents in Galveston. Young Livermore will leave for Galveston after the holidays.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan, formerly Miss Anna Sperry, left recently for Washington, D. C., where she will join her husband. They will remain East until late in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Paulding Edwards have come from Chico to spend the Christmas holidays. On Christmas day they will join a dinner party at the Bray residence in Piedmont.

Miss Alice Benton Jones, daughter of Professor and Mrs. William Carey Jones of Berkeley, has gone to China where she will be the guest of Miss Mary Peck, daughter of Dr. Peck.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles and their attratice daughter, Miss Amy Bowles, have taken apartments at the Fairmont until their new home in Claremont is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith, Mrs. Ryer and Miss Ryer made up the company of dinner guests entertained on Saturday last by Miss Maude O'Connor.

The dinner and dance given on Wednesday by Mrs. F. Schwabacher at the Fairmont Hotel was one of the prettiest and most joyous of the season. The guests assembled in the Laurel Court and then proceeded to the Grey room where dinner was served. After dinner they gathered in the Red room where dancing was indulged in until a late hour. There were sixty-four guests in Mrs. Schwabacher's party.

H. G. Platt, President of the Pacific Improvement Company, was down at Del Monte for a few days.

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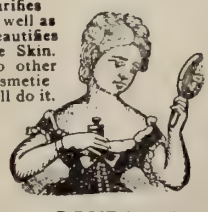

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A Word or So About "The Man From Home"

By Edward F. O'Day

Remembering "Mr. Hopkinson," I wondered how "The Man from Home" would go in England. It is a tempting subject for lazy holiday season meditation. Approach it ruthlessly, dogmatically, and you are sure to spoil it. If you are an Anglophobe or an Anglomaniac, please keep out of this discussion, for in this week of holly and good wishes and street-corner Santa Clauses we desire to hold our blessed tempers in control, to speak softly and carry a branch of mistletoe. You and I, gentle reader, being neither Anglophobes nor Anglomaniacs but broadminded Anglo-Saxon and Celt, with a sympathy nicely balanced between Bunker Hill and Agincourt, between the evils of the tariff and the merits of the budget, are eminently qualified to loaf a little over this question. Well then, what do you think? How would "The Man from Home" go in England? Being an Anglo-Saxon you probably know better than my Celtic self how well or ill the Indiana school of literature is known in the little kingdom overseas. Not very well known? you say. That's a pity. I must confess that I myself do not keep as constantly abreast of our literary advances as I might. I am not exactly au courant with the Indiana movement in novels and plays, but I think it is a thoroughly healthy movement. What you would call vulgarly healthy? Well, perhaps so, but don't you think that vulgar health is immeasurably superior to polished sickliness? that Ade and McCutcheon and the rest of the hoosiers boast a soundness of wind and limb, so to speak, of which certain English literary ladies and gentlemen ought to be honestly envious? You are a little doubtful. Well, let that pass. You will agree with me, I am sure, that Booth Tarkington represents the Indiana school at its best. That being so, would England accept him? would England stand for "The Man from Home"? Let us see. We know that England stood for Mr. Carton when he wrote "Mr. Hopkinson" and it strikes me that we can trace a family likeness between the Englishmen of "The Man from Home" and the Englishmen of "Mr. Hopkinson." What of it? What difference does it make? Only this, that it seems to me important to ascertain whether the Englishmen of "The Man from Home" are fundamentally true. If they are not, the play is not worth bothering about. So we may as well compare Booth Tarkington's Englishmen with Mr. Carton's Englishmen, admittedly drawn by one who knows. In "Mr. Hopkinson," you remember, we saw a duke who was willing to sell his niece to a bounder, odious as he was rich, and who was content that his duchess should enjoy the society of her cavalier servente so long as she left him free to pursue his own amours. We saw a lord who had been co-respondent in a nasty divorce and who had "bolted" with divers married women. We saw a young chap entitled to call himself "honorable" who while playing the part of cavalier servente to the duchess, lived off the wealthy bounder and plotted wth the family to marry him to the niece, fully expecting that her marriage would cloak her intrigue with the "bolting" lord. We saw—but my dear Anglo-Saxon friend, you know just as well as I all the sordid vicious things we saw. You say they were merely hinted at? Hinted is not exactly the word; I admit that they were not flaunted in our faces but they were very deftly and surely suggested, none the less. Now what has Tarkington done? There is the Earl of Hawcastle—he "bolted" with another's wife and a large sum of money belonging to neither and he is willing to let his mistress marry an American youth for what there is in it. Both he and his sister, Lady Creech, are eager to capture an American heiress for his empty-pated son. When they are pinched in their bargaining they are quite willing to send an innocent man to prison for harboring an unhappy fugitive. Candidly, who has been more severe with the English, Tarkington or Carton? You may have your choice and welcome. But Carton did not hold any Americans up to scorn, you say? He stuck to his own countrymen? Very true, but I fail to see where Tarkington has been over kind to his own countrymen. Patriotism did not prevent him from depicting a pair of intolerable young snobs in the American Granger-Simpsons, brother and sister. There are ugly little traits in the characters of those two that should make most Americans wince. He held the mirror up to me once or twice and to be perfectly honest, my dear Anglo-Saxon, didn't you glimpse a little of yourself? You didn't? Well, then you're a better man than I am or else a less candid one. Of course the two plays are radically different in their leading characters. Mr. Hopkinson exposes the sordidness of the life into which he is being initiated by his servile readiness to imitate its ways in so far as his mean nature will permit him. The Man from Home accomplishes the same dramatic end by his steady resistance to the evil influences which surround him. He sees the sham and the rottenness of it with perfect clarity of vision. He makes the comments on that life which must rise to the lips of the English when they see "Mr. Hopkinson" performed. You are right, his comments are very stinging, but I do not think that he condemns the whole English aristocracy for the evil which he unmasks in a few unworthy members. No doubt when he goes to England after his marriage with his ward, supposing they are to be married in Sorrento and not in Kokomo, he will find English lords whom he will respect and like as much as he liked the Russian grand duke. No doubt the liking will be reciprocal. But we are speaking of the Man now and not of the play. But perhaps it will be the same with the play, if it ever goes to England. Never mind, though, we are not called upon to settle the question. If the play ever reaches London the whole subject of the Indiana school will be gone over in that refreshing way the English writers have; and even if the verdict is unfavorable,

MISS ALICE LLOYD

England's greatest singing comedienne who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Kokomo will be not a whit downcast. Kokomo is egoistic, as the Grand Duke would say; it is so busy being itself that it has no time aping other people, a characteristic which it shares with London. By the way, I was awfully glad to see the Grand Duke for he is none other than my old friend Charles Herman. Many a time and oft in the theatres that are no more have I climbed to balcony, yea to gallery-top and there have sat the live-long night to see Charles Herman lend his capable support to dear old Fred Warde and Louis James. It is a pleasure to see him once more, a gratification to say that he is a better actor than ever. It is a good cast. Henry Hall is a consistent hoosier and won the plaudits of the discriminating. How these same discriminating ones did go into ecstacies over that paw-paw joke! Miss Forbes has a suggestion of Ethel Barrymore grace about her. When her feelings were aroused in the last act she showed a firm grip on her situation by letting herself go splendidly (no paradox intended and no bull, my Anglo-Saxon friend). If there were less melodrama in the play, some of the other players would have done better with their parts.

Stage

A Crackerjack Vaudeville Show

Is there anything quite so enjoyable in the line of theatrical entertainment as to lean back in your chair during a good Orpheum show and puff a fragrant cigar? It would be difficult to think of a pleasure more satisfying; but when the show is the Road Show, as the Christmas entertainment at the Orpheum is called, the satisfaction is raised to the superlative degree. The Road Show is carefully selected from the best acts of the circuit and more than any other vaudeville show of the year, it possesses variety, the most important attribute of this kind of amusement. The Orpheum Road Show this year is a crackerjack entertainment which nobody who loves vaudeville should miss. It includes a ventriloquist, song and dance artists, a comic pianist, a serious playlet, blackface comedians, a monkey act, eccentric comedians, a spectacular beauty with a trained horse and motion pictures. If that is not variety, where will you find it? The ventriloquist has "class." Carl Nobel is the first of his kind, in my experience, to use his puppets in a real music hall act. He does not sit them on his knees and exchange ancient jokes with them but makes them promenade and sing and "kid" the orchestra like real vaudeville performers. The effect is much better than that produced by the ordinary American ventriloquist. Harry Fox is a comedian with a real style; his mugging and posturing are extremely funny and he is equally happy in his singing and talking. The Millership Sisters who are with him are pretty and always clever, but as dancers they are tip-top. They are supple and graceful and execute their steps in a leisurely easy-breathing sort of manner which is the acme of good clogging. Hyman Meyer is a low German comedian who hits the high places of that particular form of variety entertainment. Others can mangle English as effectively but Meyer does it to a piano accompaniment which is not only droll but artistic; for his funny purposes he is a master of the instrument. "A Bit of Old Chelsea" is a sentimental classic which need only be enjoyed; it need not be believed. The enjoyment it gives depends on the way in which the part of "Saucers" is played. Miss Ida O'Day is so pretty and sweet that she makes the sketch very enjoyable, but a better actress could do a great deal more with it. Miss O'Day is not old or experienced enough to depict a London flower girl to the life. Even "Saucers," a flower girl who never existed and could never exist, in Holborn or elsewhere, is a little too much for Miss O'Day. You know very well that she is not a poor flower girl; you know that she did not faint in the fog from hunger and exhaustion; you know that she is not a Cockney. But Miss O'Day need not be discouraged. The actress who played the slavey in "The Prince Chap" at the Van Ness a year or so ago could play "Saucers," but she is much older than Miss O'Day. Miss O'Day is so young that her girlish charm carries her through "A Bit of Old Chelsea" to the general satisfaction of the audience. The two Fays and the two Coleys are blackface singers and dancers who sing and dance exceedingly well, but who become particularly funny when they give nonsensical imitations of an automobile and a trolley car. For those who delight in the display of simian intelligence "A Night in a Monkey Music Hall" will be a great attraction and even those who dislike such acts as a rule will be forced to confess that here is something which is amusing and not for a moment disgusting. Mae Melville and Robert Higgins are eccentrics, Higgins' eccentric dress affording Mae Melville a fruitful topic for convulsing banter of an unusually clean-cut kind. Mae Melville is a "kidder" of the delightful sophisticated order that appeals to a vaudeville audience.

FRANK LA FORGE
Pianist with Mme. Sembrich

Hers is one of the biggest individual hits of the bill. La Titcomb is the loudly heralded singer on horseback. She is a Titian beauty of Junoesque proportions who displays her charms in tights. Her horse is a splendid milk-white Arabian, trained to do fancy steps. La Titcomb sings indifferently and does a Loie Fuller stunt with waving draperies played upon by variegated lights which is pleasing to the eye.

—The Theatregoer.

DR. MATILDA A. FEELEY

Is now located at 1700 Sutter Street. Diseases of women and children. Hours 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

David Warfield in "The Music Master"

Belasco's eminent star, David Warfield, will be the great attraction at the Van Ness Theatre for the two weeks commencing Monday, December 29. Warfield's engagement will be devoted entirely to the presentation of what is most assuredly his greatest triumph, "The

EDITH LYLE

Appearing with the Bishop Players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Music Master" which was written for him by Charles Klein and is as sweet and human a stage story as has ever been seen. Warfield will be surrounded by his New York company which has just assisted him in rounding out a tour of the Southern States. There is a big advance sale of seats for his engagement at the Van Ness and he will undoubtedly be accorded a big reception when he steps on the stage next Monday night.

Ezra Kendall Next

The last performances of George Cohan's musical comedy, "45 Minutes from Broadway," will take place at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday night Ezra Kendall will begin an engagement of one week only in "The Vinegar Buyer." As a monologist Kendall is supreme and as a star in the new version of the play he is funnier than ever. Herbert Hall Winslow is responsible for the play and it is needless to say that it is replete with Kendallisms. The usual matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday. "The Alaskan," the great comic opera success, will follow Ezra Kendall at the Savoy.

The Kreisler Farewell Concert

So many were unable to gain admission to his last concert that Fritz Kreisler has been induced by Manager Greenbaum to give a farewell concert this Sunday afternoon, December 26, at the Novelty Theatre. Violinists like Fritz Kreisler are heard but seldom in a lifetime and no one who cares for the melody from the "king of instruments" should miss hearing this genius. An entirely new program will be offered, including one of the important Bach works, the Bruch "Concerto" in G minor, some "Slavonic Dances" by Dvorak and other rare compositions. As an added number the artist will play Dvorak's "Humoresque." The sale of seats on Sunday will open at the theatre at 9:30 a. m. and phone orders will receive careful consideration.

Ade's Best at the Alcazar

An elaborate production of George Ade's greatest comedy, "The College Widow," is announced as the Alcazar's offering for the week commencing next Monday evening. Since the management first decided to present this famous play, about a month ago, the scenic artists, mechanics and electricians have been devoting all their spare working hours to preparing the accessories, and the result will be a pictorial production of unusual completeness. In the cast will be the full strength of the Alcazar company and a small army of supernumeraries. All the college boys will be genuine college boys selected from the Berkeley and Stanford universities. The title part will be played by Evelyn Vaughan who starred in it throughout an entire season. John Ince who is cast for the football hero, is fitted by temperament and physique for the character. Will R. Walling will be seen as "Old Man" Bolton, Grace Travers as the athletic girl, Bessie Barriscale as Flora Wiggins, Charles Dow Clarke

DAVID WARFIELD

In "The Music Master" at the Van Ness Theatre.

EZRA KENDALL AND OTHERS

As they will appear in "The Vinegar Buyer" at the Savoy Theatre.

SCENE FROM "THE MAN FROM HOME"

The Tarkington-Wilson play that is reduplicating its eastern success at the Valencia Theatre.

as "Bud" Hicks, Howard Hickman as Professor Witherspoon and all the other Alcazar favorites in suitable parts.

Another Week of "The Man from Home"

The second and last week of "The Man from Home" will begin on Sunday evening. The last matinee will be given on New Year's Day. Large crowds have attended every performance of this play and have shown the liveliest interest and appreciation of its stirring scenes.

Alice Lloyd at the Orpheum

Miss Alice Lloyd, the English singing comedienne whose success in New York for the past three years has been remarkable, will appear at the Orpheum on Sunday. Miss Lloyd first sang in New York three years ago and scored a great hit. Klaw and Erlanger were anxious to star her this season in a special production but she prefered to continue in vaudeville until she had visited San Francisco. The McNaughtons who come to us for the first time next week are considered the funniest and most original of English comedians. They are great favorites in the London music halls and pantomimes. Those funny clowns, The Brothers Permane, will also appear in the coming bill. One of the hits of their performance is an imitation of two nightingales making love. Next week will be the last of the Orpheum Road Show supplemented by these attractions.

The Sembrich Concerts

Following a plan often used in the East, Manager Greenbaum announces that he will open a mail order sale for the Sembrich concerts to be given at the Garrick Theatre on Sunday afternoons, January 9 and 16, and Thursday night, January 13. Orders may be sent to him in care of Sherman, Clay & Co., corner Kearny and Sutter streets. They must be accompanied by check or money order and they will be held at the box office until the owner finds its convenient to call for them. If stamped and addressed envelopes are enclosed tickets will be returned by mail. With Madame Sembrich comes Francis Rogers, a baritone of fine reputation who will sing some of the great Mozart duets with the star, and Frank La Forge, pianist and accompanist, well remembered for his work with Mme. Gadski.

Barrie Fantasy at Ye Liberty

As their offering for New Year's week the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will present a spectacular production of "The Admirable Crichton," James M. Barrie's delightful fantasy, commencing next Monday evening. The play is one of the best known dramatic efforts of the brilliant Englishman, and has often been referred to as "Barrie in his happiest vein." The play contains many excellent parts and the cast, to be headed by Sydney Ayres as "Critchon," and Elizabeth Stewart, an old Frawley favorite, as Lady Mary, will be entirely adequate.

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Beginning Monday, December 27, Engagement Limited to Two Weeks
Matinees Saturday Only. DAVID BELASCO Presents

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In Charles Klein's Three-Act Comedy Drama
"THE MUSIC MASTER"
Seats, $2 to 50c.

VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia Street, near Thirteenth. Phone Market 17

Starting Sunday Evening, December 26—Second and Last Week
Farewell Matinee New Year's Day, "The Success of the Century"

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By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, Authors of Dustin Farnum's Hit, "Cameo Kirby."
Direct from Its Three Years' New York-Chicago Run.
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EZRA KENDALL

In an Up-to-Date Revival of
THE VINEGAR BUYER
Herbert Hall Winslow's Great Comedy.
Nights and Saturday Matinee—25c to $1.50. Thursday Matinee, 50c and 75c. Seats on Sale at the Theatre and Emporium.
Starting Sunday, January 2—"The Alaskan."

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Week Commencing Monday, December 27, an Elaborate Production of George Ade's Greatest Comedy

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With All the Original Features and Real Collegians in the Cast.
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
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Next—"Texas."

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This Sunday Afternoon, December 26 at 2:30
Entirely New Program
Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Box Office Sunday at Theatre 9:30 a. m.

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Enclose Money Order or Check to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co's, corner Kearny and Sutter Streets.
Prices, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, and $1.00. Box Seats, $3.00.

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Tuesday Afternoon, January 18 at Ye Liberty

Baldwin Piano — Coming—Carreno

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There has been a slow but steady enhancement of security values in the recent week as a result of buying by influential banking interests here. Little incentive occurred to create a public following in the upward trend, though dividends were increased on two of the leading railroads—L. & N. and Reading. The subject of labor difficulties over a wide area of the country was uppermost in the public mind. Hence the most important explanation of the rise is that it was the action of banking syndicates who are in possession of large lines of leading stocks upon which favorable developments are pending and which they will endeavor to market with easier money conditions after January 1. We feel conservatively bullish for the immediate market and believe stocks will be worked higher gradually.

Wheat—Small receipts and an extremely small visible supply of wheat have continued the strength in this market and advanced prices to the extreme level of the present crop. Not since the late fall and winter of 1898-99 have supplies of wheat been as small in this country as at present. The small receipts in the spring wheat region on account of the strike has been an added element and on the whole there can be no reasonable expectation of any important decline in values. Our exports are running as large as a year ago, notwithstanding the Pacific slope is not doing as well as expected. While the export of grain in the East is largely durum it has the effect of reducing the available amount. In view of the prices and movement to date, one must look deeper than a mere holding disposition by farmers for the acute condition. So far every evidence points to a yield smaller than reported by the government. Despite the addition of thirteen million bushels to the preliminary crop, the trading element takes note only of the amount of wheat available. Argentina's crop estimates are being lowered and the market there has had an advance of six cents this week. It seems now evident that this country will not have any more wheat than last year, which means that Europe will not have sufficient supplies without help from this country and Canada before the Australian and India crops are available. However, it is too early to say the last word on Argentina and the situation there may change somewhat, but at present it is decidedly bullish. Russia is practically out of the shipping except by rail and we are apt to have a better demand for Europe. The wheat is a purchase on all recessions, though there is a probability that December settlements may leave May open for a sale.

Corn—The market has been resting for several days after the violent bulge of Monday and it has been rather surprising that the reaction from the top did not extend farther. Profit taking was very heavy by the early bulls and since then there has been good buying by people who missed the market last week. There has not been much selling by professionals since the bulge which has held the market. In the meantime the receipts have been comparatively small compared to a year ago and cash demand has not been increased. This is due to the poor quality of the corn arriving and the hope of cash handlers to get good shipping grade later on. In such a situation the market is apt to show some weakness, especially if December deliveries are heavy the coming week. The ultimate market will be an advancing one and the best course to pursue is to buy on a scale down rather than sell, as public interest is apt to run away with the market at any time.

Cotton—The United States Census reported 9,362,000 bales ginned to December 13 against 11,904,269 last year and 9,284,070 bales in 1907. This means that there were only 484,000 bales ginned during the last period against 896,000 bales last year and 940,000 in the small crop year of 1907, and fully confirms the Agricultural Department's annual crom estimate of 10,088,000 bales. This is a final vindication of the bulls and a confirmation of the private advices that have been coming to us for months past and should unquestionably convince foreign manufacturers who use between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 bales of American cotton annually that they are face to face with a panic, and make them realize that many spindles will have to be stopped for want of cotton before the new crop is available. There has been so much said recently to show the bullish cotton situation and to convince the manufacturing world of the facts that it is unnecessary to go into detail at this time, but I may say that with so small a crop in the face of such a large consumption, the cotton market should show material advance on its own merits and on the actual value of the commodity in the home markets before the new crop becomes a factor. When we say, before the new crop becomes a factor, we mean before it is possible to realize what season is in the ground; what amount of acreage is being prepared; amount of fertilizer to be used and the favorableness of the start of the crop of 1910. This will probably be in the latter part of January or possibly in February. In the meantime we believe in higher prices with natural reactions on liquidations.

Copper Stocks—The copper stock market for the past week has shown a stronger undertone and there have been several rallies in the Boston Coppers, especially in Lake. We have it from a reliable source that the values of Anaconda are all increasing and the ore bodies there promise to be the same as in Butte. Considering recent purchases both assured and rumored, great activity may be expected in the Ely properties. Nevada Consolidated is the biggest open cut mine in the United States except the Utah. The consolidation of the Guggenheim copper properties into one company is progressing rapidly and it is now believed that this will be the first important step in bringing about the merger of all the leading copper companies. In the consolidation of the Guggenheim companies, the Nevada Consolidated, the Utah Copper and Boston Consolidated and possibly some of the smelting and mining interests will be included. As the plan is now being worked out, it is believed that the Utah company will take over the other companies. The basis of exchange, though not definitely settled will, it is believed. be about two shares of Nevada Consolidated for one of Utah Copper. Negotiations are

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in progress whereby it is practically certain that the Utah will take over the Boston Consolidated for one share of Utah. Cherry Creek, is shipping to the Cherry Creek Mill the greatest tonnage that they have ever shipped and the camp shows every evidence of permanency. A big strike was made north of Butte Mountain in the north-central part of Nevada and it is stated on good authority that this Butte Mountain District will be another Ely as the ground and formations look the same. The British Columbia Copper Co. is treating 12,000 tons a day and will show up better in six months than today. We think that from three to six months after the merger is consummated, copper metal will go to 15 cents. The merger will limit the output of copper and eventually the price will get back to the good old days when it was 18 to 20 cents.

Local Securities—As the Christmas holidays approach, the local stock and bond market becomes quieter and wide fluctuations are scarcer. As has been the rule for several weeks past, the chief activity during the week has been in Spring Valley Water and Associated Oil. The former stock has been more or less pegged at 50 though there appear to be large buying order still remaining to be filled. Associated Oil seems to have recovered somewhat from its recent weakness, but it is becoming firm again at a slower pace. Alaska Packers has been quite irregular and has had to contend with rather heavy profit-taking sales. Hawaiian Sugar stocks, on the whole, have been lower. The fact that the Cuban sugar crop is starting to move has caused a reduction in the price of raw sugar. Pacific Telephone stocks continue dull without much change. Pacific Gas and Electric stocks, after passing through a period of extreme neglect, are commencing to reawaken and are once more drawing bids from eastern sources. Activity in bonds has been more or less reduced but the general list appears quite firm. The chief dealings continue in Associated Oil 5s, City Electric 5s, Pacific Telephone 5s, Peoples Water 5s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, Spring Valley Water 4s and United Railroads 4s. It is the general belief that Associated Oil, Alaska Packers and Spring Valley Water are the most profitable purchases at their present quotations and that Pacific Gas and Electric, common and preferred, should be bought now before a rush of eastern orders bids the market up on them. It is learned on good authority that the United Railroads will show an increase in gross earnings of about 8½ per cent over last year.

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WALDEN

In swift and sudden dreams each night I greet
The host of friends that in my heart I bear;
I chat in paradox with Baudelaire,
I talk with Gautier of the obsolete—
My absinthe and De Musset's brandy meet;
And by some special favor here and there,
Now with Elaine and now with Guinevere,
I pass the day in some serene retreat.
Heine's malicious eyes have gazed in mine,
And I have sat at Leopardi's feet.
And once I heard the lute-strung song divine
That Sappho and the Lesbian girls repeat,
But yet, what night have I not sought in vain
To meet and muse with Emerson again.

—Edgar Saltus.

E. B. COURVOISIER

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The United Railroads

Without minimizing the value of the work of rehabilitation done by others, it may be said that the work of restoration accomplished by the United Railroads was the greatest single factor in the solidification of public confidence during the dark days that followed the disaster.

The United Railroads may truly be called a pioneer of that era. Its cable-houses were destroyed, its tracks warped and twisted by the heat, its wires down, many of its cars and most of its supplies burned, and its force of operatives scattered no one knew where. Tracks were restored, wires strung and operatives collected. On April 21 cars were run for the accommodation of passengers, and, so far as the equipment of the system was concerned, there was nothing to interrupt traffic from that time on. In ten days operations had been resumed on all the important lines. When San Francisco saw the blood circulate through its veins, it knew it would recover.

Meantime, while the local officials of the United Railroads were working day and night, without rest or food, to restore the wrecked system, Patrick Calhoun, president of the company, was nearly, if not quite, as busy in the East. Early Wednesday morning Thornwell Mullally briefly described the conditions in this city in a dispatch to the president, who telegraphed the same day $75,000 for the relief of the stricken city, which had been subscribed by himself, Landenburg, Thalmann & Co., the United Railway Investment Company, C. Sidney Shepard and Ford, Bacon and Davis.

At the same time he wired $100,000 for the immediate needs of the United Railroads, and to aid in the resumption of service. He telegraphed to various street railways and received from them permission to purchase cars that were being built for them. In this way sixty-two cars were obtained long before they could have been specially built, and one order for $350,000 worth of cars was placed before the fire was entirely extinguished. As an instance of his confidence in the future of the city, President Calhoun sent the following dispatch to Mullally on April 21, the same day that service was permanently resumed:

"Confidence among our friends unshaken. Am arranging to furnish any additional engineers or other men you may need. The whole of Messrs. Ford, Bacon & Davis' force is at your disposal. Pittsburg is ready to furnish additional engines and dynamos if needed, and the Westinghouse and General Electric Company have kindly offered to furnish any temporary facilities in priority to all other orders. Congratulate you, Davis and Chapman on the effective way in which you have handled the situation. We are rejoiced at your and their safety."

In addition to the other reliefs that had been furnished, Mullally had sent an agent to Sacramento who bought a cargo of provisions. About $14,000 was expended in supplies for the refugees, and the provisions, which were unloaded from a steamer at the Presidio wharf, were the first to reach this city from the outside world.

In eight days cars were running on the Fillmore and Sixteenth streets line, from Fifth and Market along to Fifth and Mission, and thence to Sixteenth, and in eleven days after the flames first broke forth nearly the entire unburned portion of the city had lines in operation. A few days later the lines on Ellis, O'Farrell, Turk and Eddy were opened to traffic. While the burned district was a sea of ruins and spectral walls, the only lights to be seen were those that shone through the windows of the electric cars.

A condition had been reached where it became necessary to substitute the overhead trolley for the cable or continue to give an inadequate service that would result in loss of fares to the company and retard the growth of the city. The results have proven the wisdom of the change, and one seldom today sees a space of several blocks between cars during rush hours.

The new roadbed of the United Railroads is the best in the world, and the substitution of electric for cable lines made this result possible. In tearing up the cable conduits, a sufficient quantity of crushed concrete was obtained to form a bed several feet in depth, and was reduced to a hard foundation with a ten-ton steam roller. On this bed, standard railroad ties of redwood were laid.

The steel laid runs 107, 109 and 141 pounds to the yard. The average street railway rail runs 65 pounds to the yard, and this is about the weight laid in other cities. The average rail for steam roads runs 90 pounds to the yard. The 141-pound rails have been laid on Market and other streets where the traffic is great and the wear proportionate. The rails are grooved and lay flush with the pavement, both inside and outside, so that they offer no obstruction to team traffic. All crossings, frogs and switches are cast with hardened points of manganese steel.

In laying the tracks the greatest care has been taken to secure permanency of construction. The best English cement, of a quality used in building, but seldom in railroad construction, has been employed. On the heavy construction, brace plates of steel secure the rails at a distance of every eight feet. Concrete stringers also run at the flange of the rails, where asphalt pavement is laid, and solid concrete between the rails with a cushion of sand, where basalt blocks are laid.

In this manner the city has secured more than fifty miles of the best possible pavement, which, including space between tracks and two feet each side of the tracks, forms a strip nearly twenty feet in width. For more than a year after the fire, as on Fourth street, the only pavement existing on the thoroughfare was that laid by the United Railroads. Indeed, the needs of team traffic became so great on some of the streets that the company abandoned the operation of cars and turned its tracks and pavements over to the use of heavy teaming.

Besides the miles of pavement the company has furnished for the use of the public, a great deal of preliminary grading, as on lower Market street, has been done. When the cars first started from the Ferry up Market their windows were level with the sidewalks in several places and a fill of four and a half feet was required. More than half of Market from the Ferry to Sansome, where the company has four tracks, was paved by the United Railroads, and it is now the best graded and best paved street in San Francisco.

All this work involved great labor. While the removal of the cable conduits increased the work, it enabled the company to get a better foundation. All the blocks of concrete had to be drilled and split by hand, as blasting was forbidden, and were later crushed by electrically driven machinery mounted on flat cars.

The overhead construction is characterized by the same degree of excellence that marks the roadbed and tracks. Temporary poles have been in use over much of the system, but these are soon to be replaced. The three-eighths-inch span wire is the heaviest in use and has a breaking strength of 5,000 pounds. Porcelain insulators were originated for the use of the United Railroads in 1901, and all overhead metal parts are galvanized to resist atmospheric deterioration.

Another improvement is the erection on Market, Valencia and Sutter streets of ornamental poles bearing arc lights. The poles are set every hundred feet on Market street from the Ferry to Valencia, on Valencia street from Market to Mission and Twenty-eighth, and on Sutter street from Sansome to Van Ness avenue.

The United Railroads pays for the lighting of these streets. The new poles add greatly to the appearance of the city, and are especially fine for illuminations.

There are many other minor improvements that cannot be entered into for lack of space. Many of these have been carried out, some are in course of being carried out, while others are in contemplation, as they do not involve questions of actual operation, but rather tend to the improvement and beautification of the city.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

Mid-Season Dress Accessories

The chief novelty in the way of dress accessories that has been offered this fall for the wearer's consideration is doubtless the velvet hat. The velvet hat, or "Velour" as it is generally called in the trade, did not meet with the instantaneous approval when the cold weather set in, that was predicted for it earlier in the season. In fact, few of them, comparative speaking, had been seen on the streets, and these were chiefly affected by young bloods, most of whom had doubtless just returned from abroad, and took it up in consideration of the popularity this headgear is now enjoying in Europe.

The shops, however, are pretty well stocked up with the Velour; and the imported articles in greens, browns, blues and grays from $10 up are distinctly "classy." The great drawback in this latest offering is the opportunity it presents for imitation in cheaper grades, and already rough velvet hats may be had as cheap as $2. Surely no good dresser would take to such an article even if he saw something commendable in it, when it is being imitated for and worn by hoi polloi.

In the matter of seasonable haberdashery—neckwear for day dress is very generally restricted to neat figured silk or satin cravats, and the quieter tones of colorings prevail. The deservedly popular Ascot scarfs are now shown in profusion and many rich effects are offered by the shops.

The collar situation remains practically the same, the fold or band collar being the correct style in conjunction with business dress. The poke collar is still regarded as the eminently proper type for evening clothes; still there are many good dressers who have taken kindly to the small wing style of collar for such formal wear. One thing in favor of the wing collar is that its conformation admits of a certain amount of ease and comfort for the wearer, particularly when he is attending some social function besides a dance.

Evening dress shirts both in stiff pique and soft pleated linen bosoms are gaining in favor, and another season will probably find the plain starched evening shirt relegated entirely to the position now occupied by the padded shirt shield. Some of the real advanced dressers have their pique front dress shirts made with turn back cuffs. They are the linked style, yet double, and of the same material as the bosom, being attached to the sleeve, of course.

The knitted silk muffler having superseded the padded satin shirt shield for protecting the shirt front of evening wear, such light yet serviceable form of dress requisite may be had in about any grade of quality to fit the individual's purse. The colors are restricted to black and gray, and white.

House coats and dressing robes are coming in for some share of attention just now, and are in fair demand. The shops are making some particularly attractive offerings. Satin robes of roomy proportions, secured by a waist cord, shown by some of the shops in figureded navy blues and browns, suggest the luxurious comfort possible to attain in such lounging apparel.

The Diamond Rubber Company at Akron and the local branch here have just finished some very interesting tests of the relative lasting qualities of natural air and carbonic gas in auto tires. Three tires were pumped up one day at 1:30 p. m. by air to 100 pounds pressure each. At the same time three similar sized tires were inflated with carbonic gas with the same pressure. One week later at 1:30 p. m. the three air filled tires registered 92 pounds each while the three gas filled tires stood 41, 50 and 51 pounds. Should an owner pump his tires to 100 pounds with carbonic gas and not have a noticeable puncture, he is likely to assume even a week later that he has been running with the proper inflation, whereas he really has only half enough and considerable damage may have been done to the body of the tire. Speaking of this point, Mr. Mathewson, Pacific Coast Manager of the Diamond Rubber Company, says: "There is only one sure way of getting proper inflation and proper service from tires and that is to keep them blown up so that they stand full and round under a maximum load when in motion. If this is done there will be a decided increase in tire service."

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Jesus Christ: Gentleman

(Continued from Page 17.)

the memory of the good he has presented and crucified by consent be a thorn in the side to buffet him.

A gentleman of Jewish aspect the Universalist born to bring peace on earth, peace born of the good-will of man to men. Of Jewish aspect, which I would be the last to emphasize were it not that Christian painters be who forget the untorgettable fact, to say nothing of the myriads who make mental pictures of the Messiah. The son's son's son of Christian priests in high places, it devolves upon me to ask forgiveness of my Hebrew brethren for the many crimson sins of my savage forbears against their civilized, and above all for the unpardonable marble-hearted hendish sin of ingratitude, which works of art, if themselves live, must unwittingly immortalize. What is True Art to think of the proselyting painters that will convert the face of Christ's self to Christianity? Ignore the fact that the odds are twelve to one against Judas being the typical Jew? Small wonder the cynic: The only Christian that ever lived died upon the cross! Artists and popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding, the mother of Jesus, Jewish Gentleman, was neither madonna-like nor Marguerite-like nor racially like any woman in the world save the unique Semitic. If for the Hebrew to say to his brother, Raca, thou fool, is to be in danger of the hell of fire, at what peril does the Christian cry Christ-killer! to the blood-brother of the Annointed? True, Christ tells us who is his brother—none other than he who does what Christ tells him, and that is: Love one another, and, What ye would that men do to you, do even so to them. In this cosmopolitan day, if devil-driven we still needs must use the odious index-finger at all, let it suffice to point out the place a man occupies in the great human family! Why add "in Jury" to insult? Self-deception clouds the clearest vision, no matter how nicely we make our allowance therefor, the personal equation persists, nor lets any man wholly eliminate it, yet, my hand on my heart, my eyes turned inward and downward, I venture to say that, if I know myself, I am intolerant of nothing save intolerance. Pontius Pilate the Roman, had not he, too, a hand in the death of the Just and Gentle? Is it because next to Ireland Italy is the most Christian of countries that his vilest detractor never dreams of dubbing the Roman of today Christ-killer? Is it due to Art that no blessed bambino need ever run home from free American school, to bury his curly head in his madonna's lap and sob out his crucified little heart in any such wise as this: Did my dear papa really kill Christ? No worse befalls Young Italy than to have to blink at Young America's left-handed half-endearing "Dago," nor is the serenity of Young Greece disturbed by any kithogue "Socrates-killer." Because the three syllables make the epithet unwieldy, no doubt.

One way or another Gentleness is inevitably crucified. What in fact killed Christ? Roman civil law plus Hebraic religious law plus Lynch law or public opinion. Who are the Christ-killers nowadays? They that crucify him afresh. How is he crucified afresh? By hate—Hate's word said, or deed done, unto one of these his brethren.

Is the fate of the favorite son inescapable by the Hebrew? by Israel, God's eldest and undoubted heir, much envied of the younger sons and, it may be, a little spoiled of his Father; the law of his primogenitureship unabrogable, being that of Heredity's self? Is it that we have taken the gentle, if imperfectly sympathetic, Elia seriously, to the extent of imitating him beforehand? Is it because we Christians belong to the "great race" of borrowers, they, the Hebrews, to the small race of lenders, that we arrogate to ourselves the right to lord it over them—right of the rosy gilled, of the beautiful reliers on Providence?

A word here to the world's present three wise men—whoever they may be, if they be, myself know but one—as to the significance of a great shepherd king being father to a greater son. To whom other than such as watch their flocks by night did the glory of the Lord appear? Who, speaking the simple first-come words of his country, said Feed my sheep? Who is himself known as the Good Shepherd- and why? All this, lest at Christmas we Christians forget that the Shakesperean greatness or Lamb-like littleness of money-lending was thrust upon the most pastoral of peoples! Roman law, Hebraic law, Public Opinion law—of all three have we, the great race, greatly borrowed. Even more than filthy lucre have we borrowed of the Jew clean religion. But, times changing, was it Hebraic law adopted, or Christian law pure and original, that forbade the brainy sons of mothers in Israel,—children of light in bondage to Philistinism personified,—from entering the learned professions?

But what are you trying to bring home to us? What have we here in brightest California to do with what goes on only in darkest Russia? Are we keepers of our brothers of the Greek Church in Kischineff, or in the remotest way responsible for their deplorable outrages?

Here in the city of the gentle Saint Francis, who speaks of "my brother, the wolf," dwell a beautiful Spanish woman of Semitic aspect and her Norwegian husband who, strangely enough, passes even among Hebrews for a Hebrew. More than once have they as it were been politely requested to find shelter in the stable, although there was ample room for them in the inn; that is to say, now one, now another, hostelry patronized of the rich Christian fanatic has denied them its hospitality, all because, as they afterwards learned, of that deceit-

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ful thing, their appearance. In the sight of the honest hostler they were as of old Samaritans in that of those honest hypocrites, scribes and Pharisees—persons with whom he might have no dealings. Yet could one Samaritan be neighbor to the Jew that fell among thieves, and one Jew that hung between thieves be neighbor to the "poor indeed" Samaritan woman! On the other hand, is a Jewess who, ever taken by Christians for a Christian, hears out of the mouths of neither babes nor sucklings enough gratuitous slurs upon her Christ-bearing race to make a New Testament. What Pharisee with ears to hear dare ask: Can such things be? It is for very shame that I emphasize the Jewish aspect of the World-man whose birth we may duly celebrate only with love in our hearts and sorrow that we have done to men what we would not have them do to us, that we have not done to men what we would have them do to us. For such toleration as passes easily and imperceptibly into appreciation, into perfect sympathy, let us at least seasonably pray the Hebrew Babe, best known by the name of Universal Love!

The Glimpse

(Continued from Page 24.)

fully placed on the lips of that face. The down did not even tremble. Then she bared the breast of the body on the bed, and laid her ear upon the region of the heart; I could see her eyes blinking as she listened intensely. After she had listened some time she raised her head, with a little sob, and frantically pulled the bell-rope. I could hear the bell; we could both hear it. There was no response; nothing but a fearful silence. Margaret, catching her breath, rushed out of the room. I was sick with the most awful disgust that I could not force her to see where I was. I had been helpless before, when I lay in the bed, but I was far more completely helpless now. Talk about the babe unborn!

She came back with the servant, and the two women stood on either side of the bed, gazing at that body. The servant whispered:

"They do say that if you put a full glass of water on the chest you can tell for sure."

Margaret hesitated. However, the servant began to fill a glass of water on the washstand, and they poised it on the chest of that body. Not the slightest vibration troubled its surface. I was—not angry; no, tremendously disgusted is the only term I can use—at all the flummery with that body on the bed. It was shocking to me that they should confuse that body with me. I thought them silly, wilfully silly. I thought their behaviour monstrously blind. There was I, the master of the house, standing chilled between the windows, and neither Margaret nor the servant would take the least notice of me!

The servant said:

"I'd better run for the doctor, ma'am." And she lifted off the glass.

"What use can the doctor be?" Margaret asked. "Only spoil the poor man's night for nothing. And he's had a lot of bad nights lately. He told me to be—prepared."

The servant said:

"Yes, mum. But I'd better run for him. That's what doctors is for."

As soon as the front-door banged on the excited servant, my wife fell on that body with a loud cry, and stroked it passionately, and I could see her tears dropping on it. She wept without any restraint. She loved me very much; I knew that. But the fact that she loved me only increased my horror that she should be caressing that body, which was not me at all, which had nothing whatever to do with me, which was loathsome, vile, and as insensible as a log to the expressions of her love. She was not weeping over me. She was weeping over an abomination. She was all wrong, all tragically wrong, and I could not set her right.

III.

I do not suppose that the feeling which came over me is capable of being described in human language. It can only be hinted at, not truly conveyed. If I say that I was utterly overcome by the sensation of being "cut off from everything," I shall perhaps not impress you very much with a notion of my terror. But I do not see how I can better express myself. No one who has not been through what I have been through—it is a pretty awful thought that all who die do probably go through it—can possibly understand the feeling of acute and frightful loneliness that possessed me as I stood near the windows, that wrapped me up and enveloped me, as it were, in an icy sheet. A few people in England are possibly in my case—they have "been," and they have returned, like me. They will understand, and only they. I was solitary in the universe. I was invisible, and I was forgotten. There was my poor wife lavishing her immense sorrow on that body on the bed, which had ceased to have any connection with me, which was emphatically not me, and to which I felt the strongest repugnance. I was even jealous of that lifeless, unresponsive, decaying mass. You cannot guess how I tried to yell to my wife to come to me and warm me with her companionship and her sympathy—and I could accomplish nothing, not the faintest whisper.

I had no home, no shelter, no place in the world, no share in life. I was cast out. The changeless purposes of nature had ejected me from humanity. It was as though humanity had been a fortified city and the gates had been shut on me, and I was wandering round and round the unscalable smooth walls, and beating against their stone with my hands. That is a good simile, except that I could not move. Of course if I could have moved I should have gone to my wife. But I could not move. To be quite exact, I could move very slightly, perhaps about an inch or two inches, and in any direction, up or down, to left or right, backwards or forwards; this by a great, straining, fatiguing effort. I was stuck there on the surface of the world, desolate and undone. It was the most cruel situation that you can imagine, far worse, I think, than any conceivable physical torture. I am perfectly sure that I would have exchanged my state, then, for the state of no matter what human being, the most agonized martyr, the foulest criminal. I would have given anything, made any sacrifice, to be once more within the human pale, to feel once more that human life was not going on without me.

There was a knocking below. My wife left that body on the bed, and came to the window and put her head out into

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the nocturnal, gaslit silence of Trafalgar Road. She was within a foot of me—and I could do nothing.

She whispered: "Is that you, Mary?"

The voice of the servant came: "Yes, mum. The doctor's been called away to a case. He's not likely to be back before five o'clock."

My wife said with sad indifference: "It doesn't matter now. I'll let you in."

She went from the room. I heard the opening and shutting of the door. Then both women returned into the room, and talked in low voices.

My wife said: "As soon as it's light you must. . . . "She stopped and corrected herself. "No, the nurse will be back at seven o'clock. She said she would. She will attend to all that. Mary, go and get a little rest, if you can."

"Aren't you going to put the pennies on his eyes, mum?" the servant asked.

"Ought I?" said my wife. "I don't know much about these things."

"Oh yes, mum. And tie his jaw up," the servant said.

His eyes! His jaw! I was terribly angry, in my desolation. But it was a futile anger, though it raged through me like a storm. Could they not understand, would they never understand, that they were grotesquely deceived? How much longer would they continue to fuss over that body on the bed while I, I, the person whom they were supposed to be sorry for, suffered and trembled in dire need just behind them?

A ridiculous bother over pennies! There was only one penny in the house, they decided, after searching. I knew the exact whereabouts of two shillings worth of copper, rolled in paper in my desk in the dining room. It had been there for many weeks; I had brought it home one day from the works. But they did not know. I wanted to tell them, so as to end the awful exacerbation of my nerves. But of course I could not. In spite of Mary's superstitious protest, my wife put a penny on one eye and half-a-crown on the other. Mary seemed to regard this as a desecration, or at best as unlucky. Then they bound up the jaw of that body with one of my handkerchiefs. I thought I had never seen anything more wantonly absurd. Their trouble in straightening the arms—the legs were quite straight—infuriated me. I wanted to weep in my tragic vexation. It seemed as though tears would ease me. But I could not weep.

The servant said: "You'd better come away now, mum, and rest on the sofa in the drawing-room."

Margaret, with red-bordered, glittering eyes, answered, staring all the while at that body: "No, Mary. It's no use. I can't leave him. I won't leave him!"

But she wasn't thinking about me at all. There I was, neglected and shivering, near the windows; and she would not look at me!

After an interminable palaver, Margaret induced the servant to leave the room. And she sat down on the chair nearest the bed, and began to cry again, not troubling to wipe her eyes. She sobbed, more and more loudly, and kept touching that body. She seized my gold watch, which hung over the bed, and which she wound up every night, and kissed it and put it back. Her sobs continued to increase. Then the door opened quickly, and the servant, half-undressed, crept in, and without saying a word gently led Margaret out of the room. Margaret's last glance was at that body. In a moment the servant returned and extinguished the gas, and departed again, very carefully closing the door. I was now utterly abandoned.

IV.

All that had happened to me up to now was strange; but what followed was still more strange and still less capable of being described in human language.

I became aware that I was gradually losing the sensation of being cut off from intercourse, at any rate that the sensation was losing its painfulness. I didn't seem to care, now, whether I was neglected or not. And to be cast out from humanity grew into a matter of indifference to me. I became aware, too, of the approach of a mysterious freedom. I was not free; I could still move only an inch or so in any direction; but I felt that a process of dissolving of bonds had begun. What manner of bonds? I don't know. I felt—that was all. My indifference slowly passed into a sad and deep pity for the world. The world seemed to me so pathetic, so awry, so obstinate in its honest illusions, so silly in its dishonest pretences. "Have I been content with that?" I thought, staggered. And I was sorry for what I had been. I perceived that the ideals of my life were tawdry, that even the best were poor little things. And I perceived that it was the same with everyone, and that even the greatest men, those men that I had so profoundly admired as of another clay than mine, were as like the worst as one sheep was like another sheep. Weep—because nature had ejected me from that petty little world, with its ridiculous and conceited wrongness? What an idea! Why, I said to myself, that world spends nearly the whole of its time in moving physical things from one place to another. Change the position of matter—that is all it does, all it thinks of. I remembered a statesman who had referred to the London and North Western Railway as being one of the glories of England! Parcels! Parcels! Parcels, human, brute, insensate! Nothing but parcel-moving! I smiled. And then I perceived that I could understand and solve problems which had defied thousands of years of human philosophy, problems which we on earth called fundamental. And lo! They were not in the least fundamental, but were trifles, as simple as Euclid. It was surprising that the

CHAS. E. HANSEN, President A. McLAUGHLIN, Vice-President
GEO. F. VOLZ, Secretary and Treasurer

TELEPHONE PARK 33

NATIONAL
BREWING COMPANY

Cor. Fulton and Webster Streets

San Francisco, Cal.

GREETINGS

We take this method of thanking our many friends and customers for their kind support and patronage during 1909.

We wish them all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous 1910.

ZELLERBACH PAPER COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OAKLAND LOS ANGELES

solution of them had not presented itself to me before! I thought: With one word, one single word, I could enlighten the human race beyond all that it has ever learned. Feeble-bodied, feeble-minded humanity!

And then I had a glimpse. . . . I was in the bedroom, near the windows, all the time, but nevertheless I was nowhere, nowhere in space. I could feel the roll of the earth as it turned lumberingly on its axis—a faint shaking which did not affect me. Still, I was in the bedroom, near the windows. And I had a glimpse. . . . The heralds of a new vitality swept trumpeting through me, and a calm, intense, ineffable joy followed in their train. I had a glimpse. . . . And my eyes were not dazzled. I yearned and strained towards what I saw, towards the exceeding brightness of undreamt companionships, hopes, perceptions, activities, and sorrows. Yes, sorrows! But what noble sorrows they were that I felt awaited me there! I strained at my mysterious bonds. It seemed that they were about to break and that I should be winged away into other dimensions. . . .

And then, I knew that they were tightening again, and the brightness very slowly faded, and I lost faith in the gift of vision which momentarily had enabled me to see the illusions and the littleness of the world. And I was slowly, slowly drawn away from the window. . . . And then I felt heavy weights on my eyes, and I could not move my jaw. I shuddered convulsively, and a coin struck the floor and ran till it fell flat. And the door swiftly opened. . . .

V.

Yes, my whole character is changed, within; though externally it may seem the same. Externally I may seem to have resumed the affections and the interests which occupied me before my illness and my remarkable recovery. Yet I am different. Certainly I have lost again the strange transcendental knowledge which was mine for a few instants. Certainly I have descended again to the earthly level. All those magic things have slipped away, except hope. In a sure hope, in a positive faith, I am waiting. I am waiting for all that magic to happen to me again. I know that the pain of loneliness, when again I shall see my own body from the outside, will be exquisite, but—the reward! The reward! That is what is always at the back of my mind, the source of the calm joy in which I wait. Externally I am the successful earthenware manufacturer, happily married, getting rich on a china-firing oven, employing a couple of hundred workmen, etcetera, who was once given up for dead. But I am more than that. I have seen God.

The Year's Work of California Writers

(Continued from Page 25.)

sequence. However, nothing has happened yet to disturb its tranquility, and there is probably no reason to fear any inconvenient revelations.

Some mild degree of interest was added to the Cleveland-Brandenburg controversy by the discovery that Broughton Brandenburg was secluded in this city, but the legal, not the literary aspect of the case was the only portion which engaged attention. The Portola festival was the occasion for the issuance of innumerable guide books but none of them proved of more than transient value to visitors, except, perhaps "The March of Portola," which will afford a starting point for future historians, novelists and scribblers generally. Mr. Rufus Steele's "City That Is" is of far more value and importance. Geraldine Bonner seems to have abandoned novel writing. She produced one successful play, "Shams." James Tully may claim a joint share of credit, for his successful drama, "Cupid, the Cow-punch," is founded on the novel, or rather, the series of connected short stories written by his wife, Elinor Gates Tully, who, if she never wrote anything else, would be gratefully remembered for her "Biography of a Prairie Girl."

Added to the roll of the dead during the year were G. B. Dinsmore, one of the early day writers and for a long time editor of the never forgotten "Golden Era"; Adeline Knapp, one of the first and the best of the nature school, and Charles Warren Stoddard, "the Pierre Loti of America." Mr. Stoddard, despite his long residence elsewhere appeared to be peculiarly a Californian, and though, on his return some time ago, he announced it as his intention of spending his last years amongst us, it was hoped that the end would be long deferred. Unlike so many of our western writers, he was not addicted to personalities and criticism, and it is impossible to recall, in all his voluminous writings, a single sentence that could give pain to a brother of his craft. He lies buried in the shadow of the Carmel Mission. Before his death he destroyed all manuscripts, letters and other "literary remains," and however much his admirers would welcome some "last word," at least there will be no ghoulish exploitation of what he himself reserved.

Our two local publishers, A. M. Robertson and Paul Elder, have brought out their usual number of volumes reflecting credit on both taste and workmanship. The "down-town movement" was finally accomplished during the year, and the tendency of the principal book stores to locate in or near Union Square has made that the book if not the literary center of the city. Several of the large stores hitherto devoted to dry and fancy goods have added book departments also. San Francisco has always showed a commendable spirit of independence in literary and dramatic matters, and it is notable that the authorized list of best-sellers here is never the same and rarely approximately identical with that of other localities. Those godly folk who are fond of reminding us of our incorrigibility may find food for reflection in the fact that during one period, for no apparent reason save inclination, the Holy Bible was numbered in our list.

F. A. DAROUX

AND

AL KONIGSBERG

BROKERS

Hours, 10:30 to 12:30

Office, Room 508 Metropolis Bank Building

New Orleans--New York S. S. Line

The line that connects with the

SUNSET ROUTE

at New Orleans, and which you may include in your rail ticket at no more cost than for an all rail route to New York. Two sailings weekly between New Orleans and New York.

Elegant accommodations, Suites of Private Bedroom, Parlor and Bath; Staterooms, Library, Smoking Room, Baths, Promenade Decks, Excellent Cuisine.

Make our handsome new office, Broadway and 27th Sts., New York, your headquarters when East. Our attendants will be glad to assist you in any way possible. Have your mail addressed in care of the office and you will receive same immediately on call.

RATES—By rail to New Orleans, steamer thence to New York, including meals and berth on steamer. First Cabin, $77.75; Round Trip, $144.40; Second Cabin, $65.75; Second Class Rail and Steerage, $61.45.

Write or see agents

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

TICKET OFFICES

Flood Building
Market St. Ferry Depot
Third and Townsend Sts. Depot
Thirteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

524-550 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco **524 Twentieth St., Oakland**

1910—THOMAS FLYER—1910

CHAMPION ENDURANCE CAR OF THE WORLD

6--70 Flyabout, Price f. o. b. San Francisco, $6180
4--60 Touring Car, 7-passenger - - $4680
6--40 Touring Car, 5-passenger - - $3680
Thomas Ladies' Town Car, 6-passenger - $4180

1910—BABCOCK ELECTRIC—1910

THE 100-MILE ELECTRIC HAS ARRIVED

Babcock Electric Coupe, f. o. b. San Francisco, $2350

The "Babcock" enables physicians to make three calls against one with a horse, and on a "hurry" call he is at the patient's bedside before a horse could be hitched—costs less and needs but one-quarter the care.

1910—CHALMERS-DETROIT CARS—1910

THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON

Chalmers-Detroit "30" f. o. b. San Francisco, $1650
Chalmers-Detroit "40" f. o. b. San Francisco, $2900

HUDSON TWENTY

LOOK FOR THE TRIANGLE ON THE RADIATOR

Hudson Twenty, f. o. b. San Francisco, $1050

Equipment—Two large headlights, generators, two side oil lamps, tail lamp, full set of tools and horn. With Bosch magneto, top Prest-o-Lite tank, double rumble seat, $1200.

Have an expert with you when you examine the Hudson "Twenty." You can afford to abide by the unbiased opinion; so can we.

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

524-550 GOLDEN GATE AVE., SAN FRANCISCO **524 TWENTIETH ST., OAKLAND**

Auto Notes

The Diamond Rubber Co. of San Francisco are just in receipt of a very strong letter of recommendation covering their new demountable rims from the Lee Motor Car Co., distributors of the Cadillac for Southern California. They write that this type of rim equipped their Cadillac car in the Ascot race and that it proved in their opinion the best demountable rim on the market for either racing or touring purposes.

The new Buick model officially designated as Model "19" and popularly known as the "Buick-30," is the center of interest nowadays at the salesrooms of the Howard Automobile Company. This is the little car, the arrival of which has been anxiously awaited by many people both in and out of town, and many are coming in daily from the surrounding territory for the express purpose of seeing this new Buick creation, about which so much has been said and of which so much is expected. The new model is the same design mechanically as the Buick "White Streak" and the "Forty" and fills in the gap between these two already popular machines. The cylinders are 4¼x4½, cast in pairs and developing thirty horsepower. It has three speed selective type transmission and a wheel base of 105 inches.

An important change in the local motor trade has just been announced by W. L. Hughson of the firm of Hughson & Merton, to the effect that his concern has taken the Coast Agency for the Jones Speedometor and will carry a complete line of this well known speed marker in all the branches of this concern on the coast. The Jones Speedometor Manufacturing Company belongs to the United Manufacturers and in taking over this line, Hughson & Merton have added one more important feature to their already long list of automobile accessories.

The following message from the Chalmers-Detroit dealers in San Antonio, Texas, has been received by the Pioneer Automobile Company: "Ben Johnson in Chalmers-Detroit 'Thirty' wins six hour race three-quarter mile track defeating Barney Oldsfield in six-cylinder Knox, Burman in Buick, Clark in Jackson, Dehymel in sixty horsepower Stoddard-Dayton racer. Chalmers the only car to finish."

Another shipment of the 1910 Ford cars was received the other day by the Standard Motor Car Company. Included in the allotment is one of the town cars, which is being made a feature by the Ford Factory this season. This is the second shipment of town cars that the Standard Motor Car Company have received and according to reports of W. L. Hughson, the demand for this class of car will result in a great many of them being brought out within the next year.

Another new 1910 model Oldsmobile has just reached the salesrooms of the Howard Automobile Company. This time it is the "Olds Special" with a close coupled body, a car of beautiful lines that is receiving the admiration of all the auto men. This new model Olds is a 40 horsepower with four speed selective transmission, 118 inch wheel base and 36 inch wheels. All the fine points and detail are taken care of in distinctively Olds fashion, which means unsurpassed elegance and refinement.

"The great strides made recently in the construction of automobile engines are most clearly seen in the flexibility of action," says M. S. Harris of the Pioneer Automobile Company. "By flexibility is meant evenness of power delivery under different speed revolutions per minute. A motor of older design would not do even work at low speed revolutions, the pulsations being uneven. This contrast is most evident in the new Thomas six-cylinder forty horsepower shaft-driven car. This car will run at a regular even speed of two miles per hour in the high gear, and so slow will it run on the high that one can walk leisurely by its side. Yet it will run sixty miles per hour, or climb a very steep hill, on the same gear. These results are ideal and are what the manufacturers have been striving for for years."

W. L. Hughson, President of the Standard Motor Car Company, will leave immediately after Christmas for New York to attend the automobile show and the annual meeting of the United Manufacturers Association, of which he is the western representative.

The Pioneer Automobile Company report the sale of a new Model "M" six-cylinder forty horsepower Thomas to Mrs. E. F. Allen, wife of Wiley B. Allen of the piano company. This car was purchased after a thorough investigation of all the new 1910 models.

Frederick B. Moscovic, the well known eastern designer of automobiles, is spending a few weeks on the coast and passed through this city recently. In speaking of the new 1910 models, Mr. Moscovic states that he thinks there is more value in the Chalmers-Detroit thirty horsepower car than in any other that has ever been turned out in this country. "I have just spent a few days at the factory," said he, "and after studying their organization, and the way they do things, I can well understand why they are so far in the lead over other American manufacturers of cars."

W. L. Hughson, President of the Standard Motor Car Company, has just received notice of what is probably the most novel method ever used for the distribution of advertising matter. It is that practiced by the Ohio Automobile Company who handle Ford Motor Cars in Dayton, Ohio, and contiguous territory. The president of this company, Mr. Weston, is a balloon enthusiast and owns a large dirigible in which he makes frequent trips over the surrounding country. Several such trips had been made when the thought came to Mr. Weston that these trips could be made to serve a double purpose. Accordingly he had a million cards printed advertising Ford cars, and as the balloon passes over a town a bundle of these cards is tossed overboard. It is claimed that a fall of several thousand feet guaranteed a wide distribution of cards and that the mere fact of a card floating down from apparently nowhere, insures its being picked up and read.

Word has been received by W. L. Hughson, President of the Standard Motor Car Company, to the effect that the 20 horsepower Ford Touring Car, driven by J. J. Berthoff, has captured the small car event in the Hill Climbing Contest, held at Fort Lee, New York, last week.

F. D. Wood of Cement who recently purchased a Chalmers-Detroit thirty horsepower car and received delivery in Philadelphia, has written the Pioneer Automobile Company that he is about to return to the coast and has made arrangements for hic ar to be shipped to this city.

Severe Tests Prove Its Superiority

Although a comparatively new product, Zerolene has been more severely tested under all conditions than many other lubricants, and, distinctly better than any of these, has triumphed in every test.

ZEROLENE

Auto Lubricating Oil

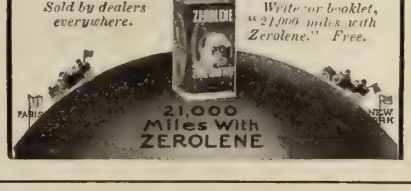
lubricated the winning Thomas car in the famous New York to Paris race, also the Protos and Zust cars which ran second and third. Zerolene proved its perfect lubricating and non-carbonizing qualities, and its zero-working ability in the most severe tests to which a lubricating oil has ever been put.

Zerolene is the only "all round" oil that serves all types of cylinders and bearings. There is only one kind of Zerolene, produced in only one place in the world. Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Sold by dealers everywhere.

Write for booklet, "21,000 miles with Zerolene." Free.



21,000 Miles With ZEROLENE

THE BABCOCK

HUNDRED MILE

ELECTRIC

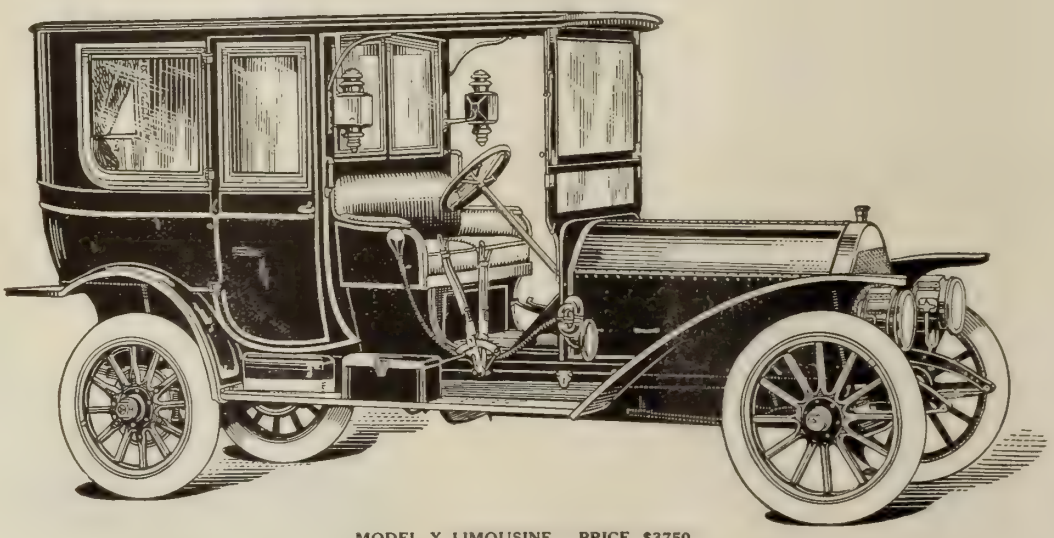
The Electric that can climb hills — The Electric with thirty miles per hour speed

Apply for catalogue and demonstration

PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.

901 GOLDEN GATE AVE. **SAN FRANCISCO**

STEVENS-DURYEA



MODEL X LIMOUSINE. PRICE, $3750.

The Stevens-Duryea (Unit) Power Plant is Mechanically Correct and Scientifically Supported on its Three Points in Chassis Frame

PACIFIC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DISTRIBUTORS

Manufactured by STEVENS-DURYEA CO., CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. Member of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

376-378 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO 1308-1310 FRANKLIN STREET, OAKLAND

WOULD YOU BUY AN ELECTRIC---

IF?

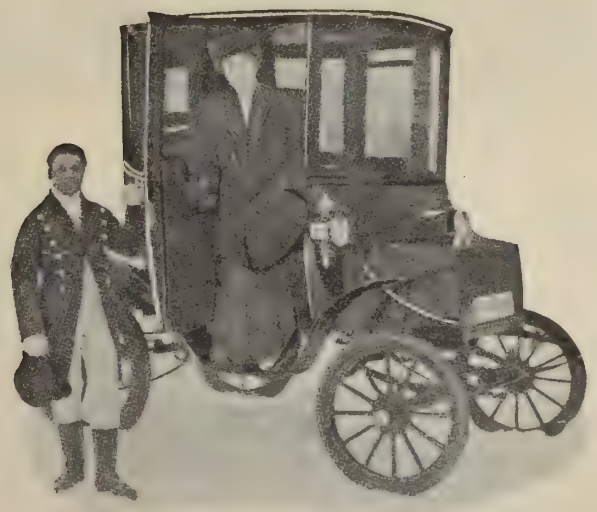
IT WOULD MAKE NINETY MILES PER CHARGE?

WE WOULD GUARANTEE SEVENTY MILES PER CHARGE THE YEAR AROUND?

WE WOULD GUARANTEE THE TOTAL EXPENSE FOR ONE YEAR NOT TO EXCEED $360.00, INCLUDING WASHING, POLISHING, ELECTRIC CURRENT AND TIRE UP-KEEP?

WE HAVE IT IN THE

WOODS ELECTRIC



MADAME GADSKI IN PARIS

Woods Electrics
BUILT IN CHICAGO
BEST BY TEST

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY THE

PACIFIC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

376-380 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO

1308-1310 FRANKLIN STREET, OAKLAND

THE NEW Rambler

Limousine, 7 passenger. 45 h. p., $3900.

EQUIPMENT.

36x5 inch tires; 2 gas headlights. Generator, 2 side electric lights; combination oil and electric tail light, horn, tools and jack.

OTHER CLOSED CARS—Landaulet, 45 h. p., $3150. Taxicab, 34 h. p., $2650.

REASONS WHY THE NEW RAMBLER IS A VERY SUPERIOR CAR.

All motors run some times. Others run most of the time. The **NEW RAMBLER** motors have run two years without faltering, and are to-day apparently as good as ever. All transmission work when new, and some of them last quite a while, but the **NEW RAMBLER** transmission have stood the test for two years and are as good as ever. Some cars have three universal joints; others have two. The **NEW RAMBLERS** have but one, and that one is made so that they show no sign of wear after two years' use. The differential and main drive gears on an automobile are usually an uncertain quantity, but here again the **NEW RAMBLER** in two years' use has never failed in a single instance. Any owner of 1908 or 1909 **RAMBLER** will verify these statements. To provide against accidents, we carry in stock duplicate parts, and we sell them at one-third the price usually charged.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

117-125 VALENCIA STREET, PACIFIC COAST BRANCH

Home Office and Factory, KENOSHA, WIS.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7670, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE T. O'TOOLE, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of PATRICK J. WHELAN as the administrator of the estate of Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, this day filed, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said estate that the real property belonging to said estate hereinafter described should be sold.

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered that the heirs of said Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situate on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 3rd day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock of that day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing said Patrick J. Whelan, as administrator of the estate of said decedent, to sell the property belonging to said estate, said property being situated in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Chestnut Street, distant thereon ninety-three (93) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Tenth Street, and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Chestnut Street forty-two (42) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly forty-two (42) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred (100) feet to the said line of Chestnut Street and the point of beginning.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks before said 3rd day of January, 1910, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 29th day of November, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. S. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
718 Union Trust Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, Deceased—No. 8667 (New Series), Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of Thomas F. Dunn, Esq., one of her attorneys, Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased.

MARIA TERESA ELLIOTT,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Orson H. Elliott, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco; and
THOS. F. DUNN, Hibernia Bldg., San Francisco,
Attorneys for Executrix. 12-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point to commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simole, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of November, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8755, New Series, Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of DANIEL HANLON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned CLARA M. HANLON, Administratrix of the estate of DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of December, 1909), to the said Clara M. Hanlon, Administratrix of the estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, Room 1255, Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased.

CLARA M. HANLON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Said Daniel Hanlon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 18th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1255, Flood Bldg., 870 Market St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John N. Colter, executor of the Will of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Carroll Cook, Esq., Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased.

JOHN N. COLTER,
Executor of the Will of Elizabeth J. Colter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

CARROLL COOK, ESQ., Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, also called MARY M. MARTIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of said MARY J. Martin, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, R. Morgan, 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased.

J. B. MARTIN,
Administrator of the Estate of said Mary J. Martin, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Administrator,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,929, Dept. No. 12.

In the Matter of the Application of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a Corporation, for Change of Name.

Upon reading and filing the petition of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a corporation, by T. H. ELKINGTON, N. F. PEART, and H. F. PEART, all of the Directors thereof, for change of name to that of PEART & ELKINGTON, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 26th day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the courtroom of this Court at No. 216 McAllister Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and they are hereby fixed and designated as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said matter are hereby directed to appear before this Court at said time and place to show cause why said application for change of name shall not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of four successive weeks.

Done in open Court this 15th day of December, 1909.

GEORGE H. CABANISS, Judge.

GEO. F. HATTON and H. F. PEART, Attorneys for Petitioners,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of George H. Bahrs, Esq., Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, ESQ., Attorney for Executors,
Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Bldg., 11 Jones St., San Francisco. 12-25-5

UNION LUMBER CO.

Redwood and Pine Lumber

Railroad Ties, Telegraph Poles,
Shingles, Split Shakes

CROCKER BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased,

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased, appear in said Court on Monday, the 27th day of December, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Charles G. Lyman as such executor, should not sell the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of O'Farrell Street with the easterly line of Mason Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along the said southerly line of O'Farrell Street fifty-five (55) feet to the easterly line of Mason Street and the point of commencement; being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 197.

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published for at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, November 18, 1909. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-10-11 Chronicle Building, City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE McCARTHY, deceased.

EVELYN DORAN GOUBERT,
Administratrix of the Estate of Eugene McCarthy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 27, 1909.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-27-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE, SECTION 1549, C. C. P.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 3853.

In the Matter of the Estate of ORRIN H. WILKINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 29th day of December, 1908, in the matter of the estate of ORRIN H. WILKINS, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in lawful money of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after January 3, 1910, No. 1125, South M Street, City of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said ORRIN H. WILKINS, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired since his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows: A lot of land located on the Southwest line of 14th Avenue, South, distant two hundred and twenty-five feet Northwest from Northwest line of L Street; thence Northwesterly twenty-five by one hundred feet, and being a portion of South San Francisco, in Block No. 289, and standing on the records of said County in the name of said decedent.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in lawful money of the United States of America; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the undersigned on day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Court. Deed at the expense of purchaser.

OSCAR R. WILKINS,
Administrator of the Estate of Orrin H. Wilkins, Deceased.

Dated, December 16th, 1909.

C. P. STEVENS,
Attorney for Administrator, Benicia, Cal. 12-25-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL S. WISE, Deceased—No. 8719, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Build, ing, No. 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased.

WALLACE A. WISE,
As Administrator of the Estate of Rachel S. Wise, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

WALLACE A. WISE, Administrator,
Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Celina Legallet, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, French Savings Bank Building, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased.

CELINA LEGALLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Georges Henry Legallet, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

S. J. BRUN, Attorney for Celina Legallet,
French Savings Bank Bldg., 110 Sutter St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX BROOKS, Deceased—No. 8718, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased.

JULIA BROOKS,
Executrix of the Estate of Max Brooks, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Attorney for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM THIRD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at Room 609 in the Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said place the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased.

JENNIE THIRD,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of William Third, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4, 1909.

JOSEPH B. KENNEDY, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverst to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Corner Montgomery Ave. and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,
vs.
LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,
vs.
ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, An Incompetent Person.

Nels Rasmussen, guardian of the person and estate of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of the interest in the real estate of the said incompetent person for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent person appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the third day of January, A. D. 1910, in the forenoon of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court, Room No. 601, Grant Building, corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian of the said incompetent person to sell the interest of the real estate of said incompetent person, at private sale; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open Court this 7th day of December, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 7, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. ALLEN, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, Sometimes Known and Written as SOL LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 8713, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alexander Lippman, Executor of the last will of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Maurice L. Asher, 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased.

ALEXANDER LIPPMAN,
Executor of the Last Will of Solomon Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Executor,
615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office No. 623 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased.

FINDLEY BUCHANAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Catherine Johnson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff.
vs.
MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-?

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gift Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

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Say, is Sing Sing far from here?

Well, it took me an hour to go there and a year to get back.

Yuletide Reflections

As she hung up her stocking she sadly cried:
"Ah! Santa Claus, if you knew
What would pleasure me most to find inside!
But how can I hope that you
Can divine what I painfully strive to hide
From the prying eyes of all?
A looker-on at the gay seaside;
A nun at a costume ball.
And you cannot give it if you would—"
She snapped the clasp in vexation,
And before her mirror sadly stood
Regarding her frail foundation.

Acidulous

Let me pass Yuletide by myself, for I
Abhor the annual animalish feed.
Each year with terror far abroad I fly,
To shun the sight of Christmas-dinner greed.
The turkey is a fowl that I detest,
It always reaches one reverse of hot—
While silly women ever get the breast,
And drumsticks fall unto my luckless lot.

This family uniting is a bore,
And so at festive seasons I vamoose
To where my inside is not rendered sore
By frigid turkey or congealing goose;
Where inside bits of celery are mine,
And where my portion is not bone and skin;
There can I sit me down alone to dine,
Unforced to wear a hypocritic grin.

A Strenuous Task

Wife—Are you going to trim the Christmas tree?

Husband—Not much. It's beyond my strength. I'm going to hire a milliner to do it.

A Good Average

Are you satisfied with the presents your friends sent you?

Perfectly, my dear. Of the thirty-four different articles I received three that are just what I wanted.

A Christmas Nuisance

Felice and I, we never meet
From one year's end unto another;
I seldom think of her, and she
Has precious little use for me,
Yet every Christmas we repeat
That awful gift-exchanging bother;
We're fettered to it, wrist and wrist,
Each has the other on her "list,"
And though we're both heart-sick of it,
We neither one would dare to quit.

The Mermaid

On Christmas Eve a merman tall
Went blithely forth to make a call
Upon a mermaid fair;
He found her, as you've doubtless guessed,
Upon a rock, in seaweed dressed,
A-combing of her hair.

Now, as the merman looked around,
No spray of mistletoe he found,
And he remarked the lack.
"You know I have no feet, and so,
How can I have a mistletoe?"
The mermaid answered back.

An Insuperable Objection

"I would like to give myself to you as a Christmas present," said young Poore to Miss Rocks.

"Papa does not allow me to receive expensive presents from young men," replied the maiden.

His Mournful Musing

"I believe I could be happy tonight," despondently cogitated the good-looking and popular bachelor, addressing himself, as he sat in his cosy den on Christmas Eve, "if I did not know that somewhere a neck-tie was bought today for my Christmas present."

Reprehensible

I do not like the acts some folks
Perform with far too little rarity,
Nor can I cherish Christmas jokes,
That savor not of Christian charity.
But chiefly those remiss I find,
And deem their actions reprehensible,
Who at this season deem it kind
To dole out gifts that they call "sensible."

Envy

Little vagrants of the street,
With your blue unstockinged feet,
Enviously now I glow,
For your parents have no woe.
O'er their work no mothers bend,
Endless holes each week to mend;
Filled with bliss your father's cup—
You have nothing to hang up.

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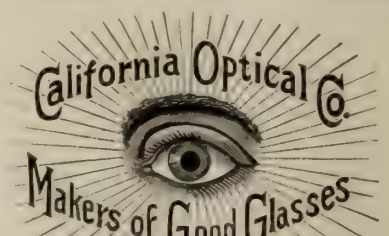

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may not call for a dish of oatmeal porridge every morning, but if it does your stomach will call for

H-O

because it is the only steam-cooked oatmeal---the only oatmeal that presents all the rich nutriment in the oats in a digestible and palatable form---oatmeal that is all oatmeal---no hulls, no dirt, no grit. Ready for the table after fifteen minutes cooking. Of course, it costs a few cents more than the ordinary raw rolled oats, but you'll be glad to pay it. Always ask for H-O.

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this year is Good Digestion and Good Health. You can get both by eating

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the crisp malted flakes of cooked wheat. It is King of all the flaked foods---easily digested, full of nutriment, delicious for breakfast with milk or cream.

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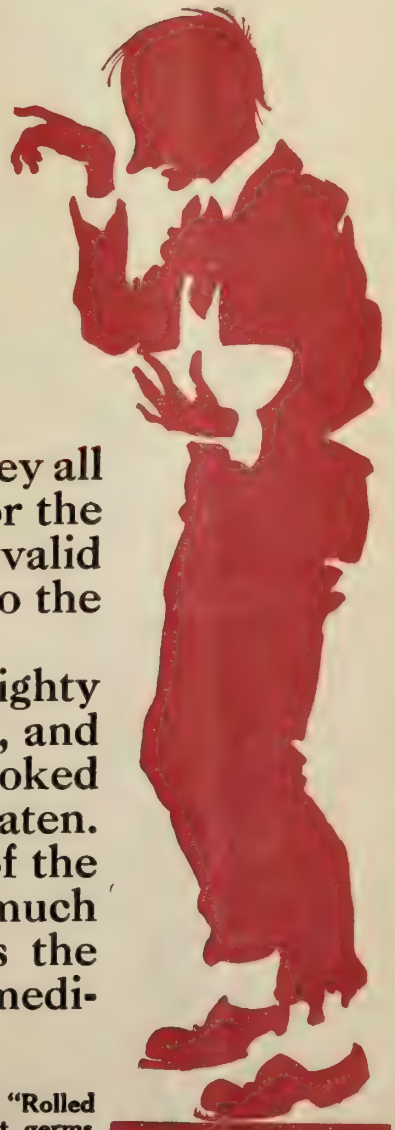
Vol. XVIII. No. 905 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 1, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

"I WANT SOME MORE!"



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, January 1, 1910 | No. 905

JESSIE STONER

The captivating leading lady of "The Alaskan" coming to the Savoy Theatre next Sunday evening.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., San Francisco. Phones, Douglas 2612, Home J 3622.

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The Big Conspiracy

Exposure has not abashed the combination of newspapers, magazines and demagogues formed for the purpose of conspiring against the Taft Administration to the end that the great Tribune who has been extinguishing life in the jungles of Africa be restored to power. This is a conspiracy that is not ashamed to show its brow either by day or night. It has resolved to disparage the President in whatever he does; to make it appear that he is in league with the powers of evil; that he is the puppet of the plunderbund and the enemy of the people, and apparently no scruples are to stand in the way of effective misrepresentation. The utterly shameless character of the campaign that is being conducted is evident from the groundless animadversions of the conspirators on the record of Judge Lurton, who was appointed to succeed Justice Peckham in the Supreme Court. Judge Lurton is described as a man with "a railroad mind." By way of justification of this description we are told that he upholds the principle of contributory negligence in railroad damage suits, and that in the suit arising out of the contest between Fiske and Harriman which involved control of the Southern Pacific Company he repudiated a principle that was afterwards upheld by the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities Merger case. This is a specimen of unscrupulous criticism that the average purveyor of political slander would not have the hardiwood to advance. The principle of contributory negligence which Judge Lurton is said to uphold is elementary. The judge that would disavow it would be justly regarded either as an ass or a knave or as uniting the qualities of both in what is known in California as a judgedunne. The other principle to which reference has been made was never passed upon by Judge Lurton, and it is inconceivable that the conspirators are under any misapprehension as to the points involved in the contest between Harriman and Fiske.

A New England Tragedy

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, called upon to explain why Massachusetts rejected the divine boon to mankind, commonly known as the direct primary, responded thus: "Nobody liked the direct primary. It is expensive, it affords no means of resisting the bosses, it affords no means of preventing activity of the machine; indeed it strengthened the hold of the machine on the party." A deplorable explanation emanating from a source universally revered. Doubtless it has shocked the thousands of Harvard graduates who are numbered among the most ardent of our rainbow-chasers, and who stimulate hope and diffuse consolation among the less learned but equally enthusiastic prophets of the Millennium. Has Dr. Eliot fallen from grace? If not how can we account for his heterodox message breathing discouragement to civic patriots? He is reputed to be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, and yet here he is calling good evil, rejecting a divine revelation, raising his voice against the balm that has come to Gilead. How tragic that the disciples of the star-eyed goddess should thus be wounded in the house of their friend! It is the consensus of opinion among the only enlightened men in the country—the sincere champions of the people's cause—that to disavow the obvious efficacy of the direct primary is to argue oneself a servile tool of a corrupt boss. So Eliot has put himself beyond the pale; ostracism for him, and no recall or referendum. Here in California we shall soon produce convincing proof of the celestial origin of the one thing that approximates perfection in politics; for lo, the winter is passing, the flowers will soon appear, the time of the singing of birds is approaching, and ere long we shall be regaled with the voice of the turtle and the jocund jobchaser's sirenian song. With this year ends the reign of the boss. The machine is doomed to demolition. The two-legged animal without feathers is about to enter Utopia.

Our Dread of Danger

The faculty of Cornell University adopted a resolution the other day calling for a change in the rules of football with a view to making the game safe. Perhaps some day it may occur to somebody connected with our universities that we may be concerning ourselves too much about the dangers of football. The tests of physical courage are not so numerous nowadays that we can afford to reduce their number; nor is it advisable to refine all the brutality out of our nature. The inevitable tendency of civilization to effeminacy and effeteness is what we should dread more than the consequences of violent and hazardous athletic contests. Notwithstanding the Laird of Skibo and his zeal for universal peace war's dread alarums are still to be reckoned with, and the manufacture of heroes for the strife inevitable must not be discontinued. In this era physical courage is no less important than moral courage, and the best way to develop it is to glorify it as did the Greeks of old in the days when athletic heroes were celebrated in song and immortalized in sculpture. The Olympic games illustrated the regard paid by the unanimous consent of all the States of Greece to those exercises of physical force and intrepidity which preserved them so long from the corruptions of luxury and effeminacy into which through their growing opulence and familiarity with Oriental habits they would very soon otherwise have fallen. It was generally understood that these games maintained in the nation a general respect for a manly and intrepid character and supported that moral dignity and independence which, while they resisted for years the aggressions of force from without, were proof against the contagion of licentious principles within. Men were maimed and deformed in those games, as they are today in football, but the Greeks felt that the only deformity to be avoided was deformity of heart. The Greeks were great admirers of physical beauty, but they admired still more a stout heart, and they knew that under the powerful reaction of mind against the scorn of fools evoked by physical defects, men of worth rose to distinction and rendered valuable service to mankind. One of the first symptoms of effeteness in a people is an inordinate passion for luxury accompanied by sensitiveness to discomfort and pain. This symptom we already manifest. It is expressed in headache powders, painless dentistry and an abnormal craving for new creature comforts. Now pleasure and pain have a twin place in every moral system, being stimulants from opposite sides to a high principle, and we should not devote our time as we are to maximizing the one and minimizing the other. Football, it is true, is associated with the idea of pain and broken limbs, but only in a little greater degree than

other forms of athletic sport that have been encouraged for centuries, mainly because of the physical hazards which they involved. Riding to hounds is a dangerous sport, and so is polo, but nobody ever heard of its being suggested in England, where they have long been popular, that they should be made "safe." We are told that every year many fatalities occur on the football field. If we must avoid everything that has a record for fatalities then let us banish the automobile and resolve at once upon becoming a nation of mollycoddles.

Pestiferous Correspondents

During the war between Japan and Russia there was much dissatisfaction among newspaper correspondents because of the precautions that were taken by Japanese officials to prevent them from getting all the news they were after. The Japanese had a way of handling war correspondents that was at once novel and exasperating. They simulated great solicitude for the correspondents, and while promising them everything in the way of facilities for getting to the points where the war game was at its height they managed to keep them remote from the scenes they most desired to witness. In this way they were able to carry on their preparations and execute their designs without much danger of their movements being anticipated. The war was half over before the correspondents realized that in circumventing them the Japanese employed as much strategy as was exercised in maneuvers against the enemy. The correspondents lost their temper but the Japanese won the battles. Incidentally the Japanese taught the world a lesson, and now the General Staff of our army is considering ways and means of eliminating the problem that has hitherto entered into the war game as a result of the pernicious activity of newspaper correspondents. In the Spanish war the Government was much embarrassed by newspaper discussion of the plans of the army and navy. A single newspaper was more useful to the enemy than a whole corps of spies. How to avert a recurrence of this species of treason is the question that the General Staff has under consideration. And a question of considerable delicacy it is in this land of the free and home of the yellow journal. The average politician would not dare to entertain offhand a proposition to establish a press censorship. Even in war the press of the Republic must have its swing though lives be sacrificed and carnage prolonged. Hence the General Staff in considering ways and means of minimizing the evil consequences of newspaper enterprise and rivalry conceives it to be prudent to conciliate the press before urging any kind of legislation. There is talk of protecting newspaper correspondents in "their rights and privileges" and "soliciting the co-operation of the press of the country." Before attempting to persuade Congress of the desirability of legislation on this subject the General Staff will endeavor to obtain the consent of the newspapers. All of which as news must be very amusing to the benighted of the Orient.

Affinitarian Philosophy

Although affinities are tolerably numerous in this country and although the sensational exploitation of divorce trials in the yellow journals would lead one to believe that the affinitarian relation is having more and more of the dirt of disgrace rubbed off, the United States cannot boast of a serious propaganda for the facilitating of extra-marital sexual relations. In this respect Germany is far in the lead for that country has an association boasting branches in every part of the empire which advocates laws by which marriages may be dissolved as soon as "the soul communion" ceases. Perhaps it is significant that socialism is rampant in the country which has originated this propaganda, for it is a short step from the system which would give the State the right to control a man's property to the system which would give the State the right to form his conscience. The new affinitarian philosophy would do this by formulating a new code of morals and enforcing it by law. The ladies and gentlemen who head the propaganda started by asking themselves whether the relation of the sexes is forever to be determined by existing marriage arrangements. They immediately answered the question in the negative. So they would substitute for the matrimonial union blessed by the church or sanctioned by the law "a real soul communion of two persons." They would allow a man to select his mate "in accordance with the demands of his nature." When a "soul communion" had ceased to satisfy "the demands of a man's nature," he would be allowed to discontinue it and seek another soul mate. With wonderful forethought these philosophers have provided against the danger of promiscuous relations and endless divorces by suggesting that dissatisfied soul mates should be required to apply twice for a separation, an interval of four weeks to elapse between the first and the second application. It is a simple problem in arithmetic to compute how many soul mates a man might annually acquire by this arrangement for the satisfaction of the demands of his nature. The propagandists insist that the rights of children would have to be safeguarded but do not point out just how this could be done. Neither have they shown conclusively whether it would be the spiritual or the fleshly part of his nature which would influence man in taking and putting away soul mates. Of course this system should not be taken seriously, but just the same it is being so taken by thinkers of anarchic tendencies. Unfortunately such thinkers, shallow though they usually be, address remarkably large audiences of sympathetic hearers nowadays when they put their thoughts into language. The advantage of abolishing one of the sternest commands of the decalogue has been apparent to a certain class of men and women in all ages but it has remained for twentieth century Germany to clothe this pernicious form of libertine teaching in philosophical formulas and to ask men and women to enroll themselves in an association devoted to the fleshly propaganda.

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The Unexpected Peril

Unlike the youth that all men say
  They prize—youth of abounding blood,
In love with the sufficient day,
  And gay in growth, and strong in bud;

Unlike was mine! Then my first slumber
  Nightly rehearsed my last; each breath
Knew itself one of the unknown number.
  But Life was urgent with me as Death.

My shroud was in the flocks; the hill
  Within its quarry locked my stone;
My bier grew in the woods; and still
  Life spurred me where I paused alone.

"Begin!" Life called. Again her shout,
  "Make haste while it is called today!"
Her exhortations plucked me out,
  Hunted me, turned me, held me at bay.

But if my youth is thus hard pressed
  (I thought) what of a later year?
If the End so threats this tender breast,
  What of the days when it draws near?

Draws near, and little done? Yet lo,
  Dread has forborne, and Haste lies by.
I was beleaguered; now the foe
  Has raised the siege, I know not why.

I see them troop away; I ask
  Were they in sooth mine enmies—
Terror, the doubt, the lash, the task?
  What heart has my new housemate, Ease?

How am I left, at last, alive,
  To make a stranger of a tear?
What did I do one day to drive
  From one the vigilant angel, Fear?

The diligent angel, Labor? Ay,
  The inexorable angel, Pain?
Menace me, lest indeed I die,
  Sloth! Turn, crush, teach me fear again!

—Alice Meynell.

Perspective Impressions

A motto for the new year: Abate desire and practice charity.

"I regard God as a universal personality," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, thus giving color to the suspicion that he has faith in the divinity of Roosevelt.

To be able to say, "I told you so," is doubtless gratifying to Peary, but if he had been able to say less on his return from the North he would now be more of a hero in the eyes of the people.

The Muses are beckoning Mayor Taylor to Elysian fields, but he hates to go—on foot. It is hard to shake off the automobile habit that is acquired at the expense of taxpayers.

The question ought not to be, What will the new year bring us? but, What shall we contribute?

"If I were to go back into the steel business," says Mr. Andrew Carnegie, "I would put an end to labor troubles by sharing profits with my employes." But when Mr. Carnegie was in the steel business he always ended labor troubles with shot guns in the hands of the Pinkertons. In those days fair words buttered no parsnips.

Mr. Heney says he filed his libel suit in New York because owing to the division of the people of this city in hostile camps it is impossible to obtain an impartial jury. For himself Mr. Heney wants an impartial jury but for others he prefers the Burns patented variety, guaranteed to eat out of a comminatory hand.

BACK FROM THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

New York World.

MUSIC AND SLOW CURTAIN

Nashville Banner.

Remarks on Chesterton on Shaw

A Brief Discussion of the Englishman's New Treatise on the Irishman, Conducted in Feeble Imitation of the Chestertonian or Jigsaw Style

By Edward F. O'Day

"Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who understands him, and I do not agree with him." In this manner Gilbert K. Chesterton begins his essay on George Bernard Shaw, an excellent manner, it must be admitted, if the end be, in so beginning, to arrest the attention of those who are merely curious and contrary. For the curious or contrary man will be impelled to read the book for the purpose of confounding the author and certainly any reader, properly challenged, may cover any author with confusion. It is so easy to lay the book down with the statement that the author has been at great pains to make himself out a liar; and to prove the truth of the lie thus launched one has only to take the book up again and show, from many passages, that Chesterton does not understand Shaw but that he does agree with him. Why may not a reader say: "Go to, Chesterton, you deliberately misunderstand Shaw and you do agree with him with all the intensity of your misunderstanding."

I have heard Chesterton accused of conceit in so beginning his book and I consider the charge quite ridiculous. By that opening statement Chesterton shows himself, not a conceited person but the humblest man of letters in England. Surely it is humility and not conceit to confess oneself so beholden to another that one must ape his mannerisms. Could one more strikingly testify to one's own deficiency of mental equipment? And that is just what Chesterton has done, for that opening paragraph is not Chesterton's but Shaw's. The hand is the hand of Chesterton but the voice is the voice of Shaw; if Shaw had not uttered innumerable such impertinences Chesterton would never have thought of this one. To have thought of it would have been no reflection on Chesterton's mental capacity; every man who reads a Shaw play thinks of Shavian epigrams; but most men are too conceited to utter them. That would be an intolerable tribute to Shaw's compelling mentality; it would be confessing, not only that Shaw makes one think but also that he makes one think in Shavian terms and ordinary conceit is inconsistent with such a humiliating admission. But Chesterton not only thought this Shaw impertinence; he also uttered it and in uttering it, proved himself the humblest of imitators. I do not say that Chesterton is not proud; my point is that he certainly is not conceited, but very humble. In his humility he may be as proud as Shaw and Shaw, as everybody should realize by this time, is as proud on his pillar as Simon Stylites was on his.

So I do not agree with those who censure Chesterton for beginning his book with the statement which I have quoted. The statement may be untrue; in fact I am convinced that it is untrue; but it is not conceited. My censure for that statement is directed, not against Chesterton, but against Chesterton's publisher, John Lane. Not that I blame Lane for including the statement in the book; certainly not. I blame him for taking it out of the book and plastering it on the bill boards and displaying it in newspaper advertisements and forcing it on unwilling attention in special "write-ups" sent through the mails to literary critics. Somewhere in his book Chesterton defends Shaw against the charge of being a meretricious advertiser and meanwhile John Lane is meretriciously advertising Chesterton's book on Shaw by billing two continents with this ridiculous paragraph which has as much to do with Chesterton's book on Shaw as Shaw's Major Barbara has to do with Chesterton's private life. The paragraph is in Chesterton's book because Chesterton in his extreme humility placed it there; in the book but not of it. John Lane should have left it there. He would have been much better occupied in making for Chesterton and for Chesterton's readers a book which would stand the wear and tear of one reading. Chesterton has cut a fine jewel but John Lane has set it execrably.

Chesterton has seen fit to approach Bernard Shaw by a winding path of analysis. He will not allow us to step up and shake hands with Shaw until he has taken us aside and dissected Shaw's character for us. This would be an embarrassing method of introduction if Chesterton were actually presenting you or me to Shaw. In that case the embarrassment would be for Shaw and for you or me; in the present case Chesterton covers himself with embarrassment. He says that there are three traditions embodied in Shaw: the Irishman, the Puritan and the Progressive; and then, with true Chestertonian hardihood, he essays to explain them. There are some writers who, one imagines, are competent to explain the Irish, the Puritanical and the Progressive traditions in Bernard Shaw, if indeed these traditions are in him; but I do not think Chesterton is exactly the man. Perhaps that is why he attempts the task, for Chesterton is never so blithe as when attempting the impossible. The difficulty of the task may be surmised when it is stated that Chesterton is not an Irishman, not a Puritan and not a Progressive. He is an Englishman, a Catholic and a Reactionary. He was born to the English tradition as Shaw to the Irish; he acquired the Reactionary tradition as Shaw the Progressive; but unlike Shaw who, he says, was a Puritan before he was born, Chesterton is becoming a Catholic in preparation for death. Just now he is on the verge, not of death (thank God!) but of Catholicism, and his friends are trying to topple him over. But Chesterton is a large man—in this book he compares himself to an elephant—and it is tedious toppling.

It would require a book as large as Chesterton's on Shaw to prove that Chesterton is incapable of appraising Shaw in his three-fold tradition. He goes very far afield in his exposition of his thesis. Thus, to prove that Shaw is an Irishman he compares him to the Venus de Milo, a comparison which only an Irishman can properly appreciate. I wonder if an Irishman suggested it to Chesterton, the Englishman? Possibly George Moore. In that case the comparison is particularly piquant, for of course Moore would like to insinuate that Shaw is like the Venus de Milo because that lady has no arms and therefore cannot write. But the comparison is a good one, although I think that Shaw is more like the Venus de Medici whose pose sly old Ovid so capitally described. Letting the comparison stand, we are somewhat taken aback to find that in the next paragraph Chesterton compares Shaw to Diana "who walks the wood with a sort of wild chastity." Now this will never do. Shaw may be like Venus or he may be like Diana, but he can hardly be like both of them. It is evident that Chesterton looks on Diana as a "huntress chaste and fair" and that he disbelieves that old scandal about Endymion. That being so, what have Venus and Diana in common except uncommon beauty? Certainly Chesterton was not drawing a comparison between the beauty of these divinities and his divinity, G. B. S. Even Chesterton does not dare to say that Shaw is beautiful. Imagine comparing an Irishman with a red beard and a suit of Jaeger to Venus

(Continued on Page 33.)

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In Zaccarath

By Lord Dunsany

"Come," said the King in sacred Zaccarath, "and let our prophets prophesy before us."

A far-seen jewel of light was the holy palace, a wonder to the nomads on the plains.

There was the King with all his under-lords, and the lesser kings that did him vassalage, and there were all his queens with all their jewels upon them.

Who shall tell of the splendor in which they sat; of the thousand lights and the answering emeralds; of the dangerous beauty of that hoard of queens or the flash of their laden necks?

There was a necklace there of rose-pink pearls beyond the art of dreamer to imagine. Who shall tell of the amethyst chandeliers where torches, soaked in rare Bhyrinian oils, burned and gave off a scent of blethany?*

Enough to say that when the dawn came up it appeared by contrast pallid and unlovely and stripped all bare of its glory, so that God covered it with rolling clouds.

"Come," said the King, "let our prophets prophesy."

Then the heralds stepped through the ranks of the King's silk-clad warriors who lay oiled and scented upon velvet cloaks, with a pleasant breeze among them caused by the fans of slaves; even their casting-spears were set with jewels; through their ranks the heralds went with mincing steps, and came to the prophets, clad in brown and black, and one of them they brought and set him before the King. And the King looked at him and said, "Prophesy unto us."

And the prophet lifted his head, so that his beard came clear from his brown cloak, and the fans of the slaves that fanned the warriors wafted the tip of it a little awry. And he spake to the King and spake thus:

"Woe unto thee, King, and woe unto Zaccarath. Woe unto thee and woe unto thy women; for your fall shall be sore and soon. Already in Heaven the gods shun thy god: They know his doom and what is written of him; he sees oblivion before him like a mist. Thou hast aroused the hate of the mountaineers. They hate thee all along the crags of Droom. The evilness of thy days shall bring down the Zeedians on thee as the suns of springtide bring the avalanche down. They shall do unto Zaccarath as the avalanche doth unto the hamlets of the valley." When the queens chattered or tittered among themselves, he merely raised his voice and still spake on: "Woe to these walls and the carven things upon them. The hunter shall know the camping-places of the nomads by the marks of the camp-fires on the plain, but he shall not know the place of Zaccarath."

A few of the recumbent warriors turned their heads to glance at the prophet when he ceased. Far overhead the echoes of his voice hummed on awhile among the cedarn rafters.

"Is he not splendid?" said the King. And many of that assembly beat with their palms upon the polished floor in token of applause. Then the prophet was conducted back to his place at the far end of that mighty hall; and for a while musicians played on marvelous curved horns, while drums throbbed behind them hidden in a recess. The musicians were seated cross-legged on the floor all blowing their huge horns in the brilliant torchlight, but as the drums throbbed louder in the dark they arose and moved slowly nearer to the King. Louder and louder drummed the drums in the dark, and nearer and nearer moved the men with the horns, so that their music should not be drowned by the drums before it reached the King.

A marvelous scene it was when the tempestuous horns were halted before the King, and the drums in the dark were like the thunder of God, and the queens were nodding their heads in time to the music, with their diadems flashing like heavens of falling stars, and the warriors lifted their heads and shook, as they lifted them, the plumes of those golden birds which hunters wait for by the Liddian lakes, in a whole lifetime killing scarcely six, to make the crests that the warriors wore when they feasted in Zaccarath. Then the King shouted and the warriors sang—almost they remembered then old battle-chaunts. And, as they sang, the sound of the drums dwindled and the musicians walked away backwards, and the drumming became fainter and fainter as they walked, and altogether ceased, and they blew no more on their fantastic horns. Then the assemblage beat on the floor with their palms. And afterwards the queens besought the King to send for another prophet. And the heralds brought a singer and placed him before the King; and the singer was a young man with a harp. And he swept the strings of it, and when there was silence he sang of the iniquity of the King. And he foretold the onrush of the Zeedians and the fall and the forgetting of Zaccarath and the coming again of the desert to its own and the playing about of little lion cubs where the courts of the palace had stood.

"Of what is he singing?" said a queen to a queen.

"He is singing of everlasting Zaccarath."

As the singer ceased the assemblage beat listlessly on the floor, and the King nodded to him and he departed.

When all the prophets had prophesied to them and all the singers sung, that royal company arose and went to other chambers, leaving the hall of festival to the pale and lonely dawn. And alone were left the lion-headed gods that were carven out of the walls; silent they stood and their rocky arms were folded. And shadows over their faces moved like curious thoughts as the torches flickered and the dull dawn crossed the fields. And the colors began to change in the chandeliers.

Never was greater splendor or a more famous hall. When the queens went away through the curtained door with all their diadems it was as though the stars should arise in their stations and troop together to the West at sunrise.

And only the other day I found a stone that had undoubtedly been a part of Zaccarath; it was three inches long and an inch broad; I saw the edge of it uncovered by the sand. I believe that only three other pieces have been found like it.

* The herb marvelous, which growing near the summit of Mount Zaumnos scents all the Zaumnian range and is smelt far out on the Kepuscran plains, and even, when the wind is from the mountains, in the streets of the city of Ognoth. At night it closes its petals and is heard to breathe, and its breath is a swift poison. This it does even by day if the snows are disturbed about it. No plant of this has ever been captured alive by a hunter.

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A California Bee Farm

This is the Story of a Veteran New England School Teacher Who, Sighing for Green Hills Far Away, Was Invited to Join a Girlhood Friend in the San Joaquin Valley Where She is Now Engaged in the Beekeeping Industry

As I was transferred from the Southern Pacific Overland to the valley flyer, the conductor gazed at my ticket with a dubious smile.

"Ever been there?" he queried.

"No, I'm just from the East."

"Well, you'll think you've struck the jumping off place, sure, when you see Cando. Section house, water tank and salt grass plain—that's the whole show."

There was no station. The train slowed to let me down on the track, one or two passengers looked pityingly after me, my trunks came tumbling out of the baggage car and the train swept off. I had arrived.

Slush and east winds were holding high carnival in New England. Here the grass was wearing o' the green in a style that would have delighted the heart of good St. Patrick. Cattle were dotted over the plain, there were lines of willows along the irrigation ditches and magnificent oaks in the distance.

The Sierra Nevada lifted great snow crowned peaks in the east, and in the west was the purple barrier of the Coast Range. It was a country of immense ranches, wide vineyards and orchards. A few whitewashed buildings dazzling in the morning sunshine suggested homes.

I had not done snuffing the peculiar sweet, burnt smell of the alkali, when with joyful greetings my friend, her husband and the children swept around the water tank. They had made the passage in the Lizzie Olsen, the big farm wagon, named for a sailing craft familiar in old home days. The Lizzie Olsen played a star part in our ranch life.

My friends had been busy in my behalf, and it was not long before we reached the bee subject.

"This is an alfalfa and cattle ranch," announced the rancher, "and the Fresno county bee inspector says that it is a first class location for an apiary. We have one hundred acres of alfalfa and a great quantity of alkali weed on the cattle range, to say nothing of the wild flowers and tree blossoms, all of which give excellent bee food.

"We've heard of a first class apiary for sale, seventy-five hives, and a practical bee man will purchase twenty-five of those hives and add them to his small apiary, provided that I allow him hive location here. You can purchase the other fifty. He will manage the one hundred hives and you can learn the bee business by helping to look after your own apiary. The bee man will live in a tent near the apiary and help on the farm. His wife also has a practical knowledge of apiary work."

"I shall live in a tent, too," I chortled.

"Wait," my host cautioned, "until you hear the other propositions in regard to learning the bee business."

I heard them, but they did not appeal to me.

The spot chosen for the apiary was a high knoll safe from floods. There was a deep pond near and a clump of immense willows, beside which the tents were pitched.

Location near good water is an apiary essential. Bees are great water drinkers, and if stock trough or household pump has to be depended upon for water supply the bees become a nuisance.

We purchased the apiary outright, bees and hives, for $5 each for the hived colony. The hives come fitted in sections ready for a carpenter to put together; by buying the sections about 40 cents may be saved on each hive. There was no carpenter in our neighborhood and we willingly took both colonies and hives and thus avoided worry and delay.

The hives were square boxes and the Lizzie Olsen transported them in the night. Bees go to bed early, and by stopping up the door of the hive they are kept inside.

It was April 5 when they arrived at Beeknoll, and the quiet spot was, in the morning, fairly vibrant with their humming. The 100 hives were set out in rows three feet apart. This allowed plenty of room for the apiarist. The grass had been cut and the ground made ready, so that there would be no need to disturb them later.

We had our last rain for the season on April 11, and from that date until November was one long period of sunshine and flowers.

My first apiary work was to follow the bee man in opening up the hives and in changing the brood combs. It requires some courage, coolness, patience and nimble fingers to make a success in apiculture.

We of course dressed for the part, with veils and rubber gloves, and I added an old light rubber mackintosh. Armed with a bee smoker I was well equipped to meet trouble, and it was there waiting to be met.

Blessed is the man who found out that smoke will reduce hostile bees to submission. After a gust from the smoker we removed the tops of the hives, examined the movable frames, and when necessary replaced comb foundations. Our hives were being run for extracted honey, consequently all preparations for swarming were promptly suppressed.

The queen was clipped. This has a very disheartening effect upon the plans of the royal lady. The bee man carefully examined the frames until he found her. He then seized her by the wing, with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Her little feet promptly clasped his finger, but the queen stings only those of her own royal blood.

With a pair of blunt scissors he clipped the free wing off, close to the body. Writing about this performance and doing the deed are different matters. The queen herself is docile, but her subjects until smoked into stupidity are as furious and hostile as Filipinos.

There are ten combs in each hive. They are loose fitting and suspended a bee space apart. The comb foundation is purchased in sheets which are cut into narrow strips and fastened to the frames. Comb foundation is a wily encouragement to the busy bee and an exact starter for building.

Some of the hives were fitted with honey boards. A honey board is a frame covered with zinc, with holes big enough to allow worker bees to pass through, but too small for the queen. Its object is to keep the brood below.

We had just finished the examination of the hives when the bee inspector included our apiary in his rounds. His marking eye, on the alert for foul brood and immovable combs, brightened at the absolute cleanliness and first class condition of our apiary.

What is foul brood?

The inspector says that it is the meanest enemy that the apiarist has to contend with. It is highly contagious and attacks the young brood in the cells. The larvae in the open cells turn black, the caps of sealed cells sink or break, and the contents change into a black, ropy jelly with an offensive smell.

Like so many other pests of modern times, foul brood is due to a microbe. The bees carry the spores from hive to hive, the disease spreads rapidly, and in a very short time a whole apiary will be infected. The bee inspector burns infected hives and bees. It means a heavy loss to the apiarist, but if foul brood were not summarily dealt with there would soon be an end of apiculture in the valley.

By the middle of May I was comfortably settled in my

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Spectator

Our Anvil Chorus

Hark! What awful hullabaloo is this that strikes upon the ear like the rolling of distant thunder or that crash of sonorous metal that once brought fright to Chaos and Old Night? It is the anvil chorus of our dear old parish proclaiming now in the broken rhythms of angry waves on a rockbound coast, poignant vexation of spirit; and now, in horrendous dissonances, as of an army of discontented souls grumbling at their experience of the hereafter, protesting against the pricks of disappointment. It is the opening anvil chorus of the Panama Canal Exposition in a symphony that reminds us that the spirit of the old town is unchanged. What would San Francisco be without its dear old anvil chorus? It would be like society without Mrs. Grundy, a slave to its impulses, insensible of its follies. How refreshing and heartening therefore to know that the anvil chorus is still puissant and willing and quick to respond to provocation! The signal for its latest bravura was the publication of the names of the gentlemen who have been chosen for the ways and means committee of the exposition. It is a big committee, but it doesn't include everybody, and hence these brays.

A Trio of Big Ones

Monday morning the daily newspapers, which have been taken in on the ground floor to insure their cooperation, published the names of the committeemen, and by noon the town was in an uproar. Great and detonating was the indignation of prominent citizens who had been sidetracked. Insistent and threatening was the demand for information as to who made up the list. The finger of suspicion soon pointed to that arch-manipulator of everything worth while, the Hon. Gavin McNab. The McNabs, it was said, had undertaken to run the whole show, and were handling preliminaries as they would the details of an air-tight political convention. Early in the day some of Charles S. Wheeler's friends were heard complaining that he had been omitted from the list. They had been assured that he would be one. He was one of the men for whom a strong fight had been made, for be it known there was considerable wire-pulling for appointment to the committee. The friends and admirers of Rudolph Spreckels were also indignant, nay, outraged, for his claims to recognition had been disallowed along with those of James D. Phelan, our most distinguished citizen.

Other Tragic Omissions

Judge Dunne, it is said, threw one of his conniption fits when he read the list and found that there had been discrimination against his brother "Jim" who keeps a grog-shop and in favor of Harry Flannery who deals in retail liquors. He is inclined to hold Tommy Hickey responsible, as it is known that Hickey as a leader of the Democracy was permitted to put on some of his henchmen and to have the public administrator's office represented through his partner Eustace Cullinan. Perhaps the most prodigious roar that emanated from any quarter was that which rose in Weinstock & Lubin's store. Nowhere on the list could be found the name of Harris Weinstock, "humanitarian, philanthropist and student of labor conditions." While it would have been bad enough to sidetrack this eminent citizen, said his friends, it was like adding insult to injury to put on two of the irrepressible Hale brothers. And thus the anvil chorus ranged up and down the scale, emitting a tremendous volume of sound and contributing to the gaiety of the parish. The effect on the McNabs was imperceptible. Admitting that they are responsible for the committee, have they not turned out a good job? No unprejudiced person will deny that the committee is representative of the city's commercial interests or that it is lacking in men of ability and enthusiasm.

The Successful McNabs

The McNabs, by the way, are coming to the front with something of the triumphant air of the Campbells. The ramifications of their influence are interminable. They have taken a hold on affairs with a firm grasp. They have given proof of inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm, and they have shown wonderful dexterity in laying hold on opportunity without letting occasion slip. It is certainly to our advantage to have such men contributing their energies to the exposition project. Gavin McNab is the most successful political boss this State has ever known; successful not by reason of political triumphs but by reason of his masterly manipulation of politics to his own advantage. This he has done without employing any of the familiar discreditable methods which are the only methods available to the typical boss of inferior intelligence. With McNab party management is merely a means to an end outside of the political sphere. His successes have come to him in the practice of law and in the financial world. He is today supplying the gray matter for more than one bank and the shrewdness required in many enterprises, and in Bradstreet's he is rated at one million and a half. James McNab is now chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, and a third brother, John McNab, is soon coming to town to take the position of United States District Attorney, arrangements to that end having been promptly perfected upon its becoming known that "Bob" Devilin intended to resign the office to go into private practice. So, the McNabs are coming. Turn on the bagpipes!

McAdie, Weather Seer and Poet

My belief that Alexander McAdie, the local weather prophet, is also a poet has abided with me so long that I cannot remember just when I acquired it. Probably it sprang within my breast on the first of many pleasant occasions when I sought him out in his eyrie on the roof of the Merchants' Exchange building to interview him on weather conditions. Newspapers send to consult the weather man on the numerous "hottest" and "coldest" days of the year that are a boon to city editors and cartoonists when "human interest stories" are scarce. Whenever it was my good fortune to receive one of these assignments, I went with pleasurable anticipation mixed with slight misgiving—pleasurable anticipation because I knew that Mr. McAdie would discourse of the weather

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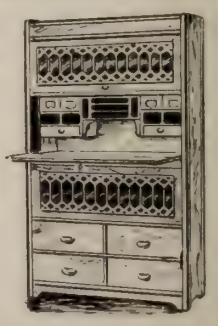


as beautifully as ever poet sang of the skylark, and with misgiving because I realized that he would convince me that my private ideas of hot and cold days were ridiculously disarranged. Mr. McAdie would speak so softly of atmospheric pressure and wind currents, would infuse such warmth into the scientific discussion of bitter cold and bring such a cooling draught of eloquence to the topic of oppressive heat that I always went away from his "ivory tower" feeling that the thermometer and the barometer were instruments of malicious deception. It was not that alone which convinced me that Mr. McAdie was a poet. When the weather was bad he would paint such glowing pictures of the good weather to come and when the weather was tolerably good, of the infinitely better weather in store that I knew he had been nurtured by the muse. Imagination glowed in his every utterance. But now I have more matter-of-fact proof that Mr. McAdie is a poet. Perhaps seer is a better word, if it adequately renders the meaning of the term "vates" which the Latins applied to one who was both prophet and poet. That of course is just what Mr. McAdie is.

McAdie's Prose Poems

My matter-of-fact proof comes in the shape of a pretty little volume which that renowned local patron of all true poets, Alexander M. Robertson, has published for Mr. McAdie. The volume contains three poetical essays in prose entitled respectively, Infra Nubem, The Lights Outside and La Bocana. Perhaps it would be better to call them, not poems in prose, but poems in blank verse cast in prose form, a very awkward but more exact designation. Mr. McAdie celebrates his beloved city, looking down upon it from the hills when "like the merciful mantle of charity, the fog covers our many sins." He celebrates also the Golden Gate, telling us, in his great affection, that the title does dubious honor to the glorious hues reflected in its waters. "More fitting did we call it Gate of Light," he sings. To read these little essays is to realize that Mr. McAdie, in his lonely watch tower, has lost none of the poetry of the heavens and of the earth and waters which he scans for weather signs. His scientific labor is but an avocation; poetry is his real vocation. It is too bad therefore that Mr. McAdie should have pretended to use prose as his medium. The pretense is but poorly sustained at times, as when he writes in language which any school boy can scan, (speaking of the fog), "Inland it spreads, and spreading rarer grows, a thin gray line, to die at last—if but the eye could see—upon the burnished wheat fields of the San Joaquin." Or again: "Lover of the City, is there no lesson in this twofold aspect of the fog? Seen in the humdrum sweep of daily life, in the rush and routine of the business day, your fellow citizens are somber-hued and unattractive. Seen from a higher vantage ground, fling they not back the genial warmth of their humanity, the sunlight of their truer selves?" From which it appears that Mr. McAdie is a moralist as well as a poet. But I hope that Mr. McAdie will not disguise his poetical quality under the cloak of a very gauzy prose when he next favors us with his meditations from on high. A poet, unlike a weather prophet, is sometimes honored in his own community. The little book shows Robertson's craft at its happiest. A fine hand-made paper with noble margins and vellum boards—here is a dress fit for any poet. Besides there is a frontispiece in colors by Arthur F. Mathews and the marginal decorations are from the gifted pen of Lucia K. Mathews. Mosher never made a better book.

I need the money but you can have it if you promise not to keep it long.

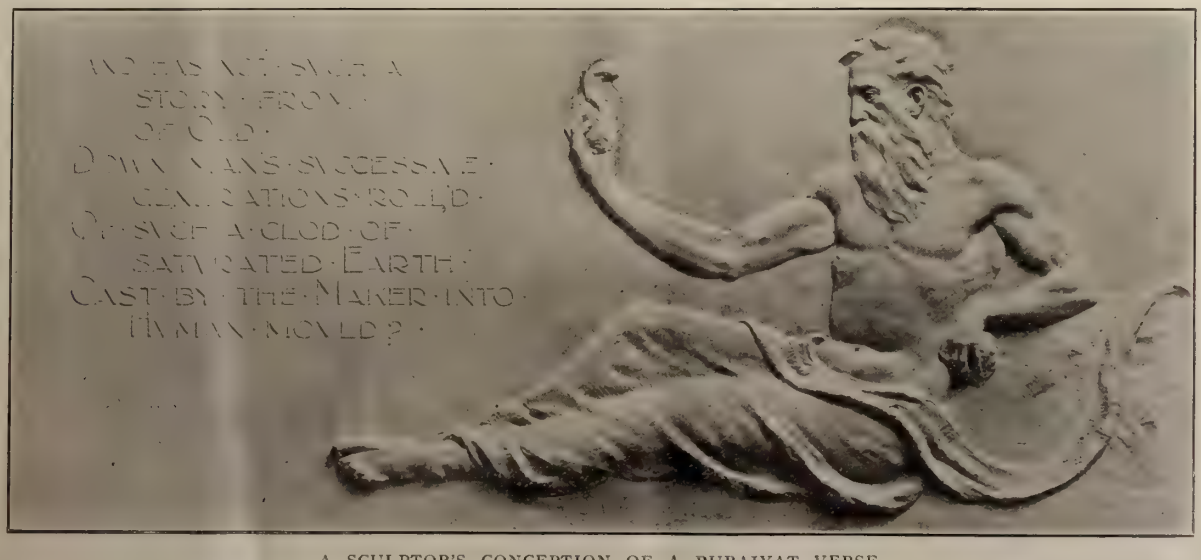
Don't worry, old chap; I'll spend it today.

California's Greatest Son

Mr. William R. Hearst has come to California to spend the holidays in the bosom of his family. Noiselessly he slipped into town, his coming was unproclaimed, his arrival caused no stir, and from the public prints evoked but scant comment. Yet Mr. Hearst is today one of the most striking and impressive figures in the public life of the nation. No private citizen of this Republic ever wielded greater influence than is exercised by William R. Hearst through the columns of his daily papers and magazines. Public opinion gives force and effect to all the institutions of our country, and upon this instrument Mr. Hearst plays with all the skill of a virtuoso, rendering it hardly less responsive to his subtle touch than is the violin to the magical bowing of a passionate master. Slowly our statesmen and philosophers have come to realize that as a result of the artful insinuation of socialistic ideas into the public mind through the medium of the Hearst newspapers, public sentiment has been gradually revolutionized within a decade. They have at length begun to take him almost as seriously as he deserves. Now they are trying to understand him, to analyze his character and motives, but it is evident from their floundering that he is an enigma beyond their puny powers of solution.

His Resemblance to Satan

In the December number of Current Literature several pages are devoted to a discussion of what is termed "The Satanic Majesty of William R. Hearst." We are told that his personal power was never made more manifest than by his crushing defeat of Tammany; also that "he thrives upon defeat" and that "no force that can be brought against him appears capable of doing more than defeat him, for it cannot crush and annihilate him." It



A SCULPTOR'S CONCEPTION OF A RUBAIYAT VERSE

This bas-relief in antique bronze is the work of Haig Patigian. It was done for a panel in the library of Lee A. Phillips' home in Los Angeles.

is suggested that he and the Satan of Paradise Lost have many things in common. "Indomitability in defeat is but one thing; Hearst, like Satan is above all things a leader of revolt, and like Satan he is a magnificent egotist, fighting for personal power." By way of assisting us in the study of his character we are told of some of his maxims and peculiarities. For example it is related of him that he once said that he did not want any prominent men associated with him because he would have to consult them and he would consult only those persons who were employed by him. His fundamental economic idea, it is said, is that if special privileges are abolished opportunities will be equal. He believes that a great democratic wave is sweeping over the country, and he admits that "he is ambitious to be to it what Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln were to the movement in their day." Notwithstanding the comparison made between Mr. Hearst and his Satanic Majesty the article in Current Literature is decidedly respectful, indeed, encomiastic, in tone. The analysis of Mr. Hearst is in the style of the conscientious historian intent upon elucidating the psychology of conduct that made epochs in ages past. He is pictured as a man of austere habits and no petty vices, something of a recluse who shuns society and has no taste for cards, liquor or tobacco; in a measure, a man of abnormal temperament, and, most wonderful of all, though radical, nay revolutionary in his preachments, maintaining the while, that he is "really conservative, almost reactionary in a sense."

His Enigmatic Personality

Doubtless Mr. Hearst derives a great deal of amusement from the efforts of his contemporaries to slit the veil that drapes his bewildering personality. There is one thing about Mr. Hearst more striking than every other element of that simple nature of his that seems so complex to those in whom he has excited interest and curiosity. That thing is his sense of humor. Mr. Hearst is a practical joker with a nation for his toy. He is a colossal cut-up smiling cynically on a credulous world. He is like the philosopher who laughs because he alone escapes being duped. The difficulty that is experienced in analyzing Mr. Hearst is due to an enormous misapprehension; it is supposed that he has something definite in view whereas he is only keeping himself in the public eye and reveling in the intoxication of political and social strife. He is the most misunderstood man in the United States, and his chief aim in life is to avoid being apprehended and thus becoming commonplace. He is a puzzle to men who seek to comprehend his political principles because he hasn't any. This ought to be evident to anybody who has observed him in his widely separated geographical spheres of action. More than once we have seen him stand for one thing in New York and its antithesis in San Francisco. Indeed we have seen him stand for two conflicting principles in one week in our very midst.

An Appreciation of Genius

But let it not be supposed that because Mr. Hearst is not a stickler for political principle he is not a man of worth. It is a mistake to suppose that one's attitude toward political principle is a final test of personal character. Great men have espoused political principles for the purpose of concealing benign designs for which a foolish people had not been prepared. Mr. Hearst may be imbued with the benign purpose of teaching the people that all is vanity and that the sooner they quit taking politicians seriously the better off they will be. But whatever his purpose it is certain that he has no delusions about politics. He is unquestionably giving impetus to the democratic wave that is sweeping over the country, but with him democracy is neither a passion nor a prejudice. He is too much of a philosopher, too well read in history to suppose that unrestrained democracy, in other words, Demos in the saddle, can ever realize the dreams of doctrinaire political scientists. Whatever zeal he has for democracy is logical, not to say sordid. It is inspired by his selfish interest in his newspapers. The more democracy we have, the more powerful will our press become, and whatever augments the power of the press is water on Mr. Hearst's wheel. But on the other hand the rule of the pen leads to the rule of the sword, and of that Mr. Hearst is also sensible, and he is not consumed with a passion for a military despotism. The simple truth is that our colossal cut-up is as unhampered by principle in his political exploits as he was when he precipitated the Spanish war. Like Disraeli he is ever conscious of the humorous side of politics, and like Voltaire he takes cynical delight in whatever illustrates the credulity of man. He cares neither for consistencies in his opinions old or new, nor for consistency of his position with itself at any one period of his career. And such is his genius and resourcefulness that in the course of his political career he has veered round to opposite sides of the compass without affecting his influence. His enemies can never confute him by dwelling on his inconsistencies. It is said that the highest order of pure intellect is incapable of intolerant and inflexible political partisanship, and this is illustrated in the case of Mr.

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T. LOVE, Market St. Ferry Depot, San Francisco J. J. WARNER, 1112 Broadway, Oakland

Hearst, a man indubitably of the highest intellectual power and never static in politics. The secret of his success in sustaining himself as a national figure is that he is able to see over the heads of all the busy crowd beneath him and glimpse the shadows of coming events.

Miss Honeymoon—Charles, I don't believe that true love waits for a tunnel!

A Reform Candidate for Governor

The reformers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are very busily engaged in trying to induce Will Davis of Oakland to believe that he is the logical candidate for governor. It seems that they are having a difficult time of it. All the leaders of the movement are bearing down upon Davis with coaxing smiles and curry combs, but Davis is obdurate to date and refuses to be groomed for the race. Therein, it seems to me, does Davis show himself a mighty wise man. William R. Davis is well known in Alameda County and as respected as he is well known which is going some in that interesting little community. Once he was Mayor of Oakland and men of the most divergent views in politics across the bay will tell you today that he was a good mayor. Afterwards he conducted the water front litigation for Oakland and won his case after years of fighting against the Southern Pacific. But outside of Alameda County and the councils of the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaguers Davis is not well known. Even the man who winds the ferry clock confuses him with young Will Davis who is attorney for the Harbor Commission. In the South he would have to be introduced even to the politicians. Besides, Davis is not exactly a young man and he has been harping on one string for many years. His powers of eloquence have been exercised so long on the subject of machine domination of politics that he would undoubtedly make this the issue of his campaign, with what results it is unnecessary to point out. It seems to be taken for granted that Governor Gillett will enter the race against Charlie Curry and the reformers have roseate visions of the two stalwarts so splitting the vote that a reformer like Davis will nose in between. But Davis does not seem to think that he is the man to do the nosing and I am inclined to agree with him.

THE NEW COLUMBIA THEATRE

To be opened on Monday evening, January 10. The playhouse is located at the corner of Geary and Mason streets and is one of the finest structures of its kind in the country.

Gillett and the Reformers

The reformers, in other words the men to whom the pie-wagon is at present inaccessible, are not all enthusiastic over their prospects. They would like very much to see Governor Gillett eliminated from consideration, knowing as they do that as his term runs on his popularity waxes. In this respect he differs from any of his predecessors within the memory of the present generation. The only argument that the reformers can advance against Gillett is that he is not with them, but they realize that to be with them is not regarded as an essential condition to salvation. To be against them implies of course affinity with the powers of evil, but some of the anti-machine papers are intimating that they perceive indications of a plot on the part of the bosses to sidetrack Gillett. From this intimation it is inferred that the reformers are not sincere in imputing to the Governor servile devotion to the machine. But whatever be their judgment respecting him it is evident that he is the source of much uneasiness among them, and that he is intensifying their emotions by sawing wood in preference to yawping for publication. Attending as he is strictly to the business of the gubernatorial office, he cannot be regarded as a choice target for inspired criticism. The reformers with taste that is characteristic have attempted to draw the Governor's fire by fabricating interviews with members of his family,, but their efforts have been in vain, and for the present they are compelled to curb their impatience while awaiting developments.

The Passing of "Pat" Sheedy

With the death of "Pat" Sheedy the other day there passed from off the world's stage a notable character who figured in the heyday of his career in many sensational adventures some of which were the subject of discussion in the remotest corners of the earth. Sheedy was a gambler by profession and a cosmopolite by instinct. San Francisco made the acquaintance of Sheedy

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THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

in the eighties when he came hither as the manager of John L. Sullivan who was then on his tour of the world knocking out boxers in four rounds. At that time pugilism was under a ban in this city, but Sheedy, equipped with a letter of introduction to "Boss" Buckley from the boss of Tammany, had no difficulty in obtaining a permit for an exhibition in Mechanics Pavilion, on which occasion the memorable contest between Sullivan and Peek-a-boo Robinson occurred. About twelve years ago Sheedy went to Cairo where he opened up the Ghesireh Palace as a club for gamblers. In the winter months Cairo is crowded with wealthy English and American tourists, and Sheedy catered to their appetite for excitement and diversion with signal success. The Ghesireh Palace which had been the home of Ismail Pasha became famous as a gambling resort and club throughout the world. In this beautiful palace Sheedy Pasha, as he became known, entertained on a most sumptuous scale. He gave grand balls and exquisite suppers, and representatives of the most exclusive aristocracies were his guests.

The Stolen Gainsborough

Sheedy came into world-wide prominence in 1900 as a result of his being instrumental in recovering the stolen portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, painted by Gainsborough. This picture was stolen in 1876 from the London art gallery of Thomas Agnew & Sons who had paid $53,000 for it, the highest price ever paid for a single picture at Christies. The theft was discussed by the press of Europe and of this country for years, and the police of all nations were engaged in the search for the thieves. In time the Pinkertons learned that the picture was stolen by Adam Worth, a famous crook who had vanished about the time of the theft. One day William Pinkerton met Sheedy, and told him that Worth was the man for whom the police were looking. "If you ever run across him," said Pinkerton, "I wish you would negotiate for the return of the picture." When the picture was restored to the owners Sheedy told his story as follows: "One day in 1898 I was standing in front of the Pera Palace Hotel in Constantinople when a Greek sporting man whom I knew came to me with a message stating that there was an American or an Englishman, he did not know which, who was in trouble. The Greek handed me a card on which was written '125 Clark street, Chicago, 1882, $2,000.' Things came back to me at once. I'd often wondered what had become of the man who had given me that $2,000. I started at once for the place where the Greek directed me and found Worth. His hair was long and his beard was matted. He told me his story. He had served a term of imprisonment in Turkey and had escaped. He said: 'Sheedy, my right name is Adam Worth, but I am known in London and throughout Europe as Harry Raymond.' He asked me to do one thing for him. I said I would if he would tell me the truth. I asked him if he knew anything about the stolen Duchess. He said he knew more about it than any other man in the world because he had got it." Sheedy and Worth left Constantinople and worked their way back by various routes to France. On the way Worth told Sheedy that the picture had always been a white elephant on his hands and that he wanted Sheedy to negotiate for its return. Sheedy got into communication with Pinkerton and through him he met Frank E. Froost of Scotland Yard. Later the picture was returned to Agnew's gallery.

The Bond Issue Campaign

The question whether San Francisco wants a municipal street railway will have been passed upon before this paper is off the press. At this time those vociferous dailies that have been urging the people to vote for the bonds are apparently elated at the prospect of a triumph. Great is their confidence in the persuasive power of bluster, balderdash and buncombe, unwavering is their conviction of the stupidity of the masses. From the beginning of the campaign they assumed without the slightest attempt at dissembling that those organs of the average citizen which ought to be in the service of intelligence are in reality the purblind agents of passion. The chief argument advanced in favor of the bond issue was that, as a municipal railway is not to the liking of the United Railroads therefore it must be evident that a municipal railway is a good thing. Incidentally it was vociferously asserted that a municipal railway would solve the transportation problem; how or when, it did not seem to matter; apparently it was deemed sufficient for the stupid public to be told that municipal ownership is in the nature of a catholicon, and that above all things it is characteristic of the highest sagacity to act at all times on the principle of cutting off a nose to spite a face. The campaign has aroused in me an intense curiosity. I am curious to know how many people are susceptible of argument employed by the palladiums of our liberties.

That White Elephant

The Examiner, it must be admitted, made good use of the white elephant that was trotted out early in the campaign to serve as a warning against the municipal railroad scheme. That white elephant was not a happy conception. It adorned a good parable, but it seemed

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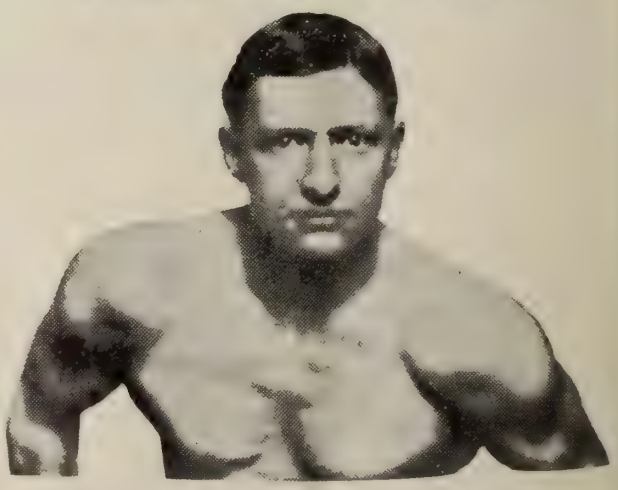
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to symbolize hostility to the interests of the public. It was naturally assumed that the white elephant was groomed by the United Railroads, and in this day and generation the people do not take their gospel from public service corporations. But the truth about the white elephant is that it bore no relation to the United Railroads. It was sired by that cultured gentleman, Horace G. Platt, who conducted the campaign against the bond issue as the representative of the bondholders of the Geary Street Railway Company. Mr. Platt is one of our most charming after-dinner speakers. In the years agone he had considerable experience in politics, but of late years he has spent most of his time in the Pacific-Union Club and consequently he has not been on intimate terms with the plain people.

Christine Nielson's Success

I am glad to record the New York success of Miss Christine Nielson, the pretty and talented young lady who sang at the Princess Theater not very long ago. Miss Nielson has been engaged by the Shuberts as prima donna in "The Belle of Brittany," a musical comedy in which Frank Daniels is starring at Daly's Theater. I understand that Miss Nielson has made good in emphatic fashion. One does not have to go back very far to the time when she was singing in the chorus at Idora Park. Denis O'Sullivan found her there, pronounced her voice and acting good and engaged her for "Peggy Machree" at the Princess. With that auspicious start Miss Nielson soon won a place in the affections of local theatergoers. Miss Nielson is the daughter of a policeman named Nelson who used to pester the police reporters at the old Hall of Justice with tales about his daughter's marvelous voice. The newspapermen did not take him seriously and were mightily surprised when they learned that "old man Nelson's" girl was the Christine Nielson whom the late lamented Irish singer picked out of the Idora chorus.

Hotel Menus in French

Why do our hotel managers print the menus in French as well as in English? This is a question which has puzzled me a great deal. I suppose French is the language of cookery as well as of love, but that is hardly a sufficient reason. Nor can it be for the accommodation of our French visitors. Our hotel keepers do not entertain more French travelers than German or Italian or Spanish travelers; yet the menus are not given in German or Italian or Spanish. Of course I know that in Sherry's and some other New York restaurants it has been the custom to print the menus in French (unaccented) for several years and I am aware that it is considered "chic" to talk French to the maitre d'hotel whose English is usually unimpeachable. Can it be that the hotel managers are imitating this knowing New York way, in order to give our fashionables another opportunity to emphasize their superiority to ordinary mortals? If that is the inwardness of this mystery I imagine that it will lead to many amusing blunders, for not a few of our fashionables are very shaky in their French. On the other hand I have yet to dine with any master of the French language who would use it in ordering an American dinner in an American hotel from a waiter who, undoubtedly knows more about the Rhine than the Seine.

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IT IS THE BEST
NONE BOTTLED IN AMERICA

Selma Lagerlof, Nobel Prize Winner

Selma Lagerlof, the gifted story teller who shares with August Strindberg the literary honors of modern Sweden, has just been awarded the Nobel prize of $40,000 for the "person who in literature has provided the most excellent work of an idealistic tendency." This great distinction which places her in a category with Sully-Prudhomme, Mommsen, Bjornson, Mistral, Echegaray, Sienkiewicz, Carducci, Kipling and Eucken, the writers who received former Nobel awards, will undoubtedly bring her works to the attention of many Americans to whom she is little more than a name. Selma Lagerlof is a woman of great genius upon whom her native land has lavished extraordinary honors and it is pleasant to think that she will now receive in this country the recognition of which she is worthy. Her outlook upon life is naive and optimistic and it has been said very happily that the spirit of a Swedish Peter Pan breathes in her. She looks upon the world, according to one critic, as though it were her first book of fairy tales and she is able to tell what she sees in such a way that even the old and worldy wise are made children again and hang on her lips, eager for every word of her absorbing tales. Her love embraces not only men and animals, but also inanimate things and her appeal is to the heart. "She paints people as the pious Fra Angelico in the cloister cell," one critic has declared; "she paints with snow white and heavenly blue colors over a shining gold background, and she is ever hearing the bells of San Pasquale."

How Inspiration Came to Her

Selma Lagerlof has told how she was affected when the inspiration of her first work took possession of her. Born in the province of Varmland, the home of Robin Goodfellow and of countless witches and trolls, she went in her twenties to a normal school in Stockholm. One day she was walking along the street, her thoughts upon a lecture she had just attended. "The lecture must have been about Bellman or Runeberg, because she thought of them and of the characters in their works. She thought to herself that Runeberg's martial heroes and Bellman's companions offered splendid opportunities for literary treatment. Then suddenly it occurred to her: 'The world of Varmland in which you have lived is no less original than that of Fredman and the others. If you can only give form to it your material offers as splendid opportunities as that of Runeberg or Bellman.' And so it happened that the Saga (her first book) first flashed upon her. When the vision came to her the ground seemed to sway beneath her feet. The whole long street seemed to rise high into the air and to sink again. She stood still until the houses had resumed their wonted appearance. She gazed with astonishment at the passer-by who walked calmy along, quite oblivious to the miracle." Part of that first book, published as a short story, won for her a prize of $1300 and from that time she has devoted herself to writing. Her fiftieth birthday this year was celebrated throughout Sweden and even in other countries. Schools, clubs, societies did her honor; all classes from the royal family to the peasants showed their appreciation. Selma Laferlof's principal books are: Gosta Berling's Saga, The Money of Mr. Arne, The Miracles of Antichrist, Tales, Christ Legends, Jerusalem and The Wonderful Adventures of Nils which has caused critics to rank her with Hans Christian Andersen.

Nurse—Please, mum, I can't find little Johnny anywhere.

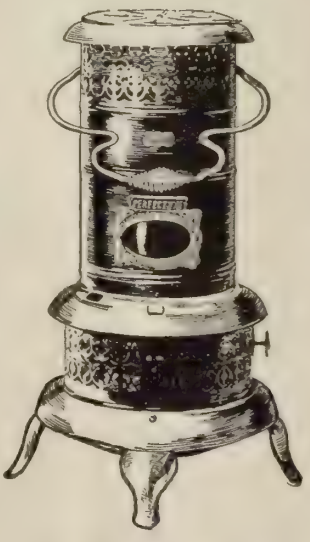
Mother—Look in the vacuum cleaner.

The Awakening of Mrs. Deland

It would be difficult to decide which has been a greater surprise to New York—the sudden winning of Mrs. Atherton to the cause of suffrage which she formerly disdained, or the unexpected attack upon suffragists made by Mrs. Margaret Deland who was regarded as a friend to the movement. In the literary firmament Mrs. Deland shines as a star of the second magnitude while Mrs. Atherton belongs with the prouder luminaries, but even so it would puzzle Mrs. Belmont, I am sure, to determine whether the cause has gained in the conversion of Mrs. Atherton what it has lost in the defection of Mrs. Deland. Certainly Mrs. Deland is more emphatic in her disapproval of the suffragists than ever Mrs. Atherton was in the days that preceded her change of faith. Mrs. Atherton never ascended the rostrum to tell the suffragists why she did not like them, but Mrs. Deland has spoken before the great anti-suffrage association, the National League for the Civic Education of Women. And how she did speak! From her heart surely, for her words are words that burn and the unmistakeable ring of sincerity is everywhere about them. "Does woman realize the dangerous elements she is playing with?" demanded Mrs. Deland. "Is she willing to multiply by two the present ignorant and unconscientious vote? I oppose suffrage for all women as I oppose it for all men. I am not affected by that old saying, 'The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.' If the hand is not fit to cast the ballot it is not fit to rock the cradle."

Her Withering Comments

Decidedly Mrs. Deland must be reckoned with by the noble army of feminine uplifters. She does not think much of current feminine tendencies. She puts herself on record, for instance, as believing that in this broad



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land of ours there are altogether too many cradles containing neglected children who will not grow up to call their parents blessed. "If the modern woman has a chance to make society over," she declares, "she has also an opportunity to wreck it." She flays women for the "wild vulgarity of their silly hideous hats"; she disapproves of the college girl "who talks upon the subject of marriage and the birthrate while her mother blushes." She asks, "What have the mothers eaten that the daughters' teeth are set on edge?" She finds that girls know how to say 'I will' and 'I want' but not 'I ought'; and she believes that the family is becoming a secondary consideration with women. All of which has caused a pother that would daunt a woman of less courage than Mrs. Deland. But having thrown down the gauntlet it is certain that she will not retire from the lists. She is as militant as a suffragist.

A Question of Sanity

Among the pictures of the stalwarts photographed for the newspapers in poses expressive of devoted attachment to the municipal ownership project I noted the counterfeit presentment of Charles Eastin, the erstwhile leader of that element in the democratic party which foams at its collective mouth when Gavin McNab emits an epigram. Eastin has a personality containing elements of considerable originality and there are many good stories of which he is the subject. Several years ago Eastin was retained by a client who sued the city for a million dollars in damages because he had been detained in the insane ward of the City Hall. The city was represented by Daniel Webster Burchard who was one of City Attorney Bill Burke's main supports in those interesting days. Argument on demurrer before Judge Hunt brought forth a characteristic burst of oratory from Eastin. When he had torn the passions to tatters he concluded something like this: "Insane? My client insane? Your honor, my client is not insane. He is as sane as I am." Whereupon Burchard won his point by this simple rejoinder, greatly relished by the court: "Counsel declares that his client is as sane as he is. I believe him. But though I have always understood that insanity was hereditary, I now learn for the first time that it is contagious."

Yes, said the Parvenu, everything at the dinner was imported. The caviare was from Russia, the salmon from Alaska, the chestnuts from Italy, the pheasants from France and the salt—

What? Was the salt imported too?

Yes, sir; from Epsom.

Mr. Walkley on the American Drama

Mr. Walkley of the London Times, who is regarded as one of the foremost dramatic critics of England, was in New York for the opening of the New Theater and since his return to London has been writing some of his impressions of the American drama. On the whole his comments are calculated to flatter American conceit. He does not think, for instance, that the ordinary American drama is much inferior to the ordinary English drama. "Ordinary American and ordinary English drama," he says, "are both—ordinary. Yet there does seem to me to be this discernible distinction: that the American sort is a little more sentimental, more romantic, more melodramatic—in a word, more unsophisticated, than ours. Thus it has, as we should say, a certain 'old-fashioned' air. It is today more or less what ours was the day before yesterday. There are also slight differences in point of view, in local color, and in local idiom. But the subject-matter on both stages is very much the same." Again Mr. Walkley says that the American drama is "more naif" than the English drama. "Playgoers seem to be more credulous, less intent upon testing fiction by fact, more prone to forego the satisfaction of the real for the delight of the romantic."

His Views on Our Journalism

This same credulity Mr. Walkley finds illustrated outside the theater in the American newspapers. Here is the way he approaches this inexhaustible theme: "What is the typical American newspaper of today, with its ruthless sacrifice of accuracy to picturesqueness, with its persistent determination to make every piece of news a thrill, if not a great engine for romanticizing the events of every-day life? New Yorkers, you will sometimes hear, do not take these typical newspapers seriously, but the fact that they take them at all argues a certain naivete, a certain temperamental craving for the illusion that life is more 'two-pence colored' than it really is." It is too bad that Mr. Walkley did not particularize in making this criticism. It is such a broad one and has been made so frequently that it would have been illuminating

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server. What papers does Mr. Walkley mean? Surely he does not mean to say that the Herald, the Tribune, the Sun, the Times and the Evening Post sacrifice acto hear something more definite from so close an obcuracy to picturesqueness or that they make every piece of news a thrill. When he speaks of typical American newspapers he must refer to the American, the Journal and the World. These papers are typical, but not in the sense in which Mr. Walkley means; they are typical of only one of the many diverse forms of Americanism. Strangely enough Mr. Walkley and other British visitors ignore most of the other forms. Mr. Walkley pays many compliments to American newspaper interviewers; he says they are very pleasant courteous fellows, but adds: "My one complaint about them is that they are too modest; they insist on ascribing to the patient startlingly original and ornately expressed opinions on the matter in hand, which are entirely their own and for which they ought to get the credit.".

The Future of Our Drama

The opening of the New Theater gave Mr. Walkley an opportunity to discourse on the future of the American stage and on this subject he is fairly optimistic. "The New Theater scheme," he says, "to be rightly understood, must be seen as part of a great intellectual movement—a movement, of course, conspicous today all over the United States of America, whose citizens found universities and museums naturally as ours found families, but to be noted, I am assured, at its maximum energy in New York." Although he quotes the disquieting Spanish proverb, 'The house is finished and death enters,' he has high hopes for the New Theater and will not agree with those who say that American taste for real knowledge and connoisseurship in the matter of good drama is undeveloped and uninformed. There are many small things American to which Mr. Walkley does not extend his condescension; for instance, he seems to think it a rather ridiculous custom for physicians who attend the theater to leave their names and seat numbers at the box office in anticipation of emergency calls. But on the whole his views are of the sort which most Americans would prefer to accept rather than question. This does not mean that these views are sound but that they are complimentary.

Rare California Coins

For some reason difficult to explain coin collectors in this country were formerly indifferent buyers of rare gold pieces. They much preferred silver and copper issues. But now the rare gold coins of the country are eagerly sought after and enormous sums are paid for the prize specimens. For instance, an American collector named W. H. Woodin of New York recently paid the world's record price of $10,000 each for two $50 gold pieces minted in 1877. California coins of private mintage are very highly prized by the keenest collectors. The rare $10 piece issued in 1849 by the Cincinnati Mining and Trading Company in this State, for a specimen of which as much as $3,000 has been paid in recent years, did not excite much interest when a specimen was sold at an auction in 1887, only $51 being paid for it. If an 1849 $10 piece bearing the stamp of the Pacific Company, another California private minting firm, were to be offered for sale today it would fetch as much as the Cincinnati piece, and yet when offered at auction in 1884 one of these pieces with a radiated Liberty cap brought only $22. Even the much sought golden ingots of Moffat & Co., the first pieces of gold to pass current as money in California, were not regarded with more than

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casual interest by old time collectors. Specimens of these tiny bricks of gold brought as little as $26 in former years, and yet last year a similar gold brick of the denomination of $16 sold for $340. One of the rarest of American gold coins is the $5 gold piece made by the private minting firm of Dubosq & Co. in this city in 1850. In 1884 a specimen of this coin offered at auction brought only $6.40. That was the last and the only time the Dubosq $5 piece has been offered for sale. As a matter of fact the specimen sold is the only one of which there is any record. Even the mint cabinet at Philadelphia does not contain one of those pieces. It is not known where this solitary specimen is now. Its value can only be guessed at.

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company

No institution in San Francisco has had a more remarkable career during the past three years than the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company. This company was "hard hit" by the fire; its home office was destroyed, its records burned, many of its stockholders were financially crippled—in short, the company was threatened with destruction even before its liability could be ascertained. How the company struggled under its burdens, settling its losses in full to the satisfaction of policyholders and how it reorganized and set about the recovery of the old position which it had held, are matters of financial history in San Francisco. Very few insurance companies paid out more cash than the Fireman's Fund. Policies to the value of eleven millions were settled in money and stock. As the result of its splendid achievement in rehabilitation the company is stronger now than ever before. It has emerged from a trying experience with its reputation untarnished and its excellent plant intact. Old customers have been glad to return to the company and the distinction gained by its sturdy fight against severe odds has brought business which had never been written by the company before. Today it is prosperous; it has a capital stock of $1,500,000 and its assets total $7,000,000. In the finances of this city the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company is a factor which cannot be overlooked.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

MR. A. E. VAN DOOZER

Some thing that business men need the most and receive the least of, is, "relaxation in the form of systematic exercise and dry breathing."

A place for the imparting of this has been instituted by A. E. Van Doozer at 239 Geary street and a recent visitor was greatly surprised to find so many of San Francisco's best doctors, lawyers and bankers clad in gymnasium regalia, going through a system of stunts for their every muscle, under the supervision of their able instructor.

The visitor was then shown through other parts of his airy and spacious institution and found many others busy at handball, medicine ball and boxing. It was most interesting to see Mr. Van Doozer handle so many intelligent men and at the same time see to it that each one received all that he needed, yet did not overdo it.

The arrangement for bathing is unique in that it is so fixed that many who are in a hurry are able to receive their bath at the same time. Another very interesting department was the massage room. Here the masseurs were as busy as bees rubbing out sore spots.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was a better tone to securities at the end of the week and excellent buying in some of the leading specialties. The rally was at least logical in view of the decline early in the week. Banking interests were instrumental in depressing values during the week's session in order to maintain a stable money rate over the end of the year. There is very little to say as to the coming security market except that leading bankers are expressing themselves as satisfied with the outlook and that higher prices will come after the first of the year. We feel conservatively bullish on the situation.

Grain—The market during the past week has been of a holiday character and prices have fluctuated within a narrow range. The principal factors in wheat have been the strong cash demand at all primary markets and the small receipts. The latter probably has been due to the present Switchmen's strike in the Northwest and excessive snow and rainfall throughout the middle West, making roads impassable. The foreign news on the whole has been more favorable, especially so from Argentine, and reports from there were inclined to modify the damage that last week's cables made so much of, and which gave us a good advance. Shipments last week from Argentine to the continent continued very light and Russian shipments have also fallen off, which leaves India and Australia and Canada to draw from until February, when Argentine wheat will be available. The growing crop could not be in better condition. Snow has fallen throughout the Winter Wheat Belt and the crop is generally covered, with only minor reports of damage where there was no covering. The market is in a position to respond either way as sentiment is very much mixed, but as long as cash commands such large premiums in all markets wheat can safely be bought on any drive made by the bears.

Cotton—The tone of the cotton market remains steady at the advance and there is more doing in spots in the South, and in cotton goods in the North. Southern spot markets are generally 1-16 to 1-8 higher and sales show signs of increasing as the result of more inquiry from American and foreign spinners. On the other hand there is more activity in the cotton goods markets of the North. According to reports from New York, jobbers and retailers are doing the best holiday business in years, 20 per cent better than last year and 40 per cent better than in 1907. The great West is reaping the benefits of very high prices for grain and provisions, hog products selling at the highest prices for 30 years. The South is sharing in the income of a good corn crop and has about disposed of its cotton crop at prices higher for this time of year than for about 35 years. In the industrial centers of New England and the North, labor is well employed with more pay, while capital is so well invested that regular dividends and extra dividends are being declared as a result of the flourishing conditions now in evidence throughout the country from the Mexican Gulf to the Canadian line and from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. Therefore a full home consumption of cotton can be looked for. These conditions will place Europe in an awkward position as they have yet to obtain about 4,000,000 bales to complete their season's requirements of American cotton, a quantity of cotton impossible to secure for the reason that American mills, if they use as much cotton as last season, 5,060,000 bales, will need about 3,000,000 bales more, which, when added to Europe's requirements of about 4,000,000, means a want by the world of 7,000,000 bales during the balance of the season, while the amount yet to be marketed by the South is only about 3,550,000, plus about 1,500,000 at ports and thirty counted towns, making an available supply of only about 5,050,000, or about 2,000,000 less than needed. We are extremely bullish and expect much higher prices as the season advances and competition for the remnant of the crop becomes more and more pronounced.

Copper—To the student of averages the market approximately maintains a high level. If we look into it a little more closely, however, we see that this seemingly high average is principally due to advances in a few stocks. Christmas week is proverbally a quiet and often a weak period, but there was this year a better feeling and an underlying strength which in a great sense can be attributed to comparatively easy money, the prospect of a distribution for investment of more than $225,000,000 of dividends and interest on January 1. There are hardly any new developments in the general list of copper stocks excepting Inspiration and Cactus, upon which we have good news from a most reliable source. The steady but quiet advance in the prices of the same shows that there is some ground for the good reports. Our advices on Anaconda continue to be most bullish and this stock is unquestionably a good purchase at the present price and a good thing on any recession. Lake Copper also continues to show great strength, due no doubt to its good statements. The Ray Coppers and Miami show continued strength and are unquestionably a good purchase at or about the present prices. In fact the fundamental conditions of the copper market founded on the early prospect of higher spot copper, give us every assurance that the general copper list is a good purchase.

Local Securities—Barring some little activity in Spring Valley and Pacific Gas and Electric stocks, the local stock and bond market has been, for the past week or so, a very holiday affair. The former stock after being advanced several points and, to all appearances, looking as if it would continue strong, turned weaker suddenly and sold sharply off. Pacific Gas stocks have gained greatly in popularity and, on local and eastern buying orders, have increased in price. Associated Oil has been dull and rather neglected and has suffered some decline. Alaska Packers continues very strong, much of the floating stock that has been on the market being bought up. The balance of the stock list has been quiet with few changes. The principal bond trade has been in Spring Valley Water 4s, United Railroad 4s, Peoples Water 5s and Southern Pacific refunding 4s, though their prices have not, at the present writing, changed materially. It is said that Alaska Packers and Pacific Gas and Electric stocks will be the January features of the local stock market and that Associated Oil should be taken in on this decline.

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The Yosemite in Winter or Summer

Let it go at that. Yosemite in Winter or Yosemite in Summer—no one will ever decide finally when this great valley looks most beautiful, but the man who is asked for his opinion will usually decide for the season in which he saw it last.

The opening of Yosemite all the year round has only been made possible during the last two seasons by the building of the Yosemite Valley railroad up the beautiful Merced Canyon and the erection of the handsome Hotel del Portal at El Portal, the terminus of the road, at the very gateway to the National Park. The result is that

HOTEL DEL PORTAL AT THE GATEWAY TO YOSEMITE

parties of eastern tourists as well as Californians are going into Yosemite every week. One party of one hundred people from San Francisco and around the bay are spending New Year's Day skating on Mirror Lake, climbing the trials, sleighing, tobogganing and traveling over the snow on snow shoes. These are sports which few of us who live in California are able to enjoy without going far afield, but a trip to Yosemite under present conditions is so easy and free from all discomfort that everyone who can spare a few days ought to take advantage of the opportunity to see this beautiful Sierra Garden in its winter dress.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS IN WINTER

Snow shoes, skates, sleds and sleighs can all be obtained in the valley.

It is an axiom among transportation people that you should always feed your passengers well. Mr. C. A. Babb, manager of Hotel del Portal, was for years with the Harvey Dining System and has taken the lesson to heart. All the guests who stay at Del Portal speak of the excellence of the service, the broad verandas, comfortable lounging room, the well furnished bedrooms and the fine dining hall. On a trip into the heart of the Sierras one would naturally not object very strongly if one had to "rough it" a little, but here the reverse is the case. Everything seems to have been foreseen, and

STAGING THROUGH FAIRYLAND INTO YOSEMITE

at the end of a day's climbing to Chinquapin Falls one sits in front of the great log fire in the hotel satisfied in mind and body. The pleasant murmur of the rippling Merced lulls you to slumber and you wonder why it should ever be necessary to leave this beautiful spot in the Sierras.

The stage leaves Hotel del Portal every day and makes the trip into the heart of the Valley in a little over three hours. You can spend a few days in Yosemite or return the same night to Del Portal. There is no snow

ALONG THE YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILWAY

at El Portal, nor for seven miles up the canyon, and no additional wraps are required at El Portal, where it is warm and sunny. On the trip into Yosemite it is well to take an overcoat and rubbers, though both will be discarded when you join the merry throng of skaters and sled riders.

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Is now located at 1700 Sutter Street. Diseases of women and children. Hours 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Sorry Business

The mending of rifts within lutes, of manners, morals, health, ways that lead to destruction, and the like, is at best a sorry business; at worst, a matter of expediency. Many valuable thoroughbred musicians having been lost to the San Francisco Musical (?) Club through an ill-bred closing of doors given due notice in these columns a few weeks ago, there is now a movement in the other direction, towards a more open policy, as follows: "The following amendment to the Constitution of the San Francisco Musical Club is hereby presented in writing, as provided by Article X of the Constitution, to be voted upon at the regular meeting of the club, to be held on January 6, 1910. The first paragraph of Article VI of the Constitution is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Article VI; Membership: The club shall consist of Active, Associate and Honorary Members. No qualification for, or restrictions upon, persons entitled to membership shall be fixed except by this Constitution." This amending of its constitution by the S. F. Musical is a healthy sign, indictative of a knowledge on its part of what is good for that which ails it. A so-called musical society in New York by an action identical to that of the San Francisco Musical so-called, fairly clubbed itself to death. Death-bed repentances of such as have ears to hear—ears ridiculously long—make sorry music, save in the judgment of the listening recording angel. The moral is beautiful!

Photo, Terkelson and Petty

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Tantalus Scores Again

This paper some time ago commented on the devotion of young "Billy" Burke to handsome Genevieve Walker and predicted the announcement of their engagement. On Tuesday the prediction was fulfilled. Two years ago when Miss Walker visited her grandmother there were rumors of her engagement to another well known bachelor who was conspicuously devoted and seemed favored by Mrs. Martin. But the fascinating Philadelphia girl returned to her home and although the persistent suitor journeyed East to see her there was no betrothal. Instead Miss Walker announced her intention of becoming a trained nurse and made all her plans to enter a Philadelphia hospital training school. It took much of Mrs. Martin's well known diplomacy in bringing members of her family to her point of view, to persuade Miss Genevieve out of the idea. Miss Walker is the daughter of Mrs. Genevieve Walker of Philadelphia who is a stepdaughter of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. William Burke who is a son of Richard Burke has lived in Ireland until recently, but after their marriage in June the young people will make their home here.

MRS. FRANK NORRIS

With her daughter "Billy." The charming widow of California's great novelist has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank Preston.

Fritzi Scheff and Hubby in Costume

Little Fritzi Scheff does not believe in the exclusiveness which shuts some stars in their rooms in solitary grandeur. The shopping public, during the past week, has had many a chance to rub elbows with the dainty comedienne and quite frequently business was interrupted while buyers and sellers watched the petite prima donna make her way through the shops. One cloudy cold afternoon Fritzi caused a commotion in Geary street. The populace gaped in open-mouthed admiration as she tripped along beside her husband, John Fox Jr. A more contrasted pair it would tax one's imagination to picture. She was clad in snowy white from head to foot, wearing a tailor-made dress of serge with a short kilted skirt and box coat, the skirt terminating above boots of immaculate whiteness with heels of the height in vogue during the days of Louis XV. She hopped along with short staccato steps, like a bird, while Fox, clad in rough tweed knickerbockers, with walking shoes of the pattern favored by champion Weston, his spindle calves in grotesque contrast with the baggy knickies, loped by her side, his shoulders hunched in grim determination to get there or die. Fox is of the extreme mental type, bulgy-eyed, bulgy-browed, with an enormous head on narrow shoulders. Apparently he disdains all frivolity and lightness. Fritzi, however, evens up matters; for nothing is beneath her notice.

The MacMahon-Borel Surprise

The Borel Family Colony was increased this week by another cottage which in the future will be the home of Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel Jr., whose wedding on Wednesday noon was one of the holiday surprises which little Dan Cupid has had tucked away in his quiver for a long time. There have been many pretty little brides, but little Madie MacMahon looked as daintily bewitching as the prettiest of them, and the two made such a handsome couple that everyone remarked about it. Young Borel, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, has been looked upon by ambitious mamas as one of the most desirable chaps for the role of son-in-law. Wealthy, fastidiously educated, traveled and experienced, with friends in the best society of Vienna, Paris, London and Berlin, many hoped he would choose one of the popular belles. Instead of this his choice was a winsome pretty little convent girl whom he met a few days after she had said her good-byes to the sisters of the Notre Dame Convent in San Jose. Madie MacMahon is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Augustus MacMahon and a granddaughter of Bernard MacMahon, one of the pioneer builders of San Francisco. One of the prettiest luncheons of the week was Miss MacMahon's when she entertained the five Borel girls, Miss Borel, Miss Lupita Borel, Mrs. Aylett Cotton Jr., Mrs. John Lewis and Mrs. Louis Bovet, and the debutantes of the winter.

The Borel Estate

The Borel family owns one of the largest and most beautiful of the country estates about San Mateo, and as soon as the children marry they are presented with a handsomely furnished home on the estate. The last cottage, built near the old home, is as cosy and pretty as can be. Besides this home the Borels own one of the show places in Switzerland, a genuine old castle, built in feudal style, with moat and drawbridge, and here the family visits annually. Neither young Borel nor his pretty bride cares much for society, both being fond of art and music. In fact Antoine Borel owns one of the finest collections of old books and handsomely bound volumes hereabouts. The wedding took place at the MacMahon home on Pine and Jones street, the Rev. Father Malloy performing the ceremony. All of the Borel family was there and a pretty array they made, stately Mrs. Borel in gray silk with an overdress of rose point lace, while Miss Borel who was the only girl attendant, wore a pearl-embroidered green chiffon over white satin. The pretty little bride wore a girlish looking white satin, all embroidered in seed pearls.

MRS. WILLIAM E. DARGIE

A scion of one of the most distinguished of the early California Spanish families. Mrs. Dargie is prominent in society on both sides of the bay.

The Norris-Preston Engagement

Society received a genuine surprise during the week when the announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Frank Norris and Frank Preston was made. Some of their friends were inclined to question the truth of the story, but when the young man himself called up a

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prominent society girl and asked her for her congratulations, there was no longer any room for doubt. Mrs. Norris was Miss Nettie Black before her marriage to the late Frank Norris. She has a daughter about eight years of age. Mrs. Norris is a few years Mr. Preston's senior. She derives a comfortable income from her late husband's plays and books and has made her home in Santa Barbara for some time. Frank Preston is the son of the late Colonel E. F. Preston, the well known attorney, by his second wife who was a Miss Baldwin, sister of O. D. Baldwin. Mrs. Preston returned from Europe a few days before Christmas and was greatly surprised to hear of her son's engagement, but expressed herself as well pleased with the match. Mrs. Willard Drown and Mrs. Worthington Ames, the well known and attractive matrons, are Frank Preston's sisters. They were formerly Edith and Norma Preston and were very popular belles in their debutante days.

Love at First Sight

While Frank Preston is rather too young to be called a "confirmed bachelor," whatever that may be, he is one who has seemed singularly impervious to feminine charm. He makes his home at the University Club and is present at most of the important dancing events of society. Mrs. Norris, also, appeared to have no wish to marry again. She has had scores of suitors but none more favored than another. After her husband's death, which followed an operation for appendecitis in this city seven years ago, Mrs. Norris made her home for a time with the novelist's mother. Later she took up her residence with Mrs. Isobel Strong, daughter of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, and for the past two years the two friends have lived together in Santa Barbara near the Stevenson home. It was there she met Mr. Preston who spent several weeks in Santa Barbara last summer. The interest was immediate and mutual, constituting a case of "love at first sight." Miss Black, daughter of a music teacher, was only seventeen when she became betrothed to Frank Norris, then a recent graduate of the University of California, with fame yet to be won. Their courtship has been described in "Blix" in the heroine of which Norris drew a striking portrait of his wife. Mrs. Norris who is now in Santa Barbara has written to friends here telling of her engagement.

The Death of Mrs. Robinson

There were circumstances of unusual sadness surrounding the death in Philadelphia of Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, formerly Aileen Ivers of this city. Chief among these is the fact that her husband was himself lying at the point of death from pneumonia. Both realized their serious condition some weeks ago and made provision for the future care of their boys who are fourteen and six years of age. Mr. Robinson's two sisters are married to millionaires, but have no children; so it was agreed before Mrs. Robinson's death that in the event of her husband following her, the boys would be reared by their aunts. Mrs. William Irwin and her daughter Helen left the city last Sunday morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Robinson in Philadelphia.

King Edward's Tribute

Although Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson's death was not unexpected, it was believed possible that she would survive for several months. Her mother, Mrs. Richard Ivers, and her sister, Mrs. William Irwin who with Miss Helen Irwin have been constantly with her in the past months had been so encouraged by her improvement that they journeyed to San Francisco to spend the holiday weeks planning to return to Philadelphia in January. A telegram calling them East was received on Sunday and a second dispatch announcing Mrs. Robinson's death came soon after their departure. It is stated that the remains of Mrs. Robinson may be brought to this city for interment. Julian Story's famous portrait of this lovely Californian who was once called by King Edward "the most beautiful American woman in London" has been remarked for its striking resemblance to the artist's wife, Emma Eames.

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The Mintzer Dance

One of the most brilliant dances of the holiday season took place on Tuesday evening, December 28, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer in Pacific avenue. It was given in honor of the Misses Mintzer who are here on vacation from school in the East. Few homes in this city are better adapted for entertaining than the Mintzer mansion. Mrs. Mintzer was formerly Miss Tewxberry, daughter of the late Dr. Tewxberry who left immense holdings at San Pablo which of late years have brought great wealth to Mrs. Tewxberry. Mrs. Mintzer was the widow of Dr. Ware of the navy when she married William Mintzer, an attorney of Philadelphia. She had an only daughter by Dr. Ware, Miss Genevieve Ware, who surprised her mother and grandmother one day by informing them that at such a day and such an hour, if they went to Grace Church, they would see her married. All efforts to dissuade her from her choice failed. She married a poor young English farmer and now has several children. She seems to be very happy in her simple country life, seeing little of society. The Mintzers on the other hand live in regal style with a retinue of servants. Mr. and Mrs. Mintzer met many years ago in Philadelphia. Mr. Mintzer was then a struggling young lawyer. It is only within the last few years all this vast amount of wealth has come to Mrs. Tewxberry. Mr. Mintzer, I'm told, has proved an able manager for his mother-in-law, who is lavish in the extreme with her family. Mrs. Tewxberry is a fine looking lady and at the smart functions she looks the grande dame to perfection. Mr. Mintzer is a musician of note while Mrs. Mintzer has a cultivated voice, her husband always accompanying her on the piano.

Lady Granard to be a Catholic

The very latest news about the granddaughter of D. O. Mills who is the wife of Lord Granard runs to the effect that she is taking instructions in the Catholic faith and will soon be received into the church. Lord Granard belongs to an old Catholic family and it is likely that Lady Granard has been placed in contact with many of England's most learned ecclesiastics since her marriage; hence it is not surprising that she should contemplate a change of faith. The Granards are now in retirement at Castle Forbes near Longford in Ireland, the family seat, and will remain there until after New Year's. Lord Granard is already laying his plans to capture the brilliant position of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the new administration. He has put forward his brother, Captain Donald Forbes, to contest the Tory constituency of Marylebone and it is estimated that the fight will cost $10,000. Meanwhile the Granards are preparing for social triumphs in London. They will occupy Mortimer House, one of the largest mansions in Belgravia, as soon as it has been transformed to suit their taste. A new wing is being added and the garden on Grosvenor Crescent is being enlarged. The ironwork gates which cost Mrs. Whitelaw Reid well over five figures will be put up as the entrance from Halkin street.

Christmas at Byron Springs

The guests at Byron Hot Springs spent a very enjoyable Christmas. The hotel was unusually crowded and the holiday throng indulged in all the forms of merry-making and good cheer which are characteristic of the happy festival. In a great measure it was a children's Christmas, though as a matter of fact the grown-ups romped and sang and played games with almost as much zest as the young folks. In the evening the children from the neighborhood sang around the Christmas tree and received remembrances, as did the guests. There was one incident of the day which made a deep impression on all. Mrs. Vincent Cook of Portland who is a frequent guest at Byron Hot Springs, sent a number of toys for the children, with a special request that they be given to some little tots whom she had seen at the school near the hotel. This thoughtfulness touched a sympathetic chord in the breasts of everybody and it would be hard to say whether

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the youngsters who received the toys or the oldsters who watched their hearty joy in the possession of remembrances from their kind Portland friend, derived more satisfaction from Mrs. Cook's kindness.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. William C. Peyton left on Monday for the East. Her young son accompanied her and will enter a school in Massachusetts. Mrs. Peyton will return to California within a few weeks.

Miss Louise Janin who has been attending school in Santa Barbara is spending the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. Harry Mendell Jr.

Henry von Schroeder returned last week from his school in New York and is with his parents, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor who spent a few days in town at the St. Francis during a shopping expedition, had luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Louis MacDermott and Mrs. R. C. Carpenter. At the other tables were Mrs. Eleanor Martin with a family party, among whom were Baron and Baroness von Schroeder and Peter Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott with Prescott Scott and a few friends.

J. A. Murray, the multimillionaire capitalist of Montana, arrived at the St. Francis recently.

The engagement is announced of Miss Henrietta Von Schrader, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Von Schrader, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Prentiss Peck Bassett, U. S. N., now stationed at the Boston Navy Yard. The wedding will take place in April.

The Calhoun boys are enjoying their holiday vacation in California. They left last week for "Shack," the shooting box of their father near the Country Club expecting to return the early part of the week.

Captain F. L. Knudsen, U. S. A., accompanied by his son and daughter, were up from the Presidio of Monterey during the past week and were guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Miss Linda Cadwalader spent the week end at the Josselyn's country home, Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Rubens and Miss Mabel Rubens and Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Clark of Chicago are guests at the Fairmont.

The wedding of Miss Carolyn Palmanteer and Frederick E. Snowden of Oakland will take place on January 25 at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. N. T. Palmanteer.

Among San Franciscans recently at Hotel Del Monte were: Miss Sullivan, Thos. Kirkpatrick, G. E. Kirkpatrick, T. H. Perkins, R. A. Pabst, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Vincent, Miss Anita L. Murray, Dr. Henry C. Davis, Mrs. H. L. Davis, W. H. Crim, Dr. and C. H. Woolsey, Geo. H. Webster, Arthur T. Bengley, C. P. Carruthers, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Woods, Henry H. Taylor, W. E. Dassonnica, Dr. Albert Abrams, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilson, Miss E. B. Graham, Mrs. M. A. Sullivan, Charles Adams and W. Francis Gunn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hacock of Eureka spent a few days in town last week, en route to their home after a trip to Honolulu. They were registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Among those entertaining at Christmas dinner at the Hotel Victoria were Commander and Mrs. Blue, who had a party of navy friends; Mrs. Raymond Russ and Mrs. Herron.

A huge Christmas tree afforded great pleasure on Christmas eve at the Hotel Victoria, and on Christmas night an informal dance offered the occasion for the holiday merrymaking.

Among those who will participate in the New Year's festivities at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. LaBoyteaux, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen S. Day, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wingate, Dennis Searles and party, Alex Haynemann and party, Henry Landsberger and party, Thos. P. Wickes and party and Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kent have issued invitations for a dance at their beautiful home in Kentfield this week in honor of their young daughter Elizabeth. Only those in their early teens have been bidden.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 10, Probate thereof, made on the 27th day of December, 1909, the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, on or after the 15th day of January, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, all of the right, title, interest, and claim, property and estate of the said deceased at the time of her death and all the right, title, interest, claim, property and estate that her said estate has acquired since her death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of O'Farrell Street with the easterly line of Mason Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along the said southerly line of O'Farrell Street fifty-five (55) feet to the easterly line of Mason Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 197.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinabove described must be in writing and may be left at the office of Speck, Paschel & Co., Nos. 228-230 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase the said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned ten per cent of the purchase price and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

CHARLES G. LYMAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-3

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1910. H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco, 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1910. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of The Rssociated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not drawn become part of the deposit accounts and earn dividends at the same rate from January 1. Money deposited on or before January 10 will earn interest from January 1. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION (Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), Northwest corner California and Montgomery Streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-eighth (4⅛) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof and earns dividend from January 1. Money deposited on or before the tenth day of January will receive dividend from January 1. R. M. WELCH, Cashier. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 3, 1910. FRED W. RAY, Secretary. 1-1

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK, 108 Sutter Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1910. CHAS. CARPY, President. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, junction Golden Gate Avenue, Taylor and Market Streets, San Francisco, has declared, for the six months ending December 31, 1909, a dividend of six per cent per annum on term deposit stock and four per cent on ordinary or transient accounts. EDWARD SWEENY, President; WM. CORBIN, Secretary. 1-2

A Player and a Play for the Old

By Edward F. O'Day

It seemed to me that "The Music Master" as played by David Warfield was distinctively a play for the old. Not that the youngsters cannot enjoy it; of course they find a keen pleasure in every moment of it and that irrespective of their dry-eyed or weeping condition. But there is so much more in "The Music Master" as played by David Warfield than mere stuff for enjoyment, that I think it transcends the appreciation of those who are youthful in years or experience. I would not speak so of the Klein comedy were it presented with any other American actor in the title role. Warfield stands alone on the American stage, perhaps on the English-speaking stage, and it is so much a truism to say that he has put into "The Music Master" more than he has taken out of it and that he has put into it more than its author and David Belasco put into it, that no emphasis need be placed on that phase of the matter here. Try to imagine a younger man of Warfield's genius attempting the part of Herr von Barwig and you will readily grasp what I mean when I say that the drama is to be properly appreciated only by the old. A younger Warfield could not play the part. David Warfield without the heavy and significant lines in his face which you may study in any photograph would not be the David Warfield who sways the emotions in "The Music Master." There are pangs in this play, bitter pangs and how can the young who have never known pangs, rise to the understanding of them? One must have suffered, as no doubt Warfield has suffered, to have a heart perfectly attuned to sympathy for the music master's exquisite suffering. One must have groped his way in silent loneliness through the desolate darkness of the valley of shadows, a terrible journey which all make at least once and some many times, before the poignancy of such grief as that simulated by Warfield strikes home to the soul. Youth has its sorrows which are generally disappointments. They abide long with some and not so long with others, their duration being a matter not so much of heart as of temperament. For some they are a luxury to be wrapped round the soul like a comfortable cloak; for others an ache that recurs again and again, but bearable because youth is exuberant and its spirit elastic. One day these youthful sorrows rise out of the breast and wing away and then it is seen by youth, as by wiser heads, that they were really but disappointments, the yearning for that which was desirable and very good to have but by no means indispensable. It is part of youth's education to learn that youthful sorrows leave no cicatrice on the heart, a humiliating thing for youth to acknowledge but none the less a wise dispensation of a providence which does not tempt man more than he is able. It is all so different with the old. As life lengthens its meaning deepens and broadens; awful problems present themselves for solution and may not be evaded. Then the soul begins to take the impress of its struggles; the face too carries the story in deepening lines; "the eyes are a little weary." Is it not so with all who have raised children? and with those others whose backs are curved to the weight of crosses which should be borne, not by them, but by their brethren? All the old are victims of life, personal or vicarious victims, and all the old will tell you, if they give you their sacred confidence, that the meaning of life is sorrow. That is the meaning of life for all who properly appreciate "The Music Master"; that is the meaning of life for David Warfield; that is the reason why youth cannot properly appreciate either. Seemings, not meanings, are for youth. "Stern reality" is a phrase to them but how it must sear the soul of Herr von Barwig. Warfield, you may say, is not a very old man. That is not so if you count his years by the calendar of which I have been speaking. The years of which I make mention are not all years of 365 days; they can be remarkably short and still drag their weight of time across the soul. Let us not insist too much on the dates in the family Bible nor think of youth as a matter of birthdays merely and you and I who need not plead guilty to gray hairs may flatter ourselves that we are among the company of the elect of life who properly appreciate David Warfield in "The Music Master."

WILLIAM H. CRANE

As he appears in "The Father and the Boys" to be the inaugural attraction at the new Columbia Theatre on January 10.

White Whittlesy and Maude Granger are engagements announced by the Shuberts for the forthcoming tour of Florence Roberts. Turlow Bergen will also be a member of the company.

DR. C. W. DECKER, Surgeon Dentist, Phelan Building, 760 Market St. Phone Kearny 1630. Specialty Colton Gas painless extracting.

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Stage

Opening of the New Columbia

On Monday night, January 10, Gottlob, Marx and company will open the doors of the new Columbia Theatre which has been in course of construction for the past year at the corner of Geary and Mason streets. The new theatre is one of the finest houses of amusement in the United States and is as perfect as modern structural art can make it. The theatre investment represents an outlay of $850,000. The building is of steel and reinforced concrete. Every possible comfort both for audience and player has been sought out and made the most of in the construction and when William H. Crane appears as the opening attraction on Monday night, January 10, he will have the honor of dedicating the finest playhouse San Francisco has ever known. The Frohman star is to present George Ade's comedy, "Father and the Boys," and will be surrounded by his New York company including Margaret Dale, Louis Massen, Mildred Beverly, Elsa Payne, Vivian Martin, Forrest Orr, Percy Brooke, Arthur Holman and others. The auction sale of seats for the opening night will be held on Tuesday afternoon, January 4, at 1:30 p. m. in the ball room of the St. Francis Hotel. The proceeds of the sale will be donated to local charities. The regular advance sale of seats for the engagement opens Thursday morning at the box office of the theatre.

"The Alaskan" at the Savoy

Ezra Kendall and his company of players will make their last appearances at the Savoy in "The Vinegar Buyer" this Saturday afternoon and evening, and commencing with a special matinee Sunday, with the usual matinees on Thursday and Saturday, the new "Alaskan," fresh from the triumph of a five months' run in Chicago, will begin an engagement limited to one week. Since "The Alaskan" was presented in San Francisco it has passed into the hands of Richard F. Carroll and Gus Weinburg, eminent comic opera comedians who were commissioned to freshen the book, swell the comedy parts and give the show more "speed." Richard Carroll, well remembered as a brilliant comedian here during the palmy days of Fischer's Theatre, plays a theatrical manager with a troupe on his hands and Mr. Weinburg portrays a German naturalist in charge of a wealthy niece, on an exploration tour of Alaska. The other characters are assumed by capable players.

"St. Elmo" at the Alcazar

"St. Elmo," the reigning dramatic sensation in the East, will be given its first presentation west of Chicago next Monday evening and throughout the week at the Alcazar. It was adapted by Williard Holcomb from Augusta J. Evans-Wilson's famous story, and is the only version authorized by the gifted novelist, who has successfully enjoined about half-a-dozen piracies in as many different cities. Vaughan Glaser, Fay Courteney and a selected company are now playing in it to crowded houses in the Academy of Music, New York, and all the metropolitan critics have declared that nothing quite so thrilling has been staged there in many years. In the cast will be the best of the Alcazar company, with Evelyn Vaughan as Edna and John Ince as St. Elmo. That the play will exceed the Alcazar's usual one-week run is the opinion of all who have read the manuscript or witnessed a rehearsal.

The Lauder is Coming

It is seldom that an artist of world-wide reputation visits this country without being seen outside of New York, but Harry Lauder, Scotland's idol and undoubtedly the world's most successful comedian, is the exception and played nine weeks last season without leaving the metropolis. This year he was brought back by William Morris, Inc., with the prospect of playing only in New York, with the exception of a single week at the Morris houses in Boston and Chicago. Later a hurried tour of the principal cities from Toronto to the Pacific Coast was decided upon and four weeks were set aside, one of which is for San Francisco. This will commence Monday night, January 10, with performances every afternoon and evening thereafter, including Saturday. Jan-

FRANCES SLOSSON

The charming young comedienne who will appear next week at the Orpheum

uary 15. Dreamland Rink, in Steiner street near Sutter has been secured and will be transformed into a comfortable auditorium. Lauder heads a company of American and European artists including Julian Eltinge. A special orchestra is under the baton of Lauder's personal director, Mr. Charles Frank. On account of the size of Dreamland the scale of prices has been arranged to fit all purses, ranging from fifty cents to two dollars for reserved seats and the sale will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Sutter and Kearny streets.

Olga Nethersole Coming

The second and final week of David Warfield's engagement at the Van Ness will commence with the performance of "The Music Master" on Monday night, January 3. Warfield's present engagement is amply illustrative of the great hold that the Belasco star has upon theatregoers, for, after having played the Klein drama in this city last season for four weeks, he returns to receive another fine welcome. On Monday night, January 10, Olga Nethersole will appear at the Van Ness Theatre in her latest success, "The Writing on the Wall," by William J. Hurlbut, a young American playwright. "The Writing on the Wall" deals with society life in New York and presents a question that is of the utmost importance, that of tenement reform. Miss Nethersole assumes a character that is radically different from any of her many former successful roles; she essays the part of a young matron of New York's smart set, whose sole purpose in life is the welfare of her child and the betterment of her fellowmen. She is supported by an exceptionally strong cast.

Another Good Bill at the Orpheum

The great success achieved by the dainty singing comedienne, Alice Lloyd, at the Orpheum, is almost without parallel here and the announcement that her engagement cannot be prolonged beyond next week will be received with general regret. The program for the coming week, while retaining Miss Lloyd for its chief feature, will nevertheless contain a number of novel acts. Franklyn Underwood and Frances Slosson will present the comedietta "Dobbs' Dilemma." The Basque Grand Opera Quartette, French vocalists, will render numbers from "Il Trovatore," "Martha" and other operas. Belle Davis comes again with her pickanninies. Fox and Foxie's Circus introduce trained dogs, cats and Foxie, the smallest horse in the world. The Klein Family will return for next week only. It will be the last week of the Permane Brothers and also of the English eccentrics, The McNaughtons.

The Sembrich Concerts

The dates for the Sembrich concerts at the Garrick are Sunday afternoon, January 9, Thursday night, January 13, and Sunday afternoon, January 16. The star will be assisted by Francis Rogers, baritone, and Frank La Forge, pianist. At each concert Mme. Sembrich will sing some of her greatest stage successes. Standard songs by the great French, German and English composers and works by Americans are also on her list of offerings. A special feature will be the great duets that she will sing with Mr. Rogers. Complete programs for the first two concerts may be had at the box office which opens Monday morning, January 3, at Sherman Clay & Co's.

"Texas" Comes to Ye Liberty

The Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, follow their production this week of "The Admirable Crichton" with "Texas," a piece that is brand new to stock audiences of the West. In fact their presentation of the play will mark the first time it has been given

SCENE FROM DAVID WARFIELD'S PRODUCTION OF "THE MUSIC MASTER"
At the Van Ness Theatre.

FRANCIS ROGERS
Baritone with Mme. Sembrich

by any but a traveling company, which means that it has never before been offered at popular prices. "Texas" has been one of the standard successes on tour for the past five seasons. It is a true picture of Western ranch life, with scenes laid in the State from which its name is derived, and tells an interesting and oftentimes thrilling story of frontier life. In the original production given of the play in New York City, Sydney Ayres, the leading man of the Bishop players, was starred in the leading role and continued to play there for an entire season and for another season in the larger Eastern cities. He appears in the same character at Ye Liberty next week, and in addition is giving the production the benefit of the knowledge gained by his long season in the play. All of the favorites of the company will be found in congenial roles, and the usual careful scenic surroundings will be provided. After one week of "Texas" the company will offer "My Wife," in which the new leading lady, Blanche Hall, will make her first Oakland appearance.

The Greenbaum Sunday "Pop" Concerts

Manager Will Greenbaum who was the originator of Sunday ensemble music concerts in this city, announces the new Lyric String Quartette in a course of four concerts to be given monthly, commencing Sunday afternoon, January 30. The quartette this season is composed of four young women. For smooth, even and well balanced ensemble Mr. Greenbaum claims that this is the best quartette he has yet presented. Season tickets for the course of four concerts are $1.00 and $2.00 which is as low as in the big music study centers of Europe. They may be secured at Mr. Greenbaum's office at 101 Post street, either by mail or personal application. The quartette consists of Mary Pasmore and Sally Ehramn, violins, Viola Furth, viola, and Dorothy Pasmore, 'cello.

A Domestic Eye Remedy

Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Law. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes. It Soothes.

Nance O'Neil's New Play

The Belasco press agent has announced that "The Lily," the new play in which Nance O'Neil triumphed recently, receiving twenty-seven curtain calls after the third act, is "perhaps the most bold, daring and effective drama ever produced on the stage of this country." Due allowance must always be made for the exaggeration of the press agent. Meager accounts of "The Lily" indicate that it deals with a theme as old as the sixth commandment. The story, a Belasco adaptation from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, appears to be a plea for free love. The younger daughter of a profligate old French nobleman has become the mistress of a married man who is unable to procure a divorce from his wife. When the truth is revealed she confesses the fact and pleads full justification. Thereupon her father, in a fury of passion, would drive her out of his home, when the elder sister, a paragon of self-denial and virtue, who has been condemned to a life of celibacy, comes to her support, declaring that she had a right to obey the instincts of human affection and that anything is better than a loveless and stunted life. From past performances it may be surmised that Belasco, with the aid of the French playwrights, has so weighted this theme with sentimental claptrap that the ordinary silly playgoer is perfectly prepared to accept the conclusion to which the drama is carried.

HARRY LAUDER
The famous Scotch comedian who will head an all star company at Dreamland week after next.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

Correct Usage at Weddings

Unless specifically requested to do otherwise the bridegroom's attendants wear the same style of clothes as he does. Occasionally the attendants wear cravats and gloves of some delicate tint. Those of the bridegroom are always pearl grey or white for a day affair, and white only in the evening.

Frequently it is the expressed wish of the bride and bridegroom to have the occasion informal. Unless such a desire is a matter of personal request the attendants should follow the formal scheme. While there is nothing to substitute for the frock coat or the black cutaway for a day ceremony—the sack suit being wholly devoid of dignity— one could substitute the frock coat of the black cutaway for the swallowtail in the evening, though strictly they are for day wear only. If that is done the accessories are the same as for these clothes. Sometimes circumstances make it necessary for the bridegroom to wear the sack suit. One cannot then prescribe any "correct" accessories because the main garment is inappropriate. With considerations of proper form thus eliminated, however, good taste would suggest that the jacket and trousers be plain black, the waistcoat white, the collar a wing shape, the cravat a grey or black and white four-in-hand, the shirt white, plain or pleated, the gloves grey, and the shoes patent leather.

It is customary for the bridegroom to give his attendants their cravats and gloves. These are forwarded to their homes, together with the bridegroom's gift of cuff-links, or cravat pin, or they are presented at a farewell bachelor dinner given by the bridgegroom a week or a fortnight before the wedding.

For the ceremony the attendants leave their hats in the dressing-room—or in the vestibule of the church—and the best man looks after the hat and gloves of the bridegroom.

The expenses borne by the bridegroom are the clergyman's fee, the tip to the sexton if the church is opened for rehearsal, the wedding ring, the bride's and bridemaids' bouquets, the carriages for the ushers, the carriage for himself and the best man to go to the ceremony, and the carriage in which he and the bride depart. The bridegroom, too, entertains the best man at breakfast or luncheon, which ever immediately precedes the ceremony.

In the Limelight

A brilliant gathering will be on hand in the Ball Room of the St. Francis Hotel next Tuesday afternoon when the auction sale of seats for the opening night of the New Columbia will take place. As the proceeds are to be donated to charity there will be very lively bidding for the choice reservations.

Among the first attractions to appear at the new Columbia Theatre are William H. Crane in "Father and the Boys"; Marie Cahill in "The Boys and Betty"; Robert Mantell in a repertoire of eleven plays; "The Round Up" and The Lambardi Grand Opera Company.

Charlotte Tittell is one of the members of the company appearing in support of Olga Nethersole. She is one of the well known Tittell sisters who are San Franciscans.

Mme. Ester Adaberto is the dramatic soprano this season with the Lambardi Grand Opera Company coming to the new Columbia Theatre.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to play an engagement at the Van Ness Theatre a few weeks hence.

For Miss Florence Roberts' tour of the Pacific Coast cities the Shuberts have decided on but two plays for her repertoire. They will be "The Transformation," a four act drama, and "Gloria," a three act Florentine comedy.

DREAMLAND RINK Steiner Street, near Sutter

Starting Monday Night, January 10, and Every Afternoon and Evening, Including Saturday, January 15, Wm. Morris Presents

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Scotland's Idol—England's Pet—The Man Who Made King Edward Laugh
And His ALL STAR COMPANY, Including Julian Eltinge
Direct from Their Sensational New York Success

Reserved Seats from 50c to $2.00, on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, commencing Monday, January 3.

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Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgr.
Phone Market 500

Beginning Monday, January 3, Second and Last Week
Matinee Saturday Only. No Sunday Performances
DAVID BELASCO Presents

DAVID WARFIELD

In Charles Klein's Comedy-Drama, "THE MUSIC MASTER"
Seats, $2 to 50c.
January 10—OLGA NETHERSOLE in "The Writing on the Wall."

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McALLISTER, near MARKET
Phones Market 130 and J 2822
Built at a Cost of $150,000.

This Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of Ezra Kendall in "The Vinegar Buyer."

Starting Sunday Matinee, January 2, Other Matinees Thursday and Saturday
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The Totem Pole Comic Opera
With Richard F. Carrol, Gus Weinburg and a Big Company of Comedians
Revised—Returned—Reconstructed
Girls full of Songs—Songs full of Girls
Prices: 25c to $1.50; Thursday Matinee, 25c, 50c and 75c. Seats at the Theatre and Emporium. Next "The Wolf."

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Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

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Most Positively Last of ALICE LLOYD, England's Daintiest and Most Fascinating Comedienne; THE McNAUGHTONS; THE BROTHERS PERMANE. In Conjunction With A GREAT NEW SHOW. FRANKLYN UNDERWOOD and FRANCES SLOSSON in "Dobbs' Dilemma"; BASQUE GRAND OPERA QUARTETTE; BELLE DAVIS and her Crackerjacks; FOX and FOXIE'S CIRCUS; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Return for next week only of THE KLEIN FAMILY.
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Next—John Drew's "My Wife."

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Concerts on Sunday Afternoons, January 9 and 16, and Thursday Night, January 13. at
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Prices, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Box Seats, $3.00.
Mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order payable to W. L. Greenbaum.

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Admission, men $2; ladies $1.

For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

A California Bee Farm

(Continued from Page 9.)

canvas tent and the luxury of housekeeping in such conditions would make a story of itself.

All through the month of May the bees worked with proverbial industry. We expected a dearth of bee food about the middle of the month, but the little workers lighted upon some uncounted source of honey supply. I found thousands at work on the yellow blossoms of the willows that lined the irrigation ditches. The rancher's first crop of alfalfa was in stack by May 26 and the bees had not interferred in any way with the farm work.

A day or two after this the bee lady and I hived a swarm. It was a hot day just after noon hour when I spied the swarm circling overhead, whirling and gyrating and filling the air with the shrill insistent swarming note that has since become so familiar.

The bee man was a mile away in the hayfield; I called to his wife and the two of us started in pursuit of the swarm. It alighted in a pile of tree prunings. We brought an empty hive, and the cluster, nearly two feet long, a compact bunch of crawling bees, was brushed into the hive.

One of the small boys of the ranch arrived during the excitement. We despatched him for a sheet, which we spread over the hive, weighting the corners with tin cans filled with earth; there are no convenient rocks in this part of the San Joaquin. The bee man commended our ability in hiving the swarm and laughed of course at the eternal feminine displayed by the means we had taken to secure it.

"Why didn't you take a spoon and beat on a tin pan? That would have started the laggards in all right," he said.

One gratifying point to remember about swarming bees is that they rarely sting. That night we added hive 51 to my section of the apiary. During the season we hived twelve swarms. These were divided between the bee lady and the amateur and we ran them ourselves for the small frames of comb honey. We lost several swarms owing to the wide canal over which they took a beeline and made for the oak woods of the Rancho Laguna de Tache.

The honey flow was so good that new supers were added. These are extra stories that permit of more combs being placed for the workers to fill.

We extracted the honey for the first time the third week in June and about every three weeks afterward for two months. This operation varies of course. It depends upon the wealth of blossom that controls the honey flow, and this is governed by weather conditions.

When the filled combs were sealed or nearly so they were placed in the extractor. This is a tin cylinder the size of a large cask. It has a series of revolving cases into which the comb frames were slipped, and they are unsealed by a sharp knife shaped for the purpose.

The extractor crank is turned rapidly. Centrifugal force throws out the honey and leaves the combs intact, to be again placed in the hives.

Turning the extractor is the only physically hard work that I have encountered in the pleasant occupation of keeping bees. You need a well developed masculine biceps to keep on hour after hour with this work. The bee lady and I spelled her husband, and we were a weary pair when the day was over.

The honey was stored in a huge tin tank, skimmed until perfectly clear, then packed into large square tins, ready for the Chicago market. The various extracting days rapidly increased our store, and the final day gave us a season's total of 10,000 pounds, five tons of clear golden honey. This was sold at five cents a pound. My share of the receipts:

5,000 pounds at five cents	$250.00
Comb honey, six hives	18.00
Total	$268.00

My share of the expenses:

To fifty cans	$11.00
Six hives and combs	17.00
Tank	10.00
Extractor	17.50
Total	$55.50

The shining hours had been improved for my benefit:

By balance	$212.50

Apart from the engrossing dollars and cents part of my bee venture, there was always the free out of door life and the abiding interest in the comings, goings and doings of bee city.

The kind of bees in the apiary makes a world of difference to the beginner. Our apiary is composed of yellow banded Italians, with a few colonies of the light golden Italians. These are prime favorites with San Joaquin bee keepers.

No message to the bee lover is complete without a word as to enemies.

In the East the bee keeper contends with cold and wet. In the San Joaquin Valley we have to fight the fierce heat of an almost tropical summer. The melting of the comb is an apiary calamity, for not only are honey and wax wasted but the bees are invariably drowned in the sticky mess.

King birds, or bee martins, as they are called in the San

SUDDEN CHANGES FROM DRY TO WET, OR HOT TO COLD, PLAY HAVOC WITH OUR HEALTH AND COMFORT. A PURE NUTRITIOUS AND INVIGORATING STIMULANT SUCH AS

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IS RECOMMENDED AT SUCH TIMES BECAUSE OF ITS HIGH QUALITY AND ABSOLUTE PURITY

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Joaquin, spiders and toads are active enemies of the bee. Toads hop up gaily from the irrigation ditches, station themselves in front of the hives and begin a gurgling call. The bees rush out ready for war and are instantly snapped down.

Robber bees are exasperating enemies to the apiarist. Robbing can be guarded against by leaving plenty of honey for winter stores and by reducing the hive entrance to an inch width.

Circumstances have much to do with bee honesty. A strong colony that has been cut short in its winter supply is easily tempted to appropriate the honey stores of its weaker neighbor. They go out in a body, overpower and kill the weaker colony and carry off the honey.

During November I noticed our bees busy on watermelons and canteloupes that the rancher had not thought worth gathering. We had heavy rain on November 25 and after that I saw comparatively few flying.

In December the days were foggy, with winter rains, and there were no bees in sight, but a week of warmth and sunshine in January started the working instinct, and many were tempted outside. They went back again until the permanent encouragement of blossoming almond and cotton wood brought them out for business.

Bee keeping is a delightful occupation for women, and out of doors work that is not too heavy for their strength. There is about one month's hard physical work all told in the San Joaquin bee keeper's year. Opening up the hives and extracting the honey is tiring, but not much more so than a strenuous day at golf.

There are many large apiaries in the San Joaquin Valley that are owned and managed by women. It is a great advantage to the beginner to follow a practical apiarist in the daily work around the hives. Theory is all very well, but conditions vary with location, and what you see and do yourself under direction is remembered.

My apiary has trebled, my knowledge and love of the work increased and with renewed health, a growing bank account and the schoolhouse five miles away life is abundantly worth living.

Remarks on Chesterton on Shaw

(Continued from Page 7.)

and Diana. It is preposterous, but it shows how far English Chesterton is carried when he tries to explain Shaw the Irishman.

I do not think that Chesterton the Catholic makes out a better case when he deals with Shaw the Puritan. To prove that Shaw is a Puritan Chesterton tells us that he is never frivolous, that he never gives his opinions a holiday. Of course this is nonsense and Chesterton contradicts this statement just as soon as he has used it to make good his difficult argument about Puritanism. I am not presuming to teach Chesterton how to argue, but let me suggest something. Suppose we say that a boy blows his nose because he has a cold in his head. That is a simple statement of a distressing situation, distressing alike to the boy and to those who are forced to be in his company. But is it the whole truth? No, it is not. It is only an inconsiderable and unimportant part of the truth. Certainly a boy blows his nose because he has a cold in his head, but why has he a cold in his head? A good family doctor will tell you, because he blows his nose, and will explain that blowing the nose irritates the membrances of the nose and makes one extremely liable to a cold in the head. It is plain therefore that as likely as not, the boy has a cold in his head because he has been blowing his nose. If Chesterton had applied this simple form of argumentation to Shaw he would have been impelled to say, not that Shaw must be a Puritan because he is never frivolous—a statement ridiculous and untrue—but that Shaw is so frequently frivolous because he is a Puritan—a statement which is borne out by Chesterton's own assertions. If there is anybody who has to be frivolous once in a while it is the Puritan; nature would not stand for Puritan severity uninterrupted by frivolity. As I have said, this is borne out by Chesterton's own assertions. He tells us that Shaw's father was a teetotaller who sometimes got drunk. There you have the perfect type of the Puritan. Shaw is not the perfect type like his father; it would be unusual for one family to produce two. Shaw is the modified type. He is a very serious dramatist who sometimes cuts a caper. For the sake of Shaw's father's soul I hope the old gentleman did not get drunk as often as his son cuts a caper. Shaw is frequently frivolous, he is continually giving his opinions a holiday. Shaw may be a puritan, but Catholic Chesterton has started out the wrong way to prove it.

I am not going to test Chesterton's estimate of Shaw any further, but I must call attention to one glaring error in the book. Chesterton says that the turning point in Shaw's dramatic career was reached with the publication of Man and Superman. I am compelled to disagree. When Shaw wrote Man and Superman his dramatic career was finished. Man and Superman is not a drama any more than The Revolutionists' Handbook which is annexed to it is a romance. Man and Superman is a tract, the most interesting tract ever written, but none the less a tract. Nobody ever thought of calling one of Landor's Imaginary Conversations a drama and Man and Superman is an imaginary conversation between Schopenauer and Nietzsche with Shaw continually "butting it."

In conclusion I cannot help remarking that Chesterton's book on Shaw reminds me irresistibly of the reason a friend of mine gave for not going to Mass on Sunday. My friend said that the affected way in which the young ladies walked up the aisle disgusted him. That is not a good reason for not going to Mass on Sunday; no theologian would accept it for a moment. But it is a very picturesque reason—not to a parish priest, perhaps, but to a lay person like myself. The reasons which Chesterton gives for Bernard Shaw are like that. They do not satisfy, but they are entertaining. One may go to Mass every Sunday and still smile at my friend's disgust. One may dislike Bernard Shaw and still enjoy Chesterton's book.

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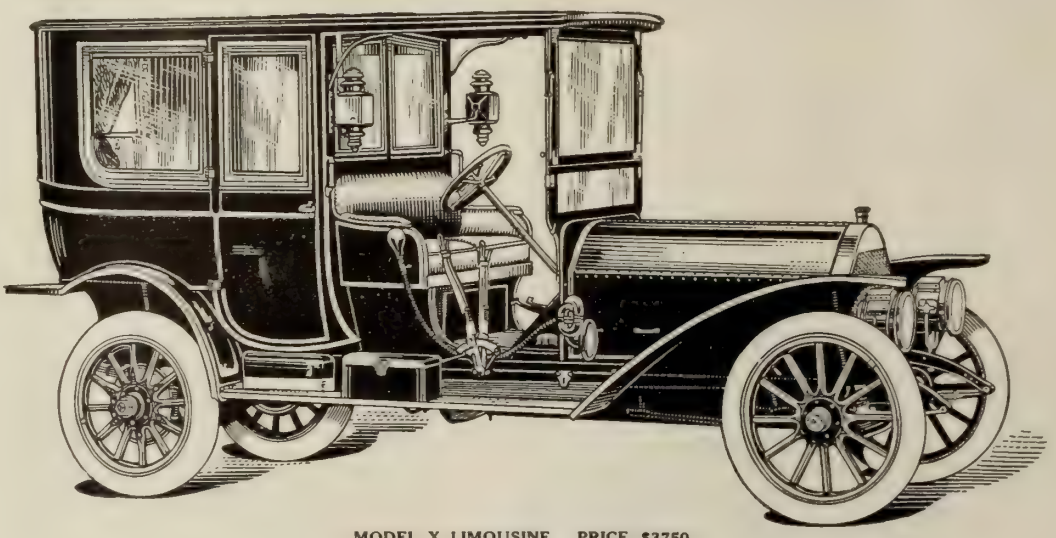

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Auto Notes

Dr. H. B. McIntyre of the Presidio has purchased a Stevens-Duryea Runabout.

Mrs. M. J. O'Connor has purchased her second Woods Electric which she presented to her daughter for Christmas.

Fred. E. Sanders recently had his car equipped with Diamond Demountable Rims and writes that he certainly would never operate a car again without this type of rim.

N. Cowan who has been with Hughson & Merton Co. for several years and who recently received an attractive offer from the Stewart Speedometer Company, has decided to remain in his present position with Hughson & Merton.

Morris Kind of the Santa Cruz-Portland Cement Company has just had the big Jinricksha wheels of his Oldsmobile equipped with the new Diamond Grip Tires.

The Pioneer Automobile Company report the sale and delivery through S. M. Phillips, their agent at Sacramento, of a Hudson car to D. M. Combs of Sacramento, the delivery of a Chalmers-Detroit seven passenger to P. C. Drescher of Mebius & Drescher Company and a Chalmers-Detroit "thirty" five passenger touring car to Dr. E. H. Buffum of Fair Oaks, Sacramento County.

S. F. Weaver is a strong advocate of the new Diamond Grip Tires. He states that he is still running on the original four which equipped his car and which has covered to date over 5,000 miles. The two front tires never even so much as suffered a puncture during that mileage.

W. C. Hood, Coast Representative of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, has just returned after an extended southern trip covering Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Pasadena and Redlands.

A. B. Costigan of the Pacific Motor Car Company has left for the East where he will visit his factory and also look over cars at the New York Show.

The young baseball artists who call themselves the "Buicks" are upholding the honor and dignity of their name. They lately achieved the ignominious defeat of the "Loziers" by a score of 14 to 4. Batteries for "Buicks" were Bishop and Gabriel. The feature of the game is said to have been the fielding of the "Buicks."

Harry H. Scott, treasurer of the Pacific Manifold Company, is one of the most ardent Hudson enthusiasts in the field. His firm have been equipping their country salesmen with Hudson Runabouts, to cover the valley and mountain territory. These machines are proving most successful and economcial in their work.

The Chalmers-Detroit "thirty" used on the stage at the Alcazar recently has claimed a great deal of attention, and a number of people have 'phoned the Pioneer Automobile Company regarding it. One lady 'phoned that it is the most beautiful runabout that she has ever seen, especially in lines and color. The machine was handled on the stage by Charles O'Day, and while the space is small the car responds so readily that one would think that he was coming on at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. The car was chosen on account of its easy handling.

Messrs. Rogers & Stone have purchased a six-cylinder Stevens-Duryea car.

The Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan, have just wired their Pacific Coast Representative, W. C. Hood, to make arrangements to visit all the eastern automobile shows, and are sending Mr. Jean Bemb (winner of the Detroit trophy in the Glidden Tour) to look after their interests on the coast during the absence of Mr. Hood. Mr. Hood will visit New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City and will return to the coast about April 1.

The Stevens-Duryea factory will have eight models in their list of 1910 cars which will include two sizes of limousines, large and small touring cars, two sizes of short coupled cars, and a runabout.

The Pioneer Automobile Company reports the sale of a seven passenger Chalmers-Detroit "forty" and a Hudson Runabout to Mr. W. L. Growall of this city. Mr. Growall is a recent convert to motor cars, his first being a Chalmers "thirty" purchased last season. Both Mr. and Mrs. Growall drove their car last season and without chauffeur the trip was made to Los Angeles. The new touring car will be used for touring between their country place and the city during the summer season. The Hudson runabout will be used for a station wagon. Delivery will be made about the first of the year.

The Pioneer Automobile Company recently delivered to Philip Clay one of the large seven passenger Thomas touring cars. This car has some special features, particularly its color which was the selection of Mrs. Clay and makes it very attractive.

C. E. Green of the Crocker National Bank has placed his order for the first long wheel base, short coupled Stevens car that will arrive.

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All Modern Improvements. Excellent Service. Fine Music.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Guy Hinton, Room 922, Pacific Building, corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased.

MARIA HELENA STAFFORD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Timothy W. Stafford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1, 1910.

GUY HINTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 922, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, David L. Levy, Esq., Room 560, Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, deceased.

EUGENE W. LEVY,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine E. Marden, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

DAVID L. LEVY, Esq., Attorney for Executor,
Room 560, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of S. Francisco No. 2010

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, Minors.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition of James Ward Keeney, guardian of the estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, minors, and from the petition of Marie Adele Keeney and Mary Alvord Keeney, copetitioners of said James Ward Keeney, praying for an order for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors of, in and to the real estate hereinafter particularly described; that each of said wards owns an undivided one-tenth interest in and to that certain piece of real property situate in the town of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Channing Way, distant thereon three hundred (300) feet westerly from the northwesterly corner of Bowditch Street and Channing Way; running thence westerly along said north line of Channing Way one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the south line of Durant Avenue; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet along said south line of Durant Avenue; and thence at right angles southerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the said north line of Channing Way and point of commencement; being all of lot two (2) in Block ten (10) College Homestead Association, as per map thereof recorded in Book T of Deeds in the office of the Recorder of said Alameda County at page 799, except forty feet of the north end heretofore given toward right of way for said Durant Avenue.

That it would be beneficial to each of said minors that the undivided one-tenth interest of each should be sold.

Therefore it is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, and all persons interested in the estates of each of them, appear before this Court on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of Department number 9 of said Court, in the Grant Building, situate at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors in said real estate.

Done in open Court this 24th day of December, A. D. 1909.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 24, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

GARBER, CRESWELL & GARBER, Attorneys for Guardian,
719 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-4

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE, SECTION 1549, C. C. P.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 3853.

In the Matter of the Estate of ORRIN H. WILKINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 29th day of December, 1908, in the matter of the estate of ORRIN H. WILKINS, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in lawful money of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after January 3, 1910, No. 1125, South M Street, City of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said ORRIN H. WILKINS, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired since his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows: A lot of land located on the Southwest line of 14th Avenue, South, distant two hundred and twenty-five feet Northwest from Northwest line of L Street; thence Northwesterly twenty-five by one hundred feet, and being a portion of South San Francisco, in Block No. 289, and standing on the records of said County in the name of said decedent.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in lawful money of the United States of America; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the undersigned on day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Court. Deed at the expense of purchaser.

OSCAR R. WILKINS,
Administrator of the Estate of Orrin H. Wilkins, Deceased.

Dated, December 16th, 1909.

C. P. STEVENS,
Attorney for Administrator, Benicia, Cal. 12-25-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John N. Colter, executor of the Will of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Carroll Cook, Esq., Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased.

JOHN N. COLTER,
Executor of the Will of Elizabeth J. Colter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

CARROLL COOK, ESQ., Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, also called MARY M. MARTIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of said MARY J. Martin, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, R. Morgan, 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased.

J. B. MARTIN,
Administrator of the Estate of said Mary J. Martin, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Administrator,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER J. KEYS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of PETER J. KEYS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of H. M. Owens, Esq., Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Building, Mason and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PETER J. KEYS, deceased.

ELIZABETH F. KEYS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Peter J. Keys, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of George H. Bahrs, Esq., Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, ESQ., Attorney for Executors,
Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Bldg., 11 Jones St., San Francisco. 12-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,929, Dept. No. 12.

In the Matter of the Application of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a Corporation, for Change of Name.

Upon reading and filing the petition of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a corporation, by T. H. ELKINGTON, N. F. PEART, and H. F. PEART, all of the Directors thereof, for change of name to that of PEART & ELKINGTON, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 26th day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the courtroom of this Court at No. 216 McAllister Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and they are hereby fixed and designated as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said matter are hereby directed to appear before this Court at said time and place to show cause why said application for change of name shall not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of four successive weeks.

Done in open Court this 15th day of December, 1909.

GEORGE H. CABANISS, Judge.

GEO. F. HATTON and H. F. PEART, Attorneys for Petitioners,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7673, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of EMIL DIELING, LOUIS DIELING, JOHN DIELING Jr., and CHARLES SCANLAN, also known as CHARLES SCANLON, also known as CHARLES DIELING, Minors.

John Dieling, guardian of the persons and estates of the above named minors, Emil Dieling, Louis Dieling, John Dieling Jr., and Bertha Richards, the guardian of the person and estate of the above named minor, Charles Scanlan, also known as Charles Scanlon, also known as Charles Dieling, having presented to this Court and filed herein their duly verified petition, praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to the estates of said minors, and it appearing to the Court from said petition, that it would be beneficial to the wards that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said minors and each of them, and those interested therein, that such sale be had, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in their estates, appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said department of said Court, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, San Francisco, California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said guardians for the sale of said real property, and that it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 27th day of December, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 28, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON, and CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Guardians of Said Minors. 1-1-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8755, New Series, Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of DANIEL HANLON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned CLARA M. HANLON, Administratrix of the estate of DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of December, 1909), to the said Clara M. Hanlon, Administratrix of the estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, Room 1255, Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased.

CLARA M. HANLON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Said Daniel Hanlon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 18th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1255, Flood Bldg., 870 Market St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7670, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE T. O'TOOLE, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of PATRICK J. WHELAN as the administrator of the estate of Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, this day filed, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said estate that the real property belonging to said estate hereinafter described should be sold.

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered that the heirs of said Catherine T. O'Toole, deceased, and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, situate on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 3rd day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock of that day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted authorizing said Patrick J. Whelan, as administrator of the estate of said decedent, to sell the property belonging to said estate, said property being situated in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Chestnut Street, distant thereon ninety-three (93) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Tenth Street, and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Chestnut Street forty-two (42) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly forty-two (42) feet and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred (100) feet to the said line of Chestnut Street and the point of beginning.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks before said 3rd day of January, 1910, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 29th day of November, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

H. S. YOUNG, Attorney for Administrator,
718 Union Trust Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, Deceased—No. 8667 (New Series), Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of Thomas F. Dunn, Esq., one of her attorneys, Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased.

MARIA TERESA ELLIOTT,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Orson H. Elliott, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco; and
THOS. F. DUNN, Hibernia Bldg., San Francisco,
Attorneys for Executrix. 12-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point fo commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.
(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of November, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL S. WISE, Deceased—No. 8719, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Build, ing, No. 625 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased.

WALLACE A. WISE,
As Administrator of the Estate of Rachel S. Wise, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

WALLACE A. WISE, Administrator,
Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Celina Legallet, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, French Savings Bank Building, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased.

CELINA LEGALLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Georges Henry Legallet, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

S. J. BRUN, Attorney for Celina Legallet,
French Savings Bank Bldg., 110 Sutter St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX BROOKS. Deceased—No. 8718, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased.

JULIA BROOKS,
Executrix of the Estate of Max Brooks, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Attorney for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM THIRD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at Room 609 in the Union Trust Building, San Francisco, California, which said place the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM THIRD, deceased.

JENNIE THIRD,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of William Third, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 4, 1909.

JOSEPH B. KENNEDY, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 609 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-4-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.
(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverst to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Corner Montgomery Ave. and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25749, Dept. No. 10.

E. J. HOCKING, Plaintiff,
vs.
LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to LULU W. HOCKING, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an' action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)
H. I. MULREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR H. GARLAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,
vs.
ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, An Incompetent Person.

Nels Rasmussen, guardian of the person and estate of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of the interest in the real estate of the said incompetent person for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent person appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the third day of January, A. D. 1910, in the forenoon of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, of said Superior Court, Room No. 601, Grant Building, corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian of the said incompetent person to sell the interest of the real estate of said incompetent person, at private sale; and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Done in open Court this 7th day of December, A. D. 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 7, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. ALLEN, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, Sometimes Known and Written as SOL LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 8713, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alexander Lippman, Executor of the last will of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Maurice L. Asher, 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased.

ALEXANDER LIPPMAN,
Executor of the Last Will of Solomon Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Executor,
615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office No. 623 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased.

FINDLEY BUCHANAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Catherine Johnson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff.
vs.
MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal 11-20-?

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gift Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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Did he tell you he lived in a flat?

No; but I met him looking around for a dwarf Christmas tree.

Cemetery Gleanings

In a very old churchyard on Long Island a moss-covered, time-stained block commemorates a calamity in these words:

"Father and I lies here together.
Both lost at sea with a vessel went down
with thirty other souls, with not
one body ever recovered.
Father lies here and I over there."

In Eastern Vermont is a tomb-stone sacred to the memory of a certain Mrs. Hinckley. A few months after her death, according to the testimony of the stones, her little girl followed her to the well-known bourne that forbids the return of travelers, and the doubly-bereaved husband and father thus apostrophizes his daughter:

"Go sleep with ma, Alminy B,
Soon pa will come and sleep with thee."

Apparently Deacon Hinckley saw reason to change his plans, for in his modest inclosure are monumental tablets sacred to the memory of his three subsequent wives.

The epitaph on a tomb in Staffordshire says, incoherently and quaintly:

"Broken on the wheel of time
The body is the spirit's rinde.
Living with a crown in heaven
My age was three times eleven."

Of the sex and condition of this person of thirty-three no record remains, as the upper half of the thick stone has broken or crumbled away. The following epitaph is over the grave of Miss Nott, a maiden lady, in Oxfordshire:

"Nott born, Nott dead, Nott christened,
Nott begot;
So here she lies that was and that was Nott.
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which, while thou seemest to read thou
readest Nott."

The inscription on the monument of two little girls in England runs:

"To the memory of Emma and Maria Littleboy, the twin children of George and Emma Littleboy, of Hornsey, who died July 16, 1783.

Two Littleboys lie here,
Yet strange to say,
These Littleboys are girls."

The following curious epitaph is taken from a tombstone in a church of Coventry:

Here lyes an old toss'd Tennis Ball
Was racketted, from spring to fall,
With so much heat and so much hast,
Time's arm for shame grew tyred at last.
Four kings in camps he truly served,
And from his loyalty ne'er swerved.
Father ruin'd and son slighted,
And from the Crown ne'er requited.
Loss of estate, relations, blood,
Was too well known, but did no good;
With long Campaigns and paines o' th' gout
He cou'd no longer hold it out.
Always a restless life he led,
Never at quiet till quite dead.
He marry'd in his later days
One who exceeds the common praise
But wanting breath still to make known
Her true affection and his own,
Death kindly came, all wants supplied
By giving rest—which life deny'd.

In a Massachusetts graveyard of great antiquity is this memorial of an unfortunate sailor, who plaintively proclaims:

"I lost my life on the raging seas
A sovereign God does as he please."

Out of Date

The flimsy things of paper lace
And Cupids bearing darts
Are out of date and out of place,
So few of us have hearts.

Say, boss, can't yer give er feller a dime? I ain't had nothin' ter eat fer two days.

Lucky devil! Why, I had to eat two Christmas dinners yesterday.

A new and very stringent prohibitory law has just been put into effect in Kansas. A stranger went into a Kansas drug store and asked for some whisky, which was refused.

"But I'm ill," persisted the stranger.

"That won't help any," replied the druggist. "It don't make any difference. I can't sell you any whisky for being ill."

"Well, what can you sell it to me for?" asked the stranger.

"The only thing we can sell whisky for in this town," said the druggist, "is for snake-bites. Hold up, now; don't ask me where to get bitten. No use. There is only one snake in the town, and he is engaged for three weeks ahead."

"My husband is such a good man! He looks after my toilettes with such care.

"Yes, I noticed he looks rather careworn."

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WE WOULD GUARANTEE THE TOTAL EXPENSE FOR ONE YEAR NOT TO EXCEED $360.00, INCLUDING WASHING, POLISHING, ELECTRIC CURRENT AND TIRE UP-KEEP?

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Vol. XVIII. No. 906 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 8, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

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MADAME GADSKI IN PARIS

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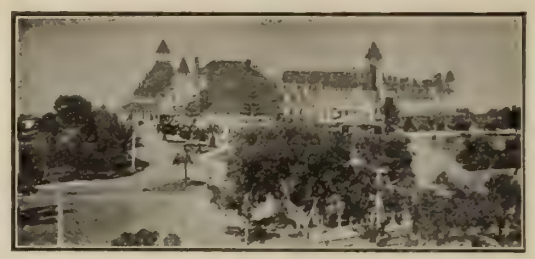

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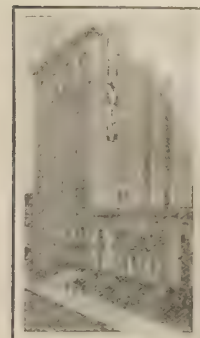

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, January 8, 1910 | No. 906

MADAME SEMBRICH

The great diva who will give concerts at the Garrick Theatre.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
88 First St., San Francisco. Phones, Douglas 2612, Home J 3622.

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A Popular Caprice

What seems to be proof of a predilection to whimsicality in this aspiring and energetic community was given last week when the people attached the drag-chain of municipal ownership to the chariot of progress. That there was something of whimsicality in the performance seems evident inasmuch as but a month ago the people loudly affirmed that they were not in sympathy with corporation-baiters nor prejudiced against the damnable purpose of rapacious captains of industry to make of this city a stronghold of capital. Having voted for municipal ownership they have served notice on capital that it must be wary in considering opportunities for investment hereabouts as the people have greater faith in politicians than in private citizens that are obsessed with a passion for accumulating millions under the banner that bears the ugly device of the vulgar dollar. But whether this was exactly the sentiment which the people desired to express God only knows. It is the difficulty of interpreting the voice of the people which gives it a resemblance to the voice of Heaven. It is never possible to determine what is the precise inspiration of anything that comes out of the depths of that unfathomable deep which we call public opinion. In this instance, if we are to judge from the arguments presented by the advocates of the bond issue, the people acted from divers motives; some from dissatisfaction with the street car service, holding the company entirely responsible for disadvantages under which it has been compelled to labor; some from sympathy with the men that bequeathed to San Francisco a heritage of rancor and revenge; others, and by far the most numerous element, from a desire to strengthen the position of organized labor, believing as they do that a municipal road will fix the standard of wages and hours. Perhaps there were some enlightened citizens, abounding in civic pride, who voted for the bonds to add to the severity of the test of the wonderful recuperative powers of this laughter-loving Paris of America.

Municipal Ownership

If there is anything in municipal ownership to commend it to the intelligence of an enlightened community it is something exasperatingly elusive, for it has baffled the most patient and intelligent research and study. We are told that municipal ownership is almost as full of great principles of political wisdom as the laws of Moses and the history of the kings of Israel and Judah, but where they are to be found enumerated nobody knows. The only obvious theory upon which it can be recommended is that popular management of public utilities is divinely inspired. But certainly it cannot be affirmed of the people that they are seldom guilty of mismanagement. Even that incredible and credulous person, the average citizen who voted for the bond issue, prey though he is to many delusions, is not unaware of the conspicuous inefficiency of whatever service is rendered by the people through their darling agents. Indeed the average citizen complains of nothing so much as of the things that are done under the supervision of the people. He knows that the people spend half their time devising ways and means of rendering negligible the machinations of their servants. No department of government is handled to the satisfaction of the average citizen. Even the administration of justice, which is one of the most important functions of the sovereign people, according to common report, is far from what it should be. The fact is notorious that no department of government renders any kind of service at reasonable cost. Such being the case what advantage does the average citizen expect to derive from broadening the functions of government? If we are to judge from the maunderings of the advocates of municipal ownership, the advantage to be derived is rather of a moral than of an economic nature, it being their theory that public service corporations are a source of iniquity, and that by abolishing them we shall eliminate some of the impurities that befoul the political atmosphere. If this theory is sound municipal ownership has some merit, but not enough to arouse our enthusiasm.

The Amended Monroe Doctrine

Once more the Monroe Doctrine is perturbing our British cousins. They have been watching with profound interest the brandishing of the Big Stick in Nicaragua, and it has occurred to them that we are gradually establishing a practical protectorate over Central America. Incidentally an alarming prospect is unfolding to their view, the prospect of a tremendous diminution of British trade in South America. At present Brazil exports more than double the amount to this country than she does to England, but she takes from England nearly three times as much as she does from us; and the trade of Chile with England is both in imports and exports treble that with the United States, while in the case of Argentina the trade relations with England are still more favorable. Now the press of England is predicting the loss of this enormous trade and basing the prediction on the failure of the British Government to stay the development of new principles under the Monroe Dostrine, which was originally a non-aggressive republican doctrine, but which under Imperialist expansion, is becoming a menace to the independence of the South and Central American Republics. The British press is certainly taking a correct view of the matter. But the principle on which we are acting is precisely the same as that on which the Powers of Europe justify the hegemony which they exercise over some of their feeble but troublesome neighbors. We began to broaden our policy with respect to the Latin States to the south of us about the time that we took over the Panama Canal and personally conducted a revolution in Columbia preparatory to setting up a new State. It was then that we indirectly asserted our right to interfere in the internal affairs of a country protected by the Monroe Doctrine for the purpose of setting them straight. Now we are acting without any attempt at subterfuge. No longer need there be any speculation as to our policy. We indicated it quite clearly when we refused to allow the Danish Ministry to sell St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John to Germany. Informally notice has been served upon the world that the United States intends to have, when the Panama Canal is finished, a grip upon the whole strategical position from Florida to Venezuela. And of course trade will follow the flag.

The Demon Triumphs

The Prohibition cause has received its first serious setback in the South. Reports hitherto made of revulsion of public sentiment as to prohibition have been premature. Until the recent election in Alabama the liquor interests had not won anywhere on a clean-cut issue, but in Al-

abama the direct question was submitted to the people, and there were no other issues to complicate the situation or confuse the people. The result was in every way a complete surprise to the enemies of the Demon. Prior to the election sentiment was believed to be so much in favor of the Prohibitionists that they gladly welcomed the opportunity to submit their cause to the people. The question was upon the adoption of a constitutional amendment. As the Legislature out of deference to what it conceived to be public sentiment had passed a State-wide prohibition law, a constitutional amendment was really unnecessary, but the Prohibitionists thought it a good opportunity to clinch prohibition by putting it in the Constitution of the State. A majority of the counties, including urban centres had already separately voted for prohibition, and it was estimated upon the basis of the returns at these elections that there was a prohibition majority in the State of from 20,000 to 25,000. So little doubt was there of public sentiment that Governor Comer, who led the prohibition forces, staked his political future on the result, and the members of the Legislature with their ears to the ground affected a righteous hostility to the liquor interests. Even the wise politicians made forecasts upon the strength of which they climbed into the prohibition band wagon and began quarreling over the division of the offices at the next State election. The campaign ended with the Prohibitionists assured of a great triumph, and then the people went to the polls and defeated the proposed amendment by a vote of two to one. The explanation of this great change of sentiment is that prohibition had proved a too expensive moral uplift. Once more has it been demonstrated that the moral tone of the masses is not to be elevated if the process is to cost them anything. The good people of Alabama, even those of the rural districts, who, doubtless have a superfetation of righteousness and a holy horror of urban dissipations, have signified their willingness to compromise with the Demon on a cash basis. The closing of the saloons in Alabama had decreased the revenue of the State, and it became evident that for the State to meet its just obligations it would be necessary to increase taxes. Hence the change of sentiment toward the haunts of sinners where wet goods are dispensed. And now the Prohibitionists of the South are in a state of panic. Nowhere in the South has prohibition been so strong as in Alabama. Now there is expectation of an anti-prohibition wave in Louisiana, Georgia and Mississippi.

The Omnipotent Commission

President Taft is kindly credited by the Hearst papers with having "placed his finger on a raw spot in American jurisprudence when he commented on the slowness and expensiveness of legal processes," but of course the President "did not say enough" on this important subject; for, "it is not enough that the mills of justice should grind a little faster"; the problem is "to put poor litigants on precisely the same footing as rich ones." Indeed this is the problem of the hour, and the Hearst papers demand its solution. It is suggested by them that the President should get from Congress the power to create a commission to look into this matter, and it is hoped by them that he will appoint commissioners "with an eye for essentials, men who will not be content with frittering palliatives." There's nothing to beat a commission in solving problems of paramount importance. Whatever ails the body politic can be cured by a commission provided it has an eye for essentials and a contempt for "frittering palliatives." Even the imperfect and unsatisfactory state of affairs resulting from the blunders of Providence can be rectified by an omnipotent commission. Take for example the state of affairs to which President Taft's attention has been called by the Hearst papers, the matter of the disadvantage from which the poor suffer when engaged in litigation with the rich. This is a disadvantage for which Providence is believed to be largely responsible. Since the world was young there have been rich people and poor people, and the rich have always enjoyed certain material advantages over the poor. Persons of shallow understanding are of the opinion that the poor will never be able to get a square deal until mankind are reduced to a level and absolute equality is realized, but persons of superior intelligence, editors of the Hearst newspapers, for example, know that it is possible for the inequality of conditions to be extinguished so far as the administration of justice is concerned. The achievement, as they know, is not beyond the capacity of a commission, and hence the suggestion which President Taft has taken under advisement.

Uniform Divorce Laws

Among those students of social problems who have devoted themselves particularly to the consideration of the divorce question in this country, it has for many years been a generally accepted theory that a uniform American divorce law is one of the great reforms necessary to the safeguarding of the family relation. Those who look upon marriage as a religious sacrament have of course insisted on the necessity of moral discipline if husband and wife are to live together in long continued happiness; while those who regard marriage as a contractual relation which may be voided if one or other of the contracting parties fails to satisfy his obligations, have demanded that the terms of the contract be not too loosely construed and that the opportunities for breaking it be as much as possible restricted. But whichever way marriage be regarded, it remains true that both the theologian and the sociologist agree in demanding that the divorce laws of the country be made uniform. It has been stated that if it were as difficult to obtain a divorce in Nevada where the most trivial excuses are gravely accepted, as it is in New York where there is but one ground for separation, the divorce evil would to a great extent be remedied. It has been pointed out that with some States granting absolute decrees of divorce immediately on the

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hearing of the cause, and with others granting interlocutory decrees, there is bound to be a confusion, not to say demoralization, of marital relations. So the efficacy of a uniform divorce law has been looked upon as logically demonstrated. But the time has come when the efficacy of the uniform divorce law as a remedy must be critically examined. As so often happens American students have been investigating the home problem without reference to the study of similar problems abroad. Just at the present moment facts and figures from abroad cast heavy doubt upon the merits of the uniform divorce law propaganda. Figures culled from the latest United States Census Report on Marriage and Divorce seem to show that the uniform divorce law is not the remedy for the divorce evil. The case of Germany is in point. The number of divorces in Germany increased gradually from 1882 to 1893. During the decade ending in 1893 the increase was 1008, an average of 100.8 per year. During the period 1893-99 the increase amounted to 2,739 or an average of 456.5 per year. The new uniform divorce law for all Germany which went into effect in 1900 and which restricted the grounds of divorce for about two-thirds of the population, occasioned a decrease of 1,505 in the number of divorces for that year while the number remained practically stationary during 1901. But from 1901 to 1906 the increase went on at a rate far more rapid than during the years immediately preceding 1900, averaging 843 per year. Similar figures are given in the report for Hungary which, under a uniform divorce law, has shown a marked increase of divorces. The figures of the report seem to indicate that a uniform divorce law would not reduce divorces materially. The pet remedy, it would seem, must be restudied in the light of these disconcerting statistics.

Optimism

Though snowy peaks may cap my day,
I know somewhere that vines are twining;
Though storms and lightnings 'round me play,
Deep in my soul the sun is shining.

Though teardrops from mine eyelids start,
I know the world bows not in sorrow;
I would not have it weep—my heart
May wake in gladness on the morrow.

O Love Divine, keep thou my land—
My heritage of soul—enfold it;
I know that when I reach my hand,
A Father's hand is there to hold it!

Perspective Impressions

Did Jack Frost come to greet the outgoing jobholders?

Greetings to Mayor-elect McCarthy! More power to his elbow as he wields the new broom!

Mr. Roosevelt discovered a new species of fox in Africa. So did the fox.

Mayor Taylor may now return to his lyre and whack it with all the force of his being.

The Hayes brothers of San Jose are urging the people "to put an end forever to Southern Pacific domination of politics." It was probably with this same holy purpose in view that these same sacrosanct brothers once upon a time entered into partnership with that ineffable patriot Abe Ruef.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
—Nashville Banner.

The Administration at Washington has discovered that Colonel John P. Irish out of a job presents some of the vexatious elements of a Central American embroglio.

New York has discovered Nance O'Neil. As in the case of Tetrazzini New York is once more behind San Francisco.

THE BIG ONE—"H'M! IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT COLD TO ME"
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

From My Maiden Aunt

A Christmas Present in the Shape of a Collection of Bachelor Reflections Which Seems to Indicate That the Thoughts of This Species Run in a Very Circumscribed Channel

By Robert McTavish

For a Christmas present a maiden aunt gave me a little book entitled "Reflections of a Bachelor." I do not know why my maiden aunt picked out this particular little book for me; but then no man ever did fathom the mental process which is at work in women—maiden aunts or others—when they buy books for Christmas presents. They never buy men the kind of books which men want. For men who abominate poetry they invariably buy a copy of Tennyson or Byron or Whittier beautifully bound in stuffed covers and gilt. For men who have no time for novels they invariably buy the latest best-selling crudity of fiction. And when they are in doubt about poetry and fiction they apparently buy books like this "Reflections of a Bachelor." Knowing my sterling character, my maiden aunt should not have made me this particular present except by way of a joke. But knowing my aunt, I am sure she was not in a jocular mood when she shopped for my Christmas present. My aunt is no more jocular than I am giddy. So the mystery of why she presented me with the "Reflections of a Bachelor" done up in a plaid cover with the picture of a bald-headed gentleman in evening dress on it, must remain unsolved. I presume that the bald-headed gentleman is the bachelor whose reflections are contained in the book. I presume too that the marginal decorations of the book are designed to give me an inkling of the sort of life this bachelor lives. There are champagne buckets and bottles with popping corks, burning cigars, guitars and roses, cards and poker chips, whisky decanters and, to cap all, strings of hearts, grinning masks and women's pictures, dangled by fat Cupids. It reminds me of some of the bachelor "dens"—appropriate word!—that I have been in.

The suspicion aroused by the general get-up of the book that the bachelor is a gay dog is amply warranted, for his reflections deal largely and frankly with wine, women and song, but especially with women. Now bachelors undoubtedly think about women, but I do not think that they think about women as much as this reflective bachelor is represented as doing. Neither do I think that bachelors of the ordinary or club variety devote to women's mysteries the persistent attention which the bald-headed gentleman of my book shows. When I call them "women's mysteries" I am speaking guardedly out of a sense of modesty. The bachelor of this book evidently has no modesty, for certainly there is nothing guarded about his utterances on these subjects. In the first place they seem not to be mysteries to him at all; he knows all about them and discourses of them with utter abandon. I did not know whether I should blush or not when I read some of the bachelor's reflections on what I have lamely designated "women's mysteries." I had an uneasy sense that to blush would be to acknowledge an almost guilty knowledge of what the bachelor was talking about; whereas on the other hand, not to blush, even in the privacy of my room, at some of his sallies would self-convict me of being case hardened. The matter was further complicated because I did not understand all that the bachelor wrote. But I don't think I blushed very much.

The bachelor's reflections about women might very easily be tabulated under three heads, Woman's Shape, Woman's Stockings, Woman's Lingerie. Just look at that tabulation and tell me if this is not a very remarkable bachelor. How many bachelors of your acquaintance devote their reflective minutes to these things? But our bachelor is an adept in saying things about these mysteries; for of course these are things which are or ought to be mysteries not understood by man. Let us listen to some of the bachelor's reflections that come under the first category:

Generally when women are careless about the way their legs can be seen, there is a good reason for it.

It's queer what wrong ideas you can get about a woman's figure in anything but a bathing suit.

To be anything of a success a woman has got to have some place where she is stout.

The pleasantest surprise is the slim girl who is not slim in spots.

By a woman's arm you shall know the rest of her.

A woman can't be too careful about what parts of her are stout.

A thin woman that isn't thin all over is the kind that appeals to a man.

A woman can be awful big in spots without letting anybody know it when she is all dressed up.

Women with big feet don't always keep on that way all the way up.

Some women lose their figure as often as they undress.

In these sentences we seem to have the bachelor at his best. This sort of musing seems just to tickle him to death, for he is always indulging in it. But is it true that bachelors are given to this sort of anatomical reflection? that fatness and leanness occupy so much of their thoughts when they think of the ladies? But let us listen to the bachelor again:

One stocking doesn't make a set of tights.

When a girl has dimples on her knees it is a sign she is proud of them.

When a man gives a woman a jeweled garter it is a sign he ought not to, unless she is his wife, when he won't.

The most innocent girl that ever lived never was ambitious to climb an apple tree unless she had on her best stockings.

No man can be sure of what he might do till he has been tempted with openwork stockings.

It's odd what dull things a woman's stockings are when they are merely hanging out in the wash.

The girl who knows her business would rather have what's in it pretty than the stocking itself.

All of these reflections I do not profess to understand, but I have my doubts whether they are the sort which a maiden aunt should encourage her nephew to indulge. And getting to the third category, Woman's Lngerie, I think the same remark will apply to the following, culled at random:

It keeps a man awful busy keeping track of how the fashions change in some of the women's clothes that he is not expected to know about.

If a girl were stone-blind she wouldn't want all those frills and fussy things that nobody ever sees but herself.

Some kinds of women's clothes don't seem to be made for any other reason except to make men wonder how they can find out about them.

It's funny that the women's clothes that are never seen are mostly made for show.

That ought to be enough to convince any liberal person that my aunt was indiscreet in making me this Christmas present. This bachelor is too knowing for me to fathom and of course I can't ask my aunt to explain the reflections which I do not understand. That might work a coolness between us. This bald-headed bachelor, by

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the way, when he is not speaking of garters and lingerie and so on, is generally casting a slur on red hair. Being of Scotch descent I am rather partial to red hair myself and do not relish greatly such sayings as these:

Making a widow of a red-headed woman is sending coals to Newcastle.

Spread red hair over one thousand generations and it won't get lost.

When a red-headed woman is in a sweet temper it shows how deceitful women can be.

When a red-headed woman hasn't a red-headed temper it is a sign that it is bleached.

It is funny, but no matter how innocent a girl may be she will never put on pink stockings when she is going out with a red-headed man.

Red hair isn't even better than no hair.

You can manufacture blonde hair, but red hair just comes natural.

Shades of gentle Ik Marvel! Is it with meditations like these that your twentieth century successor amuses his lonely leisure? Are these the thoughts that come to him from the fireplace? I think they are rather inspired by the steam radiator. This bachelor does not worship women as a divinity like you did; he is a peeping Tom and unashamed. I wish my aunt had given me a copy of your sweet old Reveries.

Prophetic Paragraphs

Culled on a Journey into Futurity from the Columns of Certain Conscientious Contemporaries That Are Ever Pregnant With Wisdom and Generous With Counsel

(THE EXAMINER, A. D. 1921)

It is now exactly eleven years, two months, one week and three days since the people of this city voted to issue bonds for the building of a municipal railroad on Geary street. The road is now in operation from Kearny street to Devisadero. At this rate of progress the city will not be able to carry passengers to the ocean over the municipal road until the close of the first half of the century. WHO is responsible for this dilatoriness? This is a question that the PEOPLE have a right to ask, and the EXAMINER with its traditional loyalty to the interests of the PEOPLE demands an answer. If it is not received at once the PEOPLE shall know the reason why. Let there be no attempt at subterfuge or equivocation, for the PEOPLE are in no mood to be trifled with. We hereby inform the Mayor of this city, the Hon. E. P. E. Troy, that it is his duty to ascertain why there has been so much delay in the construction of this road. He has been in office nearly two years, and he is responsible for the acts of his subordinates. The PEOPLE look to him for an explanation. Let it be forthcoming.

This great municipal enterprise has been the source of much humiliation to the PEOPLE of San Francisco. When they decided, just eleven years, two months, one week and three days ago, to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of the robber barons who had a monoply of the traction business in this city they were filled with high hope and imbued with the finest quality of enthusiasm. They had abundant reason to expect an early and happy fruition of their enterprise, and when on that memorable first of January, 1910, the Examiner announced the resolution of our city authorities to MAKE THE DIRT FLY without delay there was rejoicing from the water front to the county line. We must confess, parenthetically, that knowing something of the perversity of politicians we had misgivings. We had advocated the bond issue not through faith in the zeal of men that hunger for public office, but because we had confidence in the PEOPLE, who were at that time eager for municipal ownership and out of deference to whose sentiments WE OPPOSED the robber barons and DEFEATED them at the polls. The principle of public ownership did not appeal to the Examiner, but it was what the people wanted and therefore the Examiner became its arent advocate. The Examiner will always STAND OR FALL WITH THE PEOPLE. All of which we have said parentheically.

Now let us return to the road itself, THE PEOPLE'S ROAD, and inquire why it is that things ARE AS THEY ARE. The PEOPLE, as we have said, have suffered humiliation. They expected to build the road for about two million dollars, and though it has already cost five million it is not half finished. The cars now in operation are dilapidated, and they are never kept clean. The road is running at a loss because nobody cares to spend an hour riding such a short distance. The only gratifying result of this experiment in municipal ownership is that it has REDUCED the hours and RAISED the wages of carmen.

(THE BOUGHTEN BULLETIN, A. D. 1921)

It is now apparent to everybody that the municipal street railroad is a failure. That being the case there is but one thing to do—turn it over to private ownership. The Supervisors are discussing the advisability of putting the franchise up at auction. This is a proposition to which the Bulletin is unalterably opposed. It is apparent that this proposition emanates from the United Railroads which already has a monoply of the subway and surface business. Two of our most distinguished citizens, the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels and the Hon. James D. Phelan, are willing to accept this franchise for the benefit of the people, and to substitute for the conduit system, which is now admittedly a nuisance, a fine trolley system. Here is an excellent opportunity to encourage disinterested local capital, and in the circumstances the Bulletin cannot conceive how honest officials can conscientiously hesitate between the two propositions.

(THE CALL, A. D. 1921)

The municipal street railroad problem is again up for solution before the Supervisors. The Call is of course in favor of abandoning the municipal ownership fad. Under the present management the Call has not been under any misapprehension regarding municipal ownership. It is, as we have frequently said, an abomination. The people have been robbed right and left since they sold the bonds for the building of this road, and they are now heartily in favor of selling the franchise. The Call makes this statement boldly in accordance with the best traditions of a paper that has never failed to read public sentiment correctly. At the same time the Call protests against the proposition to turn the road over to those perennial schemers, James D. Phelan and Rudolph Spreckels, who have again returned to power. The Supervisors like good dogs are showing a disposition to eat out of their hands. In view of the current ambition of these millionaires it is interesting to recall that they were instrumental in persuading the people to embrace the white elephant from which they are now seeking release. The question may well be asked, Were these men gifted with prescience when they urged the people to engage in municipal ownership?

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

One Thousand Two Hundred Frozen Men

By Aage Madelung

He was standing at one of the entrances to the narrow foyer in the small wooden theatre of the town. It looked more like an old stable with carved wood gables than the playhouse of a provincial capital.

The crowd thronged and jostled one another in two opposite currents in the narrow passage. A hot atmosphere of couples, closely united, and burnt cigarette paper hung about the place.

I recognized him at once, as I saw him standing there, watching the people like a stranger, and yet like an old acquaintance. Just how you would look when returning after a long absence to a place where you used to know everybody. You somehow try to get a firm footing on the outstretched palms of the hands that bid you welcome. . . . He certainly had been away for a long time, quite an eternity. . . . So much had happened meanwhile.

He looked as though he had had rather a bad time of it. He had lost flesh, and there was a sort of haggard look about him. The "ladies' doctor," "the chocolate boy," we used to call him before he went away. He was wonderfully hale at that time, hearty and delighted with life and with his wife, who bore him no children. Rather pleased with himself, too. He used to find a particular pleasure in relating what his lady patients looked like inside. He was thoroughly versed in those matters. As for being mistaken, no fear of that, when about 90 per cent of them . . . . He didn't even lose countenance when he surpassed the limit of the 90 per cent, and thereby ruined a whole family, the husband blowing his brains out.

"How do you do?" said I, shaking hands. "So you have come back?"

"Yes, I have come back," he answered vaguely, blinking his eyes.

I looked at his uniform, which made me think of a squaring of accounts I once had had with him.

"How did you get into those clothes?" I asked. "Isn't it a police uniform?"

"It's that of an army surgeon," he replied pompously, pushing out his chest, so that my eyes caught sight of the Stanislaus Cross.

"How did you come by that?"

"I was assistant to the head doctor," he said brokenly between his teeth, and speaking with difficulty.

I never could abide gossip from men, and now I stood and reflected on this. But he evidently had forgotten the incident. . . . Clearly . . . . he had forgotten it, sore as he was up to the skin of his skull. . . .

"Yes, I remember. You had to go up there and change practice, so to speak. Where did you fall in with them?"

"After the battle of Laojan."

"Then you were present at the flight from Mukden?"

His mouth fell; his eyes looked glassy.

"How did it happen?" I asked, and forgot quite suddenly that I had disliked the chocolate boy before he got mixed up in the war—against his will—and had seen the day of Mukden.

But he said nothing, only waved his hand. It looked as though he was searching for words and found none.

"Do tell a single episode out of that race for death."

But he only continued to wave his hand.

"There isn't anything to tell; there are no episodes. It stands out in memory like one great, red flaring fact. The White Man chased by the Yellow! That is all. There is no more to tell. Let everyone rave about that subject as much as he likes. Matter enough in it to last for the next thousand years!"

"But surely you must be able to remember some moments during the rout when you didn't look at it as a fixed and complete historical moment. Were you not wounded?"

"No, never; though through all the affair I was in the front rank—or, if you prefer to put it that way, in the rear."

"Didn't you soon get used to it?"

"Yes. As soon as you have been under fire you think no more about it."

"I mean, didn't you soon get used to the wounds, and—and all that amputated life?"

"By and by we all of us got wounded—in our nerves. You understand? Many of them didn't know it, but their relations and friends are sure to have noticed it, when they returned."

"Oh!" he whispered, "I wonder—didn't all of them, all the world, notice it? I used to have pretty strong nerves." His face twitched again. "But now I am going abroad—for a cure."

"You won't get leave. There is a great need of doctors just now in the war against 'internal enemies.'"

"Oh, no! Not I! Never! I have had enough of it!" He made an impatient gesture and smiled—a strange, helpless smile. There was something at once terrible and fascinating about that smile, something rigid and mad, that melted into a sort of voluptuousness. . . .

"You laugh?" I said, and looked at him.

He cleared his throat and painfully tried to recover himself. "I'm going abroad," he said apologetically in an undertone.

At this moment the bell rang from behind the scenes. The "Violin Virtuoso" was going to attack the last part of his program. I went back to my seat and sat there thinking of those well-meaning and kindly people who find an excuse for war and for those who make war, and who confound the struggle of the many for daily bread with the battle of one single man to steady the pillars of his throne. . . .

Equally cruel may they seem. But the one is inevitable, while the other is obsolete, because it concerns but one single man and his escutcheon, and not the masses, who all bear the same colors, deep under the shirt, where digestion begins. . . .

Memories of bygone days seized me. I seemed to hear a soft whispering of lonely firtops, gently swaying in the moonlit night.

It was Tschaikowsky's serenade.

It was like branches stirred by the wind, like chains of maidens gliding past in heavy shrouds. Pain and desire swell the fall. . . . Groans rise as if from lips stiffened in bluish-cold terror . . . and die away in a dirge for something which once has been . . . and never will be again .... never. . . .

I felt someone getting up from his seat; and when I too—overcome by the despairing hopelessness of this Never . . . never . . . rose to leave I saw it was the doctor.

He went straight to the bar and emptied a tumbler of brandy at a draught. Then he sat down at one of the small tables with red and blue covers.

"Some beer!" he cried with chattering teeth. I sat down next to him.

"Are we going to get that beer, you Adonis, eh? Another glass, please! You will take one, won't you? Or shall we have some brandy first?"

"Thanks. I never take brandy."

"As you please."

He rose, went over to the bar, and ordered another glass, which he swallowed straight off.

When he turned round again I could see the whites of his eyes. . . .

(Continued on Page 31.)

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The Spectator

Hearst Coming to Stay Here

Without even taking his own pet newspaper into his confidence William Randolph Hearst is preparing, I am told, to astonish San Francisco by setting up his lares and penates in a California home. The news that Mr. and Mrs. Hearst are considering the advantages of spending most of their time here will come as a surprise but I have every reason to believe it to be true. The celebrated house on the bluff in Sausalito is to be rebuilt and already the plans drawn by J. C. Green, an architect of New York who accompanied Mr. Hearst to this city, have been approved. When the new place is completed it will undoubtedly be the most picturesque home across the bay.

Plans of the New Home

The plans call for an expenditure of approximately $250,000. The home will be rebuilt as a class A structure of concrete and steel in Spanish mission style with two verandas looking over the expanse of bay and out beyond the Golden Gate. Mrs. Hearst is planning the furnishing and in her home will be displayed many of the beautiful things in the celebrated art collection of the late Stanford White, the bulk of which was purchased by the Hearst family at the time of the auction and before that, at private sales. Besides this, Mr. and Mrs. Hearst have collected a wonderful array of curios here and there in their wanderings abroad, all of these things having been stored with a view of ultimately building a home in California where they will pass the tranquil years of their lives. The pillars that will support the verandas facing the bay are from an old ruined temple in Italy. They are wonderfully carved, displaying a style of workmanship now entirely forgotten. The carvings show two colors, similar to the style of a cameo pin, the upper figures being in one color in relief against another in a stone composition, the secret of which was lost at the dawn of the Christian era. The chandeliers and other ornamental parts in the interior architecture are also rare antiquities.

A Famous Bay Dwelling

The Sausalito home which is to be reconstructed was the place where Hearst dwelt in his bachelor days. Many stories of gay festivities have been told in connection with his residence there, but strangely enough, these rather wild tales have been of comparatively recent circulation and are doubtless the exaggerations of confirmed gossipers. It is more than likely that they were invented by campaign managers who sought to defeat Mr. Hearst in his various political ventures. The old place has a superb location. The front is buttressed by a high wall that looks like the ruins of a feudal castle. Odd towers break the flat line, and these are to be changed to elevators to give easy and rapid ascent to the place which at present is only reached by a corkscrew road winding about the high bluff. There will be great days when the new Hearst place is completed. Work is to be started at once. Although the grounds are very extensive, additional land was purchased recently to make the estate one of the finest on the coast.

Hearst Building to Be a Skyscraper After All

I have another interesting bit of news anent the plans of Mr. Hearst. He had not been here two days before he again won his mother, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, to his point of view, and as a result the Hearst building at Third and Market street is to be an eighteen story structure. Architect Green has engaged a staff of assistants to change the plans which were for a nine story building. Mrs. Hearst who is advancing the capital for the erection of the building, has all along opposed the skyscraping ambitions of her son whose heart was set on having the new Examiner building the tallest in the city. As a compromise, the building was to be nine stories high with foundations so built that eight or ten additional stories could be put on at any time. Now, after the family conference and many negotiations with the architect, Mrs. Hearst has been won over and the new building is to mount upwards until it can look down on the tallest skyscraper in the city.

Will Hearst Go Into Politics Here?

It is declared by those familiar with the intimate life of Mr. and Mrs. Hearst that they are becoming more and more fond of California, but whether or not Mr. Hearst's political disappointments have anything to do with this preference, he of course does not disclose. He is said to be of the opinion that it is in the West, not the East, where men of independent thought have their opportunities today, and as he is still a man in the prime and vigor of life, it would not be surprising if the versatile and restless publisher transferred his political activities from New York to California. Those who know him declare that he has often indulged in these speculations. Considering the plans for the Sausalito home, credence may be given to these rumors.

Mrs. Scraggs—It seems like a hundred years since we married. I can't even remember when we first met.

Mr. Scraggs—I can. It was at a dinner party and there were thirteen at table.

The Job of the Hour

Who is to be Director-General of the Panama Canal Exposition? It has gradually dawned on the intellectuals of some of our leading citizens that here is a job worth striving for. The fact is that in all the length and breadth of the State there is nothing that presents opportunity for higher distinction than the office of Director-General of the mammoth fair. The average man with an instinct for eminence would rather be Director-General than Governor or even United States Senator. Beats there on no political office in the gift of the people of this State so strong a light or white as that which will be focused from all the corners of the earth on the boss of the fair. In the circumstances it may be easily conjectured that the job is not going a-begging. Lovers of the limelight are not sitting idly by waiting for the modest radiance of merit to be de-

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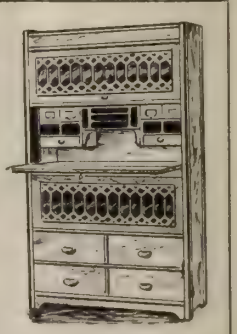

tected under a bushel. I am told, however, that there is one man upon whom the honor has been thrust and who has more than thrice put it off. This man in Charles C. Moore who distinguished himself as our Minister Plenipotentiary to all the courts of Europe for the greater glory of the Portola Festival. Whether Mr. M. H. De Young or James McNab are candidates for the job no one knows so far as I have been able to ascertain but both are being urged by admirers. Leon Sloss is among those mentioned; also, William F. Humphrey, President of the Olympic Club, who has made a record for executive ability and enthusiasm; also, innumerable has-beens and silurians who have been declaring themselves in on everything since the days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street. Sentiment around town appears to be in favor of infusing a little new blood into this exposition enterprise and taking less seriously than has been customary a certain coterie of wax figures upon which the moss has been gathering ominously.

The Last of the Portola

There will be no more Portola celebrations; at least, not for many years to come. This decision was arrived at by the committee after quiet deliberation and has not been embodied in any report or communication to the papers. Hence it will come as a surprise to many. The committee had several circumstances in mind when it decided that the carnival should not be of yearly recurrence. The first was the big deficit which had to be made up after the revels were over. Another was a very serious doubt as to whether a yearly carnival could be made as successful as the Portola of last year. In the minds of many the novelty was one of the strongest drawing features, but they thought that it would be difficult to bring such multitudes of visitors to the city for an annual fiesta. Then again, the energetic boosters of the city are just beginning to tackle the greatest project of a lifetime—a world's fair for 1915—and they rightly consider that they have their hands full. Besides, the Native Sons expect to hold a big celebration in this city this year. So, after many arguments pro and con, it was decided that there would be no Portola this year; and if it is ever revived, it will be many years hence. Queen Vergilia I. will have no successor in this decade at least.

Hilarity Unconfined

The high-water mark of revelry was hit in this city last week when the people rejoiced at the death of the old year and celebrated the birth of the new. Never before was the vortex of dissipation so vertiginous as it was during the closing mad hours of 1909 and the opening glad hours of 1910. In life and color, sin and jollity all past records were surpassed. Even during Portola Week the spirit of gaiety never reached so high a pitch of enthusiasm. How, it may be asked, are comparisons in hilarity to be made with any degree of accuracy? What thermometer have we to register the temperature of a San Francisco saturnalia? How is it possible to record the varying intensity of riotous indulgence in fantastic amusements? Not to be able to answer these questions is to argue yourself unsophisticated. The spirit of revelry is daughter of the vine. Go ask the wine man and he will tell you what tribute was paid to Bacchus. During the hours between 7 o'clock Friday night and 7 o'clock Saturday morning there was consumed in the laughter-resounding cafes of this unconventional city a quantity of champagne sufficient to float a dreadnought. This is what tells the tale—this tremendous popping of corks, this copious flow of the thing that stimulates the jaded imagination and makes a poor Irishman feel like Croesus on his golden throne.

When Prosperity Beams

San Francisco's champagne debauch is significant of something more than the volume of joyousness that was gendered for the great mid-winter carnival. In the volume of champagne that was consumed is an illuminated index to the bank accounts of our citizens. Easy comes, easy goes is one of the maxims of this buoyant community. We are good spenders when we have the money. Just before the earthquake beer ceased to become a popular beverage in this city. Everybody was drinking wine. After the earthquake the taste for beer was revived, but as soon as the insurance companies began pouring the pactolian stream into the channels of trade the thirst for wine was resumed and it was not assuaged until Mr. Roosevelt and his disciples precipitated their artificial panic. Now it is evident that Prosperity has again embraced us with her rosy arms. When local securities took a jump the corks began to pop. In a single cafe during the New Year's celebration ten thousand dollars went into the cash drawer. The bar-keepers at the Cliff House did not go to bed till long after the seals came up on the rocks to greet the sun.

The Proprieties Unviolated

Notwithstanding the failure of the solicitous ladies of the California Club to issue their annual warning to susceptible young women, the New Year's celebration despite its resemblance to a Pagan saturnalia was not characterized, so far as may be judged from surface indications, by exceptional looseness of behaviour. Along with a thirst for wine has come an extraordinary capacity for assimilation. In all the leading cafes the bars were down, but there was no shocking transgression of the proprieties, considering the spirit of the occasion. In the wee sma' hours a few women from over the verge did a little table-dancing, but not to these have the ladies of the California Club ever addressed a message.

A McCarthy-Greenway Affiliation

A matter of some significance that should not go unrecorded occurred at Taits where Mayor-elect McCarthy and a party of friends participated mildly in the celebration. The matter of significance was the brand of wine on the table. If it had been any other brand than that which is recognized as the hallmark of the elect—Mumm's Extra Dry— it would not have occasioned remark, but with that in evidence it was at once inferred that the Czar of the Assemblies had conquested the incoming Administration. Now, among the burning questions of the hour is this one: Is the President of the Building Trades about to take the hurdles into the midst of the clan Vere-de-Vere?

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Finish of a Dazzling Career

Gay Madame Barrios, widow of the assassinated president of Guatemala, has come to the last act of her wonderful career and behold—the last act is one of sordid tragedy. Almost blind, impoverished and incapable of earning a livelihood she applied for admission on New Year's day at an almshouse in her native city of New Orleans. When she was a girl in that city a gypsy fortune teller foretold some of the remarkable events which were to besprinkle her life, and her friends, gathered about the camp fire, laughed at the glittering predictions. There was one part of that fortune which Madame Barrios never forgot. The old hag ended her recital by telling the young woman that she would end her days in a poor house. Strangely enough, that part of the prediction, with several others, has been fulfilled at last. General Barrios met her in New Orleans, became madly smitten with her charms, married her and took her to Guatemala where he became president and soon surpassed the records of all the Central American rulers by the magnificence with which he kept court. Madame Barrios lived a royal life. In one of the turns of fortune in which Barrios almost lost his head, the revolutionists were on the point of killing his wife but Minster Mizner, father of the Mizner boys of this city, stepped in and saved her life.

The Famous Barrios Diamonds

When President Barrios was killed by a crazy Teuton, Madame Barrios escaped on a Pacific Mail steamer but before leaving Guatemala, she had the presence of mind to gather up a fortune in jewels and securities. She decided to make her home in this city. I remember her very well when she lived in a handsome residence in Webster street. She had turned thirty then, was still a very pronounced blonde, thanks to the dermatologists, but had lost those finer shades of beauty that distinguished her as a girl. With her was her private secretary, a handsome dashing fellow, some ten years her junior. Apparently he looked after everything, managed the cash and the household and took all the care and responsibility off her hands. It was he who cleverly managed the landing in this country of the famous Barrios diamonds. Everybody knew they were coming and all the jewel mongers wanted to get a peep at them. But when the custom house officers came to examine the jewels with a view to collecting duty on them, everybody was surprised to learn that the bulk of the collection was paste. The doleful widow paid the small duty with a long face. Quietly the story got about later that while all eyes were concentrated on the paste jewels, coming in openly and above board, the real gems were smuggled ashore.

When Ward McAllister Blushed

Madame Barrios spent part of her time at the Hotel Rafael and was entertained by several of our society women. Ward McAllister was one of the guests. It was popularly supposed that the proper means of communication with the dashing widow was the diplomatic tongue, so McAllister who boasted of his great fluency in that medium was chosen to escort her to the dining room. As he offered his arm he said with an elaborate bow and to the admiration of everybody in the party: "Je suis Monsieur McAllistaire." Madame Barrios replied in faultless Parisian but McAllister who could not make good on his boasted familiarity with the language, stammered and floundered and almost collapsed in his chair. Discretion prompted silence until the lady turned to him, saying with a charming southern accent, "But why speak French, Mr. McAllister? I was born in New Orleans, you know."

The Beginning of the End

Madame Barrios left this city for the East, burning with ambition to win success on the stage. Her youthful secretary accompanied her. How much money they had no one knew, but it was all that was left of the fortune gathered by Barrios. While in this city her personal expenses easily topped two thousand dollars a month and that was at a time when she was supposed to be too deeply in mourning to add much to the enrichment of the shopkeepers. When she reached New York she yielded still more to her love of splendid surroundings and the glamor of gay scenes and stories reached westward indicating that the moneybags were being rapidly drained. During her eastern reign she had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in New York society, although she had achieved no such fame among our splendid women. Certainly she was more talked and written about than any other woman in the country. She gave entertainments that were sensational in their magnificence and up to the time of the well-remembered Bradley Martin and Vanderbilt balls, her bal masque ranked as the costliest function ever given in New York.

Now It Is All Over

Finally Madame Barrios was plunged into financial difficulties and we heard little more about her. I think that she went later to Paris and I have an indistinct recollection that she took a second husband, one Senor de Roda, who died about ten years ago. Where and how she has been spending her declining years I do not know. Her life was a life of melodrama and it was dramatically fitting though exceedingly pitiful that she should have gone knocking at the door of an almshouse in her native

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city the other day. Poor Madame Barrios! One is tempted to moralize on her rise, her brilliant career and her terrible fall, but what's the use? It is the old old story and probably the gypsy who foretold the poorhouse, read it in an old old book.

Marine Artist Makes His Home Here

San Francisco's art colony has just gained a distinguished member in Charles H. Grant, the well known marine painter. Mr. Grant came here from the East some time ago in order to execute a number of big commissions and has made his headquarters in the Hotel Argonaut in the lobby of which several of his best canvases are hung. Like many others of the artistic temperament who have seen many lands, he has been enthralled by the spirit of the city and has at last made up his mind that its atmosphere is so inspiring that he must make his home here. Mr. Grant is a painter in the heyday of his power, having been born at Oswego, New York, in 1866. He studied at the National Academy of Design in New York and afterwards became one of the five American pupils the great marine painter, M. F. H. DeHaas, allowed himself to have. This great artist was the court painter to the Queen of Holland and had been variously decorated and honored by other sovereigns; it is not too much to say that he inspired his pupil with his own high ideals of art. Among the pictures by Mr. Grant which have won particular praise from discriminating critics are "Homeward Bound," "Ahead, Full Speed," "Will the Anchor Hold?" "Safe in Port," "Passing the Light," "At the Mercy of Neptune" and "Ship off the Starboard Bow." In these and others Mr. Grant has succeeded with wonderful technical skill in depicting the poetry that abides in the vivid dangers of the sea. There is a rare beauty of line and coloring in his seascapes which commends them to the connoisseur while their vivid telling of stories makes them of particular interest to those who are less capable of appreciating the technique of art.

A Picture for Lucien Young

At the present time Mr. Grant is engaged on a very interesting commission. He is painting for Commander Lucien Young a large canvas commemorating the battle of Manzanillo of which Young was the hero. Those who have heard Commander Young tell the story of that engagement of the Cuban campaign will never forget it. Commander Young was dispatched by Admiral Sampson to Manzanillo with the order to wipe out "a couple of gunboats" lying there. Young had a converted yacht called "The Hist," a smaller yacht called "The Hornet" and a government tug. With this modest flotilla he steamed to Manzanillo and found twelve Spanish crafts of various descriptions. There were also four strongly garrisoned forts, two regiments of riflemen entrenched behind a stone wall on the water front and several pieces of artillery masked in a quay of mango bushes that formed one side of the channel. In steaming between the forts and the quay of mango bushes to attack the Spanish ships, "The Hist" had a narrow escape from destruction. The yacht's cable caught up a torpedo and when it had been disentangled it was found that a barnacle under the trigger had prevented the mine from exploding. Its explosion would have blown "The Hist" out of the water. After an engagement of several hours Commander Young demolished the forts, silenced the rifle fire and put all of the Spanish vessels out of commission, suffering only slight casualties. As Commander Young has been ordered to Washington where, it is said, he will be made an admiral in March, this picture will be sent East, but as Mr. Grant intends giving an exhibition soon, local art lovers will probably have a chance to view it before it leaves the city. Guided by Commander Young's description, Mr. Grant has chosen the most stirring moment of the fight and the canvas bids fair to be a splendid rendition of modern naval warfare in its most picturesque phase. Later Mr. Grant will undoubtedly find many themes for his work in the ocean and bay activity about this city and it may safely be predicted that his canvases will be eagerly sought after by local art lovers.

Dentist—Don't bother about that yet, Mr Isaacs. You needn't pay in advance

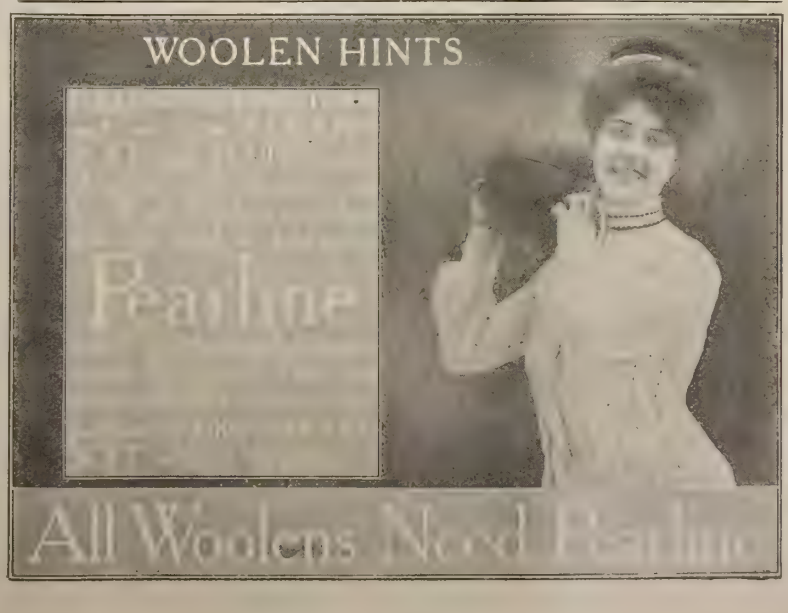
Mr Isaacs—Excuse me. You say you gif me gas and I count my money first

Our Talented Servants

In moments of biliousness and scepticism I have felt that the people were generally most unfortunate in their choice of talent for almost every purpose under the sun, so it is refreshing to receive the unequivocal assurance of that retiring public servant, the Hon. James A. Johnston, that so far as the Administration of which he is a conspicuous component part is concerned it has been the rule to deal in behalf of the taxpayers with none but specialists of the first rank. This assurance is not merely refreshing; it is instructive, compelling as it does an amended appraisement of the talent that has been feeding at the public crib during the past two years. Take for example the medical talent in the department of public health. It is not, as I supposed, receiving education at the expense of the taxpayers. It is talent that has been trained to the minute. So likewise is the talent in the department of public work under the guidance of which one hundred cisterns have been constructed to increase the facilities for extinguishing fires. If the propensity of these cisterns to exude water is such that they cannot be conscientiously accepted it does not follow that the specifications were faulty. Whatever is the matter with them must be attributed to Providence whose ways are mysterious and not to be comprehended. In view of Supervisor Johnston's assurance there is no escape from the conclusion that Marsden Manson is one of the country's most renowned engineers.

A Clergyman's Charming Sentiment

Supervisor Johnston is not the only person well pleased with the achievements of the Administration which now happens to be bankrupt in public estimation. Supervisor Johnston may point with pride to the fact that his luminous judgment accords with that of the Rev. David J. Evans, who, by a curious coincidence, is like Johnston in process of retiring at this time, being on the point of evacuating Grace Episcopal Church and carrying the light of the Gospel into benighted Palo Alto. This zealous clergyman has been engaged in his favorite occupa-



tion of talking for publication. He is quoted in the Examiner thus: "The best thing for San Francisco in the next year would be for the incoming Administration of P. H. McCarthy to emulate the honorable and high-principled regime of Dr. Taylor." This unquestionably is a heartfelt sentiment. When Dr. Evans develops a passionate attachment for either an abstract or a concrete idea he becomes a thorough-paced partisan. As Dr. Taylor was discovered and branded by the little coterie of canting patriots of which Dr. Evans is the mouthpiece and echo the reverend gentleman is convinced that he is beyond reproach and by far the greatest public servant the community has ever seen. Let it not be inferred, however, that Dr. Evans is a bigot. He is only hearty and enthusiastic in defence of the interests of men in whose motives he has confidence. With so good a gentleman it would be a pleasure to agree, but I cannot bring myself to wish the Mayor-elect such ill-luck as that he should prove himself a worthy successor of the gentleman who once upon a time had no scruple against appointing a committee of partisans to whitewash a certain band of self-righteous patriots. But there is no immediate danger of Dr. Taylor being emulated by anybody. That would be impossible. The giving away of a public building is an achievement that requires a nerve that is born not oftener than once in a century. Besides there are no more moot questions of pronunciation to be settled in the interest of the peace and dignity of a fastidious community.

Mrs. De Flirte—Jack, that man hasn't taken his eyes off me for a full half hour.

Mr. De Flirte—How do you know?

Phil Wants to Know

The Hon. Phil Stanton of Los Angeles is immersed in a quandary and he has sent all the way to San Francisco a Macedonian cry for help. The tragic perplexity of this eminent statesman is due to a lively sense of his peculiar fitness for the office of Governor. Now he is ready and willing to shoulder the burdens of that laborious office, and though he knows there are many among his neighbors who would like to see him distributing State patronage, he does not know with what degree of enthusiasm he is regarded by voters far from the scene of his present intolerable passivity. Hence the cry that has been heard in the local haunts of politicians. All the way from Los Angeles has come a confidential agent of Mr. Stanton to ascertain what the sentiment is with respect to the Speaker of the last Assembly in these parts. Singularly enough nobody has been able to throw any light on the subject. The prevailing impression among politicians is that so far as Mr. Stanton is concerned there isn't any sentiment accessible to scrutiny. In the rush and bustle of affairs in this city the ex-Speaker who became famous as a result of his receiving from Washington a secret of prodigious importance with reference to a crisis in our relations with Japan, has been entirely forgotten. How treacherous is the memory of the people! But Phil Stanton need not pine or sulk in obscurity. One of the strong champions of direct nominations he may now proceed to mount this ladder jobward. A great moral principle he helped to prevail; now let him invite the material profits to materialize and thus ascertain whether the people feel a personal need for the services of a man who has done a lot of thinking for his country, and the fruits of whose mental processes ought to be advertised.

The Stephens History

After all, that monumental work, "The History of the San Francisco Fire and Earthquake," to which I alluded a week ago, is not such stuff as dreams are made of. It is a substantial reality—in the making. That it is not already between book covers is not entirely due to the temperamental dilatoriness of Professor Henry Morse Stephens, a gentleman who is inclined to prorogue his work of today till tomorrow and his tomorrows to eternity. Professor Stephens is not in robust health, and to that circumstance, in a measure, must be attributed the repeated demands that have been made upon the patience of those that have been looking forward nearly four years to the pleasure of reading the story of San Francisco's tremendous tragedy and marvelous rehabilitation. It must not be supposed that Professor Stephens has failed to find adequate inspiration in the theme. The circumstance that he neglects to execute literary plans formed in the white heat of a young enthusiasm is no indication that his muse is languishing from inanition. Long ago he finished two volumes of his history of the French Revolution, but there is no immediate prospect of the completion of that great work. Now it is certainly not to be supposed that the thrilling drama of the downfall of the Bourbons is at any stage lacking in inspiring episode. No; this is merely a case of the author taking a siesta between chapters.

History of the History

It was President Taft, I am told, who first suggested the writing of the history of our calamity. The relief work having been directed by the War Department of which he was Secretary, he thought that a record of what

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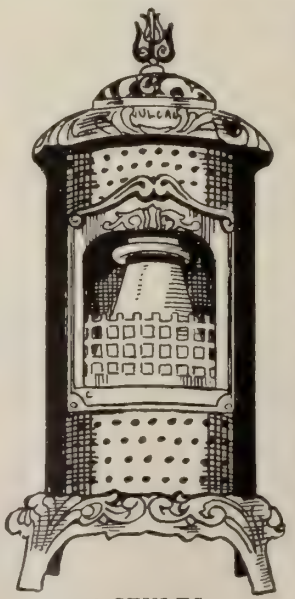

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had been done should be published so that it might be available in any similar emergency that might arise. After some discussion of the matter by the local relief committee it was decided to have a history written, and Professor Henry Morse Stephens was consulted. He immediately overflowed with enthusiasm. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than to become the author of a work so important to mankind and so rich in all the elements that appeal to human interest. A committee consisting of John Drum, Clement Bennett and Edward Moran was appointed to gather official and all other kinds of data. These gentlemen labored industriously for months in piling up material, and they supplied Professor Stephens with a cartload, all systematically tabulated with a view to minimizing research. It was all stowed away in Professor Stephens' bachelor apartments in the University Club at Berkeley and there it is slowly becoming matured. But let it not be supposed that Professor Stephens has entirely neglected the promised work. He is now in Europe trying to recover his health, but before he went abroad he delivered a series of lectures in Boston on the subject which is to be embodied in his history for the enlightenment of posterity. These lectures were taken down in shorthand and they are to be handed over to two of his disciples who will proceed at once to make a history out of them. Of course when Professor Stephens returns he will supervise the work and direct the plan of construction. In other words he will collaborate with his disciples.

Legislators in the Sheriff's Office

Sheriff-elect Tom Finn seems to be duly impressed with the importance of having law-makers on his staff. Having served one term in the State Senate Finn probably appreciates the value of the services, political as well as shrieval, which he may expect from men who have had a Sacramento session or so to their credit. His chief jailer is Walter Macauley, republican and union labor assemblyman from the twenty-eighth district; his jail commissary is John A. Cullen, ditto from the twenty-ninth; one of his bailiffs is James Hopkins, democratic and union labor assemblyman from the thirty-first. Another bailiff is Sam Kohlmann, a former republican assemblyman from the forty-second. With three, and possibly four, assemblymen on his payroll—for all are likely to be candidates for re-election—Tom Finn should have no difficulty in getting his senate bills considered in the lower house.

Boohoo! Henry threw one of my biscuits at me.
The monster! He might have killed you.

The Examiner Scores on the Call

I am surprised to find that the Examiner has reserved the right to reproduce the African hunting cartoons of John T. McCutcheon, the well-known Chicago humorist. My surprise arises from the fact that the McCutcheon cartoons will be published in the Chicago Tribune with which the Call holds syndicate connections. The national convention articles of the late Raymond Patterson, Frederick Palmer's Central American series and the recent letters on Ireland were among the matter which the Call purchased from the Tribune for western publication. And now the Examiner has been allowed to secure McCutcheon's services by arrangement with the Chicago Tribune people. As McCutcheon is the funniest newspaper artist in the country and a good humorist in prose as well, his work will be eagerly sought; so I am unable to imagine any reason why the Call overlooked the opportunity of republishing it. Perhaps the Examiner bid higher.

A Press Club Dinner

I have been criticized for my provincial temerity in daring to compare some of the Press Club affairs with the widely advertised Gridiron Dinners of the newspaper correspondents in Washington. I wish that some of my critics had had the pleasure of attending the dinner given

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by seventy-five members of the club last Wednesday night to John P. Wilson. "Jack" Wilson is one of the most popular men in the newspaper club and his fine talent for lyric writing with his ever ready wit and his exuberance of genial spirit have distinguished many a high and low jinks and endeared him to a big circle of appreciative friends. It was "Jack" Wilson who wrote the celebrated "Ode to Tombstone III' which embalms the attributes and eccentricities of the club cat and which, sung to Fletcher Tilton's music one ladies' night, created a sensation which will not be soon forgotten. Wilson's pen has ever been ready in the service of the club, his stories are classics and his manipulation of a hand at poker or bridge has made him the envy of innumerable newsgatherers. Wilson has written a great deal for the stage, both in this city and New York. Some of his best pieces were produced at the Tivoli in the palmiest days of Eddy street; and two of his musical comedies are still drawing throughout the country. He has recently received commissions for musical comedies which may necessitate his departure from San Francisco for a prolonged stay; so it was no more than fitting that the good fellows of the club should tender him a dinner.

Talk About the Gridiron!

Here is where the Gridiron comparison comes in. There is an affectation of cynicism about newspapermen which forbids their parading deep affection. Hence their feelings of a tender nature are usually to be measured in terms of jocular and good natured "roasting." Wilson was "roasted to a turn" by the speechmakers at the dinner and the work was done with such delicious humor that the table was kept in a roar. "Billy" Barnes was toastmaster and among the speakers were General Tirey Ford, General "Jim" Smith, Grant Carpenter and Al Dobson. All are adepts at after-dinner speaking and when they had finished with "Jack," a newspaperman who had attended several Gridiron Dinners remarked to me: "I never heard so much spontaneous wit and such good humor in my life. The 'pannings' of the Gridironers are nothing to this." Grant Carpenter was particularly felicitous in his biographical sketch of Wilson's career which teemed with mirth-provoking incidents. When the "roasting" had been completed Captain Barnes presented Wilson with a drawing in commemoration of the affair made by Haig Patigian and in his little presentation speech there was shown, this time in words of direct and serious frankness, such a depth of affection and such hearty well-wishing that Wilson was hard put to it to make fitting acknowledgment without displaying too much feeling. The affair was voted by experts the most successful held in the club since the newspapermen left their earthquake headquarters in the Withrow home in Pine street.

Lord Curzon's Romances

The rumor of a forthcoming alliance between Lord Curzon and the lately divorced Mrs. John Jacob Astor may not be based in fact but it serves to remind me that this peer has had an unusually romantic career. The heart interest has never been long absent from his active life. Everybody remembers how Lord Curzon captured the lovely Mary Leiter, the daughter of an American multimillionaire. International marriages that brought American millions to gild the coronets of peers were not so frequent in those days and Mary Leiter came in for a remarkable amount of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not so well known, however, that previous to his meeting Mary Leiter, Lord Curzon was much smitten with Mrs. Pearl Craigie, who used the pseudonym of John Oliver Hobbes in publishing a series of richly epigrammatic and cleverly constructed stories. Mrs. Craigie had made an unfortunate marriage which was rapidly followed by divorce and just before Lord Curzon first met Mary Leiter he was so much in the society of the gifted writer that all London confidently looked forward to their marriage. From her father who was a patent medicine manufacturer in Boston Mrs.

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Craigie had inherited considerable wealth and did a great deal of entertaining, not only in London but also in her beautiful place on the Isle of Wight. Lord Curzon was rarely missing from her brilliant gatherings. But Lord Curzon was very ambitious and lacking a large income, he could not have achieved his hopes of high political preferment with Mrs. Craigie's dowry. When he met Mary Leiter a sincere heart attachment went hand in hand with the calculations of interest and Mrs. Craigie was forgotten. George Moore would have comforted her in her sorrow if Mrs. Craigie had seen fit to smile upon his suit, but she never married again. She died about three years ago under peculiar conditions which convinced many that she had committed suicide. About the same time Lady Curzon whose money enabled her husband to become viceroy of India, also died but none of her millions went to the widower. And once more Lord Curzon, it is rumored, will make a match which will bring him more ready money.

Mrs. Eddy's Latest Words

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the high priestess of Christian Science, has just recalled herself to the public attention which she usually shuns, by two lucubrations of widely different character. One of these was a terse note addressed to a Christian Science leader who was in doubt as to the fees which "Scientists" should charge for their ministrations. Mrs. Eddy laid down the rule that the fees should be the same as those charged by reputable physicians. There is a vagueness about this rule which is not unusual in Mrs. Eddy's messages to the world. But it also raises a curious problem which has been called to my attention by a correspondent. How can physicians who apply medicine and surgery to the healing of ills be reputable physicians in the eyes of Christian Science? As disease, in that cult, my correspondent argues, is a thing of no physical existence but merely a mental condition, the physician who uses physical remedies cannot be reputable; he must be a quack obtaining money under false pretenses. How does Mrs. Eddy reconcile her utterance with her teachings? I do not profess to be able to answer my correspondent's question. Mrs. Eddy's other lucubration exhibits her in the new role of a versified. Here is the music Mrs. Eddy sings: "O blessings infinite, O glad new year; sweet sign and substance of God's presence here. Give us not only angels' songs, but science vast to which belongs the tongue of angels and the song of songs." Christians have been chary about accepting Mrs. Eddy as a Christian, scientists have been equally unwilling to acclaim her a scientist and I do not think that the poets will be enthusiastic in praise of her rhymes.

A Very Wise Chinese

It was my good fortune the other day to run across a story which indicates that David Starr Jordan is not taken seriously by everybody in the classic shades of Palo Alto. At least one man in that neck of the woods seems to be "on" to the prexy. The fact that this man is a Chinese is only another proof of the depth of oriental discernment. The fact that he is a cook adds flavor to the yarn which was told by Dr. Devine who will be remembered as one of our most statistical relief workers. It is related, says Dr. Devine, that in Palo Alto at noon on April 18, 1906, a Chinese cook was preparing dinner in the street on an improvised cook stove of bricks. A passerby remonstrated that this was useless labor, that there was to be another earthquake before the dinner could be eaten. The Chinaman evinced little interest, but inquired: "Who say so?" "Why," was the answer, "Dr. Jordan says so." John Chinaman merely remarked, "Why didn't Dr. Jordan tell us about the first one?" and went on with his cooking.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—While there was much cleaning up of speculative accounts, over the first of the year, in which some liquidation occurred, the general trend of values in leading stocks was upward, Southern Pacific, Chesapeake and Ohio and Atchison being features. Rhode Island also made a strong recovery. The character of buying in these stocks was good and gives promise of even a better market the coming week. The Southern Pacific, Pennsylvania and Chesapeake and Ohio dividends will be increased early in the coming year and we may look for other events of this kind in other stocks. Conditions remain distinctly bullish.

Wheat—The market has been rather irregular and not large, with strength showing early and easiness later. Trade in December delivery was in small lots exclusively and the aggregate of these made a modest total. Argentine news was rather sensational; the government figures giving color to the recent pessimistic estimates of available export surplus. The government puts the latter at the same figure as last year which is 96,000,000 bushels for the year now closing against 139,000,000 bushels from the previous year's crop, which was estimated at 192,000,000. The 1909-10 crop is estimated at 157,000,000 bushels against 161,000,000 bushels raised for 1908-09 from which the 96,000,000 bushels have just been cleared. Foreign markets held firmly. The trade is anticipating larger receipts with the return of milder weather and the gradual improvement in the railway situation in the northwest.

Corn—The corn market has been quiet and dull all week. The net loss has not been large as pressure has not been very aggressive and there has been a little quiet commission house absorption on declines that has taken more or less property. Leading shorts in May have sold both December and May. The cash demand is slow. Milder weather prevails in all parts of the corn belt and is expected to start a great deal of corn this way.

Cotton—The keen demand for spots during the past few days was world-wide and reached every primary supply market in the south. Japanese were reported buying up all offerings in Oklahoma and in parts of Texas and Arkansas. This, coming on the heels of advices showing that the Far Eastern requirement was so great as to check European imports of East Indian cotton, robbed Caucasian consumers of their last hope. The old year closes with the cotton market generally in a healthier condition than has been the case in many a day. Consumers see forced idleness ahead of them because of inability to secure supplies, consequently many of them are providing themselves with cotton whenever and wherever cotton can be purchased. The December report of the cotton yarn exchange contained a warning that no relief was in sight for the spinners until new crops were made. There are legitimate reasons for the advance to this point, and there are appearing daily reasons for an advance to twenty cents. Many dreamers are waiting for the inevitable crash, as if this was a wild and woolly advance without anything back of it but speculation. There will come a break some day if the next crop promises to be fourteen and one-half millions or more, but it will come from some price above twenty cents and it will not go much, if any, lower than prevailing prices. For not only will cotton be scarce for some time, but there is going to be a famine of cotton goods. We will never overtake the world's consumption of cotton except at prices so high as to seriously curtail consumption, and clothes made of thirty cent cotton will still be the cheapest clothes in the world, and the world is not going naked. If the spinners had bulled their products instead of sending out so many bad trade reports in the hope of getting cotton down, goods would be selling today on the basis of twenty cent cotton. We are this high to stay and I never expect to see eleven cent cotton again, or three and one-half cent print cloth. October is the time the mills load up, and, with a famine likely to prevail before the new crop is in hand, houses with mill clients are taking on a fair share of the October option. Hence the advance in this option to fourteen cents.

Cotton—While the railroad and general industrial list has offered few features of interest, the Boston market for copper stocks has been one to delight the heart of the nimble speculator. There was a weakness in North Butte and Parrott and, distressing as it must be to the holders of these very good stocks, we think it will prove a blessing in disguise as it will put a curb on the tendency to overdo speculation. As we have previously expressed ourselves, our bullish ideas on the copper market are being fulfilled, particularly in regard to such stocks as Chino, Ray Consolidated, Miami, Cactus, Osceola and Inspiration. This last stock we have very good news on. Inspiration which is in the Miami District in Arizona, is considered by the mining engineers equal to the average mine in the vicinity. They are getting out 2 to 2¼ per cent ore and there is a large body of it. This we get from the best authority. There are 100 men working on the property and the management is very well spoken of. The New Baltic Company is making good progress and the sinking of a permanent shaft for this mine will soon be in order. The sinking of a shaft outside of the lode is now the approved practice in Michigan as it permits the companies in mining to draw down the whole lode without leaving any pillars. It is interesting in this connection to note that the Lake Copper Company (so we have been given to understand) has spent to date $150,000; consequently the funds provided at the organization of the New Baltic should carry it a long way. Copper mining is one of the most important industries in this country. The amount of money invested in its exploitation is exceeded by few other lines of production and the value of the product is exceeded only by the value of iron and oil produced. The production of copper for 1909 was 1,410,000,000 pounds which was approximately 272,000,000 pounds more than in 1908. Our exports were 690,000,000 pounds or about 30,000,000 more than last year. Even this large production of copper will hardly suffice for the growing requirements of the country. The Osceola has been

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strong in anticipation of the 6 per cent dividend just declared. It was practically assured that the company would pay $6.00. Should the price of copper metal advance to fourteen cents as it should in a very short while its earnings would be large enough to pay $8.00, six months from now, and we may confidently look forward to better prices for all the high grade copper stocks, for it is the purpose of the people interested in the merger to increase the production by creating a bigger demand, in exploiting greater uses to which copper may be put and at the same time reducing the cost of production.

Local Securities—The only incident of note that happened in the local security market during the period between Christmas and New Year and the few days following, OUTSIDE OF THE MERE FACT THAT TWENTY OF THE LEADING CALIFORNIA STOCKS SHOWED A GAIN OF OVER FORTY PER CENT FOR THE YEAR 1909, was the sharp drop in the price of Spring Valley Water stock and bonds which occurred on Monday last. The immediate cause of this slump was the speech made by Mayor-elect P. H. McCarthy in which he advised all union men to vote against the purchase of the Spring Valley plant by the city of San Francisco for $35,000,000 or in fact for any price. As the recent advance in Spring Valley was based altogether on the idea that the chances for the city to buy the plant were bright, it is no wonder that Mr. McCarthy's speech, taken with the power of the union labor vote, should cause much damage to the price of the stock. So far Spring Valley shares have declined about 10 points and the bonds about 4 points and at the present writing it is hard to surmise whether a further break or a recovery is to come. The balance of the listed stocks have been rather steady. Associated Oil has lately showed a strong undertone on good buying from Los Angeles and New York. Alaska Packers has been irregular without much fluctuation. Bond trade has been rather small as is generally the case at this time of the year, a great number of the regularly listed issues now selling ex-coupon. In the best informed circles it is said that Associated Oil, Alaska Packers and Pacific Gas and Electric, common and preferred, will be the January features, as regards advances, in the local market.

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In the Limelight

The second attraction at the new Columbia will be Marie Cahill in her latest musical success, "The Boys and Betty." It is said to be even more delightful than her former hit, "Marrying Mary."

The first stellar appearance in the West of Charles Frohman's popular comedy star, Hattie Williams, will take place at the new Columbia Theatre next month. Miss Williams has had a great success in the piece called "Detective Sparkes."

"The Merry Widow" with all her fascinating charms will be with us again during the month of March. Henry W. Savage is sending his strongest cast and the big stage of the new Columbia, it is promised, will hold the finest production of the Lehar success ever seen outside of New York.

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November 16, 1909

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Deposits	22,918,570.20
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Confirmation Strong

Rumors that another member of the De Young family is drifting altarward have been whispered of late in the haunts of the fashionable herd. This time it is Charles De Young, the energetic and popular young business manager of the Chronicle, to whom is imputed a disposition to yield to sentimental passion. Vivid color was given to these amiable rumors exactly on the stroke of twelve that proclaimed the birth of the new year. At that hour Mr. De Young bestowed upon the beautiful young lady who is believed to be the object of his sentimental esteem, a chaste tribute of affection—a kiss.

Princess David's Distinction

Princess David Kawananakoa who has been an interesting addition to society this winter is mother to the heir-apparent of the Hawaiian throne. It is a picturesque distinction. The young Prince Kalakaua is son of the late King Kalakaua's nephew and adopted son, David Kawananakoa whose death occurred three years ago. Prince Kalakaua and his sister, Princess Lilioukalani, are familiar figures in the neighborhood of Presidio Terrace where they disport themselves quite as other children. They are to attend school in this city and the heir-apparent will enter Yale ten years or so hence. Princess David's mother, now deceased, was a native woman and a great belle. She was twice married. The princess' father was the late James Campbell of Honolulu who made a fortune in sugar. Mrs. Campbell divorced him a few years before his death to marry Col. Sam Parker who is now accompanying ex-queen Lilioukalani on her annual pilgrimage to Congress. The second marriage took place nine years ago at the old Occidental Hotel in this city, just three days after Miss Campbell became Princess Kawananakoa, and there was a double honeymoon. Princess David is a beauty of the Carmen type, more Spanish than Hawaiian in appearance. She wears black velvet a great deal and had the honor of supporting the largest hat at Mrs. Porter Pfingst's recent luncheon at the Palace.

Photo Goetha

MRS. ANTOINE BOREL JR.

Ex-charming young bride-to-be Miss Madie MacMahon before her marriage which was one of the most interesting events of the holiday season

Death of D. O. Mills

A large family connection is thrown into mouring by the death of D. O. Mills, including Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and their daughter, Mrs. Ward of London, and the Ogden Mills', one of whose daughters is Lady Grannard of Forbes Castle, Ireland. D. O. Mills was the great-uncle of Miss Jennie Crocker, and of Templeton Crocker, who was named for his wife, Jane Templeton Mills. Mrs. Easton, the grandmother of the Crocker children who has made her home with them since the death of their mother is a sister of the dead millionaire.

Photo Bess

MISS RENEE KELLY

Ex-charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred R. Kelly whose engagement to Edward Alexander Palmer has just been announced

The Mills Home at Millbrae

When the late D. O. Mills first opened his home at Millbrae to the inspection of his friends it was easily

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one of the wonders of the peninsula. There was not so much luxury in the homes of the wealthy in those simpler days and when it was learned that D. O. Mills had bedroom chairs of gilt and sky-blue satin the news created a great sensation. Of those chairs, by the way, an amusing story is told. When the Duke of Manchester, the grandfather of the present holder of the title, was out here many years ago he was entertained by Mills at the Millbrae seat. He was given an apartment for the night that was probably a little more glitteringly luxurious than any of the others. Next morning when asked by his host how he had enjoyed his slumber, the duke replied: "To tell you the truth, my dear fellow, your furniture was so awfully fine that I had no end of a time finding a place for my old clothes. I actually feared that I would soil the satin of your chairs with them." As the duke showed a very ancient and slovenly make-up during his visit here there was more truth than poetry in the compliment. The Mills place is one of the finest in San Mateo and boasts grounds that the care of many years has made unusually beautiful. D. O. Mills rarely stayed there more than six weeks in a year. He would come to the West ostensibly to rest, but in reality he spent little time in idleness. He took the train to the city every morning like an ordinary business clerk and returned at five o'clock in the evening. The annual visit was always the occasion of much quiet entertaining.

The Punch Is Getting Too Strong

There has been a great deal of criticism from the more staid members of society recently about the strong punch which is served at dances and other functions. So far from being discouraged from indulging themselves, the younger belles and beaux at certain dances have been urged to partake and the consequences in several instances have been lamentable. Hostesses seem to have a mania for making their punch a little stronger at each successive affair of the season and even experienced drinkers of the masculine contingent in society have been surprised at the amount of liquor used in some of the recent brews set out for old and young alike. I have in mind a recent dance (and it is only one of several such occurrences) at which the punch was so strong that some of the youngsters had to be forbidden to partake of it. Isn't it time to call a halt?

MISS BLANCHE LILLIAN KAPLAN

The child pianist who will give a recital at the Van Ness Theatre. She is the twelve year old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bernard M. Kaplan and is said to display a virtuosity wonderful in one so young. A distinguished group of patronesses will sponsor the recital.

The Kelly-Palmer Engagement

At an informal but daintily appointed tea on Christmas day pretty Renee Kelly, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Roberts Kelly, announced her engagement to Edward Alexander Palmer, son of Warren Palmer, President of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad and prominent in railroad circles. Miss Kelly is a stunning looking girl with blonde hair and expressive eyes. She is a graduate of the Ursuline Convent at Santa Rosa. Her father belongs to one of the oldest and most prominent families here. Her grandfather is James R. Kelly, President of the Hibernia Bank. Her mother's family is equally prominent in the north. Mrs. Kelly was formerly Fannie Raleigh, daughter of Patrick Raleigh of Portland, Oregon. The prospective groom is a graduate of the University of California and is superintendent of the division between Weed and Klamath Falls, Oregon. Although the engagement has just been made public all the friends of the young couple have suspected their secret for some time. The wedding will take place in June. Their future home will be Oregon. Mrs. John G. Ewing, formerly Miss Ethel Kelly, sister of the prospective bride, will come to San Francisco in a few months on a visit to her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing are at

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present making their home in New York. Many teas have been planned in honor of Miss Renee Kelly previous to her marriage.

"Reggie" Nicholson's Promotion

Friends of "Reggie" Nicholson in the Bohemia Club have been sending congratulations to the popular navy officer in Washington where he has just been made Chief of the Bureau of Navigation under Secretary Meyer, with the rank of Rear-Admiral. His duties will be to "advise the Secretary of the Navy" on a variety of matters, and "to issue, record and enforce the orders" of the department; so the appointment carries responsibility and power as well as honor. Reggie Nicholson who is remembered particularly as navigating officer of the "Oregon" on her famous voyage around the Horn is one of the well known members of the Bohemian Club where, during his long service in Pacific waters, he was a frequent visitor. He married a San Francisco girl, Miss Bessie Code.

Death of Mrs. Whitman

The death of Mrs. Malcolm Whitman occurred in New York last week, following the birth of a son. Mrs. Whitman was one of the five McCook girls, nieces of Charles B. Alexander whose wife was Hattie Crocker. Their father, General McCook, was at one time Minister to the Court of Kalakaoua and the hospitality of their Hawaiian home was famed. In early days General McCook was an Indian fighter. One of the McCook girls married Junius Morgan, nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan. Mrs. Alexander was a fairy god-mother to her nieces and the death of Mrs. Whitman, following closely that of George Crocker has been a severe blow to her.

New Year's Party at Pebble Beach Lodge

The gaieties of the holiday season at Hotel Del Monte were brought to a fitting climax with the unique and delightful old fashioned party at Pebble Beach Lodge on New Year's Eve. On that night the far famed Seventeen Mile Drive took on the appearance of the great Highway with its flashing automobiles hurrying back and forth. The guests came from Hotel Del Monte in automobiles especially provided for the occasion by Manager Warner, from Monterey and Pacific Grove in autos and carriages, and from the presidio on horseback, in automobiles and the usual "transportation" furnished by the quartermaster's department, that is to say, army wagons and mules. At the Lodge the great logs heaped in the capacious fireplaces burned with a ruddy glare bright enough almost to light the great hall. The fun commenced with the arrival of the first guests and continued until the early morning hours. Although there was no set program for the evening, several unique features were introduced, among them the singing of carols by the vested choir of St. John's Epispocal Church of Pacific Grove. A great popper filled with popping corn was kept busy at each fireplace and there were bowls of nuts and baskets of apples within reach of everyone. Sweet cider and old fashioned applejack gladdened the hearts of the merry-makers. Supper was served in the grill room and when midnight came, the bells rang and the New Year was greeted with glad shouts. Then for one brief minute the lights winked out and on again. This was the first New Year ever celebrated at Pebble Beach Lodge and the affair proved emphatically what a delightful place it is for such festivities.

A Concert of American Composers

The first concert of the San Francisco Center of the American Music Society was given at the First Congregational Church, Post and Mason streets, on Friday evening. The object of this local society which has its counterpart in New York in the society over which Walter Damrosch presides, is to give music lovers an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the works of American composers. Some of the splendid compositions which have been written in the United States have been sadly neglected by our musicians and it is the intention of the society to do all in its power to remedy this state of affairs. The program for the first concert was a most interesting one. There was a quintet for strings and piano by George W. Chadwick, songs by Arthur Foote, Edward A. McDowell, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and several others. The following are the trustees and the board of musical directors of the society: Trustees, W. J. McCoy, President; J. B. Levison, Vice-President; Rita Slater, Secretary; J. De P. Teller, Treasurer; E. M. Hecht, Librarian; J. D. Redding, John Galen Howard, Dr. H. J. Stewart and Dr. Louis Lisser. Board of Musical Directors: Frederick Zech, Wallace A. Sabin,

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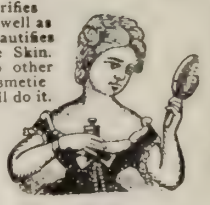

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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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Frederick Maurer, Julius R. Weber, Arthur Fickenscher, J. B. Levison and W. J. McCoy.

An Interpretation of Elektra

Miss Margaret Kemble will give the first of a series of four interpretative studies in modern opera at the St. Francis Hotel on next Monday at three o'clock. Richard Strauss' much discussed opera Elektra will be the subject of this first illustrative recital. Miss Kemble will be remembered for the illuminating interpretation of Debussy's Pelleas et Melisande which she gave at the St. Francis last February. Since that time she has been abroad collecting material for more analytical lectures on modern music-drama. She spent most of her time in London, Paris and Berlin and attended the Wagner season at Bayreuth. She enjoyed unusual advantages in all these art centers, conferring with composers, conductors and critics on the meaning and proper production of the works which she will interpret. The Elektra will be given in this city for the first time, almost simultaneously with its first production in New York. Its first production in Dresden last year was a continental sensation. Schumann-Heink was the first Clytemnestra and although she has vowed that she will never essay the role again, there are many glorious contraltos who are studying it now. Probably Marie Gartner who sang the role of Elektra in Berlin has had the most conspicous success with it. According to Miss Kemble this artist is "the very personification of the Nietzschean philosophy. She represents the triumph of the young and the new, the joy and light of life and the Superman." The opera study is a new thing here, although it is firmly established in the affections of music lovers in Europe and the Eastern musical centers. Miss Kemble is deserving of great praise for placing new works within the reach of students. In February, March and April Miss Kemble will interpret Paul Dukas' Ariane et Barbe Bleue, Strauss' Salome and Frederick Converse's The Pipe of Desire.

Credit to Dr. Arnold Genthe

The photographs of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick and Miss Lurline Matson reproduced in the Christmas number of Town Talk and the photograph of Mrs. Frank Norris and her daughter reproduced last week, were from the studio of Dr. Arnold Genthe.

In the Social Spotlight

A jolly crowd of newspapermen registered at the Hotel del Portal this week: F. W. Richardson, Berkeley Gazette; R. Campbell, Sacramento Star; Geo. E. McLeod, Stockton Record; R. O. Rea, Stockton Independent; Geo. H. Moore, Lodi Sentinel; H. L. Dungan, Oakland Enquirer; R. C. Harbison and J. H. Curtis, San Bernardino Sun; F. V. Dewey, Hanford Journal.

Other visitors have been: Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Morse, Lodi, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Swain, Stockton; Mr. John Pike, Manager Blue & Gold, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Griffin, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. McCardle and party, Madera; Morris English, Oakland; Miss Marie Kelly, Montreal; Thomas Prather, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. D. Ghirardelli and two daughters of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McGowan of Paraiso Hot Springs gave a most enjoyable house party to a number of young people on their son Harry's return from Santa Clara College.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included: Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt L. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Spear, Mrs. O. M. Graff, C. W. Newbauer and C. N. Berry.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria include Count and Countess de Saint Teine of Mill Valley and L. W. McLane of Fresno.

Miss Alma Thane who has been at the Hotel Victoria during the winter left on Tuesday last for Pasadena where she will be the guest of friends for three months or so. Miss Thane was one of the hostesses at dinner on New Year's day at the Victoria.

Mrs. C. A. Thayer and family of San Rafael are to spend the coming months at the Hotel Victoria where they have taken apartments.

Among local people who registered at Hotel Del Monte recently were H. G. Martell, H. H. Worler, H. G. Platt, Milton Davis, Ray Ambler, Mrs. Chas. Sutro, Mrs. Richard Ellis, Ivan B. Beer, F. E. DeGroat, C. H. Ingels, Allan Dunn, R. A. Pabst, Chas. Sutro and Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Grearhead.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier was hostess at a beautiful luncheon party in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont recently. The entire south side was occupied by the party and the tables presented a picture alive with the spirit of the holidays. Among those who enjoyed Mrs. Currier's hospitality were Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. H. Stone, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. DePue, Miss Kate Stone, Mrs. Beane, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. Crocker, Miss Lily O'Connor, Mrs. Florence Porter Pringst, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Walter Mansfield, Miss Margaret Carroll, Mrs. Toy, Mrs. Roy Somers, Mrs. Bee, Mrs. Gale and Mrs. F. Carolan.

Mrs. Chas. Sutro with Mrs. Richard Ellis, both of San Francisco, went to Del Monte recently. Mrs. Sutro intends to remain at Del Monte for some time, so she had her Packard touring car brought down.

Mrs. Stephen C. Ralli, an Englishwoman who has been sojourning at Del Monte for the last three or four weeks, left Wednesday for a short visit to Southern California, after which she will take a trip through the Yosemite. Mrs. Ralli is on a trip round the world and is accompanied by her private physician and maid.

The Emporium White Sales commence January 3d and continue throughout the month. Some of the greatest values in the Emporium's history in **Linens, Domestics, White Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Waists, Women's and Children's Dresses, Undermuslins, Scarfs, Centers and Fancy Linens.**

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The Emporium

Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, San Francisco

Inimitable Alice Lloyd

By Edward F. O'Day

It is not too much to say that Alice Lloyd has brought to the Orpheum the atmosphere of the London music halls. If anyone thinks that this is a small achievement let him send back his thoughts for a moment to those gorgeous places of entertainment in Leicester Square and Oxford Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue and remember how imagination, in the spell of their glittering amusements, refused to picture anything in vaudeville which could be quite as satisfying and delicious. Is it not remarkable for a woman to bring all that to the rim of this western world? I do not mean that Miss Lloyd brings all the atmosphere of the music halls with her; no individual could do that. Even Adeline Genee could scarcely accomplish so much if she transported to San Francisco one of those amazing pantomimes that are as full of wonders as Aladdin's palace. And then too there are things about the London music halls which we do not wish Miss Lloyd to bring to San Francisco. We do not care to pay ten shillings for a seat and sixpence for checking coat and hat on a rainy night and sixpence again for the privilege of inspecting a program. We do not want that amazing promenade of fair but frail women through the lobbies which the London managers are both unwilling and unable to stop. We do not care for the vile cocktails which they mix at the American bar. Perhaps some of us would modestly object to the extremely low bodices of the ladies who saunter in at ten o'clock or so and distract our attention from the stage with their frank display of charms; and would find fault with their escorts who have dined not wisely but too well. Of course these are all parts of the atmosphere of the London music halls, but they are not nearly as important a part as Miss Lloyd. Miss Lloyd is the superlative "bill-topper" of the music halls. She has voice and grace and magnetism and refinement. Do not overlook that element, refinement. She is no end clawsy, y' know, as a Londoner probably would not say. We have had many opportunities at the Orpheum to hear the language of the costers but never before, in my recollection, has it been sung or spoken with the delicacy which Miss Lloyd imparts. Delicacy may seem an undesirable quality in connection with coster songs and cockney speech, but it is just the quality which makes for Alice Lloyd's wonderful success. I do not mean the sort of delicacy which made Miss Ida O'Day's bit of street characterization a sweet failure; but the sort of delicacy which robs the London 'Arriet of her forbidding exclusiveness and makes her a creature of general interest. You or I could hardly pierce to the heart of Whitechapel or, let us say, Soho, if there were not Sally Snapes there—creatures who transcend environment and on whom the crudities of their position have made no impression. When Alice Lloyd sings the "bloke" or the "splash" song we are not repelled but attracted. One need not feel the poet's kindliness for all things human to be sympathetic. Not that Miss Lloyd could not repel us if she cared to; she knows her medium thoroughly, but she also knows what American managers want. Those little archings of the brows and tossings of the head and oglings and shruggings of the shoulder might be made naughty, the songs might be made a bit risque if the public and the managers

SCENE FROM "THE WOLF"

Eugene Walter's wonderful play of French Canadian life, at the Savoy Theatre.

wanted that. In London they do, just a little; probably because they demand more verisimilitude, more adherence to the general type. But Miss Lloyd is an artist of high power and she knows many types. She gives us the best, perhaps. From time to time the Orpheum management has imported for local delectation some of the finest of the London music hall entertainers but it has never done us a greater service of that kind than during the past two weeks. An opportunity to enjoy an inimitable artist is rare and we have just had it. For the opportunity all thanks. The management can hardly do us as great a service until it allows us to hear the inimitable Vesta Tilley. Alice Lloyd and Vesta Tilley deserve to be spoken of together. We have had a two-weeks' acquaintance with one; by all means let us hear the other. Will the Orpheum management hearken to the humble but sincere prayer of an old and confirmed Orpheumite?

Stage

New Columbia Opens Monday Night

Gottlob, Marx and Company will inaugurate the career of their new and magnificent playhouse, the Columbia, on Monday night and a brilliant gathering of representative playgoers will be in attendance to greet William H. Crane and his company in George Ade's comedy "Father and the Boys." The Columbia Theatre is said to be the most beautiful theatre ever constructed in the West and marks an important advance in the rehabilitation of the city. The structure stands at the corner of Geary and Mason streets, a location with many advantages. Wm. H. Crane, presented by Charles Frohman, will begin a two weeks' engagement on Monday evening. The comedy to be presented is said to be the best ever written by Ade, surpassing even "The College Widow" and "The County Chairman." If so, it must be great. For four months Crane appeared in it to crowded houses in New York and the original production will be seen here. Margaret Dale is leading woman and others well known in the cast are Louis Massen, Percy Brooke, Adele Clarke, Elsa Payne, Mildred Beverly, Vivian Martin, Forrest Orr, Sidney Blair and John P. Brawn.

Harry Lauder Approaches

The announcement that Harry Lauder, the celebrated Scotch comedian and entertainer, will appear for six nights and five matinees in this city at Dreamland Rink, starting next Monday evening, January 10, has created more interest than any other amusement event since the fire, and since Monday morning, when the seats were first placed on sale there has been an unbroken line of admirers of the wonderful little Scotchman who were anxious to secure choice locations for one or more of his entertainments. His entire tour across the continent has been a series of ovations and it was a lucky thing for San Francisco that as commodious an auditorium as Dreamland could be obtained. Mail orders have been pouring in from all parts of the State, applications having even been received from Reno. Lauder alone holds the audiences for over an hour and for the rest of the entertainment William Morris, Inc., under whose direction the tour is conducted, brings Julian Eltinge in his latest feminine characterizations, 'The Nell Brinkley Girl," "The Bathing Girl," "Eiley Riley" and his latest sensational dance, "The Cobra." Cyrano, the famous juggler, who has never appeared in this city, will perform some startling feats. Mlle. Berthe, a distinguished Hungarian violinist, will be heard in classical and popular selections and the Marimba Band, composed of native Guatemalan musicians, will discourse their quaint and charming music.

The Sembrich Concert

This Sunday afternoon the long awaited Sembrich concert will be given at the Garrick Theatre with the assistance of Francis Rogers, the eminent baritone, and Frank La Forge, the well known pianist. The diva will give one of the finest programs ever heard in this city, including operatic numbers, songs in German, French and English, and the great vocal waltz "Voce di Primavera" composed for Sembrich by Johann Strauss. A special feature will be two Mozart duets to be sung by the star and Mr. Rogers. On Thursday night an entirely different program will be offered, including some of the modern works of Debussy and Arensky. Sembrich's favorite aria "Ah! fors e lui" from La Traviata and the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" will be on the list. The farewell concert will be given on Sunday afternoon, January 16.

Olga Nethersole at the Van Ness

The coming engagement of Olga Nethersole, the distinguished English actress, at the Van Ness Theatre during the week of January 10 is an event of special interest inasmuch as it will disclose this eminent player in a role entirely different from anything she has heretofore essayed. "The Writing on the Wall" is press-agented as an epoch making play distinguished not only by its literary and dramatic qualities but also by the manner in which it assails the tenement house evil.

MRS. VOELKER

Who will be one of the Orpheum attractions next week

DR. MATILDA A. FEELEY

Is now located at 1700 Sutter Street. Diseases of women and children. Hours 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Magazine and editorial writers have eulogized it, ecclesiastical circles are said to have been aroused by the daring expose of a certain religious community and State officials to have become interested to such an extent that legislative measures were enacted to redress the evil. All of which is "going some," to drop into the vernacular. Miss Nethersole depicts the part of a devoted mother, loving wife and tenement reformer.

"The Wolf" at the Savoy

The last performances of "The Alaskan" will take place at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the Sunday matinee one of the great big New York successes, "The Wolf," by Eugene Walter, author of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," will begin an engagement limited to one week. Andrew Robson who scored a success as Jules Beaubien when "The Wolf" was first seen in this city at the Van Ness Theatre, returns in the same role with a company of able players. The play has strong dramatic situations and its long run at the Lyric Theatre, New York, proves it to be an unusually interesting production. The usual matinees will be given Thursday and Saturday. "Brewster's Millions," that delightful comedy, will follow.

St. Elmo" at the Alcazar

"St. Elmo," the reigning dramatic sensation in the East, will be given its first presentation west of Chicago next Monday evening and throughout the week in the Alcazar. It was adapted by Willard Holcomb from Augustua J. Evans-Wilson's famous story, and is the only version authorized by the gifted novelist, about half-a-dozen piracies in as many different cities having been enjoined. Vaughan Glaser, Fay Courteney and a selected company are now playing in it to crowded houses in New York. While abounding in spontaneous comedy, the play rises to heights of dramatic intensity unsurpassed by any stage offering since "The Christian"

WM. H. CRANE AND MARGARET DALE

In a scene from Geo. Ade's best comedy "Father and the Boys" at the new Columbia Theatre beginning Monday night, January 10

was first launched. The third act climax ascends to a pitch of almost spiritual emotion in which mere physical love is subordinated to the higher moral law. All the scenes are laid in the South before the Civil War, which gives opportunity for a picturesque scenic investiture and quaintly effective costuming. In the cast will be composers. The Great Willy Pantzer troupe is sure of a cordial reception. Miss Una Clayton and her players, including Francis Morey, will appear in a one act sketch of human interest called "His Local Color," of which Miss Clayton is the authoress. She plays the character of an East Side New York waif "Tina" who is a pick-

OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "SAPHO"

the cream of the Alcazar company with Evelyn Vaughan as Edna Earl and John C. Ince as St. Elmo. That the play will exceed the Alcazar's usual one-week run is the opinion of all who have read the manuscript or witnessed a rehearsal.

Protean Artist at Orpheum

Arturo Bernardi, styled in Italy, "The Great Bernardi" who will make his first appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week is the most famous protean actor in Europe. He plays all the characters in two comedies, "The Escapade of Geralamo" and a skit entitled "The Surprise." In between he makes up as Wagner, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Sousa and other renowned pocket. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Voelker will introduce their musical interlude "Twilight in the Studio."

"My Wife" at Ye Liberty

Commencing next Monday evening the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will offer "My Wife," the piece in which John Drew and Billie Burke appeared with such success the season before last. It has been selected by Manager Bishop as the medium in which to introduce Blanche Hall, the new leading lady of the company, and in Billie Burke's role of "Trixie" she certainly has a splendid opening part, and, if the Los Angeles critics are to be believed, a role for which she is exceptionally well suited.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

Written exclusively for Town Talk by J. M. JACOBI

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

GOOD SIGNS FOR SPRING

The Loose Sack Coat

The style tendency in sack coats for men will be toward shorter garments than have been in recent vogue, perhaps not more in length than 31½ inches. The general cut will show straighter, more conservative lines, and therefore will be less fitting than recent models. It will be on the order of the loose sack, and fall more direct from the shoulders than the shapely form-defining styles. The sleeves, also, will be fuller, and more of the elbow width throughout, with full sleeve-head. Lapels show less of the broad width of the recent past, and less length of roll, yet the fold will be long and narrow, with a somewhat rakish roll that will harmonize and balance with the fuller back, exaggerated chest and modified shoulder width, which will be slightly sloping, being defined as the natural shoulder in contrast with the Hercules type of the past. While this model represents a sudden return to conservatism in style, it is so abrupt a change from the recent extremes that it really becomes distinctive, and will portray for spring the extreme style in representative lines. It is a coat that will require good tailoring to bring out its merits. There will be little or no embellishments, and on some models the back vent will be eliminated, while others will have it.

A Shapelier Model

For men, also, there will be a more shapely sack coat, designed on shapelier lines, of about the same length, and being cut in at the waist will naturally flare moderately over the hips. With it there will be less plainly finished cuffs, and varying widths and lengths of the roll, the chief feature being an exaggerated chest fullness that, with the larger sleeves, will add dash enough for those who fancy a snappy garment.

Some Snap and Dash for Young Men

Young men's sack coats will differ in cut and be a trifle longer, on about a 32-inch grade, close fitting, flaring, but with less of the extreme hip of the present style, and modified front dip, with just enough snap in pockets and cuffs. The shoulders will be wider than the natural build, and with the exaggerated chest will give truer athletic proportions, since, with the modification of the hip flare it will give more of the real wedge-shape of the natural athlete, whose shoulders are broader than his hips, showing a reduction of that pronounced hip flare, which in recent styles has given men the appearance of having pelvic sizes natural only to their sisters.

In the young men's coats there will be lapels of different shapes, widths and lengths, and some fancy pocket and cuff effects, but none of the extremes, therefore less of the offensive freakish details that have now passed out of style.

Vests and Trousers

Vests will be cut about the same, with and without collars and lapels.

Trousers will be less peg-topped, and tending more to a conservative, straight and less full cut than before, and be worn turned up at the bottoms or plain.

The Garrick
FORMER ORPHEUM
ELLIS at FILLMORE
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Ellis Street at Fillmore

Mme. SEMBRICH

. . . Frances Rogers, Baritone and
Frank La Forge, Pianist
. . . January 7, at 2:30 and Thursday . . . and Sunday Afternoon,
January 16.
Seats, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Box Office Sunday . . . Theatre.

SEMBRICH IN OAKLAND
Tuesday Afternoon, January 15 at 3:15, at Ye Liberty

Sunday, January 30, First Lyric "Pop" Concert.

COLUMBIA THEATRE Cor. Geary and Mason Sts. Gottlob, Marx & Co. Mgrs. Phone Franklin 150

INAUGURAL ATTRACTION
Two Weeks, Beginning Monday, January 10.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Charles Frohman Presents
WM. H. CRANE
In His Greatest Laughing Success
"FATHER AND THE BOYS"
George Ade's Best and Funniest Comedy. "American to the Core."
Seats, $2, $1.50, $1, 50c and 25c.

DREAMLAND RINK Steiner Street, near Sutter

6 NIGHTS—3 MATINEES ONLY
Starting Monday Evening, January 10, Wm. Morris (Inc.), Presents the World Famous Scotch Comedian and Entertainer
HARRY LAUDER
With a Company of Celebrated Associate Players. Julian Eltinge and Special Lauder Orchestra.
Night Prices: 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00; Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Sutter and Kearny Streets.

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgr. Phone Market 500

Two Weeks, Starting Monday Night, January 10. Matinee Saturday
OLGA NETHERSOLE
In Her New American Drama
"THE WRITING ON THE WALL"
Second Week—Miss Nethersole in a Repertoire of Her Successes.

Savoy THE THEATRE COZY
McALLISTER, near MARKET
Phones Market 130 and J 2822
Built at a Cost of $150,000.

This Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "The Alaskan."
Starting Sunday Matinee, Jan. 9. Other Matinees Thursday and Saturday
THE WOLF
A Play of the Canadian Hudson Bay Country, by Eugene Walter, Author of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way."
Prices: 25c to $1.50; Thursday Matinee, 25c, 50c and 75c. Seats at the Theatre and Emporium. Next—"Brewster's Millions."

NEW **ALCAZAR THEATRE** Cor. Sutter and Steiner Class "A" Building Phone West 1400

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Week Commencing Monday, January 10, the Dramatic Sensation of the Season
ST. ELMO
Adapted by Willard Holcomb from Augusta J. Evans-Wilson's Famous Novel of the Same Title.
ONLY AUTHORIZED VERSION
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

NEW ORPHEUM O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell Phone Douglas 70

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day.
A WONDERFUL NEW BILL
ARTURO BERNARDI, "The Great Italian Protean Artist"; WILLY PANTZER TROUPE; UNA CLAYTON & CO.; MR. and MRS. VOELKER; BASQUE GRAND OPERA QUARTETTE; BELLE DAVIS AND HER CRACKERJACKS; FOX AND FOXIES CIRCUS; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. First Time Here of H. Grattan Lonsdale's Carcibetta, "THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM." Presented by FRANKLYN UNDERWOOD AND FRANCES SLOSSON.
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE Oakland, Cal. Direction H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, January 19, Every Evening,
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
BISHOP'S PLAYERS Presenting John Drew's Last Season's Success
MY WIFE
Entire House—25c and 50c. All Performances.
Next—"The Morals of Marcus."

RACING
NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND RACE TRACK
Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays
Six races on each of these days, rain or shine
First race at 1.40 p. m.
Admission, men $2; ladies $1.
For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

A Winter Resort

Yosemite Valley is a winter resort. Do you get that? A winter resort where hundreds of delighted visitors are finding fun and recreation and health. A winter resort, remember, where artists and photographers are overwhelmed with "good material." A winter resort, put this down, which brings Canada to California, and brings to Californians the pleasures of sleighing, skating, tobogganing and the tramping or riding of snowy trails.

It is a veritable Fairyland. The waterfalls are falling as in summer, but their beauty is enhanced by the great icicles which hang from every ledge and peak and pinnacle. Frequently they break away in the warm sunlight, and striking a ledge of rock, are dashed into a cloud of diamond dust, while the echoes are caught up and repeated in a thousand tones by the great cliffs.

But the point for us all to remember here is that Yosemite, practically at our doors, is now open every day in the year; that it is a winter resort, and that at no time is it more beautiful than just now. And I know, for I have just come back.

You found it pretty cool in San Francisco the last few days. "The frost was on the punkin" and it seemed to get into your bones. And you shivered and growled at the weather clerk. You would not have done either if you had been in Yosemite with me. No one feels cold there. In the dry crisp exhilarating air and warm bright sunshine no one thinks of being cold. You join the laughing, shouting throng and in a trice you are snowballing the enemy, or you have snapped on the bright steel skates and are flashing up and down the smooth, clear ice pond.

And all this has been made possible by the building of the Hotel del Portal, at El Portal, the terminus of the Yosemite railroad. Here is a fine, large, modern building, fitted with every convenience, and even luxury, for over two hundred guests. There are big well-furnished rooms, porcelain baths, a finely equipped ladies' room and club room, an artistic lounging room, its great open hearth blazing with logs, and a dining room service which speaks loudly for Manager Babb's ability.

While it is not necessary to reserve accommodations in advance it is well to do so.

Yosemite is a winter resort and so is the Hotel del Portal. Which reminds one of the old darky who said,

THE ARTISTIC LOUNGING ROOM OF THE HOTEL DEL PORTAL

"Yes, suh, Caesar am very like Pompey, an' Pompey am very like Caesar, speshully Caesar." Is the Hotel del Portal a winter resort? Well I think that all who have been there this winter will agree, with the darky's emphasis, that it is.

—The Trail Blazer.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL ROCK LOOMS, IMPRESSIVE, MAKING THE TWO CATHEDRAL SPIRES APPEAR EVEN MORE SLENDER THAN USUAL.

THE
SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

"An Example of What a Newspaper Should Be"

The Leading Paper on the Pacific Coast

HOME OF THE CHRONICLE FOR NEARLY 20 YEARS

Well Edited, and the Best Advertising Medium

Address all communications

M. H. de YOUNG

San Francisco, Cal.

One Thousand Two Hundred Men

(Continued from Page 9.)

"A damned way of amusing people! And that block-head can't even play properly. It's on our nerves he plays! Whoever can stand all those Andantes and Adagios, or whatever you call them?"

He stopped and poured the beer into our glasses. We nodded to one another and took a draught.

"It isn't that I don't like music," he continued—"there's a wonderful go in some sorts of music. The old Kamarainskaja, for instance, or some of the other dances, or a cake-walk like this one. . . ."

And he began to whistle an obsolete cake-walk, and rocked himself to and fro, gesticulating wildly.

"That's what I call music! What go! Not that stuff with tears and all earth's misery in it!"

"Did you have much music in Manchuria?" I asked.

"Music? You bet we did! As soon as we got there we began with that sentimental stuff about 'The girl I left behind me' and 'Old Folks at Home.' But it didn't last long."

"You took to playing livelier tunes?"

"Of course! Who could stand all that sentimentality in the long run? The new arrivals, who were still in their salad days, at once began to chirp trembling ditties, like little crickets, early and late; but they soon left off. . . . Some of them got on quite wonderfully well even with those instruments of primitive tribes."

I only looked at him questioningly. Evidently I had touched a subject that set him going. He seemed to have gulped down a couple of thousand years with two glasses of cognac. The instruments of the primitive people tore in his ears. . . .

"Yes, they fell upon everything that could produce a sound. We stole all sorts of tin and brass things which could be used for music. There was a great demand for corks and champagne bottles with a high note. Many of those that were broken in drinking had a high note. . . . A lad who came from the North had plenty of work in making horns—of the kind, you know, that cowherds use for calling their cattle. . . . Even those who possessed no natural ability whatever wanted to make music. . . . Finally, there were no keys left to our boxes and trunks. Quite unique it was when we gave a concert. The two best singers were incomparable. God rest their souls!"

And the doctor, quickly turning to the holy icon in one of the corners, crossed himself hurriedly. . . .

"They were incomparable when they sang to the accompaniment of the orchestra!

"One of them sang through his nose, the other trilled and rattled far down in his throat, squeezing it the while with both hands. They had learnt it when topographers on their journeys in Asia and Abyssinia.

"Babylon and the pyramids rose dewily out of their gurgling and snuffling. . . .

"If we possessed a whole drum one of the cleverest of the musicions would kick into it, while another would sprawl across it on his stomach and beat his fits into a samovar in front of him. . . .

"The only incurable one was a Finn. He stuck to his own ideas. There was no depth in him. You should have heard him play the violin. We did not listen much to him, though. He went his own way; but as an exception he was allowed to play in the orchestra; the sound of the violin was so faint that nobody could come to grief through it.

"One night, after an evening party at the mess, he was sent for from the barracks; a bandage had to be changed in his division.

"We all lay asleep amongst the instruments and empty bottles.

"When the messenger had shaken him awake an idea struck him. I suppose it was caused by the exhalations of the wounded, that odor of dissolution and decomposition, with its rank smell of newly-slaughtered flesh. Or perhaps it might have been the sudden sound of the screams and ceaseless groans which the nerves get gradually hardened to in the waking state, but which now came upon him unawares. At any rate, he sat up with a jerk, caught hold of his violin stealthily, and struck the messenger lustily on the head with it. It was never a violin again—after that.

"From that time forth he played the concertina. He became quite a virtuoso on that monster of a concertina, which he had got hold of at one of the traveling 'tingel-tangels,' and which fitted so well into its surroundings. . . . At Fortissimo it squealed like a creaked organ-pipe . . . and when he pulled it out as far as his arms would reach, and pushed it together again till his eyes were bloodshot, there was something quite solemn about it.

"He played himself completely crazy. If his old mother had seen him in that state . . . good God! But she never did see him again. He played something to pieces in himself when the twelve hundred wounded men froze to death—under our hands—after the affair of Sandepo. . . . And he could not have done better." . . .

I looked anxiously at the doctor. But no trace of irony or fact that the commander of the ambulance-division, which ought to have removed the wounded—Solnzew was his name—blew his brains out. It was just after Fedorow, colonel of the Guards, had sent in his report. He couldn't stand it, though he was a tough customer. Honor and conscience, you under-

New Orleans--New York S. S. Line

The line that connects with the

SUNSET ROUTE

at New Orleans, and which you may include in your rail ticket at no more cost than for an all rail route to New York. Two sailings weekly between New Orleans and New York.

Elegant accommodations, Suites of Private Bedroom, Parlor and Bath; Staterooms, Library, Smoking Room, Baths, Promenade Decks, Excellent Cuisine.

Make our handsome new office, Broadway and 27th Sts., New York, your headquarters when East. Our attendants will be glad to assist you in any way possible. Have your mail addressed in care of the office and you will receive same immediately on call.

RATES—By rail to New Orleans, steamer thence to New York, including meals and berth on steamer. First Cabin, $77.75; Round Trip, $144.40; Second Cabin, $65.75; Second Class Rail and Steerage, $61.45.

Write or see agents

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

TICKET OFFICES

Flood Building — Third and Townsend Sts. Depot
Market St. Ferry Depot — Thirteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland

UNION LUMBER COMPANY

Redwood and Pine Lumber

Railroad Ties, Telegraph Poles, Shingles, Split Shakes, etc.

CROCKER BUILDING — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Yards and Planing Mills—6th and Channel Streets

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1910. H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco, 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1910. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of The Rssociated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not drawn become part of the deposit accounts and earn dividends at the same rate from January 1. Money deposited on or before January 10 will earn interest from January 1. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION (Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), Northwest corner California and Montgomery Streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-eighth (4⅛) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof and earns dividend from January 1. Money deposited on or before the tenth day of January will receive dividend from January 1. R. M. WELCH, Cashier. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK, 108 Sutter Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1910. CHAS. CARPY, President. 1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, junction Golden Gate Avenue, Taylor and Market Streets, San Francisco, has declared, for the six months ending December 31, 1909, a dividend of six per cent per annum on term deposit stock and four per cent on ordinary or transient accounts. EDWARD SWEENY, President; WM. CORBIN, Secretary. 1-2

Ninety-Fifth Half-Yearly Report

OF THE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

TEMPORARILY LOCATED AT

Northwest Corner California and Montgomery Streets

New building at junction of Grant Avenue with Market and O'Farrell streets, to be completed this year.

MONEY DEPOSITED ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 10th WILL RECEIVE INTEREST FROM JANUARY 1st.

SWORN STATEMENT

OF THE

CONDITION AND VALUE OF ITS ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

DECEMBER 31, 1909

ASSETS

Loans secured by first lien on Real Estate wholly within the State of California	$12,521,204.46
Loans secured by Pledge and Hypothecation of Approved Bonds and Stocks	1,014,941.35
Bonds of the Municipalities and School Districts of the State of California, Railroad Bonds and Bonds and Stocks of Local Corporations, the value of which is	9,735,137.40
Bank Premises	700,000.00
Other Real Estate in the State of California	613,859.14
Furniture and Fixtures	500.00
Cash in Vault and in Bank	1,800,012.18
Total Assets	$26,385,654.53

LIABILITIES

Due Depositors	$24,085,291.63
Capital paid up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,293,744.00
General Tax Account, Balance Undisbursed	6,618.90
Total Liabilities	$26,385,654.53

San Francisco, December 31, 1909.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE, President.
(Signed) R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO ss.

We do solemnly swear that we have (and each of us has) a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report, and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained is true, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE,
(Signed) R. M. WELCH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 31st day of December, 1909.

(Signed) FRANK L. OWEN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

stand! And so the affair was hushed up. Altogether the soldier was not handled too tenderly up there. In no other war has the 'food for cannon' been treated with similar cynicism. There were surprisingly few ambulances. You ought to have seen the harvesting of the wounded after a bloody battle! They were collected in heaps, filled into railway-cars like so many logs of wood, and left there for days together."

The doctor covered his mouth with his hand and leant over towards me with an uncanny look, so uncanny that I too felt my face twitch.

"At Schache the dogs of the Chinese devoured the wounded who were left behind!" He seized my arm, and I saw cold drops of sweat upon his forehead.

"Holy Virgin! There the mangy curs of the Chinese devoured our wounded, and here they froze to death in the midst of us! What a day!

"Our men had taken one palisaded village after the other by storm. Every single outwork had to be carried at the point of the bayonet. The Japanese held on like limpets. We literally had to overthrow them one by one. It was the key to the enemy's position we were fighting for. Towards evening we were practically masters of it, when the commander-in-chief sounded the retreat. It had cost us 14,000 dead and wounded out of the 40,000 who had been under fire. . . . The generals were jealous of one another. . . . You remember the affair . . . 14,000 dead and wounded. We worked like madmen to get them away. There were two feet of snow and twenty-five degrees of frost. The trains went northward filled with dying, frozen men; but there were not even carriages enough for such butchery! . . .

"The wounded were dragged to the railway-line, where they had to await their turn, and wait long. For of course we collected from the side nearest to the main position.

"I was at that time stationed, together with the Finn, at one of the flying ambulances within the line of fire, so we remained at Sandepo and carried the wounded to the railway. A few of them had been temporarily bandaged; but all the less serious cases had to get on as best they might. Some had stripped cloaks and fur coats from the dead—they had no need of them now! Others lay immovable in the position in which they had gone down, waiting for us to come. But there were a great many who couldn't wait. When we took a moment's respite we suddenly caught sight of the snowfield. It resembled the face of a dead man covered with flies. Only that it wasn't silent like the dead. Shrieks and moans were heard as from a thousand women in labor. When the moon came out we had carried about 1,200 men to the railway-line. They were placed in rows in the snow, and we covered them up with everything we could take from the dead. But they wouldn't remain quiet. Some of those best able to move walked or stumbled about to begin with. Others crept along on their arms, dragging their feet after them. Even those who had been shot in the back or the abdomen found strange ways of pushing and sliding about.

"And those who could not move from the spot, but were still alive and conscious, turned their heads to and fro or drew their lips in and out to prevent the rime from their breath from congealing their faces.

"When one or the other got quite exhausted he only moved his eyes, till that, too, was beyond his power. The people at the ambulance were so worn out by this time as to be almost insensible to the suffering around them. Death went round unhindered on this horrible camping-ground and marked his own. As one by one he stamped them with his icy seal they became silent. But the others went on and on, moving in circles and broken lines. They continued to creep and crawl like bleeding snails on those fields of eternal ice. It was quite a relief to look at the immovable points in this crawling mass. . . .

"On the side the wind came from a sickening, raw smell lay like a clotted film over the senses. When it was not to be endured any longer I sent a man to beg for an ambulance train. I believe I sent a messenger every half hour; but none of them returned. And when we imagined that we heard an engine whistling in the distance the wounded ceased to creep and beg and implore for help. They fell into an immovable, strained silence, a silence so intense that you almost seemed to feel your heart burst, to hear the moonlight glide across the snow-covered fields and mingle with the feverish visions of the unconscious. They prayed, too, to God and man, and even to the devil himself, and some there were who cursed. . . .

"One tall soldier had got his face torn and one arm riven off by a shell. He walked and rested intermittently, now praying, now cursing. At last he lay down, and seemed to have grown calm. But after one of the pauses, during which we had been straining our ears to catch the slightest sound, he sprang up as though he had been struck where he lay. He opened and shut his mouth several times, grinding his teeth and trying in vain to produce a sound. Then, quite unexpectedly, there came a bellowing from deep down in his throat, something between a roar and a growl, followed by a furious volley of blasphemies and invocations to the Evil One.

"Then it was that the Finn began to play his concertina.

"He could stand it no longer. For each time we had listened in vain for the distant whistling he had lost more and more control of himself. He shook his head and grasped it with his hands as though to steady it. But then, as I said, he started playing. It could harm no one, rather the opposite. I believe many of them went mad before they froze to death only through hearing him play the accompaniment to the 'Mass' of the tall soldier.

"But he himself no longer saw or heard what went on around him. He put his whole soul into his music, becoming entirely absorbed in it with what was left in him of life. I have heard a good many kinds of music, but nothing like that. . . . And certainly never wish to. Not that he played badly. He was a master on the concertina.

"He played the 'Melancholy Serenade' in a duet with the one-armed soldier till even the desolate snowfield seemed to groan. He continued playing without noticing that the soldier fell down and remained where he was, never moving again. For many hours did he play during the long winter night, and only stopped for one short moment to throw off his fur coat. It was too hot for him. Then he continued playing in his shirt sleeves, unconscious of aught else.

"He did not notice that the concertina was played to pieces, and hissed but hoarsely. He did not see how the immovable spots in the crawling mass before him grew larger and larger, till they formed but one huge frozen spot in the snow. Nor did he feel that something in his own brain grew big and motionless, till the concertina fell out of his hands. He just got time to lift his arms, then fell forwards on his face, and remained lying thus . . . as though listening to some strange, unknown music in space. . . .

"Towards morning the train arrived."

. . . . At this moment the audience poured out of the theatre like a flock of wild beasts let loose.

The doctor looked at me in a confused and absent-minded way. He got up quietly, and with the same absent look:

"As I told you," he muttered, "there are no episodes." . . . And he vanished in the crowd.

Sanitary milk production was first started by Gail Borden in the early 50s. The best systems today are largely based on his methods, but none are so thorough and so rigidly enforced as the Borden system. For over fifty years the Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has proved its claim as the best food for infants.

Largest Laboratories in the World producing an Exclusive Line of Eye Remedies Compounded by Experienced Oculists

For

Weak Eyes
Red Eyes
Dull Eyes
Sick Eyes
Aching Eyes
Itching Eyes
Tourist's Eyes
Autoists's Eyes

An Eye Tonic

FOR YOUR EYES

Home of the Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A. Northern Terminal Michigan Ave. Boulevard, Corner Randolph St. Faces Grant Park, Lake Front, Public Library and I. C. Viaduct.

STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

OF

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(A CORPORATION)

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1909

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States ($8,585,000.00), of the District of Columbia guaranteed by the United States Government ($475,000-.00), of the State of California, $650,000-.00), of the City and County of San Francisco ($627,700.00), and County and Municipal Bonds of the State of California ($876,000.00), the actual value of which is $13,402,111.47

2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks 2,123,312.12

3—Miscellaneous Bonds the actual value of which is 6,031,690.30

$21,557,113.89

They are:
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($500,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($266,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($108,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($29,-000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($858,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company first Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($185,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,490,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($474,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 32,745,115.21

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 45,504.67

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the city and County of San Francisco ($245,192.86), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($23,107.29), Alameda ($261.21), and San Mateo ($2,-269.92), in this State and actual value of which is 270,831.28

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is..... 1,049,217.79

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Contingent Fund—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes $171,440.36

Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds 127,641.82

Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year 1909-1910, chargeable to next year 21,550.30 320,632.48

Total Assets $55,988,415.32

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is..... $52,201,493.60

2—Accrued Interest—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes $171,440.36

Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds 127,641.82 299,082.18

3—Taxes—Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year, 1909-1910, chargeable to next year..... 21,550.30

4—Reserve Fund, Actual Value..... 3,466,289.24

Total Liabilities $55,988,415.32

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO—ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of January, 1910.
CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Auto Notes

"That California is the third State when we consider the number of automobiles owned and driven is not a surprise to me," is the statement of Fred C. Hanford, a prominent attorney of New York. Mr. Hanford is quite an auto enthusiast, having owned several Thomas cars, and when in San Francisco he never fails to call upon the Pioneer Automobile Company. He is also very enthusiastic over California and the favorable conditions here for motoring. "Just think," said he, "you can go out for a pleasure ride on Christmas or New Years, an impossible thing in the East. Why, if I lived out here I would have a whole flock of autos."

Through their Petaluma agency, G. W. Rodehaver, the Howard Automobile Company has just delivered to Geo. Riley of that city a seven passenger fifty horsepower Buick touring car. Riley is an old and well known automobile man, who for several years has been connected with the sales organizations of various automobile agencies and who is held in high regard by all who know him as a recognized authority on automobiles.

"Speaking of mileage," said Chas. W. Sleeper recently, "three years ago I put a 30x3½ Diamond Tire on my Maxwell car and since that time have covered a distance of more than 30,000 miles on all kinds of roads. This is my testimony to the Diamond Tire."

The cup offered by the New Years celebration committee for the largest number of cars of any one make in the automobile parade, and won for the second consecutive time by the Buick with fifty-one cars in line, is an unusually large and beautiful trophy, standing twelve inches in height and upon a base six inches high. This most attractive cup, which is on display at the salesrooms of the Howard Automobile Company, is of bronze artistically decorated with grape vines and bunches of grapes, and is nine inches in diameter at the top and seven and one-half inches at the base.

"The present seems to be the lucky season for the Chalmers-Detroit Company," remarked W. C. Hood, the factory representative who is now on the coast. "It has been the custom of the Breslin Hotel, Broadway, New York, for the past few seasons—on account of the heavy patronage of the automobile manufacture—to donate space in the lobby for one machine to be shown during the period of the Licensed Automobile Show in New York. The management, after the different factories have engaged their apartments for headquarters, have a drawing to determine the lucky exhibitor. Carl Page & Company of New York, agents for the Chalmers-Detroit, drew the space for the coming show, and will exhibit one of the beautiful green thirty pony tonneaus. On account of the Breslin Hotel being so popular for automobile headquarters, this is almost as good as another show."

Among the many new purchasers of the Diamond Grip Tire this week are W. H. La Boyteaux and Hutchinson & Co.

Speaking of the new quarters into which his company has moved, D. W. James of the Pioneer Automobile Company said: "The larger store acts as a relief to the congested condition under which the company has been struggling for some time. By reason of increased sales in the last few years, the business has grown to such proportions that the old quarters were entirely too small, and it is certainly a relief to have elbow room and the opportunity to better display each individual car, thus enabling customers to draw comparisons between the different models. If the short time we have been here may be taken as an indication of what we may expect in the future, we have every reason to believe our business will be greatly increased."

Ira D. Lundy, Stoddard-Dayton agent for Seattle, has written The Diamond Rubber Company that he is particularly well pleased with the use of the new Diamond Grip Tires on his car. He writes that not only do they do away with tire chains, but that the tires are not so easily punctured and stand up much better under hard usage than any other type in a hilly city like Seattle.

Jas. E. Bayliss who has become connected with the Howard Automobile Company's selling force is one of the oldest and most experienced of the automobile contingent, having spent years in the business in the East. He dates back to the early steam days and has followed the business through its various stages, having represented various large factories both as traveling representative and as retail representative in the East and central West. He comes here from the Buick agency in Portland and will exert his energies on the Oldsmobile line.

That eastern people are beginning to appreciate the natural beauties of California for touring is more and more in evidence each day. W. J. O'Mara, general passenger agent of one of the eastern railways, wired E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company recently, asking for full information regarding road conditions and the possibility of using an automobile through Yosemite Valley.

A very interesting letter has been received by The Diamond Rubber Company from D. E. Hughes of Seattle showing splendid service of Diamond Tires on his Franklin car. He writes that the front tires have already run 8,150 miles and look good for further service. One of the rear tires covered 7,600 miles before ever being removed from the rim, while the other rear is still on the wheel and looks good for several hundred miles more.

Among the recent deliveries of Buicks by the Howard Automobile Company is a forty roadster to Joseph Rose, for the past year connected with the Los Angeles branch of the Howard Automobile Company, but now of Warm Springs. Rose is an automobile man of wide experience and information and was guided in his own purchase by the higher regard in which he holds the Buick products, and his knowledge gained from his intimate association with these cars, of their superior qualities and great durability.

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GARAGE BUILDING, Upstairs, MARKET ST. AT VAN NESS AVE.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2010.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, Minors.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition of James Ward Keeney, guardian of the estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, minors, and from the petition of Marie Adele Keeney and Mary Alvord Keeney, copetitioners of said James Ward Keeney, praying for an order for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors of, in and to the real estate hereinafter particularly described; that each of said wards owns an undivided one-tenth interest in and to that certain piece of real property situate in the town of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Channing Way, distant thereon three hundred (300) feet westerly from the northwesterly corner of Bowditch Street and Channing Way; running thence westerly along said north line of Channing Way one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the south line of Durant Avenue; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet along said south line of Durant Avenue; and thence at right angles southerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the said north line of Channing Way and point of commencement; being all of lot two (2) in Block ten (10) College Homestead Association, as per map thereof recorded in Book T of Deeds in the office of the Recorder of said Alameda County at page 799, except forty feet of the north end heretofore given toward right of way for said Durant Avenue.

That it would be beneficial to each of said minors that the undivided one-tenth interest of each should be sold.

Therefore it is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, and all persons interested in the estates of each of them, appear before this Court on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of Department number 9 of said Court, in the Grant Building, situate at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors in said real estate.

Done in open Court this 24th day of December, A. D. 1909.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 24, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

GARBER, CRESWELL & GARBER, Attorneys for Guardian,
719 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-4

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE, SECTION 1549, C. C. P.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 3853.

In the Matter of the Estate of ORRIN H. WILKINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 29th day of December, 1908, in the matter of the estate of ORRIN H. WILKINS, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in lawful money of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after January 3, 1910, No. 1125, South M Street, City of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said ORRIN H. WILKINS, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired since his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows: A lot of land located on the Southwest line of 14th Avenue, South, distant two hundred and twenty-five feet Northwest from Northwest line of L Street; thence Northwesterly twenty-five by one hundred feet, and being a portion of South San Francisco, in Block No. 289, and standing on the records of said County in the name of said decedent.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in lawful money of the United States of America; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the undersigned on day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Court. Deed at the expense of purchaser.

OSCAR R. WILKINS,
Administrator of the Estate of Orrin H. Wilkins, Deceased.

Dated, December 16th, 1909.

C. P. STEVENS,
Attorney for Administrator, Benicia, Cal. 12-25-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John N. Colter, executor of the Will of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Carroll Cook, Esq., Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased.

JOHN N. COLTER,
Executor of the Will of Elizabeth J. Colter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

CARROLL COOK, ESQ., Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, also called MARY M. MARTIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of said MARY J. Martin, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, R. Morgan, 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased.

J. B. MARTIN,
Administrator of the Estate of said Mary J. Martin, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Administrator,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER J. KEYS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of PETER J. KEYS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of H. M. Owens, Esq., Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Building, Mason and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PETER J. KEYS, deceased.

ELIZABETH F. KEYS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Peter J. Keys, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-1-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,929, Dept. No. 12.

In the Matter of the Application of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a Corporation, for Change of Name.

Upon reading and filing the petition of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a corporation, by T. H. ELKINGTON, N. F. PEART, and H. F. PEART, all of the Directors thereof, for change of name to that of PEART & ELKINGTON, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 26th day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the courtroom of this Court at No. 216 McAllister Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and they are hereby fixed and designated as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said matter are hereby directed to appear before this Court at said time and place to show cause why said application for change of name shall not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of four successive weeks.

Done in open Court this 15th day of December, 1909.

GEORGE H. CABANISS, Judge.

GEO. F. HATTON and H. F. PEART, Attorneys for Petitioners,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX BROOKS, Deceased—No. 8718, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX BROOKS, deceased.

JULIA BROOKS,
Executrix of the Estate of Max Brooks, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Attorney for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an Incompetent Person.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Superior Court duly made on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, will, on or after Monday, the 24th day of January, A. D. 1910, sell to the highest bidder, at private sale, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street), distant thereon Ninety (90) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Thirty (30) feet and thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Eight Hundred and Fifty-four (854).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable as follows:

Ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany the bid and the balance thereof to be paid on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, deed to be at purchaser's expense; all bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned guardian at the office of W. W. Allen, Jr., attorney for said guardian, room 508 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, January 3rd, A. D. 1910.

NELS RASMUSSEN,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Petrea Rasmussen, an Incompetent Person.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-8-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8755, New Series, Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of DANIEL HANLON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned CLARA M. HANLON, Administratrix of the estate of DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of December, 1909), to the said Clara M. Hanlon, Administratrix of the estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, Room 1255, Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased.

CLARA M. HANLON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Said Daniel Hanlon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 18th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1255, Flood Bldg., 870 Market St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, Deceased—No. 8667 (New Series), Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of Thomas F. Dunn, Esq., one of her attorneys, Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased.

MARIA TERESA ELLIOTT,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Orson H. Elliott, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco; and
THOS. F. DUNN, Hibernia Bldg., San Francisco,
Attorneys for Executrix. 12-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point fo commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of November, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, Sometimes Known and Written as SOL LIPPMAN, Deceased—No. 8713, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alexander Lippman, Executor of the last will of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Maurice L. Asher, 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SOLOMON LIPPMAN, sometimes known and written as SOL LIPPMAN, deceased.

ALEXANDER LIPPMAN,
Executor of the Last Will of Solomon Lippman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Executor,
615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Guy Hinton, Room 922, Pacific Building, corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased.

MARIA HELENA STAFFORD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Timothy W. Stafford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1, 1910.

GUY HINTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 922, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 10, Probate thereof, made on the 27th day of December, 1909, the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, on or after the 15th day of January, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, all of the right, title, interest, and claim, property and estate of the said deceased at the time of her death and all the right, title, interest, claim, property and estate that her said estate has acquired since her death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of O'Farrell Street with the easterly line of Mason Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along the said southerly line of O'Farrell Street fifty-five (55) feet to the easterly line of Mason Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 197.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinabove described must be in writing and may be left at the office of Speck, Paschel & Co., Nos. 228-230 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase the said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned ten per cent of the purchase price and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

CHARLES G. LYMAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Exccutor at the office of his attorney, David L. Levy, Esq., Room 560, Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, deceased.

EUGENE W. LEVY,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine E. Marden, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

DAVID L. LEVY, Esq., Attorney for Executor,
Room 560, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Celina Legallet, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, French Savings Bank Building, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased.

CELINA LEGALLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Georges Henry Legallet, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

S. J. BRUN, Attorney for Celina Legallet,
French Savings Bank Bldg., 110 Sutter St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of George H. Bahrs, Esq., Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, ESQ., Attorney for Executors,
Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Bldg., 11 Jones St., San Francisco. 12-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7673, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of EMIL DIELING, LOUIS DIELING, JOHN DIELING Jr., and CHARLES SCANLAN, also known as CHARLES SCANLON, also known as CHARLES DIELING, Minors.

John Dieling, guardian of the persons and estates of the above named minors, Emil Dieling, Louis Dieling, John Dieling Jr., and Bertha Richards, the guardian of the person and estate of the above named minor, Charles Scanlan, also known as Charles Scanlon, also known as Charles Dieling, having presented to this Court and filed herein their duly verified petition, praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to the estates of said minors, and it appearing to the Court from said petition, that it would be beneficial to the wards that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said minors and each of them, and those interested therein, that such sale be had, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in their estates, appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said department of said Court, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, San Francisco, California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said guardians for the sale of said real property, and that it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 27th day of December, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 28, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON, and CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Guardians of Said Minors. 1-1-4

SUMMONS

[illegible] the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

[illegible] McKILLOP, [illegible]

vs.

ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, [illegible]

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court [illegible] ant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference [illegible]

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

[illegible] CATHERINE JOHNSON, [illegible]

[illegible] of the estate of CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office No. 623 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, [illegible] CATHERINE JOHNSON, deceased.

FINDLEY BUCHANAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Catherine Johnson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

A. COMTE, Jr., Attorney for Administrator,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-11-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of [illegible]

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight [illegible] point of commencement [illegible]

[illegible] appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief [illegible]

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first [illegible] made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse [illegible]

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare [illegible]	[illegible] Montgomery [illegible] and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO RICHARDS [illegible] Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, [illegible] San Francisco, Cal. [illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL S. WISE, Deceased. No. 8719, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by [illegible] Administrator of the estate of RACHEL S. WISE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased [illegible] with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Rooms [illegible] to 1404, Metropolis Bank Building, No. [illegible] Market Street, in the [illegible] of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the [illegible] selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said [illegible] RACHEL S. WISE, deceased.

WALLACE A. WISE,
As Administrator of the Estate of Rachel S. Wise, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 11th, 1909.

WALLACE A. WISE, Administrator,
Rooms Nos. 1402 to 1404, Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco 12-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff.

vs.

MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-7

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gift Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether [illegible] description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff 12-18-10

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Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Douglas 2176

Robert B. McMillan

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING, Fifth Floor

Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 517-518

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I hear that Miss Passe is engaged.
Who is the happy man?
Old Man Passe of course.

The Determining Cause of Genius

Stuart Mill, at the age of twelve, was so deeply affected by studying his father's History of India, that his genius and passion for historical and economic events began at that time.

Darwin, at eight, while he had already a great passion for collecting plants and animals, fancied, or rather, invented, and told to a schoolmate, the story that he could change the hue of flowers by sprinkling plants with colored solutions. It was a mere story, but it shows that from those early years he had observed the variability of plants. The germ of that idea, which was to dominate his whole life, was concealed in this puerile fiction that afterward became a reality. The great English naturalist believed that his having seen at that time an account of a journey around the world, which greatly interested him, caused him to long for trips to far countries, and to travel, in later days, on the Beagle.

Sir William Herschel was a player who had learned by himself languages and mathematics, without any special end in view. His having seen, at twenty-one, the field of the sky through a telescope, struck him so forcibly that he made a telescope himself.

Lalande, a pupil of the Jesuits, composed dramas and novels at the age of ten; later, he aimed to be an eloquent lawyer; but when an astronomer made him observe the great eclipse of 1748, he felt his passion for astronomy, and became an astronomer, too; he was sixteen years old at that time.

Boerhave was intended to be a clergyman, and he took his degree of divinity. The idea of curing an ulcer that vexed his hand, roused in him his first passion for medicine.

Lalande, Lagrange, Young, thought of themselves as classical, literary men, until either astronomical instruments or demonstrations in geometry came accidentally into their hands; and Gianni, a stays-maker, became a poet after reading Ariosto's poems.

To many a genius the first impulse has been given by feminine beauty. Petrarch, at the age of fourteen, was drawn to poetry and a life of genius by the first sight of Laura.

Dante declares in his writings that he was inspired by his meeting with Beatrice in his early youth.

Burns, a shepherd, who had been already inspired by his mother's folk-songs, wrote his first poem at fifteen, for love of a young girl.

Sometimes religious passion takes the place of erotic excitement. Lacordaire was roused by his first communion, and Rapisardi relates that, at thirteen, an ode to St. Agatha started the long series of his poems.

Do you know why they hung D'Auber's landscape so high?

Yes; because they couldn't catch D'Auber.

Old De Swelle—Yes, you may have my daughter; but before I can propose you at my club I must make some inquiries about you.

Wish I had an idea for a poem.
Why waste one on a poem?

Album Verse in Cipher

An ingenious poet wrote this in the album of a young lady:

"U o a o, but I o u;
O o no o, but O o me;
O let not my o a o go;
But give o o, I o u so!"

which, being deciphered, reads:

"You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;
O let not my sigh for a cipher go;
But give sigh for sigh for I sigh for you so!"

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Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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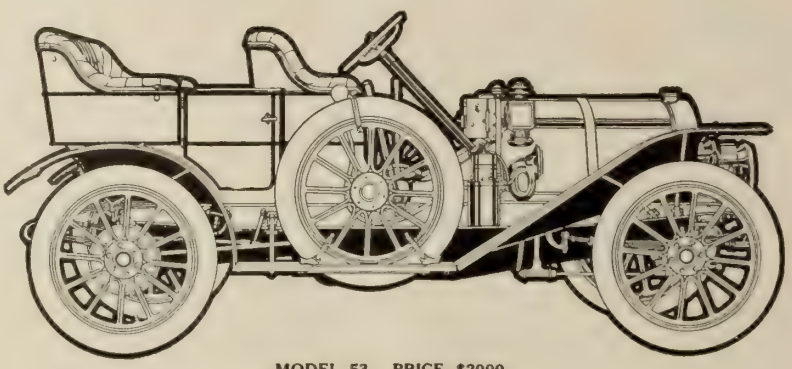

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H-O

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H-O oatmeal consists of all the good of the oats. The delightful aroma will please you; the complete absence of hulls, dirt and grit will convince you of its superiority; the tender, individual kernels will prove to you how easily H-O oatmeal is acted upon by the digestive fluids and its nourishing properties assimilated. You will look forward with eagerness to your breakfast, if H-O oatmeal is included on the menu. It gives zest to the meal.

Do not confuse H-O oatmeal with the ordinary raw oats sold under the name of "Rolled Oats" or "Crushed Oats." H-O oatmeal is never sold in bulk; it is free from dirt, germs and all impurities.

H-O oatmeal is manufactured from the highest grade of selected stock. After removing all foreign matter, the meat of the oat is subjected to a very high temperature, and by our own patented process is cooked for several hours under heavy steam pressure. This steam-cooking dextrinizes the starch and renders the oats easily digestible.

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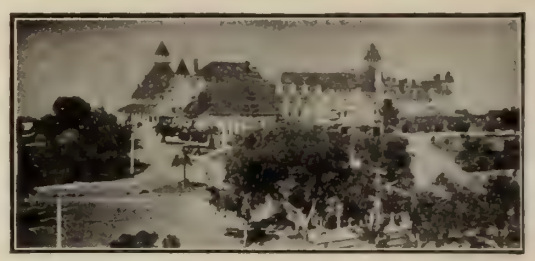
CORONADO, CAL.



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, January 15, 1910 | No. 907

THE MERCED RIVER AND EL CAPITAN IN THE DISTANCE

In the Never Never Land

A California writer has shown us entertainingly "The Romance of the Commonplace," and another writer who found his inspiration in western scenes has depicted for us the virility and the romance of the pioneer railroad builder, but it has remained for a California railroad to bring to our doors in beautiful reality that which before was only a fantasy—the Never Never Land of Yosemite in Winter. It has been well said that "pictures speak all languages," but neither words nor canvas nor camera can describe the beauties of this Never Never Land which Peter Pan would take for his own if he but saw it.

There is a more practical side to it however. In England and on the continent thousands journey every winter to St. Moritz to join in or witness the great skeeing contests. They are great social events and reservations are made at the hotels long in advance in much the same way as they are before the great festivals at Bayreuth or the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The curious part of it is that among the crowds that go to witness these sports are hundreds, yes, thousands, of Americans who are ignorant that their own country has similar advantages which equal and often greatly excel any that Europe has to offer. It is not as an idle boast, nor in any spirit of "western expansiveness" that California claims for Yosemite in Winter advantages which no other winter resort in the world can show. The new railroad which follows the winding course of the Merced River up the canyon for eighty miles from Merced has its terminus less than a mile from the entrance to the National Park boundaries. And at the gateway to the park is the new Hotel del Portal, modern in every detail, well equipped and well managed. The climate at El Portal is one of the puzzling anomalies of California, for here is neither snow, nor ice nor cold. Surrounded by towering cliffs over which waterfalls pour in foaming streams, this sheltered spot, filled with warm sunshine, is an ideal winter resort from which trips can be made to a dozen nearby points of interest. You are in the heart of the Sierras in mid-winter, yet no touch of winter is felt. The stage leaves El Portal every morning for Yosemite Valley, returning every evening, and this trip in itself is a perpetual delight. Once over the ridge and down upon the floor of the valley, the change is complete. Like many of nature's masterpieces the full revelation of Yosemite in all its winter splendor is dramatic in its suddenness. You may have read books and poems and turned over the leaves of albums by the score, but none will have fully prepared you for the first great shock of surprise and speechless wonder with which you are overwhelmed as the glory of it all dawns abruptly upon you. You will try to tell your friends about it on your return and you will fail as others have failed. The only thing for them and for you and for all loyal Californians is to see Yosemite in Winter. It is an education. The pleasures of skating, skeeing, tobogganing, sleighing and riding over the snowy trails make a long story which each one may tell for himself.

TOWN TALK

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McCarthy's Message

Poet Taylor making his exit from office with the meekness of a lamb, his whiskers drooping and his great soul in agony, and P. H. McCarthy entering upon his duties with the ferocity and boldness of a lion, formed a spectacle at once pathetic and exhilarating. It was not in strict accordance with the amenities in such cases made and provided, but the star eyed goddess of reform that presides over the new Administration is blind and deaf to poetry and indifferent to conventionality. The new mayor has been criticised for seizing the opportunity on the occasion of his inauguration to challenge the pretensions and performances of his predecessor. His candor has raised a question of taste. It has been ever thus. Never has anything escaped deprecation that smacked of that salient energy called innovation. Now Mayor McCarthy is no debonair and social conservative. He is an innovator, and as such there is no respect of persons with him; he estimates men not on the strength of bodiless pretensions that end in hypocrisy but on what their deeds proclaim. Nor is he to be awed by any simulacrum of respectability that challenges him to competition in honesty and efficiency. Mayor McCarthy has come into office in peculiar circumstances that justify in our opinion his utterances on the occasion of his inauguration. He has come into office on the heels of a so-called "good government Administration," that has boasted the rectitude and wisdom of its performances and questioned the sincerity of everybody in any way responsible for its extinction. He has been asked to vindicate his honesty and intelligence by carrying out the policies of his predecessor. Now these policies do not commend themselves to Mr. McCarthy, and it was quite natural for him to feel that he should give the reasons why. These he gave in language clear and concise, embodying a wealth of facts and figures that ought to be conclusive for anybody not in need of the services of an alienist that we have just emerged from the dominion of hypocrisy, that the reign of imposture has come to an end.

The Ballinger-Pinchot Controversy

In the years to come historians may look back on the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy as one of the turbulent, significant events in a progressive transformation that involved the institutions of this country. Historians may find that it had as much influence in the subversion of established institutions as did the "Mariage de Figaro" in the strengthening of the growing opinions that precipitated the French Revolution. These suggestions are based on the assumption that current happenings adumbrate a tremendous upheaval of our political affairs. Perhaps we exaggerate the importance of the symptoms. Perhaps the men behind the gun overestimate its carrying power. Not infrequently what enthusiastic artificers regard as immortal workmanship Time lays his hand upon and utterly destroys. We see the artificers at work in the bowels of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, but what they are fabricating with so much ingenuity, cunning and perseverance may prove as unsubstantial as a dream. When the Proteus-like politician contrives his plot he must avoid the fatality of obviousness. His art is futile if it does not conceal his theatrical expedients and adventitious aids to realism. Now after a critical examination of the current national drama we have come to the conclusion that it is a trifle clumsy in construction. It remains to be seen, however, whether the dramatists have miscalculated the depth of public stupidity. So far, though, it is clear enough that what the plot-builders have designed for their denouement is a political convulsion, nobody can be assured beforehand that the argument is convincing, or that the people will not have one of their sporadic awakenings.

In the Interest of Roosevelt

Whenever there is dissatisfaction with any of the arrangements of society there is danger of a forcible subversion of the entire fabric. Now unquestionably there is dissatisfaction with the state of affairs in this country. We have come within sight of the phenomenon that Macaulay pictured with luminous and prophetic pen and which he predicted as the forerunner of dissolution—the phenomenon of class prejudice. As yet it is but faintly perceptible. The pinch of poverty is not yet acute enough nor the element affected large enough to make a crisis imminent, but the situation inconsequential as it may appear has much of the kind of material that is most suitable to the purposes of the demagogue. And Cleon is once more in the midst of his pestiferous activities. Thriving as always on agitation, he is hanging danger signals up and down the land. He is propagating hallucinations for the greater unrest of the masses. His shibboleth is "the conservation of our national resources" and Roosevelt is his prophet. President Taft says he is for conservation, but it would be fatal to the demagogue's policy to believe him. Hence the long series of attacks on Secretary Ballinger, the obvious purpose of which is to persuade the people that they are being hoodwinked by the President and his Cabinet, thus to prepare the way for the return to power of Caesar Africanus, the patriot who is recognized by the muckrakers as the genius of revolt and whose hold on the imagination of the inflammable people shows no signs of relaxing. In expectation of "the return from Elba" as that vociferous tickler of the masses, John Templeton Graves, calls it, the followers of Roosevelt are on tiptoe and pop-eyed. The man that scorns the trammels of the old-fashioned, not to say obsolete, constitution, the autocrat who established the principle of heredity in the White House, the eminently practical politician who discerns the greater good at all times and is never to be deterred by landmarks from advancing it along the road that appeals to his latest whim—this is the inspiration of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy.

A Recapitulation

What the end of this mischievous controversy is to be no man can conjecture. But it is within the capacity of any intelligent person to form a pretty accurate estimate of the character and motives of the men who have been trying to undermine confidence in the Taft Administration by representing Secretary Ballinger as the embodiment of policies in direct conflict with those of Theodore Roosevelt. In contentious politics it is hard to see all sides of any question, but here the difficulty is not great. Out of this controversy which leads into the recesses of national policy and individual character it is not hard to sift the facts. Gifford Pinchot, the man by whom it was precipitated, though a very zealous official of un-

questioned efficiency, was greatly disappointed and disgruntled when he found at the beginning of Mr. Taft's term that he was not to be permitted to have the same sway in the Department of the Interior that he enjoyed under that somewhat ridiculous Roosevelt satellite, the Hon. James R. Garfield. Mr. Pinchot's emotions soon were reflected in the muckraking press of which he is a pet and protege, a circumstance in itself decidedly apocalyptic. Then began a long series of attacks on Secretary Ballinger. As every imputation upon that gentleman's conduct emanated from an adherent of Pinchot the suspicion gradually crystallized that the forester was the inspiration of the anti-Ballinger campaign. Slowly, too, the President's friends began to suspect the one incorruptibly wise American politician of lending assistance from distant parts. But for a long time the President, good amiable man, was not to be persuaded that a conspiracy had been formed to bring scandal on his Administration. At length the light dawned on his perceptive faculties, and he decided to put an end to the controversy by ordering a thorough investigation of the Interior Department, the General Land Office, the reclamation service and the forestry service. He determined on a public investigation not only of Mr. Ballinger's conduct but of Mr. Pinchot's also. At once the adherents and glorifiers of the spectacular and high-minded forester emitted shrieks of indignation. Their plans had been altered, much to their indignation. An investigation of Mr. Pinchot might lead to revelations touching the heart of the great conspiracy; might, indeed, expose the saintly forester's subterranean relations with the muckraking press and cause him to stand revealed as a hero in buckram, a type of the reformer indigenous to American soil—obsessed with his own righteousness and sceptical of the morals of all other men. With Pinchot in danger of being smoked out the conspirators realized the urgent necessity of preparing the public mind. So they spread wide the intimation that Secretary Ballinger, the archetype of all reactionary iniquity, was about to be whitewashed. The people were warned against taking any stock in the official inquiry. But perhaps the facts would come out and prove unsusceptible to the usual coloring process! In a state of panic the patriots called another conference. A new plan of action was agreed upon, the chief feature of which was the subtle stratagem by which Mr. Pinchot compelled his own dismissal, the object doubtless being to get himself out of the danger zone. Now it must be clear enough that the zealous forester though an idealist in office, is not guided by the highest principles in his own personal conduct. If it has not yet been proved that this great Roosevelt reformer did not scruple at resorting to underhanded tactics for the purpose of besmirching President Taft, it is at least apparent that his warmest sympathies are with the cowardly coterie that is conducting the unsavory campaign. By his own words, if not his acts, his treachery certainly seems to be betrayed. And now have we not arrived at an understanding of the whole nasty business? If not let us consult the Examiner, which is one of the organs of the conspiracy. "The commanding figure of Theodore Roosevelt," says the Examiner, "looms up behind Gifford Pinchot." Furthermore: "The Examiner correspondent has information to the effect that Roosevelt has advised Pinchot throughout the controversy." Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt has reason to be proud of the advice he has given, but as to this we shall know more before the investigation is far advanced. While the people want to know whether Secretary Ballinger has done aught to warrant the assertion that he has not performed his duties in accordance with law, they also have some curiosity with respect to the behaviour of the distinguished politicians who have personally conducted a national scandal.

A Plea For the Life Savers

One of the things that passeth understanding is the temperament that is predisposed to peril and hardships in the struggle for existence. That this temperament is not foreign to human nature we know because of the plenitude of men that are eager to engage in hazardous occupations. When this temperamental phenomenon may be attributed to the passion for glory it is not above the commonplace, but it is observable in cases that afford no incentive or spur to the appetite for distinction. Take for example the case of the man that works in a powder mill. He has none of the qualities of a Hobson. For him there is no pedestal in sight, nothing in the nature of exaltation in prospect save that of the elevation that follows an explosion. But accompanying the perennially blooming chance of sudden annihilation is the assurance of good wages, which explains his choice of occupation. The powder mill worker is a bold gambler who stakes his life against his wages. With an extraordinary run of luck he may win long enough to keep the game going until he is overtaken by a fatal cold. This gambler, being a sordid individual, does not perfectly exemplify the temperament we have in mind. A much better exemplar is the man that belongs to the live saving patrol. He is in a class by himself, and it is to him above all others engaged in perilous occupations that we would call public attention. In the career of the life saver perils are ever imminent and appalling hardships are ever endured. What are the considerations that actuate him? Assuredly he has not a passion for the limelight, for it never plays on the sinking ship. When men are rescued by the patrol, the service is credited with the achievement, but not the individual life saver; his name is never mentioned. Were these life savers paid good wages the incentive to their zeal would seem to be clear enough, but the fact is their pay is scant. They receive the equivalent of $700 a year. Out of their income they must furnish their own uniforms and storm clothes, and if married, as about 80 per cent of them are, they must support the family from which they are necessarily absent for three-quarters of the year. In case of death "by reason of perilous service or any wound or injury received

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JEWELERS' BUILDING
Post Street, Near Kearny, San Francisco.

or disease contracted in the line of duty" a provision for two years is made for a dependent mother, a widow, a child or children under 16 years of age. Now surely this is not enough. These men patrol the coasts night and day. The worse the weather the greater must be their vigilance. Consider the hardships of a lonely patrol across miles of sand through the hours of a raging winter storm! Where are hardships to be encountered equal to those experienced by the patrol in midwinter on the shores of the great lakes or on some stretches of the Atlantic seaboard? The efficiency of the patrol is evidenced by last year's record. There were 300 vessels warned of danger; 459 met with disaster, and of 6,377 persons on board these vessels only eight were lost. Far from prosaic is the existence which the life savers lead. What induces them to lead it is beyond our powers of conjectures. For a man of family the career of a life saver is a forbidding one, but since with the connivance of Uncle Sam there are men of family engaged therein it ought to be considered inhuman not to make adequate provision for those that are dependent on them. The soldier and the sailor through re-enlistment may look forward to retirement pay. The same arrangement should in simple justice be made for the life saving service. Unfortunately there are only 2,000 men in the service. Not enough to constitute a formidable consituency for a Congressman, even though all were crowded into one district. Hardly enough to inspire an editorial writer on a Hearst newspaper.

Perspective Impressions

San Jose has growing pains. These things seems to be contagious in this section of the State.

Poet Taylor will answer Mayor McCarthy in an ode that will remind us of the flaming wheels of Olympian chariots.

A new adjective has been added to the language. To be "tafty" is to be all smiles and immune to all forms of the grouch.

Somebody has discovered that there are 14,000 oysters in a ton. Now will somebody be kind enough to ascertain the average weight of a lobster?

If the Superman is really half woman we have it right here in San Francisco. It's on the bench, and can be recognized by its fishwifely tantrums.

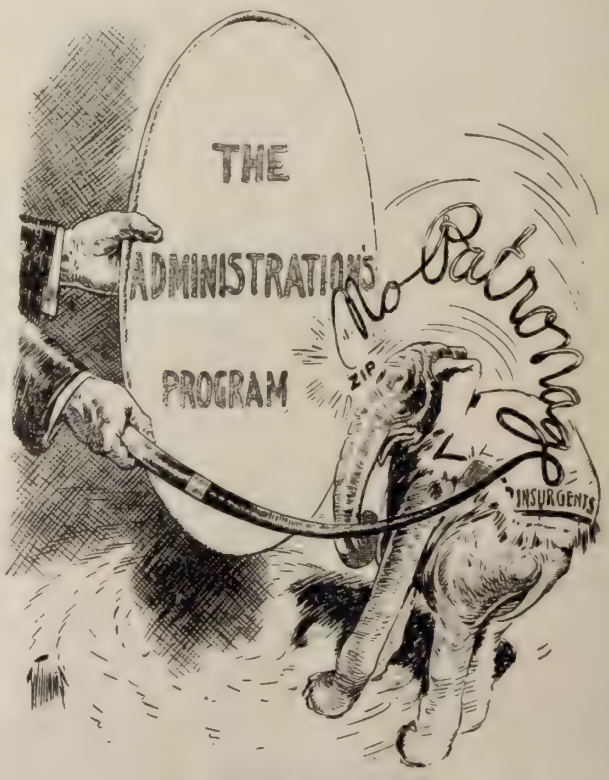
District Attorney Langdon appears to have burglarized his own office. But of course he knew of nothing that it was advisable to conceal.

Pinchot has heard the voice of Patriotism summoning him to the presidency. It may be somewhat premature to predict that his will be known as the Gumshoe Cabinet.

Representative Hayes of San Jose who has lined up with the insurgents is the most fickle of statesmen. He is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth and his reasons for varying are always as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff.

Engineer Russell Dunne is to be investigated by a citizens committee because he didn't stand for Engineer Grunsky's Hetch-Hetchy plans. Why not investigate everybody that has stood for them?

THEY'LL GET YE YET, BR'ER FOX!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



CRACKING THE WHIP
—Boston Herald.

Democritus in Mexico

Being a Literal Transcript of Personal Impressions Concerning Man and Things in a Land That Has Ceased to Deserve the Gringo Appellation of Manana

Our old friend James Creelman is in Mexico. He has just emerged from an unsuccessful effort to rouse another crusade against the unspeakable Turk on behalf of the Armenian martyrs. He told us all about it at the Young Men's Christian Association the other night. It was horrible. Even the Mexican young Christians were compelled to admit that it was worse than anything they had ever heard. If Creelman had called for recruits for his crusade, I am sure that most of these Christianized Mexicans would have responded—the Mexican Christian is an impulsive person, always ready to tilt the fortuitous windmill after the manner of his paternal ancestor of La Mancha. But the famous journalist did not organize his Mexican legion for the immediate invasion of Islam; he merely pocketed his lecture fee of 100 pesos and let it go at that. I am informed that he is in negotiation with the American club to tell them how he interviewed the Pope—the only hitch between the contracting parties being the amount in pesos.

Creelman is pertinent to this experience because he is ostensibly in Mexico to write an authentic history of the republic. As a matter of fact he is here on invitation of "American interests" to write an authentic biography of Porfirio Diaz. Many Diaz biographies have been written by those who have had access to the data on file at Chapultepec; but heretofore the biographers have not succeeded in getting the proper point of view—their perspective of this great man has been foreshortened by too close contact. It is hoped that the Creelman biography will be glamored by the enchantment that distance lends. Until his present inroad upon Mexico Mr. Creelman had not met President Diaz but once—a memorable occasion on which Diaz learned to know Creelman as others know him; an agreeable consummation which was reported at considerable length by Mr. Creelman himself in one of the New York magazines.

Unfortunately for the time worn reputation of the man that made Pingyang famous, he mixed the personality of Diaz "as I saw him" with too much Mexican history, and one of the Mexican newspapers, the Daily Record, did not hesitate to print this Creelman history in deadly parallel with the real history from which he had plagiarized it. However, a little thing like that is impotent to feaze Creelman. Charges of plagiarism are as the frivolous gossip of queridas and novias of a Tacubaya casa chica for Creelman. The man that could sit calmly at an Astor House beer table in Shanghai penning a graphic account of the slaughter of Ping-yang, then happening eight hundred miles away, would not be likely to suffer many twinges of conscience upon conviction of stealing another man's history of Mexico and taking the money of a publisher for it upon the false pretense that it was his own.

How many pesos Creelman will receive for this special biography of the President of the Mexican Republic, I have been unable to ascertain. It is hinted that some of the pesos will be paid by the "American colony"; and that the Mexican government will make up the deficit as it may be figured by Creelman. He will, of course, retain his royalty; but that will be a mere bagatelle. The necessity of a Creelman biography of Porfirio Diaz at this time is only apparent in the possibility that it will be used to offset the unfavorable impression produced by Carlo di Fornaro's book on the same subject. The defect of Fornaro's book was excess of invective; the glaring fault of Creelman's volume is sure to be exuberance of panegyric. To arrive at a fairly just estimate of Diaz it will be necessary to read both books. That will help the sale of Creelman and it will not impair the profit of Fornaro.

It is not known whether Creelman knows Spanish well enough to order a dinner in a Mexican fonda; but lack of knowledge in anything has never balked the Creelman purpose. The less he knows of his subject the more readily does he write about it. In his famous account of the battle of Ping-yang his spelling of Chinese and Japanese names was atrocious; they were in the phonetic form and were like nothing else on land or sea, but like the wound of Mercutio "they served," and after all they could pass unnoticed in the mass of graphic detail that flowed from the Creelman imagination. As for his Spanish, it is related that he visited the offices of the Mexican Electric Light and Power Company the other day, and observing the great gilt sign across the building inscribed "Luz Fuerza," he was inspired to ask in a loud and distinct voice, "What is this 'Laz Foorza' anyway?" Those who answered his inquiry were careful to avoid repetition of the name. Such is the etiquette of the high bred, civilized, far traveled Mexican—his house is always at the disposal of the stranger guest; but he reserves his fee simple in the furniture.

There is another visiting journalist sojourning temporarily in our midst. This first aid to popular knowledge is not as eminent as the other, but his friends have high hopes. His name is Otheman Stevens; he is of the tribe of Hearst in Los Angeles; and he is entrusted with an important mission. Journalist Stevens will immediately proceed to Yucatan to refute, upon the testimony of the henequen kings of that much maligned section of the republic, the villainous libels of John Kenneth Turner's "Barbarous Mexico." It will be an easy task. All the henequen kings are agreed that their treatment of the peons and the Yaqui slaves is much better than these degraded creatures deserve, and they will not hesitate to tell Mr. Stevens so over the wine and pecans at every dinner served in his honor.

The reason for this "refutation" of a story that everybody in Mexico knows to be as near the truth as magazines and newspapers ever approach, is even clearer than the necessity for a Creelman biography of "the Czar of Mexico." It is the desire of William Randolph Hearst to repay in something more than mere "mutual concession" the vast favors he has received at the hands of the so-called "Partido Cientifico," that inner circle of high Mexican finance upon whose final decision depends every concession granted in this "land of opportunity."

It is even said that it is Mr. Hearst's purpose almost immediately to establish a daily newspaper, a Mexican Examiner or American, in Mexico City, to be printed simultaneously in Spanish and English. The object of this proposed Hearst newspaper is said to be to assist the "Circulo Amigos Porfiristas" in shelving Vice-president Ramon Corral and substituting Don Enrique Creel, Governor of Chihuahua, for the presidential succession. This explanation is quite plausible—if the premise is true; for Hearst's landed and other concessions are mostly in northern Mexico and largely in Chihuahua. Personally he is an intimate friend of Governor Creel.

I will tell you later what I predict for a Hearst newspaper conducted on strictly Hearst principles in Mexico City. In the meantime let me say that the mission of Journalist Stevens to the ultimate hot lands of Mexico is perfunctory—a policy assignment. As Journalist Stevens is no more conversant with the Spanish language than is his distinguished contemporary, Journalist Creelman, he will be unable to learn from the "slaves" of Yuctatan

(Continued on Page 33.)

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The Los Angeles Aviation Meet

Being a Description of the Spectacular Paulhan Flight on the First Day With Some Stray Remarks About the Way in Which Los Angeles Does Things.

By Edward F. O'Day

Dominguez field is a broad loamy meadow with gentle undulations and grass-covered slopes. On its south side has been erected a huge grandstand to accommodate 30,000 people. Here and there the white tents of the aviators break the monotony of the aspect while off in the distance are the white-washed pylons which mark the limits of the course. A railing extending from the entrance to the grandstand, (no small distance), is patrolled by deputy sheriffs who keep all but aviators, employees and newspapermen off the course. Behind the railing the spectators are banked in dense battalions and the grandstand is half full. There are easily twenty thousand people in attendance. They came in the morning, bringing lunches with them or buying "hot dog," hamburger steak and coffee from the vendors in a string of booths that give the field the appearance of a county fair. The crowd has been aroused to enthusiasm by two flights made by Glen H. Curtiss and another made by Willard in a Curtiss machine. Their enthusiasm was natural because they had never seen an airship rise from the ground in all their lives before and these first flights by Americans were exceedingly well done. But as the afternoon wore on the crowd began to hunger for a change of fare —so soon does an American audience exhaust the novelty even of an aeroplane—and it was a distinct relief when two immense strange-looking dirigible balloons were floated out of their sheds. One belonged to Beachy, the other to the well-known Roy Knabenshue. They are not easy to describe by similes. The big gas bags certainly are cigar-shaped and in color and inflation remind one of a pork sausage. But you must see a dirigible to appreciate the courage of the man who risks his life in it, so frail does it appear and so easily swayed by the currents of air. It was duly megaphoned that Knabenshue and Beachy would make a flight together and after lengthy preliminaries of cranking the propeller the dirigibles were shot upwards. They dipped and careened and rocked but kept their course well toward the western pylon of the field and all eyes were focussed on them to watch their turning. Very few in that great throng heard a noise like the chugging of a motorcycle in a part of the field farthest removed from the grandstand and very few noticed that an unfamiliar airship was sneaking along at a little distance above the ground, speeding in the general direction of the two dirigibles. But when the machine shot suddenly to a height of one hundred feet and attention was distracted from the dirigibles, a great roar went up from the crowd and by a sort of intuition, it seemed, everybody learned at once that Paulhan was making a flight in one of his Farman machines. The dirigibles, having doubled the pylon, started back over the course with the wind behind them, racing madly. Paulhan followed in his immense airship, cutting through the blue with amazing speed. It was a race between the dirigibles and the biplane, everybody could see that, and such a thrilling race as nobody in that multitude had ever seen before. Midway the length of the course Paulhan overtook and passed the two dirigibles which were nosing along together about twenty-five feet beneath him. The flight of the dirigibles continued but there was little attention paid to them. It was all for Paulhan. After passing the dirigibles he swerved suddenly and circled the course again. When he reached the pylon nearest the western end of the grandstand he went far off the field and finally disappeared. Then with a dramatic suddenness which seems part of nature with this amazing aviator he poked the nose of his machine over the top of the grandstand and swooped down to the field again so close to the heads of the spectators that one loud gasp was heard from innumerable throats. Paulhan brought his machine to earth as impetuously as he had started it. He had been in the air for eight minutes and twenty-eight seconds and he had covered three and three-quarters miles. An excited crowd of French aviators and newspapermen gathered about to congratulate and the air was full of exclamations about the "glory of France" and other pleasant things. But Paulhan, serious-faced, was busily engaged unscrewing a nut and only when a persistent photographer had implored several times did he look up and smile a winning smile. The Paulhan machine is much larger than the Curtiss biplane and much heavier. It has a big rotary motor which impresses one with its tremendous potency and when the machine passes overhead, the simile so often used of the flapping of myriad wings seems weak and inadequate. Yet big and noisy as it is, the Farman biplane is as graceful, as supple and as sure in the air as a skylark. Watching it, you know that the aviator has it under perfect control and that the

Photo, Los Angeles Examiner

TWO AMERICAN AVIATORS

Glenn H. Curtiss and Clifford Harmon with a Curtiss machine. Both aviators have been making ascensions at Los Angeles.

secret of his marvelous serenity as he sits hunched at the steering post is an absolute confidence in his ability to stay in the air as long as he desires, to go where he desires and to descend where he desires. Soaring like a bird the machine also returns to terra firma with the lightness and ease of a bird. Perhaps it is because every movement of the Farman biplane is so birdlike that one immediately prefers it to the Curtiss machine and decides that Farman and Paulhan are closer to the solution of the aviation problem than Curtiss and Harmon. As unostentatiously as he had entered the race against the dirigibles Paulhan made a second flight with hardly ten minutes' breathing interval. This time he cut capers in the air. He flew by the grandstand with both hands off

the steering gear, waving his hat and gesticulating to the howling throng. He darted over the crowd and swooped back again, making straight for a group of some twenty or so who stood in the center of the field, hypnotized by his performance. Fearing that he would come down upon them the men scurried in every direction, only to find that Paulhan had darted upward again and was waving them a mocking adieu as he flew off toward the end of the course. I do not know whether it was the dramatic instinct which made Paulhan race after a flock of sparrows but it was a strange sight to watch the birds scatter and fly down the wind before this rushing racking bird, the like of which they, in common with the human beings on Dominguez field, had never seen before. This

Photo, Los Angeles Examiner

A GROUP OF FOREIGN AVIATORS IN LOS ANGELES

Reading from left to right those in the group are Masson, Brulle, the great Paulhan, Cleary and Miscarol.

second flight of the French aviator lasted for ten minutes and covered four and one-half miles.

To describe how one feels when witnessing for the first time the spectacle of a man mounting into the air and flying is not easy. It is a sight certain to awake emotion. No matter how much one may have read about aviators, the printed page and the photographs can convey no real idea of the wonder of it all. You remember that the man up above you is helping to solve the problem of centuries; that he is realizing a dream which is older than the story of Daedalus and Icarus and the legend of Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun. Patriotism plays its part, of course, and there is a glow of pride when Curtiss, the American, flies about the course. But after all, the problem is a world-problem and not a matter of nationality and when, on that first day of aviation, Paulhan the Frenchman surpassed the exhibition given by Curtiss the American, there was nobody in that multitude who begrudged the foreigner the credit and the applause which he deserved. I am sure too that when Curtiss, the day after, turned the tables on Paulhan all the sons of France gathered at Dominguez were equally generous about the matter.

When it is remembered that the aviation meet at Los Angeles is the first that has been held in America and the second of any consequence to be held in the world—that of Rheims alone being comparable with it in magnitude and significance—the personality of the projector becomes important. Dick Ferris is the man who did it all. Beginning on the first of December Ferris not only planned the aviation meet, but succeeded in raising $100,000 by voluntary subscription to carry out his big project. The newspapermen who have watched the progress of the work tell me that no man ever contended with the difficulties which Dick Ferris has met in bringing his dream to reality. There was a time, they say, when Ferris was hard put to it to find money to pay for postage and had to solve at the same time a hundred problems that arose over the method of bringing foreign aviators to Los Angeles, smoothing the way so that jealous rivals might meet on common ground and coping with an amazing number of cranks who sought admission for machines which were as little likely to leave the ground as a steam-roller. Through it all Dick Ferris preserved a demeanor of pleasant affability and was rewarded for his pains by the honor of financing and carrying through the most significant event that Los Angeles has ever known.

Of course Dick Ferris had Los Angeles to work with —and that is a great deal, much as we of San Francisco may hate to admit it. There is a spirit of enterprise about everything which Los Angeles does very different from the spirit which actuates San Francisco in its big events. When Ferris announced that he would have to put $25,000 in the bank to the order of the French aviators before they would consent to cross the Atlantic, the $25,000 was immediately forthcoming. When he told that he would have to guarantee them another $25,000, the $25,000 was guaranteed by millionaires of Los Angeles without a murmur. When the meet was only ten days away and Ferris said that he would build a grandstand to accommodate 30,000 persons there may have been some incredulity about the possibility of getting the work done on time, but the work was done to the minute. Co-operation spells part of the secret of Ferris' marvelous achievement. The merchants co-operated, the railroad co-operated, the newspapers co-operated, the

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January Tenth to Twentieth

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(Photo by Los Angeles Examiner) KNABENSHUE AND BEACHY PREPARING TO FLY IN THEIR DIRIGIBLES

crowds co-operated. The result is that the people who wish to attend the meet are carried in perfect comfort seventeen miles out of Los Angeles in record time, are comfortably taken care of on the field and are treated to a history-making spectacle. All credit to Los Angeles and to Dick Ferris for what has been accomplished.

Have we a Dick Ferris in San Francisco? If we have, I am not able to recall his name. Down in Santa Cruz they have their Fred Swanton, but what promoter of the Ferris or Swanton type have we in this metropolis? The question would be humiliating if we had not been so successful with the Portola which marked a turning point in San Francisco enterprise. But the Portola left a deficit which had to be made up by citizens who undoubtedly thought that they had already given sufficient in money and hard work. So the question, if not humiliating, is at least disquieting. The San Franciscan who attended the aviation meet and did not go away impressed with certain admirable characteristics of Los Angeles missed the most obvious lesson of the big event.

The Maiden's Quavering Heart

Miss Marie was half romantic, half practical, and a rather pretty girl. She could play the piano a little, knew some French, was always tastefully dressed, had a little nose gracefully uptilted, and eyes that were sometimes a light and sometimes a dark blue.

Once she had a remarkable dream.

She saw a balance suspended from the sky. The scales moved up and down without finding their equilibrium.

Two angels kept putting things in them.

On one side a dark angel in high silk hat and frock coat put in diamonds, pearls and gold.

On the other side a white, glorified angel put in tears, sighs and songs.

Above, on the tongue of the balance, was suspended her own heart. She recognized it instantly.

This little heart quavered and fluttered and kept moving from one scale to the other.

"Which will you have—
The ring of gold,
The music of song?
Will you have pearls or tears?"

Thus sang the angels, and the little heart quavered and knew not which to choose.

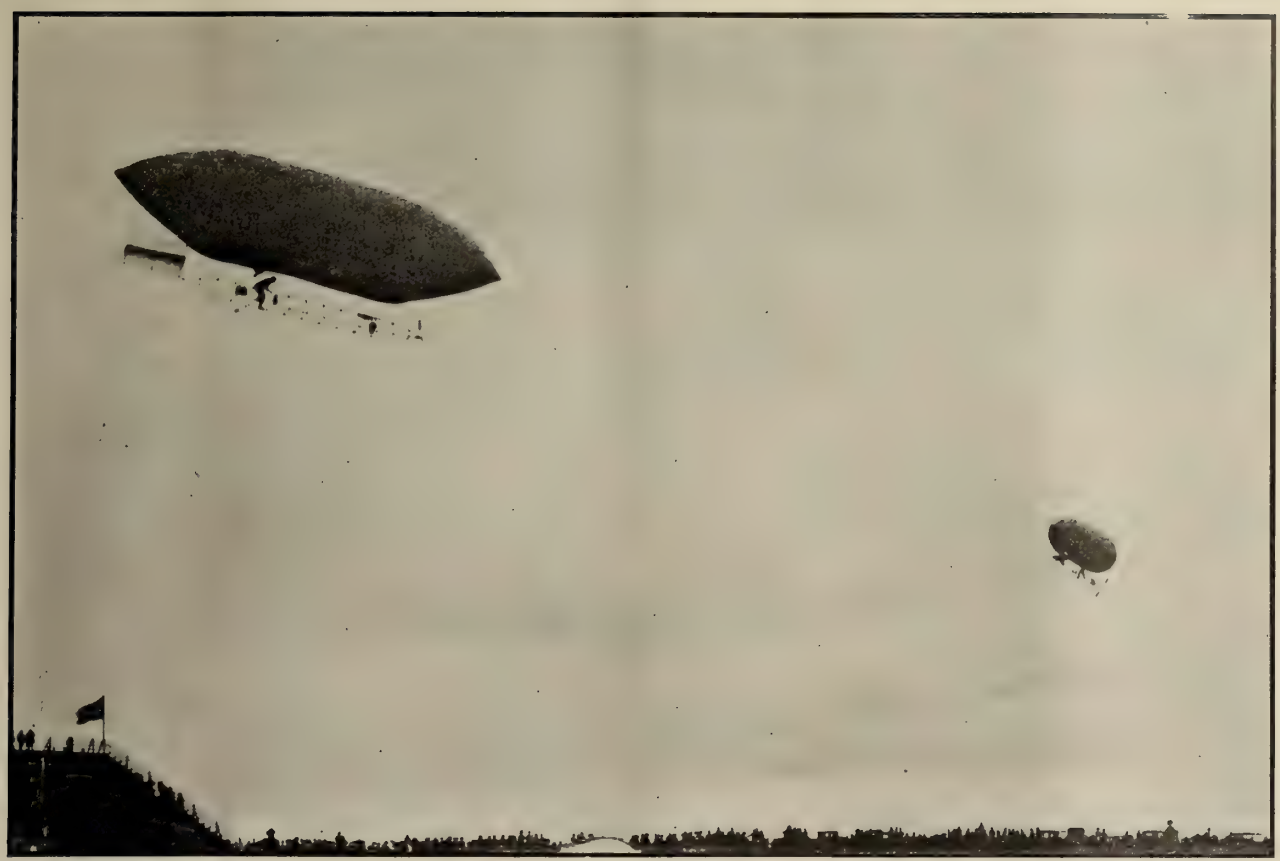
Suddenly she thought of a device—women think even in their dreams. She sprang up and seated herself upon the scale containing the pearls and diamonds and gold, and in order not to weigh down the scale she rested her head upon the other!

Her body was with the gold, the pearls and the diamonds; her head amid the tears, the sighs and the songs.

And still her heart kept ceaselessly vibrating from one to the other!

—The Symbolist.

HOTEL VIRGINIA, LONG BEACH, CAL.



KNABENSHUE AND BEACHY IN FLIGHT

PAULHAN FLYING OVER THE GRANDSTAND

TWO SENSATIONAL INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST AVIATION DAY AT LOS ANGELES

(Photos by Los Angeles Examiner)

Casimir

By Max and Alex Fischer (From the French)

For the last three weeks I had been every evening to the Place Chateaudun to meet a young woman who joined me on leaving her work. She was married. So far I had succeeded in getting her to accompany me to five cafes and three pastry shops.

As I neared our usual meeting-place I hailed a passing cab.

"Hi! cabby—by the hour—it has just struck half-past six. Go past the omnibus station, Place Chateaudun, and stop a few houses further on."

The cabman, a big, red-faced man, seemed possessed of a most unpleasant temper. He violently abused a carter who was in his way and swore continually at his horse for not going fast enough.

"Stop, cabby! Yes, there, in front of No. 22. Don't move. When I return in a few minutes drive off as fast as you can and go straight to No. 34 rue St. Marc." My bachelor quarters are in the rue St. Marc.

I made my way to the omnibus station. Rose was not there. The inspector seemed to know me by now, and, without giving me time to say whether I wanted to go to the Odeon, the Halle-aux-Vins or Vincennes, he handed out to me an old and expired ticket for the Gare de l'Est-Trocadero line.

"H'm! H'm! H'm!"

My pretty sweetheart had let me know she was there by a slight cough. She made sure that I had heard her and then, as usual, walked out first—we never spoke to each other in the omnibus office.

My plan was succeeding splendidly. I was now following in Rose's footsteps along the sidewalk of the rue Chateaudun, and admiring her pretty figure. I thought with gratitude of Hortense, her friend, who lived at the other end of the rue Soufflot and was willing to swear to any number of alibis, should the husband become suspicious. I calculated the number of seconds Rose would need to reach No. 22, preparing to join her on the instant she reached it, when I meant to take advantage of her surprise and emotion to hurry her into the waiting cab.

But just as I was rushing forward, Rose suddenly stopped, and then, to my great astonishment, turned around. Had the presence of the carriage given her a hint of my intentions? She was on the point of retracing her steps, when, with one bound, I was by her side. Pale to the lips, she murmured:

"Look out! Take care—my husband!"

I cast a rapid glance around the street, but could see no one. After all, what matter? I tore open the cab door and, not giving her a moment to struggle, almost forced her to the seat and, for greater security, pulled down the blinds.

The horse started and by my side was Rose, sobbing.

"What, little Rose, tears? Yes, I know you feel nervous. But you were dreaming, darling. There was not a soul in the street."

"Leave me—leave me! You've done a clever trick. Think of it—my husband!"

"Your husband! Your husband! But where is your husband? Deuce take it—show him to me."

Rose raised her tear-stained face—another sob shook her—she simply stretched out her arm. "There, Maurice, there in front of you—on the box."

I had often told Rose—I know her surname now: Rose 14122—I had often said to her during our walks: "Rose, how happy we shall be when at last we find ourselves alone, quite alone."

The realization of our longing, however, did not bring us all the joy we had anticipated. Shut in by the four sides of a cab, we were entirely separated from the rest of humanity; yet I admit that my felicity was much inferior to my dreams.

Cowering in one corner of the cab Rose was murmuring: "What an idiot! Besides, I don't even know you!"

Glued to the other corner, I watched with terror street succeeding street. A sudden movement awakened me to stern reality. Rose was shaking me by the arm.

"Maurice! Maurice, you're asleep—don't you see Casimir has stopped?"

Casimir? I passed my hand over my forehead. Casimir? Who was he? Ah, yes!

"Quick, tell him some address, anywhere, quick, or he'll turn round and we're lost."

I put my head out of the window and called out: "I say, Casim—ah, um—I say, take us—how funny, I can't remember the name of the street—ah, yes—here—take us to the Boulevard Haussmann—No. 172."

It really seemed better and to our mutual advantage to try to make friends again. Together we might think of some way out of the dilemma. Casimir had not noticed us as we got in, and possibly he would not observe us if we got out, and I thought it best for Rose to try to slip away at the first stop. The sight of a clock confirmed me in this idea—I saw it was twenty minutes past seven. Splendid! That would make just one hour and I could give Casimir a handsome tip.

I looked round the cab, but like all those of the Urbaine company, it had but two doors, one on each side. Much as I longed for it, I could not discover a third one at the back.

Suddenly Rose called out, wringing her hands: "No, no! I shall not get out. Cocotte would scent me and begin to neigh. Casimir would kill us!"

To prevent Rose from going off into a noisy fit of hysterics I felt the urgency of inventing a new plan on the instant, for in anticipation I already heard with dread the "Oh! Oh! Oh's!" and the "Ah! Ah! Ah's!" into which she might relapse. I examined the problem from all sides, but could find no solution. One thing, however, was self-evident: if we did not get out, we must stay in.

"Don't cry, little girl, we'll stay right here in this growler—we'll stay here just as long as is necessary—two, four, six days! I have enough to settle up the cab fare for a whole week. I don't know whether you are like me, but my constitution enables me to go without food for a very long time. I remember once—I was five years old—the doctor ordered me to fast for forty-eight hours, and—"

Tears again filled Rose's eyes. "But—but if a strike breaks out, my poor Maurice, Casimir belongs to the union—he will stop work like the others."

Had the strike broken out while we were discussing it? The horse had come to a standstill, but Rose and I, lost in the warmth of our debate, had not noticed it until the five fingers of a large, horny hand tapped impatiently on the front window-pane.

"Hey, sir! Didn't you say Boulevard Haussmann? Well, here we are, and have been for ten minutes."

I put my head out of the window, and as gently as I could, I confided to Casimir: "I beg your pardon, cabby. I've made a mistake. It is No. 172 I want, the Boulevard St. Michel, not Haussmann."

It was black night. I owed No. 14122 for eight and a quarter hours at two francs an hour, that is to say, sixteen and one-half francs. I had sent him, more apologetically each time, from No. 172 Boulevard St. Michel to No. 15 rue Lepic; from there to No. 64 avenue de la Grande Armee and from the avenue de la Grande Armee to the Boulevard Orano. Besides, I owed him

(Continued on Page 33.)

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The Spectator

The McCarthy Philippic

"Pour not water on a drowned mouse" is not among the maxims to which Mayor McCarthy gives heed. Witness the sousing that he gave the mutual admiration coterie of the Taylor dispensation. It was certainly a fine ducking. But for the victims—those that were typical of the dispensation—there is not much pity. They do not excite compassion for several reasons. One of these reasons is their own deficiency in that divine quality. These men have never been silent as to the weakness of others, never helpful, tolerant or tender. Nothing gave them so much pleasure as to indulge in the reproach that scourged and the anger that branded. Never by them was dispensed the oil and wine of the good Samaritan. Now it appears that while reproving others they neglected to correct themselves. Another reason for the withholding of compassion is that the McCarthy indictment is a mighty convincing document. The wincing that has been observed indicates that there are withers not unwrung; that out of the municipal pasture there cavorted some galled jades when Mayor McCarthy ended his remarkable philippic.

Taylor Indicted

From the black gulf of political obscurity into which the sad, grey poet plunged after alighting from the people's automobile for the last time, there has risen a melancholy protest not unlike the moan of a sinner wafted from Purgatory. Just before his evanishment he thought to pooh-pooh the McCarthy indictment out of the tribunal of public opinion. This looks like a reversal of form, an abandonment of the principle that a man charged with crime is presumed to be guilty until he establish his innocence. This principle is of the ethics of the Taylor dispensation. Its application was insisted upon by the poet and all his fellow proponents of advertised righteousness. Far be it from me, however, to assume that so far as the poet himself is concerned the principle was a mere pose or costume—something which had nothing to do with his generous heart or with the deeps of his nature. Let no man point to him as an example of acute atrophy of sensibility, of the decay and ruin of the moral principle that gave tone to his esthetic sense. Let it not be assumed that there is any exception to the rule that what is sauce for the goose is likewise sauce for the gander. Poet Taylor is under an indictment, one that is not as demurrable as a Langdon indictment drawn for the benefit of Hire-him Johnson. Come good poet—your plea!

An Omission

The only technical objection that can be urged against the McCarthy indictment is that it does not state all the facts. It states sufficient, however, to constitute a cause of action. Its most salient omission is with reference to the appointment of a whitewashing committee for the purpose of levelling in a night a mountain of crimes. The Taylor record presents nothing that parallels in transcendent audacity the appointment of this committee, every member of which was known to be either in aggressive or passive sympathy with the men whose conduct they were asked to investigate. Even Father Crowley, the one man who might by the general public have been regarded as unbiassed, was selected because of his intimate relations with Fremont Older, Eustace Cullinan and Matt I. Sullivan. The strongest indication of the crookedness of the graft prosecution was the fact that Mayor Taylor, the puppet of that infamous cabal, did not dare to go beyond the bounds of the clique in quest of men to make an impartial investigation. This one bold stroke of dissimulation and deceit ought to be enough to afford any fair-minded person insight into the depths of the whole nasty business. Certainly without anything more tangible upon which to base a presumption, as a specimen of conduct it ought to serve as an index to the general character of the administration presided over by Dr. Taylor.

A Bad Precedent

To regard the whole McCarthy message as an indictment of the last Administration is to fail wofully to appreciate the purport of his message. The Mayor has done something more than bring insight to bear on the conduct of his predecessor. He has pointed out evil practices for the purpose of indicating the line of conduct that he thinks should be pursued by his official family. Take for example the method by which a piece of property at North Beach was acquired by the city, a transaction which the Mayor regards with suspicion. The method is certainly not to be commended. It is not advisable for public servants, however honest their intentions, to engage in underhanded practices in behalf of the city. When the Supervisors decide to purchase a piece of realty they have no right to assume that the owner will attempt to cheat the city. It is their privilege to acquire the property under the law of eminent domain, and the owner is entitled to whatever a court determines the property is worth. This is the way the city generally acquires property for its purposes. To establish a precedent such as was established with the connivance of Dr. Taylor is, to say the least, reprehensible. It opens the door to graft. Dr. Taylor wishes us to assume that graft was impossible while he was on the job communing with the muses, but like all self-anointed reformers he assists us in appreciating the proverb, "One man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge."

His Sentiment Toward the Heathen

In calling attention to the wide-open character of the town with Dr. Taylor on the job Mayor McCarthy's purpose was to give expression to a sentiment in which all intelligent men concur, but which the Supervisors who have just retired from office never had the courage to avow. The sentiment is that while contamination flows from the deadfalls of our white gamblers there is none from the fantan resorts of Chinatown. Mayor McCarthy

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has declared his purpose to encourage the Chinese to return to town and swell to its old proportions the colony to which we owe much of the color that excites the interest of visitors and which is one of the city's best assets. The puritanic attitude toward the Chinese is without rhyme or reason but fraught with mischief. This attitude assumed ostensibly out of a sense of morality has been productive of more immorality than could ever be packed into Chinatown. The restraints to which our moralists have demanded that the Chinese be subjected have served to make them the victims of blackmail, and the opportunity for blackmail has tempted and corrupted our police and other officials. Mayor McCarthy realizes that the morals of Chinatown are not the morals of San Francisco and that the Chinese affect our morals only when we attempt to dominate theirs. He has not given utterance to profound philosophy, but he has courageously exhibited contempt for the hypocrisy that has achieved the dignity of a national trait. There is reason, however, to be astonished as well as pleased with his sentiments, for they are the sentiments of a leader of organized labor, a lusty champion of the rights of the workingman. It is interesting to reflect that some years ago the labor leader who would have dared to espouse the cause of the Chinese would have been promptly consigned to outer darkness. What will the good people of New England say when they learn that to San Francisco, of all the cities of America, the Chinese have been invited to come and make themselves happy after their fashion? They will at least conclude that we are not so benighted as they have believed.

Frank Johnson, Professional Aviator

Frank H. Johnson of San Francisco and San Rafael has joined the ranks of professional aviators. Those who thought that the wealth of this fashionable clubman would incline him to amateur activity in the air were mightily mistaken. Johnson is to be an aviator for revenue only; he is not going to risk his neck for a thrill. Whenever he emulates the sky lark it will be for cold cash. The visible sign that Johnson does not regard aviation as a sport but as a business is before me as I write in the shape of a card which announces that Frank H. Johnson is the State agent of the Herring-Curtiss Aeroplane Co. Johnson, I am willing to predict, will prove an energetic and picturesque agent. He has always adopted methods both of business and recreation which were startlingly original and in the unexplored realm of aviation he will find unusual opportunities for the exercise of his talents. That he will make money out of airships I verily believe, for hitherto he has made money out of everything to which he has turned his attention. Money-making is one of the easiest things Frank Johnson does.

Johnson's Experience With Airships

I met Johnson in Los Angeles during the aviation meet now going on and heard from his own lips the particulars of his interest in aviation and his embarkation in the business. His interest, it seems, has extended over ten years but his actual experience is still measured by days. It had lasted just eighteen days when I conversed with him. Ever since the French began to experiment with dirigibles and heavier-than-air machines Johnson has been sitting up and taking eager notice. An enthusiastic and successful owner and salesman of automobiles and motorcycles, he decided that he would turn his attention and invest his money in aeroplanes whenever the progress of discovery made good returns on the investment certain. Johnson has been reading the aviation journals ever since they were started and he picked out the psychological time to go to New York and obtain a practicable flying machine plus a flying machine agency. The Glen H. Curtiss biplane cost him $5,000; the agency, he expects, will net him that sum many, many times multiplied.

His Experience in Life Insurance

Not the least interesting part of Johnson's contact with the aviation business is his experience with the life insurance companies. In various companies Johnson carried $84,000 of life insurance. That was a few days ago. At that time the companies considered him a good risk; he was young and strong and husky; and although a somewhat reckless automobilist, the accidents had happened, not to him but to the pedestrians. When it was announced for the first time that Johnson had determined to tempt the dangers of the air in a Curtiss biplane, a great fear took hold of the insurance companies which carried his policies. One after another the agents waited on him and before the day was over the $84,000 of in-

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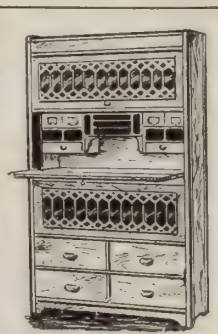

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surance was all canceled. Just how Johnson feels towards those insurance agents I dare not tell—in his own picturesque language—but I imagine that if he is ever to be so unfortunate as to have an airship accident, he would like to have his machine fall on a group made

FRANK H. JOHNSON IN HIS BIPLANE

The photograph shows the San Rafael aeronaut sitting at the wheel of his Curtiss machine. It was taken outside the Curtiss tent on the aviation field near Los Angeles.

up of the men who made those cancellations. But that was not the end of Johnson's experience. Following closely on the action of the insurance agents came a cable from Lloyds of London offering to insure him for $15,000 for one year at a premium of $7,800. To that offer Johnson did not deign to reply, for he is emphatically a business man, not a gambler and the proposal to bet Lloyds $7,800 against $15,000 that he would tumble out of the sky like Vulcan and break his neck did not appeal to him.

How It Feels to Fly

Johnson described to me the first sensations an aviator experiences when he makes his initial departure from terra firma. He says that as the tyro grasps the steering post the machine looks awfully frail but that as he must keep his eyes rivetted on the front control this thought gradually fades away. As the machine runs along the ground gathering speed the sensation is much the same as that of a motorist, but it is very different when the machine begins to soar. In the vivid language of Johnson you feel as though each particular vertebra were leaving your body by a different route; also as though your intestines were rising up to titillate your palate. It will be seen that this is a very complicated sensation. I learned also that one felt as one might feel in a tremendously fast elevator that stops suddenly —only more so; or as a fish, not of the flying variety, might feel in the air. At the same time, Mr. Johnson informed me, it is much easier to run an aeroplane than an automobile, the mechanism being simpler and the balancing largely a matter of natural instinct. He says that Glen H. Curtiss' favorite method of teaching a pupil to fly consists in escorting him to the seat of the biplane, directing him where to rivet his eyes and place his hands and leaving him with the terse command, "Fly!" And he told me that one can fly at the rate of forty miles an hour without feeling any particular discomfort from the rushing currents of air.

What Johnson Plans To Do

Johnson's plans for the future will interest his many friends and admirers in San Francisco and San Rafael. While it is just possible that he may remain in the south for some little time, it will not be very long before he comes north again. Then look out for a sensation. Commuters, especially, be on the alert. Johnson intends to fly from San Rafael to San Francisco and back again. Here is a feat not so marvelous as Bleriot's flight across the English Channel, but surely as picturesque as Wilbur Wright's sail around the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Johnson is even considering the advisability of varying the monotony of a direct flight from San Rafael to San Francisco by cutting a caper around Goat Island (pun not deliberate). When this spectacle is provided for the delectation of dwellers by the bay it will dwarf in interest the pageantry of the arrival of the fleet. Johnson intends thereafter to bring seven or eight Cur-

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tiss biplanes to California and to fly through the State in them, giving exhibitions and selling the machines as he goes. As I have said, he will not exhibit as an aviator and risk breaking his neck for nothing; he will expect to be paid for every flight. As for selling the machines, Johnson anticipates no difficulty in finding men of wealth desirous of a new play thing. In fact he says that if he doesn't sell the machines he will eat them.

He Has Not Flown Yet

It may be expected that I will give herewith a detailed description of one of Frank H. Johnson's flights, but I am confronted by a peculiar situation. The fact is that I have not seen Frank Johnson fly. I have seen his machine in the hangar but never in the sky and I have it from Johnson's lips that he has not flown yet. I write this before the aviation meet is concluded, but I am not sure that Johnson will fly during the meet. He told me that he was not sure that he would care to fly before the Los Angeles throngs. As I write, therefore, Johnson's flying is all a matter of futurity. Let it not be inferred, however, that Johnson's description of the sensation of flying is a mere flight of fancy. By no means. Johnson has associated a great deal with Glen H. Curtiss and has had ample apportunity to learn from him just how it feels to fly. Remember too that Johnson's actual experience with biplanes has only extended over a few days. In due course we will have news of Johnson soaring in his machine and then we will await with interest that flight from San Rafael to San Francisco and return.

First Bachelor—Let's ask Lamb. He's married and will be able to speak from experience.

Second Wise Man—On the contrary, he'll keep his mouth shut from experience.

An Ancient Keynote

The keynote of the State campaign for Democratic purposes was sounded in this city last week at a pow-wow of stalwart Jeffersonian patriots, who realize that to supply them with jobs is the only way to purify the government and make the people happy. The keynote for 1910 is not unfamiliar to ears that treasure hackneyed tunes and is sweet in their capacious recesses. The inspiring refrain—Down with the railroad octopus—has been echoing in hamlet and dale, over the mountains high, along the freighted waterways and in the streets of cities almost since the last spike was driven. Of late it has been played on the soft pedal, but there is a demand for a greater volume of sound for this year of our Lord, for the job-chasers of the Democracy have been drinking deep at the founts of enthusiasm and they have resolved to stampede the enemy. At the recent pow-wow they received some good advice from Senator Sanford and Theodore Bell. Both gentlemen agreed that the railroad had a firm grasp on all the departments of government, and that it was the part of wisdom to take advantage of this circumstance. They assume that it is universally agreed that none but Democrats can make the octopus let go; also that it has been forgotten that this same consensus of opinion prevailed during the Budd campaign. Perhaps the brightest thing that was said at the pow-wow was an epigram that fell from the beautiful lips of Senator Sanford. "Stand for something," he said, "and not against everything." This sentence is a masterpiece in the rare art of compressing vast common sense into small compass. But will the Democracy of California swallow this pellet of concentrated wisdom? Not unless it is in a mood to abandon its most cherished principles. The average Democrat is instinctively against everything save that which has not been tried. He has contempt even for public office—when he is not filling one—but after available jobs he races with record breaking speed.

Stimulants to California Pride

Nearly every paper that comes out of New York nowadays has something to say about the tremendous triumph of Nance O'Neil in Dave Belasco's play "The Lily." Of all the recent productions in New York, it is said, this play and its star arrest attention and invite comment. The news of the impression made by the play and player—the latter being a Californian product and the play the product of a Californian—is naturally conducive to a thrill of pride in these parts where always persists the mood for such sensations though for years they have been somewhat commonplace. Even now we may thrill to something more than the winning of her way by Nance O'Neil and the accumulation of new honors by Dave Belasco, whose unerring instinct for popular taste has made of him the most prosperous of American play builders. Louis De Foe, critic of the World, tells us that the only thing comparable with one of Nance O'Neil's artistic transports was Tully Marshall's histronic achievement in one of the powerful climaxes of Clyde Fitch's play, "The City." Score one more for Californian talent. Tully Marshall is "a native son." He is one of the many Californians that have "made it go" in New York so many years that they have been forgotten in their own home. When he went to school in this city in the eighties he was Tully Phillips.

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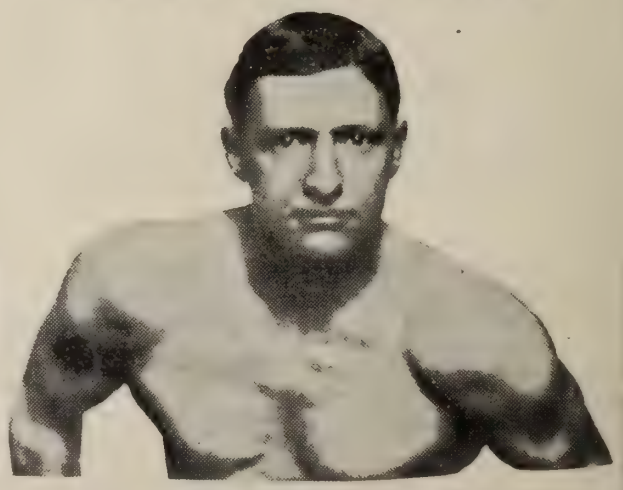

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When he made his debut with the Jeffreys Lewis company at the old Baldwin Theatre he changed his name. After leaving this city he became a stage manager, and it was in that capacity that he visited us some years ago with Jack Barrymore. En route to this city Barrymore fell ill and Marshall jumped in at Los Angeles and played the star part, and played it so well that the critics, who did not know Marshall, paid enthusiastic tribute to the brilliant talents of young Barrymore. Marshall is one of the big hits of the current season in New York. The only other one is Nance O'Neil.

Those Wily Critics

Now that Nance O'Neil has conquested New York theatregoers the cunning critics of the metropolis are making extravagant demands on their ingenuity in their stupendous efforts to justify the opacity of their vision. When Nance O'Neil appeared in New York some years ago she was not exploited by any of the leading managers; nor was she able to surround herself with a crack company or any of the glittering and luxurious trappings that fascinate and allure. As a consequence the critics failed to perceive her merits. Allan Dale saw nothing in her but primal power. He saw fit to jibe and jeer. Now the critics affect the belief that her art has been perfected under the magic tulelage of Dave Belasco. As one of them puts it, "He swept away extravagances and mannerisms which for many years have choked her potential histrionic genius and re-established the actress where she belongs—in the very first rank of emotional artistes in her profession." The naivete of this explanation is charming. Fancy David Belasco, the trainer of Mrs. Carter, an actress who is noted for nothing so much as for her extravagances and mannerisms, refining the art of Nance O'Neil. In this connection I may be pardoned perhaps for quoting myself. In Town Talk of December 20, 1902, the following comments were made anent the failure of Nance O'Neil in London and her performance of "Elizabeth" at the Grand Opera House in this city: "One wonders why this great artist failed to make good in London. The only plausible explanation is that London theatregoers are no quicker to recognize genius than we are to discern mediocrity when it comes to us cleverly press-agented. Nance O'Neil is bound to achieve her due some day. . . . There is not an English-speaking woman on the stage today capable of such an artistic performance of such a difficult role as that which Nance O'Neil has been giving at the Grand this week."

She—Mother is growing so stout that she reminds me of a balloon.

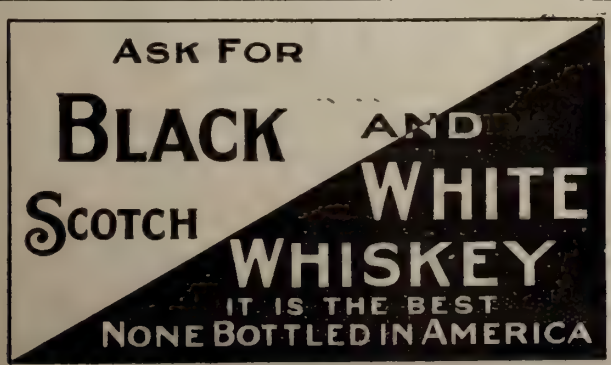
He—Yes, but she grows less and less dirigible.

At Funerals or Anywhere Else—

There is one public official who will devote little time to worrying over the changes which the new dispensation will make in the personnel of job-holders and that is Joe Leggett, the police commissioner. Leggett is as bountifully supplied with whiskers as the retiring mayor, but that is not his only claim to distinction. He is also noted as the man who has been talking, thinking, writing and dreaming single tax since the man who winds the ferry clock was a babe in arms. Holding office is only a side issue with Leggett; his serious purpose in life is to convince a yawning world that Henry George was the apostle of a new faith and to convert all who will listen to the tenets of that faith. Which reminds me of a story. (That is merely a form of speech—I intended to tell this story when I started.) Once upon a time Joe Leggett was at a funeral service over the body of a friend. The service took place in an undertaker's establishment. The officiating clergyman had not been acquainted with the deceased and he therefore suggested that some one of the mourners say a few words. There was no response. He repeated the suggestion and presently a gentleman with a long gray beard—Joe Leggett, no less—arose and slowly and mournfully walked to the clergyman's side. Resting one hand on the coffin he looked up with a sad countenance and began: "Since no one in all this throng has seen fit to say a few kind words above our departed friend, I feel that I would be untrue to myself were I to let this occasion pass without saying something to you on the subject of single tax."

Will Hearst Run for Governor?

While William R. Hearst has been in this city approving plans for his skyscraper and preparing to rebuild his old Sausalito home with a view to an ultimate return to residence in this State, his followers in New York have just accomplished the tremendous job of regaining control of the Independence League. It will be recalled that the Tammany men, by what they called strategy and the Hearstlings called theft, took the organization, its emblem and its column on the official ballot away from Hearst at the primaries last fall. Having no further use for the league, Tammany allowed Hearst to have it back; so, when a meeting for the purpose of reorganizing was held a few days ago, not a Tammany man attended and the recapture of the league was accomplished by de-



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fault. It was announced that the league would put a full ticket in the field at the gubernatorial election next fall and already there is talk that Hearst will have another whirl at the governorship. If he does so, he will undoubtedly obtain a big following of voters; for he won great prestige during the recent campaign and would overlook no opportunity of making capital with the upstate farmers out of his attack on Tammany. That Hearst's following is largely personal must be conceded, for without him the league would amount to nothing. He cannot transfer his strength to any of the Shearns or Hisgens by whom he is surrounded. That is one reason why he will probably go on the ticket. There are five hundred other reasons, all sufficient in the mind of Hearst.

A Henley Poem by Request

An Alameda woman who describes herself as an "old subscriber" to Town Talk requests that we publish the poem from which Crichton in Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," quotes with such telling effect. The poem has been published before in this paper but we are pleased to oblige by giving it again. It is to be found in the works of William Ernest Henley and reads as follows:

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian Slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent and broke your pride.
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied.
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave
Decreed by the King in Babylon
To her that had been his slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again.
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, yet you refrain.
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Virgin Slave

Is Macdonald Alive?

A Californian who recently returned from abroad brought with him an interesting story about Sir Hector Macdonald of South African fame who is generally believed to have committed suicide in a Paris hotel. The Californian while in Paris spent some time at the hotel where the suicide occurred, and there he was told that it was not Macdonald but another man who had killed himself. Some months later the Californian visited the town in Scotland where Macdonald's body is believed to be entombed, and there he learned that the suspicions of the people had been aroused by the manner in which thé funeral was conducted. The people had expected to attend the funeral, but the body arrived before daybreak and was rushed to the cemetery and quickly put out of sight. Now this is not the first time that question has been raised with reference to the story of Macdonald's death. A year ago I heard the story of a merchant who, while visiting Pekin, recognized Macdonald on the parade ground in the garb of a Chinese soldier. He was well acquainted with the Afghan hero, and he approached him and spoke to him, but was immediately hustled off the ground. Macdonald, it may be remembered, at the time his death was reported, was on his way to England where he was to be tried for misconduct, the charge having been made against him that he was addicted to infamous practices. In the circumstances it is not at all improbable that the British Government, to avert a great army scandal, made it possible for him to lose his identity in the army of China. It it known that the Government offered Oscar Wilde facilities to escape from London just before the trial of the libel suit that brought disgrace upon him. Paris is singularly fertile in stories akin to this one about Macdonald. Oscar Wilde died in Paris, and is buried there, but it has been said that he is still alive and that he is now in a monastery. It has been asserted that Marshal Ney was spirited off to this country and also Louis XVII, while the escape of Louis Napoleon from the fortress of Ham, when a dummy was placed on his prison cot, is a matter of history. The journalists of Paris have a strong fancy for yarns of this character.

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Miss Izetta Jewell on Broadway

Those who remember Miss Izetta Jewell as the leading lady of Frank Bacon's stock company at the Colonial Theatre in McAllister street will be surprised to learn that she has just made her debut on Broadway as the chief support of Otis Skinner in a new play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. The latest work of these collaborators who scored such a success in their "Man from Home" is called "Your Humble Servant" and deals with the ups and downs of a theatrical road company. Miss Jewell plays the part of the leading woman of the company who is the ward of the manager, an upright character enacted by Otis Skinner. The leading woman is loved by a wealthy youth who joins the company to be near her, but the hardships of one-night stands and subsequent poverty in New York cool his ardor and enable the actress to discover that her guardian cherishes a pure and steadfast attachment. In the end she achieves a great metropolitan triumph, her latent talent manifesting itself as the result of her guardian's unwearied coaching. Miss Izetta Jewell has had her share of disagreeable adventures in barnstorming and if her success on Broadway is in any way comparable with that of the character she plays, the drama will be a curious parallel of her stage life. When she was with Frank Bacon she manifested considerable talent for light roles but lacked emotional depth. Nobody at that time would have suspected that her histrionic qualities were such as to make her a satisfactory leading woman for Otis Skinner.

A Preacher on Jeffries

A Methodist preacher of Patterson, New Jersey, has made a new pulpit record by advertising a sermon on the ultra-theological theme, "Can Jeffries Come Back?" and then expatiating on it to a crowded congregation of regular pewholders, touts, gamblers, trainers, pugilists and other thirsters for spiritual uplift. From one view point the Sabbath services were a great success for the sporting confraternity, always liberal tippers, responded generously to the appeal of the contribution plate. But as far as any definite knowledge was concerned the sermon was a failure and it is reported that many members of the congregation muttered "stung" as they emerged into the outer air of Patterson. The sermon made one fact clear and that is that the Methodist preacher has received no inside information from on high regarding the outcome of the Jeffries-Johnson fight. Whether or not the sports expected that he would get a message from above is a matter of considerable doubt, but the size of their contributions indicated that some such idea abided with them. Their disappointment must have been keen when they found themselves compelled to listen to a sermon dealing particularly with the combat of David and Goliath and only slightly tinged with applicability to the coming contest of the black and the white fighter.

Some Pulpit Language

The spectacle of a man of God seriously expatiating on the merits of two bruisers for the edification of a throng of worshipers is not likely to enthuse those who are seeking for some method of endearing religion to the masses, but it certainly is entertaining and, after all, entertainment is what many preachers are most anxious to provide for their flocks. No doubt many a man who hugs his pillow of a Sunday morning would hie him to church if he could be sure that he would hear such language as this of the Patterson preacher: "Jeffries won the belt and much lucre and then stepped out of the ring to have a good time and enjoy himself, and for five years, like Sampson with his head in the lap of Delilah, Jeffries has slept with his head in the lap of a luxurious and bibulous life. While he has slept a big black gorilla has come into the ring" and so on. But the man who routed laziness in favor of church would not fool himself with the delusion that he was going to divine service, unless he were hypocritically inclined. He would admit to his conscience that such sermonizing had the charm of the sporting page set off by the novelty of the surroundings. Moreover, if the man were skilled in sporting matters, he would soon tire of sermons on pugilism unless the preacher showed a closer acquaintance with facts. He would know that Jeffries has not slept for five years in the lap of luxury and bibulosity, for Jeffries has been unusually temperate.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Probably the chief factor in shaping the course of prices in the recent week has been the Rock Island affair which upset the financial community here more than generally believed. The President's message and high money rates were also used by market manipulators to create some public liquidation. Steel common has been dealt in heavily, aggregating over one million shares in four days and a variation in price of about 2 per cent. The selling has been notoriously good but the closing price for the week shows tremendous accumulation by important interests. The President's message has been well received and is apparently satisfactory in the main to leading bankers. The coming message on Monday will undoubtedly be of the same tenor. We look very favorably to the future of the security market and believe that a higher range of values will be seen in the coming three months.

Wheat—Argentina's crop estimate at less than last year was the dominating influence on the wheat market this week. Liverpool showed deep concern over this news, and there has been good buying of both Canadian and Pacific Coast wheat; the flour trade from the Atlantic Coast has been good. Speculative sentiment has been further stimulated by the domestic situation. We enter the new year with the second smallest visible in a generation, and on population basis, the smallest of record. Receipts have been retarded by the excessive cold weather and it will take some weeks of heavy receipts to replace supplies. We are now entering the period of declining stocks and the outlook from the best imaginable movement is for a constant pressure on the supplies which means higher prices. The American farmer has a notion that he will get last spring's prices, which will retard deliveries and tend to advance prices. The outlook, therefore, favors purchases on all breaks and with Friday's weakness puts wheat on a good buying level.

Corn is going forward to the prices of two years ago, and they will be made before the final month, as the holder of the grain is convinced that the year is destined to make record prices for his crop. The cold weather, while it has retarded deliveries, has not improved quality. The corn now available for market was shelled in a damp condition and cannot improve, as few have facilities for turning the grain. The unhusked corn in the fields has undoubtedly improved, but it cannot be gathered until the weather becomes favorable. The big movement of corn has been transferred to a period when supplies will be exhausted in importing sections of the country and distribution will be unusually active. Under such conditions, corn has always advanced, and there is no reason to expect a reversal. The market is exceptionally strong and a higher level will be reached before there can be an important break to reinstate. Scale buying is advisable under present market conditions and prospects.

Cotton—The much looked for period of manipulation in the cotton market appears to have at last arrived. Fluctuations of one hundred points a day now seem as common as those of fifteen and twenty points a few weeks ago. The United States Census Bureau makes the total amount of cotton ginned to January 1, 9,646,285 bales against 12,465,298 bales to January 1 last year and 9,951,505 to the corresponding date in 1908. The old argument that a greater percentage of this year's crop was ginned by the end of December this season than ever before, has come into play again, and it is probably so. Up to January 1 of last year 95.3 per cent of the crop had been ginned. This year it is expected that all but a very small fraction of the total growth, exclusive of linters, has been accounted for and even though there be no greater percentage ginned than last year the census figures just about confirm the Agricultural Department's small crop estimate for a growth of 10,088,000 bales. There is no appreciable change in the situation and there are no unfavorable features other than the impending important election scheduled for the United Kingdom the latter part of this month. Meanwhile nervous and excited markets are likely to continue.

Copper—Statistics and estimates by the United States Geological Survey from all plants known to produce blister copper from domestic ores and from all Lake mines indicate that the copper output from mines in the United States in 1909 surpassed all previous records. The increase was approximately about 18 per cent and the demand was greater, there being a considerable increase in the demand for the same abroad, especially in Germany. The result is that there is growing in the market a firmer tone. All the leading producing and selling companies are quoting copper at 13¾ cents, while some transactions were reported at 13⅞ cents. One of the largest and most conservative handlers of copper in New York City expresses the opinion that during the next few months the demand from both home and abroad will be heavy and that the price of the metal will reach 15 cents by April 1. We certainly look for a big improvement in prices during the year 1910, based upon business activity and prosperity such as this country has never seen before. This means much better prices for copper stocks, but we would advise great caution in selecting purchases and buy only those of proven value, with excellent management discriminating between those with real merit, good backing and careful and experienced management, and those stocks put on the market for purely speculative purposes, or by men of no standing. Last week, on the renewed rumor of an announcement of the plans of the contemplated merger, many specialists in coppers were induced to buy exclusively Amalgamated, Anaconda, Tennessee and Utah as well as American Smelting issues and when it was ascertained beyond dispute that a conference was being held in the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. on the most advantageous way to consummate the final consolidation of the Amalgamated, Guggenheim, Cole-Ryan, and Hayden, Stone & Co's red metal properties and smelters, the purchasing of these coppers was augmented materially. Our opinion in regard to the merits of Nevada Con-

R. E. MULCAHY, Manager

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solidated, Giroux, Miami, Ray Consolidated, Inspiration, Lake, Cactus, and Osceola remins unchanged and we look for a material rise in the nar future.

Local Securities—The feature of the past week's dealings in local stocks and bonds was the movement in Spring Valley Water stock. While the agitation in labor circles against the acquisition of the Spring Valley plant has not lessened any, it has been somewhat offset by a campaign of education by the local press and many prominent citizens. In view of this, Spring Valley stock has recovered about half of its recent decline and is not for sale in such large quantities as it was last week. Alaska Packers has been another strong spot and, on the talk of a six per cent dividend basis for it at the annual meeting which occurs shortly, has risen to high records on this move. Associated Oil has been very quiet and weaker if anything, though there has been absolutely no fresh developments on it. Hawiian Sugar stocks are putting forth a very firm front and on the prospects of a very profitable season at the plantations, are daily increasing in value with Hawaiian Commercial, Makaweli, Onomea and Paauhau the most favored. Trading in the balance of the local stocks has been tame and without much change, outside of a slight heaviness in Pacific Telephone and Pacific Gas issues, which is attributed to the general slump in the New York Stock market. Bond dealings have been fairly large without any important fluctuations, the main activity being in Associated Oil 5s, California Gas and Electric 5s, City Electric 5s, Los Angeles Railway 5s, Pacific Railway 5s, Pacific Telephone 5s, Peoples Water 5s, Powell Street Railway 6s, Key Route first 5s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, Spring Valley 4s and United Railroads 4s. It is said that purchases of Pacific Gas and Electric, common and preferred, are timely as well as of Alaska Packers, which stock is tipped for par, or higher during the year. Associated Oil is thought to be a buy on any weakness and some of the higher class Hawaiian Sugars are picked for much higher prices.

The Knot

(Among the things that Peary brought back from the Pole was a knot's nest. The knot lives in the Arctic regions only, and is the rarest of birds. The only known specimen is in the museum at St. Petersburg.)

You have probably heard
Of that notable bird
The knot.
Its food, so they say,
Must be highly frappe,
Not hot.
It finds ices and snow—
Why, I can't understand—
To be quite comme il faut
And the colder the brand
The tighter the knot will grow
Tied to the land
On hand.

The long winter night
Is a source of delight
To the knot.
It warbles away
Till the coming of day
In its grot.
And when the sun rises
The knot slips up too.
And then—such surprises!—
A hullabaloo
From the knot of small kittlets begot!
Hear them coo.
Atchoo!

Atchoo twice and thrice!
I've a cold. Sure, to splice
The knot
Is a hazardous thing,
So I'll cease now to sing.
I forgot
To add, if you doubt
My aim single and sole
Is to help science sprout,
Why, then sail to the goal.
And there—or I'm out—
You will find a knot hole
In the pole!

—Maurice Morris.

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Deposits	22,918,570.20
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Cash and Sight Exchange	12,852,206.86

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PETITION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 6228, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of John H. Grady, praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to him certain real property belonging to said estate, which said William Hale had agreed to convey to said John H. Grady by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been duly filed herein, and said real property being situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbered Eight (8) to Twenty (20), both inclusive, and Twenty-three (23) to Forty (40), both inclusive, in Block number Three Hundred and Eighty (380), as the same are laid down, delineated and numbered upon a certain map on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, entitled "Map of the O'Neill and Haley Tract."

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 17th day of February, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., in Department No. 10 of said Court, at the Courthouse in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition.

It is further ordered that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, as Administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, personally, by delivering to and leaving with said administrator a certified copy of this order at least ten days before such hearing.

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, January 12th, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 12, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. J. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Petitioner, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

1-15-5

REDUCE THE CARES
Of housekeeping. One decidedly practical way is to use Borden's Pioneer Brand Evaporated Milk in all cooking where milk or cream is required. Results will be more satisfactory than with most "fresh" milk.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Probably the chief factor in shaping the course of prices in the recent week has been the Rock Island affair which upset the financial community here more than generally believed. The President's message and high money rates were also used by market manipulators to create some public liquidation. Steel common has been dealt in heavily, aggregating over one million shares in four days and a variation in price of about 2 per cent. The selling has been notoriously good but the closing price for the week shows tremendous accumulation by important interests. The President's message has been well received and is apparently satisfactory in the main to leading bankers. The coming message on Monday will undoubtedly be of the same tenor. We look very favorably to the future of the security market and believe that a higher range of values will be seen in the coming three months.

Wheat—Argentina's crop estimate at less than last year was the dominating influence on the wheat market this week. Liverpool showed deep concern over this news, and there has been good buying of both Canadian and Pacific Coast wheat; the flour trade from the Atlantic Coast has been good. Speculative sentiment has been further stimulated by the domestic situation. We enter the new year with the second smallest visible in a generation, and on population basis, the smallest of record. Receipts have been retarded by the excessive cold weather and it will take some weeks of heavy receipts to replace supplies. We are now entering the period of declining stocks and the outlook from the best imaginable movement is for a constant pressure on the supplies which means higher prices. The American farmer has a notion that he will get last spring's prices, which will retard deliveries and tend to advance prices. The outlook, therefore, favors purchases on all breaks and with Friday's weakness puts wheat on a good buying level.

Corn is going forward to the prices of two years ago, and they will be made before the final month, as the holder of the grain is convinced that the year is destined to make record prices for his crop. The cold weather, while it has retarded deliveries, has not improved quality. The corn now available for market was shelled in a damp condition and cannot improve, as few have facilities for turning the grain. The unhusked corn in the fields has undoubtedly improved, but it cannot be gathered until the weather becomes favorable. The big movement of corn has been transferred to a period when supplies will be exhausted in importing sections of the country and distribution will be unusually active. Under such conditions, corn has always advanced, and there is no reason to expect a reversal. The market is exceptionally strong and a higher level will be reached before there can be an important break to reinstate. Scale buying is advisable under present market conditions and prospects.

Cotton—The much looked for period of manipulation in the cotton market appears to have at last arrived. Fluctuations of one hundred points a day now seem as common as those of fifteen and twenty points a few weeks ago. The United States Census Bureau makes the total amount of cotton ginned to January 1, 9,646,285 bales against 12,465,298 bales to January 1 last year and 9,951,505 to the corresponding date in 1908. The old argument that a greater percentage of this year's crop was ginned by the end of December this season than ever before, has come into play again, and it is probably so. Up to January 1 of last year 95.3 per cent of the crop had been ginned. This year it is expected that all but a very small fraction of the total growth, exclusive of linters, has been accounted for and even though there be no greater percentage ginned than last year the census figures just about confirm the Agricultural Department's small crop estimate for a growth of 10,088,000 bales. There is no appreciable change in the situation and there are no unfavorable features other than the impending important election scheduled for the United Kingdom the latter part of this month. Meanwhile nervous and excited markets are likely to continue.

Copper—Statistics and estimates by the United States Geological Survey from all plants known to produce blister copper from domestic ores and from all Lake mines indicate that the copper output from mines in the United States in 1909 surpassed all previous records. The increase was approximately about 18 per cent and the demand was greater, there being a considerable increase in the demand for the same abroad, especially in Germany. The result is that there is growing in the market a firmer tone. All the leading producing and selling companies are quoting copper at 13¾ cents, while some transactions were reported at 13⅞ cents. One of the largest and most conservative handlers of copper in New York City expresses the opinion that during the next few months the demand from both home and abroad will be heavy and that the price of the metal will reach 15 cents by April 1. We certainly look for a big improvement in prices during the year 1910, based upon business activity and prosperity such as this country has never seen before. This means much better prices for copper stocks, but we would advise great caution in selecting purchases and buy only those of proven value, with excellent management, discriminating between those with real merit, good backing and careful and experienced management, and those stocks put on the market for purely speculative purposes, or by men of no standing. Last week, on the renewed rumor of an announcement of the plans of the contemplated merger, many specialists in coppers were induced to buy exclusively Amalgamated, Anaconda, Tennessee and Utah as well as American Smelting issues and when it was ascertained beyond dispute that a conference was being held in the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. on the most advantageous way to consummate the final consolidation of the Amalgamated, Guggenheim, Cole-Ryan, and Hayden, Stone & Co's red metal properties and smelters, the purchasing of these coppers was augmented materially. Our opinion in regard to the merits of Nevada Con-

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solidated, Giroux, Miami, Ray Consolidated, Inspiration, Lake, Cactus, and Osceola remains unchanged and we look for a material rise in the near future.

Local Securities—The feature of the past week's dealings in local stocks and bonds was the movement in Spring Valley Water stock. While the agitation in labor circles against the acquisition of the Spring Valley plant has not lessened any, it has been somewhat offset by a campaign of education by the local press and many prominent citizens. In view of this, Spring Valley stock has recovered about half of its recent decline and is not for sale in such large quantities as it was last week. Alaska Packers has been another strong spot and, on the talk of a six per cent dividend basis for it at the annual meeting which occurs shortly, has risen to high records on this move. Associated Oil has been very quiet and weaker if anything, though there has been absolutely no fresh developments on it. Hawaiian Sugar stocks are putting forth a very firm front and on the prospects of a very profitable season at the plantations, are daily increasing in value with Hawaiian Commercial, Makaweli, Onomea and Paauhau the most favored. Trading in the balance of the local stocks has been tame and without much change, outside of a slight heaviness in Pacific Telephone and Pacific Gas issues, which is attributed to the general slump in the New York Stock market. Bond dealings have been fairly large without any important fluctuations, the main activity being in Associated Oil 5s, California Gas and Electric 5s, City Electric 5s, Los Angeles Railway 5s, Pacific Railway 5s, Pacific Telephone 5s, Peoples Water 5s, Powell Street Railway 6s, Key Route first 5s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, Spring Valley 4s and United Railroads 4s. It is said that purchases of Pacific Gas and Electric, common and preferred, are timely as well as of Alaska Packers, which stock is tipped for par, or higher, during the year. Associated Oil is thought to be a buy on any weakness and some of the higher class Hawaiian Sugars are picked for much higher prices.

The Knot

(Among the things that Peary brought back from the Pole was a knot's nest. The knot lives in the Arctic regions only, and is the rarest of birds. The only known specimen is in the museum at St. Petersburg.)

You have probably heard
Of that notable bird
The knot.
Its food, so they say,
Must be highly frappe,
Not hot.
It finds ices and snow—
Why, I can't understand—
To be quite comme il faut.
And the colder the brand
The tighter the knot will grow
Tied to the land
On hand.

The long winter night
Is a source of delight
To the knot.
It warbles away
Till the coming of day
In its grot.
And when the sun rises
The knot slips up too.
And then—such surprises!—
A hullabaloo
From the knot of small knotlets begot!
Hear them coo.
Atchoo!

Atchoo twice and thrice!
I've a cold. Sure, to splice
The knot
Is a hazardous thing,
So I'll cease now to sing.
I forgot
To add, if you doubt
My aim single and sole
Is to help science sprout,
Why, then sail to the goal,
And there—or I'm out—
You will find a knot hole
In the pole!

—Maurice Morris.

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PETITION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 6228, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of John H. Grady, praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to him certain real property belonging to said estate, which said William Hale had agreed to convey to said John H. Grady by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been duly filed herein, and said real property being situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbers Eight (8) to Twenty (20), both inclusive, and Twenty-nine (29) to Forty (40), both inclusive, in Block number Three Hundred and Eighty (380), as the same are laid down, delineated and numbered upon a certain map on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, entitled "Map of the O'Neill and Haley Tract."

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Dated, January 12th, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 12, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. J. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Petitioner.
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

REDUCE THE CARES

Of housekeeping. One decidedly practical way is to use Borden's Pioneer Brand Evaporated Milk in all cooking where milk or cream is required. Results will be more satisfactory than with most "fresh" milk.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Williams' Aviation Bonnet

Nothing about the opening of the Columbia Theatre on Monday night rivaled in attractive power for feminine eyes the aviation bonnet which Mrs. Thomas H. Williams wore. Half the audience kept its gaze on the bonnet all evening. Not even the big kohinoor that blazes in the blue dome above could distract their attention. Decidedly it is the most startlingly original thing which has come out of Paris in a long time, and Mrs. Williams will always have the distinction of being the first with sufficient courage to wear it. Mrs. Williams sat in a fine position to exhibit her fad, occupying the first lower box at the right with her sister, Miss Muriel Steele, her mother, Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Frank Michels and Mr. Williams. If you turn to the pages in your old English history where the wives of Henry VIII are pictured you will find a print of Catherine of Aragon and her daughter Mary of Tudor, both wearing bonnets exactly like the one which amazed the audience at the Columbia on Monday night. They call it the "aviation bonnet" in Paris but it is simply a hood covering all of the hair except a fringe of the bangs. It is tied on with long streamers of black tulle that reach below the knees. Mrs. Williams' bonnet was made of pale blue ribbed satin, pleated regularly and made over a sort of hood outline, the pleats extending down the sides, with a back piece also of the pleated satin. It is outlined in old gold bullion braid, made in Etruscan design, and at the left side perks a bunch of black aigrettes.

Fashionables at the Aviation Meet

There was a decided scarcity of society folk among the earliest San Francisco visitors to the aviation meet at Los Angeles. Mr. Wakefield Baker arrived with a party before the meet began and registered at the Alexandria. So did Mr. Wickham Havens, Mr. Frank Havens and Mr. Harold Havens with their wives. Willie O'Connor was much in evidence but Willie's excursions nowadays, in these strenuous times of champagne competition, have ever a professional purpose. Willie was in Los Angeles to sell wine. Walter Martin was an enthusiastic and frequent visitor to the aviation field at Dominguez. Why more of the exclusive and moneyed herd were not in evidence at the beginning of the meet I cannot explain. Many no doubt saw the Rheims or some other European meet and are surfeited with aviation. In other words they are too blase to take part in one of the greatest events in the history of California.

The Dog As a Bit of Apparel

To any one who doubts the endless entertainment in the passing show let me recommend the mere detail of the fashions. Approached in the proper spirit they must offer divertissement for the most blase. For instance, this week we are told that in London dogs must match gowns and furs. Women having no dogs in fashionable tints, rent them. Consider the possibilities. Why stop at dogs? Why not reckon with the complexion of husbands in choosing frocks,—old blue to be worn with blond and blue-eyed men while unrelieved black would be striking with the dark Italian type; and what could be more distinguished looking than a handsome woman in an evening gown of gray and glittering steel sequins accompanied by a husband whose own gray hair and mustache strike just the correct note in the ensemble? The idea is truly capable of development. But to return to dogs. Several San Francisco women have adopted the mode. Mrs. Fred Palmer recently returned from Europe with a set of sables and a Pommeranian to match them. She has been a conspicuous figure at afternoon affairs with the tiny brown dog under her arm, his head resting comfortably on a huge muff. Last season Mrs. George Cadwalader made a pretty picture in a white suit with white fox furs accompanied by her fluffy white Spitz, who however did not attend teas with his mistress after the manner of the more fashionable Pom. It is impossible to resist a few

Photo, H. Pirie ...

MISS FLORENCE BRAVERMAN

A witty and beautiful belle who has been prominently identified with most of the winter gaieties.

suggestions. White fox terriers require ermine, and women appearing with collies should wear brown fox, preferably with brown velvet. The black pony coats of the hour may result in a revival of the long-haired water spaniel, one of the old fashioned dogs whose decorative value is not properly appreciated.

The "Smart" Thousand

Shortly after the inauguration of President Taft it was reported in these columns that the President's wife was a woman of social ambition and that she purposed reorganizing the fashionable herd of Washington. Now comes to me from the nation's capital the news that the social plans of the first lady of the land have been matured, and that under the name of the "Assembly Set"

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the smart sets of Washington, New York and Philadelphia will be fused into a body not exceeding a thousand families. In this process the now historic "Four Hundred" will be wiped out. I am told that this movement is looked upon favorably by the New Yorkers on account of the way that divorce and other things have played havoc with the original membership. There is absolutely no intention to ignore other cities except

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS LILIAN NIGGLE

One of the most charming maids who will take part in the "Professor Napoleon" extravaganza.

geographically. In the opinion of those behind the movement, every social leader of the country maintains a residence in either Philadelphia, Washington or New York, and this will be sufficient qualification for membership. Membership under the new order of things will not be limited to a person, so far as numerical strength goes, but to one family. An attempt will be made whereby an outsider can be made eligible through marriage of one of the members, provided the union is of such character as to make this advisable. There are as many men interested in this movement as there are women—men who are renowned throughout the country for what they do in politics and other fields—and this promises, according to the sponsors for the movement, a total elimination of the snobbish rich. The first cause that brought about the consideration of this step was the hesitation of a New Yorker, for instance, to receive a member of Washington's or Boston's or Cincinnati's smart set as freely as he would one of the Four Hundred. According to the articles of the new set, which will be informally ratified by the White House and the exclusive leaders of those cities, a person recognized by the Assembly will be eligible to all the honors and courtesies, no matter what city he visits, provided there is a member of the Assembly at such place.

The West To Be Recognized

Rank, birth and wealth will be but relative qualifications for membership in the new set. Rank will be more valuable than birth, according to the promoters of the movement. They include birth as a categorical qualification in order to embrace those families who have achieved no especial rank or wealth to justify their coming under these headings. Wealth alone will not be considered. That money, nevertheless, is not an unnecessary item is made plain by the drain of expenses that membership in this set will demand. There have been some protests by ultra-exclusivists against a membership of one thousand families. They believe that this will average well over three thousand persons, but the opponents are a small minority. The principles upon which the leaders backing this movement operate declare that a safe estimate of general society people throughout the country will place the number at forty thousand, and reducing this to a common plane on the ratio of one to forty is not to be objected to. There are others who believe that the final ballot, which is to determine the list by which the White House and all the who's who families will regulate themselves and their functions, may have to be doubled in number. Washington believes that there will be a great howl following this winnowing out of many rabid social families. In most cases, it is said, protests and objections will be overlooked as insignificant, both because the Assembly is to be a national set socially prominent and entirely dissociated from the traditional sets made popular in fiction or otherwise, and the White House might officially step on the toe of some howling political dervish whose daughters make him cantakerous and whose wife drives him to desperation. Those who are left out may not know it for many months. In the new arrangement the West will not be ignored. The Crockers will certainly have the entree and there is a possibility of Mrs. Eleanor Martin being admitted on the strength of her army connections and her acquaintance with ex-President Roosevelt's married daughter. In planning the new Assembly perhaps not one-fourth of the Four Hundred will be given a place. This assertion, already current in high society, has reached the ears of some who believe themselves doomed to exclusion, with a resultant antagonism on their part and expressions of derision at the new order of things. It seems that the promoters of the Assembly unite in the belief that the Four Hundred and similar sets in other cities have outgrown themselves by intermarriage and a too far-fetched loftiness, which has removed them from the interesting side of the world. Sectarianism and religion will not be factors in the new Assembly. Divorce, too, will not be negatively looked upon, provided there have been no doubtful circumstances attending it. There are many divorcees already listed for membership, as there are many families which believe them-

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selves important factors in the higher life of the nation who have been given double scratches.

May Wed Unexpectedly

There is a rumor that the wedding of Mrs. Frank Norris and Frank Preston is to take place in the very near future. Mrs. Norris is visiting her fiance's sister, Mrs. Willard Drown, and it is surmised, hinted and whispered that she will not return to her Santa Barbara home until the ceremony has taken place. Both Mrs. Norris and Mr. Preston beam pleasantly but non-committally when questioned about their plans. Mrs. Norris says, "It is all very vague" and Mr. Preston says, "Ask Mrs. Norris." The trivial conventionalities have never worried Mrs. Norris and her friends would not be surprised any day to hear that she and Mr. Preston had unexpectedly and informally been wedded and departed on a honeymoon. Meanwhile they are being joyously entertained. Mrs. Drown gave a tea for her prospective sister-in-law and Mrs. Worthington Ames hostessed a dinner in her honor. Both Mrs. Drown and Mrs. Ames are delighted with the match, and Mrs. Preston-to-be who has never cared for society, will find herself identified with the frivolous set after her marriage.

The Sprightly Countess Cassini

A correspondent writes me from Paris that the Countess Cassini, once the bosom friend of "Princess Alice" and for several years the subject of spirited gossip in Washington, is about to make her debut in grand opera. The Countess is a most vivacious and charmingly unconventional woman. She came to this country twelve years ago as the head of the household of her uncle, the Russian Ambassador, Count Arthur Cassini. She was then only seventeen years of age, but she was even then very attractive to gay bachelors. At an age when most girls are still in the school room she possessed remarkable beauty and fascination and had all the graces of a woman of the world. Her vogue was immediate and wide. Among those with whom she became a great favorite was Mrs. McKinley, who soon evinced an unusual fondness for the young Russian girl's company. After the accession of President Roosevelt, Countess Marguerite's social sway was even more marked, for she became one of the close friends of the President's daughter, Alice. The two were inseparable and Countess Marguerite was credited with having great influence with Miss Roosevelt. From the first her position among the matrons of the diplomatic set was a difficult one. They resented being obliged to pay her the attentions due a mistress of the Russian Embassy, objecting because she was neither the wife nor the daughter of an Ambassador. This difficulty was somewhat obviated when Count Cassini legally adopted her as his daughter, and when it was announced that the Czar had given her the title of Countess in her own right. With resident and official society Countess Marguerite was enormously popular. With Miss Roosevelt and Miss Isabel May she was one of a dashing trio whose doings were matters of interest to hosts of admirers. She entertained frequently, and the rumors of her engagement were almost as numerous as those which concerned Miss Alice Roosevelt. Representative Nicholas Longworth, before the announcement of his engagement to the President's daughter, was said to be a suitor for the hand of Countess Marguerite.

A Social Feud

The family of Sir Mortimer Durand, former British Ambassador, were social opponents of Countess Cassini, and the warfare they instituted on the dashing little chatelaine of the Czar's Embassy was said to be largely responsible for Count Cassini's transfer to the post at Madrid, to which he is now accredited. With the Durands the Countess was decidedly persona non grata, and this fact caused a social feud. Many, fearing to incur the displeasure of so powerful a personage as a British Ambassador, fled the standard of the Countess, who, however, continued to lead her cohorts with brilliancy and address. So long as Miss Alice Roosevelt remained her chum her victory seemed assured, but their friendship was ultimately broken, it was said, at the express instance of the former President. After that the Countess was no longer accounted a leader, and it soon began to be rumored that Cassini would be transferred to Madrid. Then came the rumor that the Court of Spain, one of the strictest in all Europe, would not receive the Countess Cassini. This report was followed by the announcement that Countess Cassini intended to make her home with friends in Paris, and that her uncle would proceed to Madrid without her. Last summer it was reported that Countess Cassini would marry Alec Moseley, a wealthy Richmond man.

Two Families To Be Reunited

None of the bavardes who have been discussing the engagement of Miss Genevieve Walker, the granddaughter of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, to "Billy" Burke, the son of Richard Burke of Dublin, have noticed the curious manner in which this marriage will cement the relationship of the families. Richard Burke of Dublin married a Miss Donohue who was a cousin of the daughter of Peter Donohoe who became the Baroness von Schroeder. Mrs. Eleanor Martin is the sister of Miss Anne Donohoe who became Peter Donohoe's second wife. Miss Walker

ANNOUNCEMENT

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is called the granddaughter of "Queen Eleanor," but as a matter of fact, Mrs. Walker was Genevieve Martin, a daughter of Edward Martin by his first wife. So the engagement of the young couple presents a curious study for those who are patient enough to figure out what is their kinship to each other.

An Interesting Engagement in Ithaca

An engagement which will interest many people in this city is that of Miss Bernice Drucker Wilson to Robert Schurman which was announced in Ithaca, New York, a few days ago. Miss Wilson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson of this city while Mr. Schurman is the eldest son of Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University. Miss Wilson is the sister of Mrs. Claude H. Smith of Ithaca and it was at the home of Mrs. Smith that the engagement was formally announced. Miss Wilson's father is a well known real estate man of this city. Young Schurman is a graduate of Cornell and is in the employ of the Standard Oil Company. He will go to China in the interests of the company and is now on his way to this city. The romance of the young couple sprang from the visit of Miss Wilson to her sister in Ithaca.

Mrs. Atherton's Former Play

Those who have read with interest that Mrs. Atherton is engaged on two dramas for Mrs. Fiske may not know that this is not her first excursion into the field of play writing. Several years ago she dramatized her novel, "A Daughter of the Vine," for Olga Nethersole, the actress helping with the scenario. Miss Nethersole was anxious at the same time that Mrs. Atherton should dramatize "Senator North," but the novelist declined. She regarded that book as the least fitted of all her works for stage presentation owing to its analytical and introspective character.

The Coming Trio Recitals

The three trio recitals by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, piano, Signor de Grassi, violin, and Mr. Villalpando, cello, are announced for Monday evening, January 24, Thursday evening, February 17 and Thursday evening, March 17, at the new and comfortable Kohler and Chase Hall at 40 O'Farrell street. The personnel of the trio calls for little comment. Mrs. Mansfeldt has long stood at the head of piano ensemble here. Signor de Grassi has had honors abroad for his ensemble as well as his solo work, having been invited by the great Joseph Joachim to play in a quartette before the Emperor of Germany and the entire royal family. Mr. Villalpando was long a member of the well-known quartette at Washington, D. C. Trios by Smetana, Dvorak, Sinding, Saint-Saens, and others are promised, as well as solos at each concert. At the first recital, Signor de Grassi will give a group of violin numbers. Subscription tickets are $2.50 for the series and $1.00 for single admission. These may be secured from Madame de Grassi at 130 Presidio avenue. The patronesses and patrons who have made the giving of these concerts possible are: Mr. Beylard, Mrs. J. J. Brice, Mrs. Frank Lampson Brown, Mrs. George Caswell, Mrs. C. W. Clarke, Mrs. Wm. H. Crocker, Mrs. Clinton Day, Mrs. Tirey L. Ford, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mrs. Wm. Gerstle, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. James Monroe Goewy, Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mr. Richard Hotaling, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Oscar Maurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Mills, Mrs. Frank Howard Payne, Mrs. Mezes Philips-Wynne, Mrs. Frederick Stratton, Mrs. Henry Clay Taft, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, and Mr. Raphael Weill.

Palace to Serve After Theatre Supper

The announcement that the Palace has inaugurated an after theatre supper service in the Men's Grill room has had the effect of filling that delightful place each evening with the after theatre crowd. An orchestra plays in the grill which, while devoted exclusively to men during the day, throws back its doors to the ladies after nine-thirty. When the great glass doors opening into the beautiful Court are all thrown back in the evening the Grill becomes almost a part of the Court itself, partaking of its life and gaiety. This movement on the part of the Palace is one which is greatly appreciated by the society folk of the city.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Portal included: Robert Elmore of Halsey & Co., New York, A. Mack of San Francisco and a party of six, Charleton C. Gunst, Leon Guggenheim Jr., J. L. Lilienthal, Louis Sloss Jr., L. Gerstle Mack, Robert Keshland, Mrs. Sophia Luenthal, Dr. and Mrs. Max. Rothschild, Mrs. Henry Lunde Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kimble, Wallace W. Everett, editor of the Pioneer Western Lumberman, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Sloss and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Walters and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Goldstein and Mr. and Mrs. Hart.

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In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. James K. Hough of Stockton has been in town this week. She is booked to sail on the "Siberia" on January 25 for Honolulu where she will join her sister and her daughter who have been wintering in the islands. Mrs. Hough is at the Hotel Victoria.

A dinner party for a small company of friends was one of the pleasures of the week at the Hotel Victoria, where Miss Bertha Monroe Rickoff entertained. Miss Rickoff is wintering in town and has appartments at the Victoria.

Mrs. H. D. Green of Portland is spending the winter in San Francisco. She has taken apartments at the Hotel Victoria during her stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Smith are among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria. They have closed their home in San Rafael and will spend the winter in town.

George E. Church of Fresno has been in town for a short stay and has been a guest at the Victoria.

Mr. Wm. M. Ladd of Portland who is at Del Monte with Mrs. Ladd is spending most of his time on the golf links, together with Major W. K. Wright and Major Wm. Wright.

Mrs. W. G. Henshaw of Oakland motored to Del Monte Friday accompanied by Miss A. Grimes, Miss Harriett Hall and Miss Wilcox, all of Oakland.

W. F. Garby of San Francisco has been at Del Monte for a few days' golf.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth of Portland entertained Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Lang of Oregon City at a luncheon at Pebble Beach Lodge on Sunday.

Recent arrivals from San Francisco at Del Monte included J. L. Padilla, R. A. Pabst, H. R. Verrue, F. M. Ames, Ivan B. Beer, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Berry, C. E. Hillis, W. L. Woodwin, Dr. Wm. Watkin, R. D. Holabird, Frank Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Carter, S. B. Gregory, Andrew Carrigan, T. B. Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome J. Marx, Wm. M. Watt, W. F. Garby, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Waldeck and Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Holder.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Miss R. C. Thayer, Mrs. S. E. McLaine, Mrs. M. J. Hyde, M. Simpson, Mrs. Robert Lord Coleman, Miss Coleman, A. M. Hunt, Thomas Quirk, W. M. O'Shaughnessy, Charles S. Crawford, Wm. R. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wallace and Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt L. McDonald.

A delightful luncheon was held recently at the Palace by Mrs. Edward H. Kittredge in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Frank F. Baldwin, who is visiting here from Honolulu. Among those present were Mrs. Chas. S. Wheeler, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Irving Scott, Mrs. Chas. K. Harley, Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Magee, Mrs. Regnald Knight Lovett, Mrs. Wm. Cluff, Mrs. Wilcutt and Miss Brown.

Miss Hazel Holm has issued cards for an elaborate luncheon and theatre party to be given Saturday, January 22 in honor of Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland who returned a short time ago from the south, are seen constantly at the noon hour lunching with friends at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, have returned to San Francisco after several months' absence in the East, and are at the St. Francis temporarily. Mrs. Keeney and her charming daughter were extensively entertained in the eastern cities and are enthusiastic over their trip.

One of the prettiest luncheons of the new year was that given last week in the Green Room at the St. Francis by Mrs. Pierre Olney for her debutante daughter, Miss Anna Olney. Among the guests were Mrs. Andrew Welch Jr., Miss Elva De Pue, Miss Rhoda Niebling, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, Miss Ruth Richards, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Corinne Dillman, Miss Jean Tyson, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Meta McMahon, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Freda Smith and Mrs. Walter Scott.

Innumerable informal luncheons have been given during the past week at the St. Francis. Edward M. Greenway was host at a luncheon in the cafe Tuesday afternoon, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin and Mr. and Mrs. Gus Taylor.

The wedding of Miss Mattie Steele Milton, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. John Brown Milton, and George Franklin Neal, Lieutenant, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday afternoon, January 5. The ceremony was performed at Mare Island on board the United States Receiving Ship Independence of which Captain Milton is in command.

Commander and Mrs. Victor Blue, who are registered at the Hotel Victoria, entertained at dinner recently in compliment to Dr. Rupert Blue of the Marine Hospital service.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Ladd of Portland went to Del Monte recently for an indefinite stay, as has been their custom for a number of years during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Schmiedell and children have been enjoying themselves at Tomales.

William G. Henshaw accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering, Miss Florence Henshaw and Griffith Henshaw are spending the holidays in New York. They will return in February to their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor were hosts recently at a jolly luncheon given at the St. Francis. Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. Louis MacDermott and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Carpenter.

At a large and elaborate dancing party recently Captain and Mrs. J. J. Brice entertained the younger members of society in honor of their young daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brice.

The dance given by Mrs. Bruguiere at Pebble Beach Lodge was a decided success. Many of Mrs. Bruguiere's friends came down from San Francisco for the occasion. The Presidio was well represented. Among those present were: Miss Creary, Captain Creary, Capt. and Miss Pickering, Lt. and Mrs. Jones, Lt. and Mrs. Caldee, Lt. and Mrs. James, Lt. Minnegorode, Lieutenants Hobson, Russell, Whitener, L. S. White, Mrs. Merriman, Miss Hilda Clough, Lt. James, Mrs. J. A. Murray, Lt. Robinson, Mrs. Bruguiere, Lt. and Mrs. Everts, Mrs. Maller, Lt. Oldsmith, Princess Kawananakoa, Mrs. Mark Gertle, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Count Comtescure, Miss Buchanan, R. E. Shortridge, Dr. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Southerland, Lt. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Francis Roe, Mrs. Shortridge, Miss Leighton, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner, Miss Alice Warner, Miss Dorothy Kincaid, Mr. and Mrs. Savabala, Mr. Paul Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Mendelhall, Misses McQuade, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Baker, Dr. Graham, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dunn, Miss Julia Gragg and Mr. Beck Gragg.

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The Modest Maid

"He told me," said the modest maid,
"I was the pearl of pearls;
My charms displayed would overshade
Ten thousand other girls.
He vowed I was his cherished prize,
His goddess, his delight;
He praised my eyes more blue than skies,
Their glance than gems more bright.

"He swore gold glittered in my hair;
No words could tell my worth;
He called me fair beyond compare
With anything on earth."
"And trust you," said the matron wise,
"In what he says to you?"
From the maid's eyes shone sweet surprise:
"Of course! I know it's true."

A Spanish Lesson

Here I am a school teacher.

Ivonne, a sweet, fair creature, said to me: "I would like to learn Spanish. Your language is as melodious as music, and I would feel very happy if I could speak it like you."

"Nothing can be easier," said I, "and since your wish is a command to me, we shall begin the work whenever you like; but only on a certain condition."

"What is that?" she demanded.

"You must begin by learning the name of every part of the body: eyes, cheek, lips, eyelashes, hands, mouth, and so forth. I will tell you their equivalents in Spanish, and in order that you may not forget the lesson, I will give you a kiss on every part as I teach you its name."

Ivonne hesitated for a few minutes. Then she said with a sigh: "All right."

And I began to teach her.

"Eyes" (a kiss here), "that is ojos; cheek" (another kiss), "that is called mejilla; lips, labios; eyelashes, pestanas; mouth, boca; hands, manos," and so on.

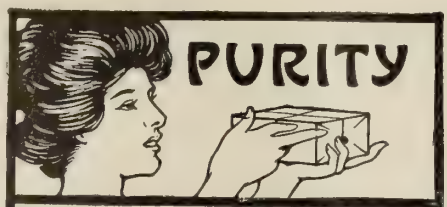
To render the class pleasant, I recited in Spanish all the songs which poets in my country have sung with the spirit of their love to their sweethearts. Ivonne listened to me very attentively, wishing with her feminine curiosity to penetrate into the very soul of those melodious and ardent rhymes in which enamored singers expressed all the fire of their inspiration.

Ivonne made very rapid progress. With her knowledge of the Spanish language she could very well venture into the lands of Castile or South America, and ask with her musical voice the necessary things in the commerce of life. But there is a term, a simple term, which the poor girl could never remember.

For all this world contains, my charming and intelligent pupil could not retain in her mind the word for "mouth," and every day, at the end of the class, with the most charming grace, she would ask me the same question: "How do you call this?" With her pearly forefinger she would point to her sweet, coral mouth; and I, pretending to be indignant—we teachers must appear serious—for the thousandth time had to repeat the difficult Spanish lesson to my forgetful pupil.

—Emiliano Padin.

Station Master—Could you identify the thief?
Citizen—No, but have me photographed quick—I have his finger marks on my face!



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The New Columbia Theatre

By Theodore Bonnet

If the friezes of the Parthenon gave testimony to the stately march of the Grecian mind then the new edifice that was dedicated to the drama in this city last Monday night may be regarded as not without pleasing significance. Architecture, as somebody has said, is the printing press of all ages that gives a history of the state of society from the date of the earliest monuments reared by the hand of man to the present day. We may regard the new Columbia Theatre then as a page in history that tells the story of San Francisco's aspirations in the direction of sweetness and light. It is certainly an expression of good taste, so fine a combination of the utilitarian and artistic, that one might call it a poem in reinforced concrete without being suspected of a passion for rhetorical conceits. There is poetry inside and outside. Even the thing that seems to mar the grace and simplicity of the facade is poetry. I allude of course to the horticultural display which alone excites the comment of those that believe it proper to judge a work of art by its defects. These critics who regard sculptured fruit as appropriate ornamentation for nothing but a rural Chamber of Commerce have forgotten their mythology. Wherever there is a temple of the drama there also is the shrine of Thalia who is something more than the muse of comedy and goddess of pleasure; she is the preserver of growing plants, the inventress of agriculture and arboriculture. So why not the fruit—even unto the pumpkin? But whatever may be the judgment of the fastidious as to the exterior of the Columbia the interior which, after all, is what concerns us most, is not to be cavilled at. It is without a flaw. Comfort and coziness, the chief desiderata, are here provided with much that contributes to an esthetic impulse. Here we find an exquisite delicacy of coloring subtly enriched by deft touches in blue and gold, and nothing of hackneyed magnificence in decoration. The whole presents that due medium in which beauty and taste eminently reside. The Columbia is a playhouse worthy of comedies and tragedies that have received the hall-mark of abiding merit. The opening of so beautiful a theatre almost in the midst of what remains of "the damndest finest ruins," was an event which might reasonably have been expected to stir the emotions and evoke unrestrained enthusiasm, but as a matter of fact it did nothing of the kind; not at any rate so far as could be judged from external evidence. We appear to have reached a point at which we have become either insensible to the romance of our rehabilitation or surfeited with the glory of triumphs that have won for us the admiration of the world. We are reputed to be an emotional people, but the emotions of the Columbia first-night audience were well in hand throughout the little ceremonial that preceded the professional performance. The people paid deference to the occasion by approaching and gracing it in their gladdest rags but not by their deportment did they evince sentimental elation. Their behaviour was that of unbridled decorum. So far as elegance of equipage is concerned the audience was one of the most notable that ever contributed sparkle and color to a local playhouse. It abounded in spruce gentlemen versed in the philosophy of clothes and elaborately garnished women as effulgent as the sunburst in the central blue overhead. It was an audience good to look upon, colorful enough to celebrate the opening of a Temple of Vestments, but upon its imagination the sentiment of the occasion never appeared to dwell. When Manager Melville Marx appeared before the footlights to point with pride and stimulate recollection he was accorded a polite greeting, but the salvoes of applause attested nothing more than urbane breeding. The eloquence of Mayor McCarthy, fired with the stimulus of the occasion provoked something of critical interest but nothing more. I longed for the fiddlers to play The Star Spangled Banner or Dixie or something that might get a rise out of that brilliant audience, but instead Charles Frohman presented William H. Crane in George Ade's comedy in four acts entitled "Father and the Boys." Even Ade was not himself on this occasion. He has given us a rattling good comedy, full of wholesome humor, sprinkled with amiable satire and interspersed with epigrammatic lines, but it lacks the Dickensian flavor of "The County Chairman" and "A College Widow." Ade is at his best when he devotes himself to the creation of types. He has given us masterpieces of characterization, but in this comedy he parades before us familiar theatrical personalities, men and women with wooden entrails. The comedy gives us no flash of the inside of things such as gives distinction to some of Ade's past performances. Let it not be supposed, however, that because he has not risen to the heights which hitherto he has climbed, "Father and the Boys" is not

THE EIGHT GEISHA GIRLS

Who will begin an engagement this Sunday afternoon at the Orpheum.

good stuff. It proved good enough on the first night to make that unsentimental audience rock with laughter. Ade's view of humanity is so insistently kindly and his knowledge goes so far beneath the superficial that invariably he strikes responsive chords in all to whom he appeals. This he does most effectively in this comedy. The company that presents the play does so satisfactorily but not with distinction. William H. Crane is the whole show. The cheery complexion of this comedian's general make-up would bring him acclaim in a comedy of much less merit. Of the members of his company none is so well known as Margaret Dale who is imperfectly cast as a breezy young woman from the wild and wooly west with talents that win her engagements as a parlor entertainer in New York society. Miss Dale is to the drawing-room indigenous, and to play an exotic therein is foreign to her temperament and beyond her mimetic power.

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Stage

The Scotch Vaudeville Genius

Harry Lauder is the greatest of them all. Vaudeville has given us some remarkably able singing comedians, but there is not one in memory who does not pale to insignificance before this Scotch genius. It would be difficult to say whether he is greater as a singer or as a character comedian, so difficult that there is no use attempting to pass judgment. The Lauder voice has been heard in phonographs for many years and it is all that the records made it out to be and a great deal more. It is a rich robust sweet voice trained either by nature or by art to perfect tones and it delivers its music with absolutely no show of effort. Hearing Lauder sing "I Love a Lassie" one might easily imagine that he was born to sing just that song and to sing no other, so spontaneously does it seem to flow from his smiling lips; but Lauder sings other and quite different songs and sings them equally well. His voice is just as sure in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" as it is in "Stop Yer Ticklin"; it is as finely adapted to the concert room, seemingly, as to the music hall. But to hear Lauder in concert would be much like hearing him in the phonograph; it would be to enjoy only half of Lauder. The other half is the comic part. From the top of his head to the tips of his toes Harry Lauder is a born comedian. Every feature is part of his comic appeal—the eyes of clear blue that narrow to thin lines under bushy brows or roll with knowingness or dance with fun, the nose that wrinkles, the mouth that pouts and distorts itself a thousand ways but is usually wide open in laughter—one might study Lauder's whole physique to learn the anatomy of comedy. There is no reason why this or that characterization should be picked out for special encomium because all of Lauder's parts are stamped with his genius for interpretation; but perhaps those who know Scottish character in its odder manifestations were particularly pleased with his depiction of a fisherman. Every movement bespoke the man of the sea, every contraction of a facial muscle helped the illusion and the make-up was a triumph of suggested dissipation. If W. W. Jacobs wrote of Scotch instead of English seafaring men, Harry Lauder would be found in his books; but Harry Lauder is unique in that characterization and perhaps only a painter could properly reproduce him. There was plenty of fun in the character of the simple school boy who is the "saftest o' the family" but there was something more than fun. Almost unconsciously but none the less surely Lauder conveys to his audience the pitiful condition of this lad, so that laughter may not be unsympathetic. You may laugh at the fisherman; he is an old rascal, to be sure; but you do not merely laugh at the soft boy—you feel for him. That is a triumph of comedy, of course, for the laughter that is akin to tears is the hardest of all to summon. It is always hard to understand from a distance why some particular actor or actress achieves wonderful success. It is so easy to think that exaggeration plays its part in the encomiums. That applied to Harry Lauder before he visited us, just as it applied to Alice Lloyd and as it still applies to Adeline Genee. But now that we have seen and heard Lauder, who is the man that will say he has been overestimated? —Edward F. O'Day.

Great Success of "St. Elmo"

So emphatic was the hit scored by the opening performance of "St. Elmo" last Monday evening in the Alcazar that the management immediately decided to retain the play a second week. It was witnessed by the largest assemblage of first-nighters in the history of the Sutter-street home of drama, and so favorably did it impress them than an exceptionally successful run was assured. Since then the audiences have gradually grown both in numerical strength and enthusiasm. "St. Elmo" is to many like the reading of an old and cherished letter. Pages of the novel from which it was adapted have been stained by the tears of our grandmothers, and in the Alcazar last week were more gray-haired people than are usually seen there. But the younger generation found the play hardly less interesting than did their elders, for its heart theme appeals to all and its style of construction is strongly modern. The big sympathetic audiences, after they had shed their sometimes silent tears, revived to applaud lustily at the end of each act. Both old and young did the hand-clapping. The ability of the Alcazar company was never put to more exacting test than by this play and to the cast is largely due the success of the performance. John Ince, as St. Elmo Murray, realizes in his own person all the romantic attributes of this well-known figure. Evelyn Vaughan makes Edna Earl a young woman well worth all the trouble made over her. Grace Travers as the other girl in the case, Adele Belgarde as St. Elmo's mother, Christie MacLean as the garrulous Mrs. Wood, Bessie Barriscale as her daughter, and Louis Bennison, Will R. Walling, George Baldwin, William Garwood, Charles Trowbridge, Howard Hick-

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE

Who will devote the second and last week of her engagement at the Van Ness to a repertoire of her best parts.

man, Charles Dow Clark and Walter Belasco have seldom been seen to better advantage than in "St. Elmo." "All on Account of Eliza" is to follow.

Sembrich's Last Concert

The last of the Sembrich concerts will be given at the Garrick Theatre this Sunday afternoon, January 16 at two-thirty p. m. The program on this occasion will be given entirely by Mme. Sembrich and will be a glorious feast of song. With Frank LaForge at the piano the "diva" will sing a program divided into three parts. Part one will consist of "Classical Airs" by Bach, Paradies, Handel; part two, "Classical German Songs" by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms; part three, "Modern Songs" by Massenet, Richard Strauss, Paderewski, Frank LaForge and others. The artist also promises to sing a few of her favorites in addition. Next Tuesday afternoon Mme. Sembrich, assisted by Rogers and LaForge, will sing in Oakland for the first time, repeating the wonderful program of last Thursday night in this city. The concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse where the sale of seats is now open.

Another Crane Week at the Columbia

William H. Crane's engagement at the new Columbia will continue for a second and last week commencing with next Monday night, January 17. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. Marie Cahill who made a big hit here the season before last in "Marrying Mary" will be the second attraction at the Columbia, opening there on Monday, January 24 in her newest musical play success, "The Boys and Betty."

Frank LaForge in a Chopin Recital

Mr. Frank LaForge, the eminent young pianist who has again made a great hit with Sembrich as he did previously with Gadski, announces an "Afternoon with Chopin" at the Hotel St. Francis Ball Room on next Wednesday afternoon, January 19 at three o'clock. On this occasion the gifted artist will play the following works of the Polish 'tone poet': "Fantasie Impromptu," "Preludes" in A major, D flat major and C minor, "Ballade," A flat major, "Impromptu," F sharp major, "Nocturne" in C minor, three of the "Etudes," "Marche Funebre" and the "Scherzo" in C sharp minor. Tickets will be $1.00 and may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's and at the St. Francis Hotel news stand.

Olga Nethersole in Repertoire

At the Van Ness Olga Nethersole will enter into the second and last week of her local engagement Monday night. She will repeat "The Writing on the Wall" for one or two performances during the latter half of her stay. Miss Nethersole will also be seen in a selection of the best roles of her extensive repertoire, and will include performances of "Magda," "The Second Mrs. Tanquaray" and "Camille."Altogether the Nethersole repertoire for the coming week is an attractive theatrical bill of fare. In all her plays Miss Nethersole will be supported by the full strength of her company. Aphie Louis James, the tragedian, supported by the charming

SCENE FROM "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"

At the Savoy Theatre next week.

Aphie James, will be the Van Ness' following attraction. Mr. James is this season presenting two elaborate Shakespearean revivals, Edwin Booth's version of "King Henry VIII" and "The Merchant of Venice."

"Brewster's Millions" at the Savoy

The last performances of Eugene Walter's great melodrama, "The Wolf," will be given at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the matinee Sunday Cohan and Harris will present, for one week only, "Brewster's Millions." The play is adapted from the most popular story ever written by George Barr McCutcheon. It is full of humor and the dramatic possibilities in it have been well developed in the stage adaptation made by Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley. The role of "Monty" Brewster is taken by Royal Tracy, upon whom the heaviest burden of the play rests. Among the players are Gus Christie, Carl W. Gerard, Fred Loomis, Louise Sanford, Franklin George, Richard Webster, Arthur Brahms, Den Wilkes, Katherine Ray, Marie Horton, Morgia Lytton, Gene Foxcroft and Henry Carl Lewis. Following "Brewster's Millions" comes Max Figman, the favorite comedian, in "Mary Jane's Pa."

Geisha Girls at the Orpheum

The Eight Geishas who will appear for the first time in this city at the Orpheum next week are Japanese girls imported from Nagasaki. Their act consists of singing and dancing to the accompaniment of the samisen, a Japanese kind of banjo. Their posture dancing is illustrative of Japanese poems and legends and is accomplished with great grace and expression. They also introduce dances of a humorous character. Geisha girls are trained in the art of entertaining from childhood. They participate in all formal entertainments of the social life of the land of the chrysanthemum. Jean Clermont's Circus is a novelty from Germany consisting of a pretentious display of dogs, ponies and roosters. Brown, Harris and Brown are comedians and singers. The Doherty Sisters, Anna and Lillian, will give zest and sparkle to the new bill with their songs and dances. Their witticism are all new and they dress very handsomely and tastefully. Next week will be the last of the Willy Pantzer Company, Una Clayton and Company, Mr. and Mrs. Voelker and of the great Bernardi.

"Morals of Marcus" at Ye Liberty

Commencing next Monday evening the management of Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will present their new leading lady, Miss Blanche Hall whose inaugural appearances in "My Wife" this week have shown her to be a fine actress, in "The Morals of Marcus." This is the comedy in which Marie Doro starred under the management of Charles Frohman last season. It is written in the happiest vein of that brilliant Englishman, William J. Locke, and is one of the brightest, daintiest and most pleasing comedies the stage has seen in many a day. The unusual success Miss Hall achieved in the role of Carlotta in Los Angeles prompted Ye Liberty management to stage it during the second week of her engagement across the bay, so we are assured in advance that she has a thorough understanding of the difficult character. Sydney Ayres will appear as Marcus Ordeyne, and the other favorites will be happily cast. "Brewster's Millions," for the first time on any stage at popular prices, is the announcement to follow.

NEW ORPHEUM

O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell
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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
EIGHT GEISHA GIRLS, Dainty Native Japanese Dancers; JEAN CLERMONT'S "BURLESKE" CIRCUS; BROWN, HARRIS AND BROWN; THE DOHERTY SISTERS; UNA CLAYTON & CO.; MR. AND MRS. FREDERIC VOELKER; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Immense Hits—WILLY PANTZER COMPANY and ARTURO BERNARDI.
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Cor. Geary and Mason Sts.
Gottlob, Marx & Co. Mgrs.
Phone Franklin 150

Monday, January 17—Second and Last Week
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday—No Sunday Performances
Charles Frohman Presents
WM. H. CRANE
In George Ade's Best Comedy
"FATHER AND THE BOYS"
Seats, $2, $1.50, $1, 50c and 25c.
Monday, January 24—MARIE CAHILL in "The Boys and Betty."

VAN NESS THEATRE

Cor. Van Ness and Grove
Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgr.
Phone Market 500

Beginning Monday Night, January 17, Matinee Saturday
During the Second and Last Week of the Engagement of Miss Olga
NETHERSOLE
The Noted Emotional Actress Will be Seen in "Magda," "The Second Mrs. Tanquaray," "Camille" and "The Writing on the Wall."
Coming—Jan. 24—Louis James, in "Henry VIII" and "Merchant of Venice."

Savoy
THE THEATRE COZY

McALLISTER, near MARKET
Phones Market 130 and J 2822
Built at a Cost of $150,000.

This Saturday Afternoon and Evening, Last Times of "The Wolf."
Starting Sunday Matinee, January 16. Other Matinees Thursday and Saturday
Cohan and Harris' Comedians, with Royal Tracy, Present
BREWSTER'S MILLIONS
The Supreme Comedy Success. A Dramatization by Winchell Smith and Byron Angley of George Barr McCutcheon's Famous Novel, and Showing the Famous Yacht Scene. Splendid Cast.
Prices: 25c to $1.00. Thursday Matinees, 25c, 50c and 75c.
Next—MAX FIGMAN in "Mary Jane's Pa."

NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE

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Class "A" Building
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BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.
Monday, January 17, Starts the Second and Final Week of
ST. ELMO
Adapted by Willard Holcomb from Augusta J. Evans-Wilson's Famous Novel of the Same Title.
ONLY AUTHORIZED VERSION
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Oakland, Cal.
Direction H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, January 17, Every Evening, Matinees Saturday and Sunday
BISHOP'S PLAYERS in
THE MORALS OF MARCUS
The Play by William J. Locke, From His Novel of the Same Title.
Entire House—25c and 50c. All Performances.
Next—"Brewster's Millions."

Mme. SEMBRICH

At GARRICK THEATRE (Ellis and Fillmore)
This Sunday Afternoon at 2:30
Seats, $2.50 to $1.00. Box Office Sunday at Theatre
9:30 a. m. Until Sunday at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

SEMBRICH IN OAKLAND
Next Tuesday Afternoon, January 18 at "Ye Liberty"

EXTRA ANNOUNCEMENT
FRANK LA FORGE
Pianist in
"AN AFTERNOON WITH CHOPIN"
St. Francis Hotel Ball Room, Wednesday Afternoon (19) at 3
Seats, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's.
Baldwin Piano Used. Sunday, Jan. 30—First "Lyric" Pop Concert

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NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND RACE TRACK
Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays
Six races on each of these days, rain or shine
First race at 1.40 p. m.
Admission, men $2; ladies $1.
For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

Colors in Dress

Black-and-white is the combination that is making progress just now. It marks the winter development from the grey, which has had so great a vogue during the last few months. Along with it comes a great use of silver grey with strong black pattern particularly in neckwear. The smartest cravats are of heavy Spitalfields silk and have a general small pattern effect in grey, with broad diagonal lines of plain black. The shape most in vogue is a large loose-ended knot, but I begin to see once-overs tied very loosely from similar cravats. In fact, the knot of the day will make a once-over quite readily. Anything in the way of a small barrel or a tight cravat of any sort is out of date. You never, for instance, see an Ascot or a four-in-hand. Some knots are made so that the barrel is plain black, usually with a satin surface, and the aprons of grey, with a black pattern, nearly always of the stripe variety. Both effects are distinctly the fashionable wear in cravats. A pin is never worn unless the formation of the cravat actually requires it.

Elsewhere grey holds its own with great firmness. Grey suitings with a diagonal line-pattern in black and never with any color, are the latest thing. But the effects have so little variety that I do not think they will keep their vogue. Homespuns seem to be a little more in use for suitings, but vicuna is much spoken of for overcoatings, and all full-dress trousers come in worsteds—grey with a not very pronounced black stripe.

Grey morning coats—dark and of quiet pattern—have shown themselves in some smart West End quarters. I have seen these made of a soft vicuna and braided with black. The effect is more striking than could altogether be desired. But there is a class of men, particularly on the Stock Exchange, to whom this kind of thing makes a great appeal. The black morning coat is always braided, and the lapels roll pretty low. As the waistcoat worn with the morning coat now always matches the coat, and is cut fairly low in the neck—lower than a frock coat waistcoat—the bold neckwear has a good chance.

Brown has been boomed for a revival by some of the critics, but I think this is entirely the result of faulty observation. Someone saw the King shooting in a brown Norfolk suit and, not understanding the subject, made a song about it in the halfpenny press. But grey Norfolk suits, as far as I know, have not shown any signs of being the taste of the moneyed crowd who are the only people that shoot regularly. A loose homespun, generally in a dull brown, is the material that these people use, and contrary to the opinion of the nobodies who try to write about dress in our papers, the country-house man is not at all extravagant about the renewals of his shooting outfit. A man who turns up with the guns always in a new suit and with everything smart and spotless about his leggings and boots, is the outsider. The regular crowd treat shooting as an undress business. Their gun-cases, portmanteaux and everything else about them are well worn and mark their owners as members of the regular shooting set. I should think the King would about as soon go shooting in a dinner jacket as in the brilliant new grey shooting suits that newcomers are sometimes indiscreet enough to order.

Where brown does show itself a little bit is in the big rainproof Donegal overcoat which some men use in the country. This is not to be confounded with a motor coat. It is a walking or fishing coat. And while fabrics chemically treated to keep out the rain have been a good deal used for overcoats for town wear, the country rain-proof coat still owes its remarkable powers of exclusion to the peculiar hairy surface which is possessed by Donegal tweeds. They are loose in wear and you would not think they would keep out the lightest shower. But the water trickles off the surface. No one, of course, wears a rubber overcoat.

Color does show itself in one place, and that is in the handkerchief. There are a great many colored silk handkerchiefs in the West End, and, reversing the fashion of a few years ago, the pattern is all in the middle, the deep hemstitched border being plain. Dark green is a favorite ground color and the patterns are quite bold, generally in brown or claret red. I have also seen men with black-and-white handkerchiefs in the same designs as the cravat—an extension of the great tendency lately shown to carry one idea right through. When self-colored cravats were in use you will remember that I mentioned socks to match. Now we have black socks with a grey pattern, and here and there this expensive idea of a special combination of cravat and handkerchief. Another handkerchief which is seen is white with a thin waved red line pattern all over it. This is in cambric and the pattern goes right to the edge, with an effect not altogether unpleasing. You see we are hankering after some touch of color in our greyness, and as fashion will not have anything but grey in neckwear, suits and trousers, we have to get it in the handkerchief. The same feeling has led to a revival of the coat-flower idea. Many men wear a colored flower in the lapel button-hole of the overcoat. For evening dress, colored handkerchiefs are not used at all, but a very beautiful hemstitched handkerchief in white china crepe is carried by the ultra smart. One advantage of it is that it crushes to a small bulk and can be carried comfortably in the sleeve. —The Haberdasher, London.

How much is my bill, landlord?

Three dollars for a room for one night.

But I didn't have a room; I had to sleep on the billiard table.

Oh! Are you the man? Then your bill is $3.20 for eight hours' use of the billiard table.

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Democritus in Mexico

(Continued from Page 7.)

and the Valle Nacional their version of conditions or their opinion of John Kenneth Turner's awful revelations on their behalf. As it is no part of Mr. Hearst's plan to publish the truth of this matter either in confirmation of Turner or in refutation of that semi-veracious chronicler, the necessity of a knowledge of the vernacular by Journalist Stevens is entirely negligible. Still I am convinced that if Oscar Wilde had been conversant with the latest up-to-date methods of American journalism he would never have written that protest of his against the Decay of Lying—or, in any event, he would not have taken such a pessimistic view of the future of the art.

Some day I shall make a few "revelations" of my own concerning the American occupation of Mexico as that phenomnon has disclosed itself to my intelligent observation during a five months' stay in this "land of opportunity." My brochure will be entitled, "The Romance and Reality of a Mexican Shoestring." As far as I have been able to learn most of the American "enterprise" in Mexico is the outcome of shrewd alacrity to foresee an advantage in things overlooked by preceding adventurers. If the scheming Gringo could make the receptive Mexican in authority see personal profit in the proposition, the fortune of both was assured in the ensuing "concession." A bookkeeper earning $100 a month from a firm of safe makers in New York once upon a time was sent to Mexico City to "straighten out" the accounts of the local agent. He had not been in the Mexican capital forty-eight hours before he became aware of the financial possibilities of supplying every government office in the republic with safes. Within a week he had arranged a monopoly concession on a partnership basis with a high government official. That was ten years ago. Today this "promoter" is rated in the local Bradstreet at five million pesos. Another immigrant, a Canadian, came here twenty years ago as a brakeman on a little railroad, and by dint of close attention to his duty was finally promoted to be an engineer of a switch engine in the yards of the company. He was a thrifty fellow and accumulated much money by loaning seventy-five of his hundred pesos every month at 20 per cent to his fellow workmen in the railroad employ. He is now "one of the leading bankers" of the nation. It is to his credit, however, that he cancelled 30,000 pesos of usurious debt owing by the railroad men, when he began to do business with the government. Mexico is full of these high financiers, all of whom arose from similarly humble beginnings. But the day of the "piker" is temporarily suspended. The panic stress that tied up so many great industries in the United States a year ago is just beginning to affect business in Mexico and there is now no field for the "shoestring" promoter. He has been here "looking over the ground," and it doesn't look good to him. He is going back to Kansas and Oklahoma so numerously that he has reserved all the pullman berths northward for at least three weeks in advance. Mexico has ceased to be the "land of opportunity" for the "small investor." But it is still a good place to "promote" anything that involves the expenditure of money symbolized in from five to seven figures. Mexico is always open to that sort of thing.

Mexico City, January 2, 1910.

Casimir

(Continued from Page 12.)

double rates for several trips around the suburbs—we had driven about Neuilly, Auteuil even, perhaps St. Ouen.

At exactly thirty-five minutes past midnight a happy thought struck me.

"Cabby," I ordered, "go to the Pantheon and drive round and round it until I tell you to stop."

If Rose ceased crying it was simply because she had no more tears—she had exhausted the supply. As for myself, I was resignedly awaiting death and only longing for the moment when Casimir should discover us and land us, after a mad race, under the wheels of an automobile. That at least would be a change. We had been going slowly for such a long time.

Mechanically I stuck my fingers through a small tear in the cloth of the seat and pulled out scraps of horsehair. I did not notice that Rose was collecting them into a ball, which done, she pushed the padding back into its place, and grumbled: "You are stupid, Maurice; don't you know the company makes them pay for all damages?"

At two o'clock in the morning Casimir stopped in the middle of the Square and called out: "Sir, the tobacco shops are just closing—will you let me go and get two ounces of the weed? It's just around the corner, rue Soufflot."

"Most certainly, cabby, and I hope you will allow me to offer you a drink."

I was amazed that this simple solution had not struck me before. Very proudly I explained my scheme to Rose. While her husband and I had a drink she should slip out and go home. But there, women are never satisfied. It seemed I was a selfish brute. Casimir would drive me to my own door, rue St. Marc, while she would have to walk home.

"Two brandies and sodas!"

To describe my amazement when Casimir and I closed the door of the bar behind us would be impossible. A totally unexpected sight met my eyes. Rose, Rose herself, in the flesh, was standing on the pavement stroking the horse's neck—and Cocotte was neighing with joy in a way to touch the hardest heart. Rose turned to her husband.

"Ah, now I catch you drinking again! Well, I've been calling on Hortense; I saw your cab and thought you might as well drive me home."

Until then I had believed that the eight hours just spent were the most agonizing a man could pass. But to find oneself a prisoner with one's sweetheart, at the mercy of a husband armed with a whip, was nothing to the torture I was now to endure.

Rose had climbed up on the box beside her husband. Every two yards Casimir stopped Cocotte, rolled the reins round the handle of his whip, and with his left arm embraced Rose's slender waist. Then he bent toward the fresh, dewy lips of his wife and kissed her—once—twice—ten times—a hundred endless kisses.

The streets of Paris had before seemed too short—now they seemed never-ending. Oh, dear! What a length was that Boulevard St. Michel! How far away was the rue St. Marc! Twenty times I closed my eyes and stopped my ears. I lowered the curtains, but their shadows, their kisses, continued to dance before me, grotesque silhouettes.

Arrived at the Halles, I violently struck the front pane with my clenched fist, in the hope of putting an end to this scene.

"Well, well!" cried Casimir. "What is the matter? Anything wrong? You've had a good time for eight hours driving around in my cab with some young woman, and just you leave me alone. I'm only being a bit sweet with my old woman, as I've every right to be. So don't you try to interrupt me again."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIO NICORA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EMILIO NICORA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

ANGELA NICORA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Emilio Nicora, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

Auto Notes

Following a custom established two years ago, the New Rambler is exclusively shown during the New York shows at the Rambler Building, Broadway and Sixty-second street, New York. The Rambler Automobile Company of New York has arranged for the reception of Rambler dealers, Rambler owners and Rambler friends in a way which would be quite impossible at the Palace or Garden Shows. Such conveniences will be provided for the comfort of the dealer that he will be quite sure to appreciate an opportunity to escape the crowd of curious ones who might be spectators of his business transactions. Such special arrangements have been made for the comfort of visitors that the friends of the Rambler will make the Rambler Building their headquarters, receive mail there, dictate letters and make business appointments.

R. G. Cox of Watsonville is a strong believer in Diamond Tires. He writes that on his Mitchell car one Diamond Tire covered 12,980 miles before being taken off. The other three have run over 8,000 miles and are still in very good condition.

The inclosing of all moving parts of an automobile in metal housings is an idea of construction that is to be largely followed by all the leading manufacturers in 1911 and the construction of this housing by units, as first brought out, and now used by the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, seems to be the most popular. In the two unit idea the engine base or crank case, the clutch, flywheel and transmission are carried in a single housing, making a unit power plant, while the drive shaft, the differential and driving axle are enclosed in another single housing, making a unit power delivery. All moving parts are within these two housings and are running in a bath of oil rather than being exposed to the dirt and grit. These ideas are mechanical refinements, and are not only a great saving to an automobile but are a great saving of wear and tear on any apparatus. "Personally," says E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company, "I consider this idea the most marked improvement brought out recently and I am not surprised to find that it is to be largely adopted."

Mr. Fred Swanton of Santa Cruz made a remarkable trip recently with his top 60 horsepower Thomas flyer, going from Santa Cruz to San Francisco in record time. Road conditions were good on the entire trip with the exception of San Mateo.

The exhibit of the Packard Motor Car Company in the commercial vehicle section of the Tenth National Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden, New York, January 8 to 15, consists of one of the several trucks recently built for John Wanamaker. This is a good example of the progress that has been made to meet business requirements in body designing as well as in the mechanical constructions of trucks. The Packard three-ton truck is manufactured as a standard chassis in two lengths, to each of which may be fitted either a long or a short platform. There is an extensive line of optional bodies and the Packard company is provided with designs for a great number of special bodies. In addition, any other type of special body will be designed and built to order. The normal capacity of the Packard truck is three tons and the maximum speed twelve miles an hour. The price of the standard chassis is $3,400, and the price of the complete truck with standard body and equipment is $3,550.

The Fisk Rubber Company of Chickopee Falls, Mass., have purchased five Chalmers-Detroit "30" runabouts for their salesmen in different parts of the country. The selection was made after a careful tryout of all the automobiles offered for that purpose.

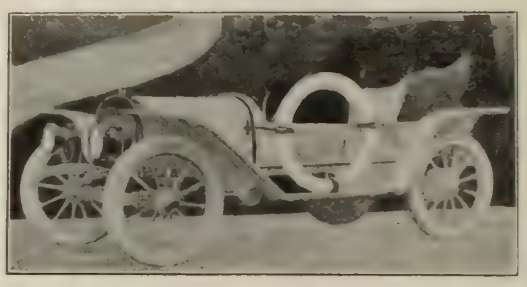
Charles S. Howard, head of the Howard Automobile Company, Pacific Coast Distributors of Buicks and Oldsmobiles, has returned from Los Angeles with most encouraging reports of conditions in the South. "It is not a question of prophesying what we believe will come to pass when the busy season begins," said Howard, "but it is already a fact, and our Los Angeles branch has been kept hard at work to its fullest capacity through the entire winter season and our demonstrators are hardly given a moment's rest. The recent success of the Buick "40" in the 50-mile race at Ascot Park, Los Angeles, following closely upon the winning of that grilling race across the desert from Los Angeles to Phoenix, has materially added to the popularity of the Buick in those sections."

Figures just compiled for the State of Minnesota show that there are in use in that State six thousand, two hundred and eighty-two automobiles. It is interesting to note that a very large number of these cars have been purchased by residents of small towns. The compilation shows that in towns of under ten thousand population there are in use eleven hundred and sixty-nine automobiles, while in towns between ten and twenty-one thousand population there are only two hundred and fifty-two automobiles. Among the best known cars the New Rambler leads all those within one thousand dollars of its price in towns under one thousand population, as well as in towns under three thousand and five thousand population. In explanation of this superiority in numbers Thomas B. Jeffery & Company have announced that an agricultural implement house in Minneapolis sold, in two months prior to September 1, 1909, two hundred Ramblers in that territory.

Among the many prominent owners of automobiles who started the new year right by purchasing Diamond Grip casings for their cars are E. E. Buhn, the New California Jockey Club, Dr. H. N. Rowell, Park Garage and Dr. E. J. Boyes.

It is not surprising that the Packard company features enclosed cars, because its trade has been developed along the line of providing fine carriages for those who are replacing their previous horse equipages with motor vehicles. The manufacture of enclosed bodies is one of the most important features of the Packard carriage building departments. In addition to the fact that Packard enclosed bodies are built entirely in the Packard shops and are especially designed for Packard chassis, they possess the further advantage of being interchangeable with open bodies. Many purchasers have both open and enclosed bodies for the same Packard chassis.

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast Manager of The Diamond Rubber Company left recently to attend the Garden Automobile Show at New York. At the close of this show he will spend a few days at Akron, where the factory is located, in an endeavor to get larger shipments of the new Diamond Grip Casings as well as the demountable rims.



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Auto Tops Hood Covers Lamp Covers Upholsterings
GARAGE BUILDING, Upstairs, MARKET ST. AT VAN NESS AVE.

Letters

Parker's "Northern Lights"

Sir Gilbert Parker announced some time ago that he would write no more stories of Canadian life. Possibly the issuance of his "Northern Lights" comes in the nature of an answer or a challenge to Arthur Stringer's arraignment of "Canada Fakirs," but whatever the cause which has prompted it, readers will find no reason to regret it. Though the author has given us excellent and admirable work concerning itself with other lands, there will be a general rejoicing that he has come home again, whether for a short visit or a long stay. There are seventeen titles of stories of varying length, some of which will prove familiar to assiduous magazine readers who should be glad to have them collected in more permanent form, for it goes without saying that "The Error of the Day," "The Stake and the Plumb-Line," and "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," once read, will not be likely to be forgotten. Some of the tales concern the earlier days of the fur trading period, but the majority are of later date, when that splendid body of men, the Northwestern Mounted Police, brought law into the hitherto untamed wastes, and the railroad carried settlers in their wake, driving the traders and smugglers further into the wilds or taming them into some semblance of citizenship. Gilbert Parker himself was born in Canada and his father, grandfather and great grandfather were all in the British army during the period when England still maintained garrisons there, so he is well qualified to write of a country which he knows so well both in fact and by tradition, and there is not one of the seventeen tales in "Northern Lights" which has not blood-stirring dramatic qualities, whether it be concerning the pathetic "breeds," the white settlers, the "habitants" or the mounted police. Whether they be the typical "bad man," the heedless adventurer, or the ordinary characters which seem to drift naturally into villages on the outskirts of civilization—whether they be the primitive men and women or the more sophisticated products of an older culture, they are all alive, swayed by genuine passions, and capable of exciting more than a languid interest in readers. There is tragedy and comedy and pathos, but nothing commonplace, and a healthful out-door atmosphere which would be a fortune to "nature writers," could they but learn the secret of incorporating it into their library-built tomes. We could have ill-spared "Northern Lights" from any author, and it is doubly welcome, coming from an old and tried friend. Published by Harper and Brothers.

A New Book by Zona Gale

As a general rule an author makes a mistake in following up a great success by serving the same characters and settings in a second course. Either the new venture falls lamentably short of its predecessor or fickle public taste has shifted just enough to deprive the next chronicle of its due meed of appreciation. Zona Gale has been rarely fortunate in her volume of "Friendship Village Love Stories," but Zona Gale is Zona Gale, and there is no other with just her magic touch. The Love Stories are as far from being the commonplace recitals of sentimental maunderings as her "Pelleas and Etarre" was from the ordinary chronicles of septuagenarian preacheries. Indeed, many of these recitals will scarcely be regarded as love stories at all, since they deal neither with broken hearts nor with eventual marriages, though, to be sure, the progress of Miggy and Peter towards the natural goal of normal young people, and the affair of Liva Vesey and Timothy Toplady are always to be discerned in the background, and bind the nineteen chapters, several of which have already appeared as separate short stories, into a symmetrical whole. "Adoption" tells us a sad little tale of a childless couple who had arranged to adopt a baby. The foster-mother had been quietly preparing for several years for the time when she would find a child such as would fulfill her requirements. Now the little stranger had been discovered and her longing for "a little thing running about" was to be gratified, but the baby, the six weeks-old inmate of some institution, died on the very day that it was to be claimed, and there was nothing left for the mother heart but to bring the little lifeless body to be laid in the Friendship cemetery. Peter Carey might be said to have a double story, for, besides its being "All Miggy with Peter," he was attached to an old father, weak and given to intoxication, on which occasions he shocked the proprieties by wandering about the village and singing some lugubrious ditty. Surely it was the love of decency and right living that prompted the good women of the "Ladies Foreign Missionary Circle" to expend the proceeds of their entertainment, designed as a contribution to the foreign mission funds, in such an unexpected manner. There had been in the village at one time a teacher, a man who had come from "Away," and five years before, had gone away again, leaving his effects unclaimed. Now it was learned that he had died and his abandoned possessions were to be sold for the cost of storage. Amongst them was a small box of letters upon which three commercial drummers had cast covetous eyes, for, the subscriptions being in a female hand, it occurred to their heedless minds that herein they would find a rare sport to their liking, but "Mis' Postmaster Sykes," counting on the co-operation of the Circle, and trusting to the approval of the minister, effectually routed the triumvirate. There is more in "Postmarks" than this brief skeleton. Daphne street is properly paved now, and those who have sufficient curiosity to discover how the Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality outwitted the common council and managed to get the work done may learn all about it in "Evening Dress." If there is anything more deliciously funny than the "Java Entertainment," it will have to be looked for in the other "Friendship Village" volume. To give even a hint of what it was all about and how it ended would be as bad as to give a child a peep into its Christmas package. Calliope Marsh, Mis' Timothy Toplady, Mis' Postmaster Sykes, Mis' Mayor Uppers, Mis' Holcomb—that was Mame-Bliss, Mis' Fire-Chief Merriam and the Library Sisters are all here again. Peter Carey, Miggy, Little Child, Elfa and Nicholas Moore are new comers, and Mrs. Oliver Wheeler Johnson. She ought to be in a paragraph all by herself, one of these arch, bustling, self-satisfied and sufficient young matrons, capable in her own estimation, of managing the universe and quite ready and willing to demonstrate her ability on that portion of it nearest at hand. "Land-a-livin'-an' a-dyin"! said Mis' Holcomb—that was Mame-Bliss, "I declare if I know whether I'm on foot or on horseback. It's bad enough to hev to run a fair without you've got to be run yourself, too. Ain't it enough for Mis' Johnson to be made chairman without her wantin' to boss, besides? She might as well say to me, 'Mis' Holcomb, you do everything the opposite way from the way you've just done it' and hev it over with." Let Calliope Marsh paint the picture, as she always does, in few words but graphic. "Honest, I guess what's the matter with all of us ain't so much what she does as the particular way she does it. It's so with some folks. They just seem to sort to set you all over, when you come near 'em—same as cold does gravy. We'd all ought to wrostle with the feelin' I expect." "I expect we had," said Mis' Holcomb, "but you could wrostle all your days with vinegar and it'd pucker your mouth same way." One of the chief charms of the village was its "togetherness," the spirit of working in harmony, so it is easy to conceive of the effect of Mis' Johnson's "otherness." Though Miss Gale has warned us that Friendship Village is not to be found on any map, the dedication of this new volume is "To my friends in Portage, Wisconsin." Books are issued so rapidly in these days, sped through and forgotten, that it is dangerous to make predictions, but given its just deserts, Friendship should receive the same long lease of life that has been accorded to Cranford. The Macmillan Company are its sponsors.

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ORDER TO SELL REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5059, N. S., Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI (also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 10th day of November, 1909, in the matter of the estate of Tomasso Demattei (also known as Tomoso Demottei), deceased, the undersigned, the administratrix of the estate of Tomasso Demattei (also known as Tomoso Demottei), deceased, will sell at private sale, in one parcel, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 1st day of February, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Tomasso Demattei, also known as Tomoso Demottei, deceased, at the time of his death, which was an estate in fee simple, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired, other than or in additionto that of said deceased, at the time of his death, of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of Holyoke Street, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Silliman Street; running thence northwesterly and along said southwesterly line of Holyoke Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southwesterly line of Holyoke Street and the point of commencement.

Being part of Lot No. 1 in Block 37, University Homestead Association.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, in gold coin of the United States; ten (10) per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale. Deeds and abstract at the expense of the purchaser. The purchaser to assume the payment of, and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State and County taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name or nature, which are now or may become hereafter chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Messrs. Bacigalupi & Elkus, attorneys for said administratrix, at Room 806, Bank of Italy Building, situated on the southeast corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be delivered to said administratrix personally, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of this Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated, January 15th, 1910.

her
X
mark

CAROLINA DEMATTEI,

Administratrix of the Estate of Tomasso Demattei, also known as Tomoso Demottei, Deceased.

CAROLINA DEMATTEI, being unable to write, made her mark, and at her request and in her presence, and in the presence of Charles de Y. Elkus I wrote her name near and about her said mark, and in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand.

T. J. BACIGALUPI.

Witnesses to Mark: T. J. BACIGALUPI and CHARLES de Y. ELKUS.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 25901.

SOPHIA McKILLOP, Plaintiff,
vs.
ROBERT E. McKILLOP, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Robert E. McKillop, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within the City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS M. COLVIN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
619 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, also called MARY M. MARTIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of said MARY J. Martin, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, R. Morgan, 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased.

J. B. MARTIN,
Administrator of the Estate of said Mary J. Martin, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Administrator,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of George H. Bahrs, Esq., Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, ESQ., Attorney for Executors,
Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Bldg., 11 Jones St., San Francisco. 12-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2010.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, Minors.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition of James Ward Keeney, guardian of the estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, minors, and from the petition of Marie Adele Keeney and Mary Alvord Keeney, copetitioners of said James Ward Keeney, praying for an order for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors of, in and to the real estate hereinafter particularly described; that each of said wards owns an undivided one-tenth interest in and to that certain piece of real property situate in the town of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Channing Way, distant thereon three hundred (300) feet westerly from the northwesterly corner of Bowditch Street and Channing Way; running thence westerly along said north line of Channing Way one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the south line of Durant Avenue; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet along said south line of Durant Avenue; and thence at right angles southerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the said north line of Channing Way and point of commencement; being all of lot two (2) in Block ten (10) College Homestead Association, as per map thereof recorded in Book T of Deeds in the office of the Recorder of said Alameda County at page 799, except forty feet of the north end heretofore given toward right of way for said Durant Avenue.

That it would be beneficial to each of said minors that the undivided one-tenth interest of each should be sold.

Therefore it is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, and all persons interested in the estates of each of them, appear before this Court on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of Department number 9 of said Court, in the Grant Building, situate at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors in said real estate.

Done in open Court this 24th day of December, A. D. 1909.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 24, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

GARBER, CRESWELL & GARBER, Attorneys for Guardian,
719 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Guy Hinton, Room 922, Pacific Building, corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased.

MARIA HELENA STAFFORD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Timothy W. Stafford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1, 1910.

GUY HINTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 922, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of October, 1909, in the matter of the estate of Bridget Greany, deceased, the undersigned, James A. Kelly, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of said Bridget Greany, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, as a whole and in one parcel, for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 1st day of February, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the office of Knight & Heggerty, attorneys for said Administrator, Number 809, Crocker Building, corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Bridget Greany, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or oherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Bridget Greany, deceased, at the time of her death in and to that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Harrison Street, distant there on 175 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Avenue; running thence Southerly and along said Westerly line of Harrison Street 25 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 110 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Easterly 110 feet to the Westerly line of Harrison Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Precita Valley Lands 154 and 155.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the said office of Knight & Heggerty, 809 Crocker Building, corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated, January 15th, 1910.

JAMES A. KELLY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Bridget Greany, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Administrator,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,929, Dept. No. 12.

In the Matter of the Application of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a Corporation, for Change of Name.

Upon reading and filing the petition of MARTLAND, PEART & ELKINGTON, a corporation, by T. H. ELKINGTON, N. F. PEART, and H. F. PEART, all of the Directors thereof, for change of name to that of PEART & ELKINGTON, and good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby ordered that Wednesday, the 26th day of January, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the courtroom of this Court at No. 216 McAllister Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and they are hereby fixed and designated as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said matter are hereby directed to appear before this Court at said time and place to show cause why said application for change of name shall not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, for the period of four successive weeks.

Done in open Court this 15th day of December, 1909.

GEORGE H. CABANISS, Judge.

GEO. F. HATTON and H. F. PEART, Attorneys for Petitioners,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8755, New Series, Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of DANIEL HANLON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned CLARA M. HANLON, Administratrix of the estate of DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 18th day of December, 1909), to the said Clara M. Hanlon, Administratrix of the estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased, at the office of her attorneys, John J. Barrett and Frank I. Barrett, Room 1255, Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said DANIEL HANLON, deceased.

CLARA M. HANLON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Said Daniel Hanlon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 18th, 1909.

JOHN J. BARRETT and FRANK I. BARRETT,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1255, Flood Bldg., 870 Market St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, Deceased—No. 8667 (New Series), Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of Thomas F. Dunn, Esq., one of her attorneys, Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ORSON H. ELLIOTT, deceased.

MARIA TERESA ELLIOTT,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Orson H. Elliott, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco; and
THOS. F. DUNN, Hibernia Bldg., San Francisco,
Attorneys for Executrix. 12-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point to commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of November, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7673, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of EMIL DIELING, LOUIS DIELING, JOHN DIELING Jr., and CHARLES SCANLAN, also known as CHARLES SCANLON, also known as CHARLES DIELING, Minors.

John Dieling, guardian of the persons and estates of the above named minors, Emil Dieling, Louis Dieling, John Dieling Jr., and Bertha Richards, the guardian of the person and estate of the above named minor, Charles Scanlan, also known as Charles Scanlon, also known as Charles Dieling, having presented to this Court and filed herein their duly verified petition, praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to the estates of said minors, and it appearing to the Court from said petition, that it would be beneficial to the wards that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said minors and each of them, and those interested therein, that such sale be had, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in their estates, appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said department of said Court, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, San Francisco, California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said guardians for the sale of said real property, and that it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 27th day of December, 1909.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 28, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON, and CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Guardians of Said Minors. 1-1-4

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7168, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department 10, Probate thereof, made on the 27th day of December, 1909, the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, on or after the 18th day of January, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, all of the right, title, interest, and claim, property and estate of the said deceased at the time of her death and all the right, title, interest, claim, property and estate that her said estate has acquired since her death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of O'Farrell Street with the easterly line of Mason Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Mason Street eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-seven (87) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along the said southerly line of O'Farrell Street fifty-five (55) feet to the easterly line of Mason Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 197.

All offers to purchase the real property hereinabove described must be in writing and may be left at the office of Speck, Paschel & Co., Nos. 228-230 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Any person offering to purchase the said property above described, whose bid shall be accepted by the undersigned, on notice of the acceptance of the offer and bid, shall and must deposit with the undersigned ten per cent of the purchase price and pay the balance on approval and confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Abstract of title and conveyance to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

CHARLES G. LYMAN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, Deceased.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
No. 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, David L. Levy, Esq., Room 560, Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, deceased.

EUGENE W. LEVY,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine E. Marden, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

DAVID L. LEVY, Esq., Attorney for Executor,
Room 560, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John N. Colter, executor of the Will of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Carroll Cook, Esq., Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased.

JOHN N. COLTER,
Executor of the Will of Elizabeth J. Colter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

CARROLL COOK, ESQ., Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER J. KEYS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of PETER J. KEYS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of H. M. Owens, Esq., Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Building, Mason and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PETER J. KEYS, deceased.

ELIZABETH F. KEYS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Peter J. Keys, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-1-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an Incompetent Person.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Superior Court duly made on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, will, on or after Monday, the 24th day of January, A. D. 1910, sell to the highest bidder, at private sale, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street), distant thereon Ninety (90) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Thirty (30) feet and thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Eight Hundred and Fifty-four (854).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable as follows:

Ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany the bid and the balance thereof to be paid on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, deed to be at purchaser's expense; all bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned guardian at the office of W. W. Allen, Jr., attorney for said guardian, room 508 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, January 3rd, A. D. 1910. NELS RASMUSSEN,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Petrea Rasmussen, an Incompetent Person.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-8-3

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverst to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Corner Montgomery Ave. and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 18976, Dept. No. 10.

MRS. KATHERINE SINCLAIR and JOHN WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Jr., Plaintiffs,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Mrs. Katherine Sinclair and John William Sinclair, Jr., plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet, four (4) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Scott Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Greenwich Street, fifty-three (53) feet, seven (7) inches; thence at right angles Southerly eighty-two (82) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty-three (43) feet, two (2) inches; thence Northeasterly fifteen (15) feet; thence Easterly seven (7) feet, eight (8) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly sixty-eight (68) feet, nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Greenwich Street and the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: for judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiffs title to all said real property as the owners thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all states, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this First day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 13th day of November, 1909.

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiffs,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Celina Legallet, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, French Savings Bank Building, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGES HENRY LEGALLET, deceased.

CELINA LEGALLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Georges Henry Legallet, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 18th, 1909.

S. J. BRUN, Attorney for Celina Legallet,
French Savings Bank Bldg., 110 Sutter St., San Francisco. 12-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26020.

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff.

vs.

MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-?

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gift Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

Emil Steinegger
PIANOFORTE THEORY
Studios: 924 Grove St., San Francisco
Room 64 McDonough Bldg., Oakland
Phone Merritt 2845

Donald Maclean
SINGING—Pupil Seagle and De Rezske
STUDIO, 1613 GREEN ST. Phone, Franklin 3153

Samuel M. Shortridge
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO
Tel. Douglas 2176

Knight & Heggerty
ATTORNEYS AT LAW and
PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY
CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810
Telephone Kearny 4145

HENRY P. TRICOU
NOTARY PUBLIC
508 CALIFORNIA STREET Phone Kearny 711
Residence 852 Grove St. Phone Park 1870

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Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,529.978.50
Deposits December 31, 1909	$38,610,731.93
Total Assets	$41,261,682.21

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.
Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.
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BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte; Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.
MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.
RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

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Sydney Smith on "Nerves"

In these nervous modern days, when "depression," "prostration," "melancholia," and "rest-cure" are household words in so many families, this concise bit of advice concerning depression and low spirits will interest many. It is from the letters of Sydney Smith, clergyman, social philosopher, and wit:

'Feston, February 16, 1820.

'Dear Lady Georgiana: Nobody has suffered from low spirits more than I have done—so I feel for you.

"1st—Live as well as you dare.

"2nd—Go into the shower-bath with a small quantity of water at a temperature low enough to give you a slight sensation of cold, 75 or 80 degrees.

"3rd—Amusing books.

"4th—Short views of human life—not further than dinner or tea.

"5th—Be as busy as you can.

"6th—See as much as you can of those friends who respect and like you.

"7th—And of those acquaintances who amuse you.

"8th—Make no secret of low spirits to your friends, but talk to them freely—they are always worse for dignified concealment.

"9th—Attend to the effects tea and coffee produce upon you.

"10th—Compare your lot with that of other people.

"11th—Don't expect too much from human life—a sorry business at the best.

"12th—Avoid poetry, dramatic representations (except comedy), music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything likely to excite feeling or emotion not ending in active benevolence.

"13th—Do good, and endeavor to please every body of every degree.

"14th—Be as much as you can in the open air without fatigue.

"15th—Make the room where you commonly sit gay and pleasant.

"16th—Struggle by little and little against idleness.

"17th—Don't be too severe upon yourself, or underrate yourself, but do yourself justice.

"18th—Keep good blazing fires.

"19th—Be firm and constant in the exercise of rational religion.

"20th—Believe me, dear Lady Georgiana,

"Very truly yours, Sydney Smith."

"Listen," says the author, his face wreathed with smiles of delight. "Here is a letter from a gentleman who says: 'It may interest you to know that I began reading your latest story yesterday evening on the train going home. Before I realized where I was I had been carried fifty miles beyond my destination.'"

The candid friend raised his eyebrows thoughtfully.

"But," he suggests, "possibly it was the motion of the train that put the person to sleep."

The little son of a country editor was being introduced to his new baby sister.

"Did you get her on advertising, too, papa?" he asked.

He says he kissed you against your will. I guess he believes it too.

Voltaire's Retort

That famous politician, orator and man of fashion, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was on one occasion at a grand assembly in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Suddenly the French writer accosted his lordship with the words:

"My lord, I know you are a judge; which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings."

Some time afterwards, says a biographer, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's party with Chesterfield. A lady in the company, prodigiously rouged, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire and engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the arm, and said:

"Sir, take care that you are not captivated."

"My lord," promptly replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English craft under French colors."

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$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, FREE
Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, etc. Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.
Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?
I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.
It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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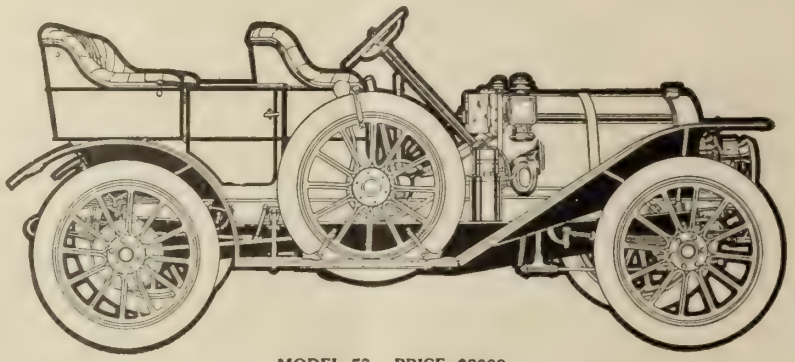

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FACTORY BRANCH

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Vol. XVIII. No. 908 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 22, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

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Have you been ill-treating your best friend? Have you been insulting it by offering it a variety of indigestible and unhealthful foods? Possibly it has balked at this and you are now reaping your reward in indigestion. Better apologize by offering it a diet of delicious and wholesome H-O oatmeal, and see how quickly it will respond and perform its natural functions. H-O oatmeal is the only steam-cooked oatmeal on the market. Being dextrinized and easily assimilated, it strengthens and nourishes all parts of the body. It is made from the choicest oats, and by our steam-cooking process, all the rich, nutty flavor of the virgin oats is preserved.

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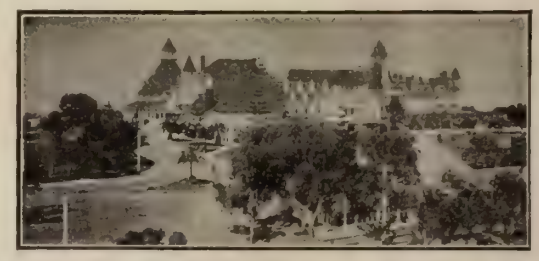

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, January 22, 1910 | No. 908

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TOWN TALK

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The Maine Scandal

According to a special despatch from Washington to the Examiner "President Taft, it is authoritatively learned, is in favor of raising the wreck of the American battleship Maine which rests at the bottom of the harbor of Havana, and will lend his support to a bill introduced in Congress for the raising of the wreck." The despatch adds, "When it is raised all the world will know the cause of the explosion which destroyed the Maine." If President Taft is in favor of raising the Maine and gives his support to the bill referred to it will be interesting to watch developments. The Maine lying in the channel of Havana harbor is not only an obstruction to navigation but also a reproach to American patriotism. For several years there has been incessant agitation of this question of the advisability of raising the Maine, but seemingly in vain. The Societies of Spanish War Veterans have called upon Congress to order the raising of the vessel, and Congressman Sulzer has repeatedly urged that the requisite appropriation be made. They have received nothing but discouragement. Rumor has imputed to Mr. Roosevelt a strong and inextinguishable prejudice against the project, and according to gossip at the capital his attitude was inspired by personal considerations that grew out of his connection with the Navy Department at the opening of the war. Naval experts and many statesmen who were in touch with events in Washington just before war was declared are of the opinion that it was not an external explosion that caused the destruction of the Maine and that the truth might have been told in time to avert hostilities. A very small clique is believed to have been responsible for the suppression of important facts and for the persistent discouragement that has been offered those who would have the scandal ventilated. If Congress decides upon raising the Maine the probability is that we shall soon have another explosion, but one somewhat different from that which destroyed the battleship.

Perverse College Presidents

A few weeks ago we pointed with astonishment to the attitude of President Emeritus Eliot toward the direct primary. This distinguished scholar and eminent moralist had declared his distrust of and opposition to what is currently regarded as a genuine catholicon and priceless boon to the boss-ridden people of this unfortunate country. As the direct primary propagandists have repeatedly assured us that to be against it is to argue oneself a tool of some corrupt political machine it was natural for us to point to Dr. Eliot with astonishment. And for the same reason we now call attention with mixed emotions to President Schurman of Cornell and President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard. These scholarly persons who are generally believed to be men of integrity and to have more of the proverbial calm of the philosopher than is characteristic of the average college professor, have singularly enough expressed views about the direct primary that accord with those of Dr. Eliot. How are we to account for such views emanating from so high a source? It is hardly to be assumed that our two most distinguished college presidents are machine politicians. Are their views to be attributed to their ignorance? Perhaps; for certainly they are not to be considered so enlightened as some of the young professors in our Western universities—those paragons of knowledge, apostles of Zarathustra, whose mentality is of encyclopedic compass and whose range of specialties, though some of them are not yet dry behind the ears, is as wide as modern thought. It may confidently be predicated of Dr. Lowell, at least, that he is a narrow-minded scholar, for he has only one specialty, a circumstance eloquent of mediocrity in an age that boasts innumerable Jordans. Dr. Lowell's specialty is government, and it is probably for that reason that he considers himself competent to throw light on the direct primary. Dr. Lowell is much surprised that there should be a campaign for the adoption of the direct primary in New York "at the very time that in Boston it has been abolished as a failure." But perhaps Dr. Lowell is prejudiced against the direct primary owing to its being the pet expedient of reformers. He has no admiration for reformers. He says: "Reformers are always prone to believe that any new device of their sponsoring will work as they believe it surely will, and when it does not they are tremendously disappointed"; also, "They are far too prone to think that they have a panacea which will change humanity, whereas man is pretty likely to remain as he was before he tried their scheme—some good, some bad, and the mass indifferent to matters which do not touch their personal interests." Dr. Lowell talks like an editorial in a San Francisco weekly. He is anathema.

The Unpopularity of Denunciation

A few more elections like that which occurred in Boston the other day and we shall begin to lose faith in the efficacy of the gentle art of denunciation, defamation and villification. Of four candidates for the office of mayor the one that received the most abuse also received the homage and approbation of the people. Precisely the same thing occurred in New York when the people elected Judge Gaynor, a man of whom Sidney Brooks in his article on "The Failure of Democracy" in the Fortnightly for December, says: "He might be fairly described as that least pleasing of all the products of democracy, a sensational, notoriety-hunting, semi-political and wholly unjudicial judge." Last November the people of Philadelphia elected to the mayoralty the most abused of all the candidates, and the people of San Francisco did the same thing. Now how are we to account for what is regarded as evidence of perversity on the part of the people in these four great cities? Of course the same considerations did not act upon public sentiment in all the elections, but unquestionably denunciation was a prominent factor in each case. And it is not improbable that the effect of denunciation was the opposite of what was intended. Personal abuse is a weapon that fills persons of intelligence and fine feeling with disgust. They know that wholesale abuse, which is the kind indulged in by the average reformer, is never deserved by the person upon whom it is visited. Every man has some good in him, and it is easy of discernment if we but look for it. The man in whom defects are not balanced by good traits is as hard to find as one in whom virtue predominates to the exclusion of all else. Of this the rancorous reformer appears to be insensible. Not inclined to the sins commonly imputed to the practical politician he conceives himself to be wholly virtuous, and presumes to judge of the imperfections of others by his own standards thus taking on the complexion of a Pharisee. After some years of sympathetic observation

we have come to the conclusion that it is the tendency to this complexion that renders negligible the most laudable efforts of our best reformers. By their scorn of others they imply so great a degree of self-satisfaction as to make themselves incredible. Ceasing to be human in their transcendent righteousness they alienate the sympathy of common clay; devoting themselves to the propagation of hate they arouse compassion for those they execrate; for after all love is still the ruling energy of the world and sentiment recoils from whatever would banish it from our lives. To accomplish his benign purpose the reformer must avoid the affectation of a suprahuman nature. Without a little of human sympathy he is incapacitated for practical action. He cannot advance the eternal cause of reform while he embitters us with his malignity and revolts us with his rage. When we see reformers strike the holier-than-thou attitude and proceed to magnify personal defects and disseminate every species of misrepresentation that can be contrived, our confidence in them is immediately shaken. Instinctively we become suspicious of their brand of morality, sceptical of their mission, intolerant of their manners and prejudiced against their cause. We cannot regard men as distinterested and unselfish who are above all things uncharitable. Good men are not always thinking evil of others or asserting the righteous efficacy of indignation in terms of wholesale villification. Goodness is not inclined to rage and wound. It is humble and charitable. It does not go about in quest of imperfections, infirmities and errors. It is not insistently thinking evil. It conquests its own repulsions that it may succor and raise. Our rampant reformers in their aggressive zeal for the public weal betray a hardness of heart that is incompatible with any of the Christian virtues. No man that is cruel and brutal to individuals has any great love for mankind or any disinterested concern for society. He may persuade himself that his motives are of the highest sacramental value, but he is none the less to be abhorred. It has been said that Judas justified himself in his traitorous kiss, his motive being to hasten his Master's declaration that he was the Messiah. But admitting that such was his motive we cannot regard his conduct as anything but detestable.

A Stanford Reformer

One of the hotbeds of rancorous reform in this country is the university at Palo Alto, an institution that is noted for the vast quantity, the superabundance, of intellectual pride and conceit fattening on the adolescent admiration of impressionable undergraduates. The faculty of this university is composed of young schoolmasters from the Middle West who owe allegiance and pay servile deference to that illustrious moralist and stern disciplinarian David Starr Jordan. Somewhat unsophisticated are these young pedagogues, which doubtless is why they are reformers of the cocksure type, quick and precipitant in reaching conclusions and susceptible to all the erratic tendencies of the age. The passion for reform raging in this university is an example of the irony, or, perhaps, to be more accurate, the sarcasm of fate. For this university was founded by Leland Stanford, a gentleman who is reputed to have done more to corrupt the politics of California than any other individual remotely or intimately identified with its history. How singular, then, that the young professors who condescend to live off the tainted money of Senator Stanford should be preoccupied with the reforming of politics in California and that by reason entirely of the prestige which they get from their connection with the institution of his creation they should be able to get an occasional hearing! Of these pedantic reformers we have been reminded by one Professor Frank Angell, who has been writing to the New York Evening Post in criticism of President Taft for having appointed ex-Governor Henry T. Gage to the Portuguese mission and Colonel George Stone to the position of naval officer. Gage he objects to because "his nomination to the governorship in 1898 was commonly regarded as due to railroad influence"—the same influence that, with the help of Stanford's money sent that gentleman to the United States Senate. The objection to Colonel Stone is that he was connected with a commission which was said to have been involved in a scandal that was "smothered" in the last session of the legislature." From Professor Angell's letter we infer that he has considerable talent for the retailing of gossip, and therefore we conclude that he is well qualified for a place on the staff of the star-eyed goddess. We hope that we do him no injustice by suggesting that he serves to illustrate what we have said in the foregoing discussion of reformers. Of one thing we are certain—that he does not scruple at disparaging a fellow citizen in a statement which it is utterly impossible for him to prove. He says: "The Gage administration was the most discredited and the most discreditable that California has had for at least twenty years." This of course is a choice bit of exaggeration. Henry T. Gage's administration was so creditable that his friends are surprised that he should accept the Portuguese mission in view of the fact that he might, were he to go before the people, be endorsed for the United States Senate. If Professor Angell believes that we have had no State administration worse than that of Henry T. Gage then he knows so little of the episodes of political life in Sacramento that he is utterly unqualified to discuss the subject at all. Admitting that Henry T. Gage was nominated by the railroad machine, he was elected by the people, and doubtless that circumstance commended him to the confidence of President Taft. The integrity of Henry T. Gage has never been questioned so far as we know, save by Professor Angell of Palo Alto, who has written himself down a purveyor of injurious political gossip. His accusation against Colonel Stone is as unwarranted as his comments on the Administration of Henry T. Gage. The investigation to which he alludes was proposed by a young man from Tehama, a county in which there is much prejudice

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against the Fish and Game Commission on account of its zeal in the enforcement of the law. Professor Angell says that the commission has refused to render an accounting of moneys collected "from licenses and fines." The commission has not refused to do anything of the kind. The university founded by Senator Stanford ought to be proud of Professor Angell who appears to be engaged in the pursuit of his prejudices with the pertinacity of a respectable ant.

A Meaningful Conference

There was recently held in New York a religious conference which should greatly interest all the sincere Christians of the United States. It was a conference between a number of Catholic priests of the northwest and the secretaries of a large Protestant society wihch has had a big experience in western missionary endeavor. Its object was to discuss the possibility of discovering common ground on which all Christian ministers might come together to preserve for Christianity the millions who immigrate to this country from Europe. Statistics seem to show that the larger number of these immigrants are lost to Christianity when they arrive in this country while the experience of the religious workers indicates that they drift from their old belief into infidelity or at least into indifferentism. The problem is not a new one but there is an intensely new significance in the fact that Catholic priests and Protestant missionaries should meet in voluntary conference for the purpose of attempting to solve it. Here surely is a big step forward in the direction of that comity of feeling between the churches which has too long been regarded as a millennial dream. Reports of the conference make it plain that the utmost cordiality was manifest throughout and that there was a careful avoidance of any sacrifice by either side of its doctrinal position. That was as it should be. It would be folly to anticipate the time when all Americans will think alike in matters of dogmatic belief, but there is no reason why the various religious bodies the ministers of which are all equally solicitous for the salvation of souls should not meet to cope with certain fundamental problems of our rather crude civilization. One of these is the immigration problem, in so far as its religious aspect is concerned; another is the tremendous divorce evil which is working such detriment to family life. Singularly enough religious communions which have the least in common, like the Catholics and the Jews, have hitherto worked together with the most harmony in the study of these and other related questions. Now that two ecclesiastical organizations which find intimate common ground in their belief in the divinity of Christ have made the first move toward united action, optimism may well be indulged in the consideration of the outcome.

Perspective Impressions

As a spectacle Gifford Pinchot appears to be petering out.

Governor Gillett is keeping many an ardent patriot in heart-breaking suspense.

Once more it may turn out that the insurgents are fighting Speaker Cannon with a toy pistol.

President Taft has decided that he will not "do politics" with a view to winning a second term. Another Roosevelt policy repudiated!

Jack Johnson is in favor of Theodore Roosevelt for referee of the coming moving-picture contest between our two most distinguished pluguglies. The prophet of the Square Deal is above all his contemporaries entitled to and qualified for the honor. Can he afford to thrust it aside?

THE MOUNTAIN IN THE WAY

New York Herald.

Mayor McCarthy, speaking of Theodore Bell, says: "When challenged to prove his statements he was compelled to crawl into the darkness of his own political corruption." This is picturesque rhetoric. The Mayor's office is still in the hands of a poet.

The precedent established by reformers for the purpose of carrying the Geary-street bond proposition will doubtless be recognized as meritorious by performers intent upon buying the Spring Valley properties. We have still three elections to go and one to carry.

The man who committed murder in Judge Dunne's court-room the other day will probably plead insanity. Alienists admit that environment often has much to do with a state of mind.

A SPLIT

Philadelphia Record

Marie Antoinette

Being a Review of Hillaire Belloc's Masterly and Fascinating Biography of the Ill-Fated Queen of France

By Theodore Bonnet

A man of letters so brilliant, so sincere as Hillaire Belloc and with his capacity for entertaining and instructing ought to be much better known than he is in this country. Mr. Belloc is a Liberal member of Parliament, and he takes as much interest in politics as in literature a circumstance that accounts for his grasp of the matters which he discusses in his work on Marie Antoinette, a work that combines the elements of a biography of the most pathetic figure in the greatest tragedy of modern times and of an essay on the decay of the French Monarchy and the inception of the French Revolution.

It is a pleasure to turn from such slovenly and perfunctory works as usually emanate in riotous abundance from American publishing houses to such a volume as this, exhibiting as it does zeal for accuracy, clarity and grace of style, and skill and insight in the presentation of facts. Few living historians can compare with Mr. Belloc in the art of narrative; in none that I know of is the dramatic instinct so highly developed. He is always compact, never dull; his sense of proportion saves him from the too common fault of magnifying his own discoveries and theories. History is said to be the essence of innumerable biographies. Here we have history compressed into one biography, and one that contains much that is the essence of romance and the essence of drama. It is history tinged with all the alluring hues of stirring historical romance, abounding in dramatic incidents that are arranged with a fine sense of climax and set forth with no adventitious aids to emotional effect. If readers of sensational or fashionable fiction were not averse to everything that purports to be instructive they might happen on this volume and threaten it with the ignominy of a best seller. The average best seller is mimic or fictitious biography without being literature. Here we have the real thing more exciting than the fictitious, and at the same time we have literature. Here the pen of a literary artist has sketched for us the life-story of a woman who lived, who knew the joy of living as few have known it; who suffered as few have suffered; in short, the true story of a woman the vicissitudes of whose brief, meteoric career are as strange, as rapid, as exciting, as fascinating and as tragic as ever were conceived in the imagination of man. In the handling of this inspiring material Mr. Belloc, with the unerring instinct of the true artist has eliminated the unessentials without omitting any of the details requisite to an understanding of his historical heroine. He has given us a most intimate study of this unfortunate woman—a study at once pathological and psychological—and incidentally he pictures for us graphically the rise and a little of the progress of the French Revolution.

It has been said of the French Revolution that it will ever remain inscrutably dark to those who fix their eyes upon it exclusively; that the only light which can clear up that dark must be sought in the times preceding it. Mr. Belloc recognizes the soundness of this principle, and in applying it reveals to us the elements that influenced the whole career of Marie Antoinette. Her whole fortunes, he points out, were shaped before her birth by Minister Kaunitz, who, "for a whole generation was Austria," and who determined for purposes of diplomacy on an alliance between the Hapsburgs and their secular enemy. In her childhood she was the pledge he needed, and he stood forever behind her life "like a writer behind the creature in his book." "It is he who designs her marriage, who uses her without mercy for the purposes of his policy at Versailles; he is the author of her magnificence and her intrigue; he is then also indirectly the author of her fall." It is in these words that our author states his thesis, and to prove it he gives us succinctly, lucidly and without ever becoming tedious the result of long and laborious research, not only of archives containing state papers and diplomatic correspondence, but of the secret thoughts of great actors in political and diplomatic transactions. He has lived among statesmen of a bygone age, and he has watched with them the changing aspects and turns of policy which preceded that great convulsion in the midst of which Marie Antoinette went to her doom. For her he has the profoundest sympathy. He knows her defects, her shortcomings, which after all are those that are common to her sex, and the worst of which he attributes to the method and manner of her rearing. He lays bare her innermost nature, and yet compels the deep compassion and warm admiration of the reader. He tells us that in her early childhood she was neglected. War occupied all her mother's energies. She was imperfectly educated. A perpetual instability became part of her mind. She received no training for the career she was destined to follow. Married when still a child she was plunged into the tainted atmosphere and luxury of a corrupt and debased court and environed by intrigue, envy, jealousy and hatred. After the accession of her husband to the throne her life was far from happy. There were many voids therein, not the least of which was due to the fact that her husband was far from congenial. He had inherited many of the defects of a nervous and debilitated father. The Queen, a woman possessed of a strong maternal instinct, yearned for children, but not for years could her passion be gratified. To this circumstance Mr. Belloc attributes many of those traits of character that rendered her an object of hatred to the French people by whom she was never understood and who were beyond her comprehension. He says:

> In such a situation Marie Antoinette's quick nature took refuge in every stimulant; wine she disliked—it was among her few but marked eccentricities that throughout her life she would taste nothing but water—but gaming, jewels, doubtful books, many and new voices about her, violent contrasts, caprice upon caprice, unexpected visits, sudden passions for this or that new friend, excessive laughter (and excessive pique), emotions seized wherever they could be found—watching in merry vigils for summer dawns, masked balls that took up all the winter nights, escapades: in a word a swirl of the fantastic and the men became for her a necessity that—had it taken some one form—would have been called a vice. Her dissipation was driven, as vice is driven, with a spur; it was compatible, as vice is compatible with her original virtues; it produced, as vice produces, a progressive interior ill-ease. She was a tortured woman in those years. Children became a craving to her.

Along through the years of popular dissatisfaction and discontent the author takes us, keeping us ever in touch with Marie Antoinette, pointing out the rapid development of prejudice against her, partly on account of malicious scandal but mainly on account of the exactions from home in the interest of Austria. All the while the economic entanglement of the French Crown persistently and gravely affected her life. For everything that provoked dissatisfaction she was held responsible, and when finally she became involved in the necklace scandal the storm broke. The story of this scandal is told with exceptional dramatic power. Though the innocence of the Queen has long since ceased to be a matter of doubt, though the calumnies against her have long since been disproved, and though with the whole story of the fraud practiced on Cardinal Rohan we are more or less familiar, in Belloc's book the details are given in a manner that

(Continued on Page 31.)

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In the Wake of the Sky Pilots

Being a Recital of Some Incidents of Aviation Week at Los Angeles That Show the Flying Men at Close Range

By Paul Gyllstrom

In story, photo and song have the glories of aviation been described during the past ten days. The newspaper boys have vied with the "men birds" in touching the high spots, and the manner in which they have caroused in the realm of words has been nearly as picturesque as the gliding, skimming and dipping of the aeroplanes.

Once in a great while something epochal transpires and it is then up to the writers of news to do it right—with bright originality. Something out of the ordinary must be treated in an unusual way, and if the case demands it, new phrases must be coined so as to keep perfectly on a level with the topic. Aviation is no tame sport and seems to inspire special treatment.

Glenn H. Curtiss, with his little free exhibition the day before the meet opened, drove the newsgatherers to the dictionary. Since then there has been a constant soaring on the part of the lead writers, and it would be hard to say which paper here can boast the man with the longest sustained flight in aerial lingo.

Kings, princes, etc., of the air, sky pilots, aerial skippers are just some of the commonplace phrases in which the aviators were alluded to for some particularly daring deed. Synonyms for anything bordering on the ornithological or nautical were used, with frequent combinations. One newspaper man stepped a little outside this border and referred to "sky skating," and then told of Los Angeles having become "aeronutty."

But that was not the worst example. Another went so far as to describe the crowd pressed against the "far flung fence." He must have had to throw lots of ballast overboard in order to reach that. A police reporter told of a "midnight jag aviating homeward," which shows that it is spreading somewhat.

The boys simply ran riot in the coining of aerial verbiage, and it is probably due to hard-hearted copy readers that more of it did not see the light of day. Copy readers are compelled to remain anchored to terra firma.

But when one stops to consider how wonderful, sensational and successful the meet was from the very start there is little surprise that the newspapermen flew at their subject in pell mell fashion. They have followed the pioneer aviators, and to be a real bright aviator editor in the future it is only necessary to refer to the Los Angeles papers for primer instruction. A lot of good work for the future has been done. Very little in the coining of aeronautical phrases is needed. The Los Angeles newspaper boys have accomplished all that needs be done in that particular. All others will only be counterfeiters.

The first aviation meet in America has proved a great success, as has already been widely chronicled by the press associations. There were days and days of the glorious weather that Southern California is famous for. But Saturday was San Francisco day, and the mistake was made of holding a conference with San Diego folks in an effort to adjust Panama exposition matters. That day it stormed, and in fact did not clear up until the members of both factions were well on their way home. Since then there has been uninterrupted aviation weather.

Paulhan has been the hero of the meet, while Curtiss and his aviators Hamilton and Willard, have performed consistently throughout, and all interestingly. Paulhan did about everything aside from turning somersaults with his biplane. One day he did give a sort of aerial pink tea. That was the real social day of the meet. He took Dick Ferris, Mrs. Ferris, Mme. Paulhan and a couple of others up with him, separately, and traversed the course while the thousands applauded. With the extra passenger the big Farman machine ran as steadily as if skimming along a road set like bone. Had there been a little culinary department aboard the sociability of these little flights might easily have been added to. But it was permitted to rest with the waving of feminine hands to the crowd as the grand stand was passed.

And then the tumultuous applause when the biplane alighted and the extra passenger was subjected to embraces or congratulatory handshakes upon having completed a safe voyage. And Paulhan, the skipper, only asked if there was not some one else who had the right and wanted to go up. But it was, oh, so thrilling to the person who just got back to earth. That was a real jolly day when those stunts were pulled off. Then Glenn Curtiss did a little along the same line himself.

There was something of this sort going on every day from Huntington Park where the gas-inflated balloons were sent up. But ballooning is somewhat prosaic in these days of aeroplane development. Nat Goodwin was one of the most noteworthy to make a balloon trip, and it was so well directed by George B. Harrison, a newspaperman who has taken to aeronautics, that a landing was made at the aviation field. While the balloon was approaching Paulhan crossed the field in his Farman to greet the newcomers properly.

Then came the high flight of Paulhan which was unheralded as many of his sensational deeds have been. It was late in the afternoon when he started off, without so much as telling Mme. Paulhan what his intention was. After coming down from an altitude of 4,165 feet he was given a real good scolding by madame, and although this was accompanied by a kiss, it was insisted that he should never do such a thing again without her permission. Being a dutiful husband as well as a daring aviator, he promised. This flight must have brought several dollars' worth of free advertising to Los Angeles, as it is a world's record.

Paulhan was always doing something not on the bill. He must be considered a versatile aviator. Friday afternoon a few cows and horses nearly dropped dead when he made his noteworthy flight to San Pedro, a distance of seven miles. There is something sinister about this flight. It was just the day after the deal was closed for the purchase of land for fortification purposes at Point Fermin. He flew directly over the place where guns are to be planted for coast defense purposes. But Paulhan belongs to the friendly French, otherwise, of course, he could not have done it. But a few military men about the port were still scratching their ears in perplexed misgiving when Paulhan was well along on the return voyage.

Paulhan is also a little out of the ordinary in other respects, and must be considered of the eccentric sort. Saturday night some real nice French people of Los Angeles had arranged a dinner in his honor. Only the real smart French were invited. The guests arrived, commenced to laud the work of their countryman, tarried and then lauded some more. But Paulhan did not appear and a scouting party had to be sent out. It returned with the information that Paulhan and his wife were that very moment dining with some other friends in another hotel. This caused some very caustic remarks and Paulhan was referred to in words of sadness as a very misguided person. It appears that the persons he was dining with had not been invited to the big affair for

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
ROBERTSON
UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

reasons best known to the committee on arrangements. Mr. Cleary, Paulhan's manager, appeared and expressed his regrets at the aviator's actions. Then the banqueters proceded to laud Paulhan some more, and had as nice a time of it as could be expected without the guest of honor present.

It is quite remarkable how quickly the visitors to the meet have become familiar with various phases of aviation. Still there were thousands in attendance each day to whom it was all novelty. But the youngsters here have already grasped the idea and expressed themselves as learnedly on aeronautics as they did a few years ago on motoring when the automobile was still in its infancy. They have the plane, engine and rudder talk down fine.

One happy thing about the meet is the fact that it was carried out for ten days without a serious accident. It has demonstrated that for aviating purposes California has some of the best air in the world. Paulhan says it is more certain, firm and reliable than that of his own dear France. That augurs well for the future of aeronautics here.

—Los Angeles, January 18, 1910.

The Question of the Hour

It is the One that Our Statesmen in Washington are Trying to Solve in the Hope of Making it Easier for Us to Keep Soul and Body Together

By Robert McTavish

Why does it cost so much to live? This is the paramount question of the hour. All other questions—economic, social, political and religious—have paled into insignificance for the time being. So pressing is the demand for the solution of this vital question touching the vitals of all of us that the omniscient ones at Washington commonly known as the members of Congress have taken it up for study and incentive to sage reflection. The prices of foodstuffs are going up, up, up, and the ultimate heights are inaccessible to the telescopic vision of the ultimate consumer. But Congress will know the reason why.

By resolution the Secretary of Agriculture has been called on to report how long meats, butter, eggs and other food products can be kept in warehouses without deteriorating. It is the theory of some members of Congress that the food trust is able to keep up the prices of the necessaries of life only by reason of its ability to store these necessaries for long periods and put them on the market only when the prices prove satisfactory. The supposition is that the warehouse is one of the enemies of the people since it affords facilities for a corner in foodstuffs. Hence the resolution calling for information. And hence also a bill applying only to the District of Columbia prohibiting the keeping of food staples in warehouses for a longer period than six months. In the Senate also there is yearning for enlightenment. Two resolutions have been introduced in the Senate directing an investigation of the increase in the prices of the necessaries of life.

It is a serious matter, this soaring of prices, so serious that our statesmen are alarmed at the state of the public mind as indicated by the rumblings of discontent and indignation that are carried on every breeze that blows toward the capital. Throughout the East and Middle West political economists are trying to find out why the cost of living has become aeroplanic in tendency and velocity. By some it is attributed to the tariff, by others to the new tax schemes of the present dispensation; the middleman is held responsible in some quarters where he is regarded as an extortioner, while no small number of experts in the mysteries of trade point to our old friend the honest farmer, who has begun to excite suspicion because of the many signs of affluence that are to be observed in agricultural regions. The farmer has been seized with the speed lust, and no longer rides in a rickety, creaking buggy behind a grass-fed horse. The automobile for him. He is so prosperous that he has ceased to be economical in his farming. He farms rather like a gentleman than a hayseed agriculturist, and the cost of production has so greately increased under his loose methods that impetus has been given to prices all along the line much to the distress of the ultimate consumer.

The imputations that have been made against the farmer have roused the indignation of the Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. He is the farmers' friend. He is devoted to them and their gains, and he is now conducting an investigation with a view to exculpating the producers. That he has a preconceived notion of their innocence is to be inferred from the fact that to lessen the cost of living he would increase the number of farmers and decrease the number of middlemen. Secretary Wilson's views are concurred in by the Hon. Albert Douglass of Ohio who has made a discovery of interest to everybody that eats bacon. In an address to the House last week he said that the number of hogs killed for the market since 1900 has declined from year to year, and after dwelling upon the slight increase in cattle slaughtered in the same period, he said: "In this connection I desire to point out one circumstance which seems to me of special and somewhat sinister significance. From tables compiled especially for me from the reports of the bureau of animal industry I find that the number of calves received at all of the places in the country where cattle are slaughtered and where Government inspection is maintained has shown a steady and remarkable increase for all the years covered by this report—that is, from 1900 to 1906.

"In 1900 all of the calves received at all of these slaughtering points reached a total of 991,321, while in 1906 the number had increased to 2,257,012, or the enormous increase of 230 per cent. The reasons why this increase in the slaughter of calves strikes me as sinister are two. In the first place I submit that the food product of calves may fairly be classed among the luxuries of life. Sweetbreads, calf's liver, loin of veal and veal cutlet do not often appear upon the table of the poor; so it seems to me that this enormous increase in the slaughter of calves, in the face of no substantial increase in the slaughter of cattle and hogs, is a somewhat significant commentary upon the growing luxury of those who can afford luxuries. In the second place the increase in the slaughter of calves obviously serves to lessen the supply of beef."

Here we have a quite plausible explanation of the increase in the cost of steaks. As a result of Mr. Douglass' investigation it appears that it is the plutocratic passion for sweetbreads that has influenced the price of beef. Assuredly if so many calves had not been sacrificed to the pampered palate that craves the succulent sweetbread there would have been more cattle from which to derive our supply of beef. But if we are to regard the warehouse as the enemy of the people, it does not matter how much beef there is available for popular consumption.

The whole problem is a mighty perplexing one, and the ultimate consumer will welcome its solution.

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The Rose of Virtue

By Baroness Von Oertzen

The curtains had been drawn—simple, oldfashioned curtains, behind which still lingered a remnant of pallid daylight. Ellen was nestling in a low chair by the open fire. Her pretty face was sober and colorless as the knitted scarf round her shoulders, and her expression was about as severe and uncompromising as her surroundings.

"What a pity!" thought Harry, unable to detach his gaze from the knitted monstrosity. "What a very great pity!" He detested smoothly parted hair. And Ellen had such lovely hair! How was it possible that she should be such a devotee to methodical primness, young and attractive as she was!

He had come in from skating in order to quarrel with Ellen. A day in which he had not plagued her just a little seemed half lost to him. Her restful calm, the order and symmetry around her, had to be shaken up a little, and for that very reason he loved to talk over all sorts of things with her. Of course they had been quarreling again, so far as it was possible to quarrel with Ellen, who never permitted herself to indulge in the luxury of hotblooded wrath. Her anger was rather pale —a somewhat lame affair. Even the water in the teakettle had gone to sleep, and Ellen began to poke the glowing coals in the chimney with considerable energy, as she resumed:

"No, my dear cousin, you cannot convince me. Your pity certainly is very noble and beautiful; but as a matter of fact, it really was a case of reckless folly."

"Hm!" Harry pensively contemplated the tips of his boots. "That sounds as if it came from a lofty pinnacle!"

"You scoff because I am right."

Harry leaned towards her and looked smilingly into her somewhat irritated face, in which emotion was twitching like wavelets in a placid, inland lake.

"Well, I may be scoffing, because it's mighty easy for those who have not been in the fire to prate of victory."

The shawl sank down from her shoulders as Ellen blushingly straightened her slender figure. "I have a very large circle of acquaintances," she said, meaningly.

"With your permission—" and the fragrance of a cigarette was wafted towards her from Harry's rocking chair. "A circle of acquaintances means nothing! Imagine some of the women who have been sheltered during their entire lifetime, placed quite alone and thrown upon their own responsibility in the midst of life—what do you think would happen?"

"That would depend entirely on the moral standard," replied Ellen firmly, drawing the shawl up again over her shoulders.

Through the aromatic blue fragrance surrounding Harry rang a voice in which Ellen could distinguish a smile. "Indeed? Are you so very sure of that? Can you not imagine certain moods? Yet you are young, Ellen—you are at the time of life when we feel summer throbbing in our veins, with a longing quiver in every nerve. You are accountable to yourself. No human being cares whether you make a glorious gift of your personality, or whether you keep it in grudging fear—you—"

Ellen deprecatingly raised her hand, a small, firm, white hand, as if created for defense.

"I was a married woman during three years, and thanks to Providence, I have never become acquainted with a mood of that kind."

"Accept my condolence for this confession," said Harry with a low bow.

"Now that I am a widow, it is even less seemly for me to dwell upon moods of that kind," concluded Ellen stiffly.

The stump of the cigarette flew into the fire. Ellen could see Harry's face now with greater distinctness. He was gazing at her attentively, almost compassionately.

"It really is a pity, Ellen. You are beautiful—of course, minus this knitted attribute of venerable maiden ladies. I would like to ruffle your halo a little."

"What are you thinking of?" Ellen jumped up and then sat down again, on the very edge of the chair, ready for the fray.

"I confess," continued Harry seriously, "that you have earned the rose of virtue. And I would like to paint you, sitting on a pedestal with the rose in your hand; an inscription underneath in gilt letters: 'Beyond Temptation.'"

"You seem to concede a wonderful power of temptation," said Ellen sarcastically, leaning back at ease. She had recovered her equanimity.

Harry smilingly drew up his chair. "I know drowsy summer noons near the sea shore, in the endless yellow sands, behind which life and the world itself seem to be blotted out. I know June nights, full of softly whispering moonshine—oh yes, when you listen carefully, Ellen, you can hear it floating and whispering. I know brilliant halls, full of wild exuberance and figures glowing with the dance—"

"Now you will have to stop!" said Ellen very decidedly. "I assure you all that does not tempt me in the least—it only repels me. Do you really imagine that I, with my principles, with my bringing up, would ever succumb to a so-called mood, with more or less moonshine?"

Harry gently stroked his sleeve, on which the warm light of the fire was quivering. "Yes, I am sure of it."

"Harry!"

"Thank goodness she is stamping her foot!" he said to himself. And aloud he added: "Let's change the subject. Since you are fireproof, you have secluded yourself altogether too long—even the pleasure of skating on virgin ice is not cool enough for you. Perhaps you are familiar with the fact that it is carnival time? Would you consent just once—"

"No!" Ellen drew in her lips. "I don't care for masquerading."

"As you please. However, Ellen, what a soul-uplifting sensation for you—"

"What do you mean?"

"The feeling of such superiority!"

"I allow every one to choose his own path," she said dryly. "But nothing and nobody can ever succeed in swerving me even half a step from my own."

She had risen, and Harry suddenly realized the Puritanical simplicity of her boudoir, the lack of all ornamental fancy. Just now he would have welcomed the most foolish comfort or caprice. Frost and chillness! He kissed his cousin's hand, and it did not seem to him as the hands of other women, soft, fragrant and intoxicating. He did not notice her eyes, which rested for a moment upon his inclined head. They were after all very much the eyes of a woman.

"Good-bye, Cousin Ellen, fairest of the cruel—and most cruel of the fair!"

She heard him hang the tinkling skates over his arm in the hall. It was a very merry tinkling. She hastily pulled back the curtain. A delicate mist hung in the branches of the trees that bordered the street. The winter sunset glowed in the west, cold and crimson, splendid in its icy cloak of scintillating crystals. Merry music floated across from the neighboring pond in de-

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Spectator

Impatient and Suspicious

In the neighborhood of Coalinga where the oil-wells are spouting golden streams land owners are waiting impatiently for news from Washington. If it does not come pretty soon something in the nature of a scandal may break over the heads of federal officials. Already there are rumors of the leaking out of inside information which is proving of immense value to men who are on the qui vive for opportunities to get hold of good oil land. Nearly two years ago a geologist was employed by the Government to examine land in the oil belt. He sent his report to Washington where it has been ever since. This report is to be published. Why it has taken so long to get it out of the hands of the printer many land owners in Kern County would like to know. They say that the geologist who made the report is a wizard in locating oil-bearing property, but his services are not to be had by individuals in Kern County. The investigation is to be obtained only from the official source. Hence the impatience of men who have land to sell, and hence also the suspicion that purchasers of land have received straight tips. This suspicion may be entirely groundless, but why does it take so long to publish the geologist's report?

The New Bosses of Los Angeles

The triumph of the so-called "silk stocking politicians" who elected Recall Mayor Alexander at the last election in Los Angeles has put some new bosses in the saddle. At their head is a trio of very able men who have been identified with the Lincoln-Roosevelt League since its organization—Meyer Lissner, Marshall Stimson and Lee Gates. Lissner is the brainiest of the three and is the sort of man who may go very far in the game of politics. He is a man of considerable wealth, having made a success of real estate dealing ever since he forsook Alameda for Los Angeles and now owns a good business block in the downtown district as well as other income-bearing properties. During the recent campaign Lissner adopted the card index system of doing politics which Postmaster Frank Hitchcock originated in the Taft fight. Lissner obtained much better results from this method than Hitchcock, who, it will be remembered, abandoned his scheme of tabulating republican voters by the million. On the night before election Lissner knew pretty well just how many votes the reform ticket might expect in every precinct of the city and was able to concentrate election day activities in the weakest districts. While Lissner lacks the qualities which make a political boss popular with his lieutenants, being rather frigid of temperament, he has a good grasp of general political tactics and is very ambitious. What he lacks in personality is supplied by Marshall Stimson who is a good mixer and of magnetic personality. So too is Lee Gates who, by the way, is already talked of by the reformers as a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Frank Flint.

How They Raise Money

These new political leaders in the southland have adopted an unique method of raising political funds. Instead of gathering contributions here and there, as is done in most campaigns, they have taken a hint from the Associated Charities and have established a fund called the Good Government Fund. Men in sympathy with their political ideas make monthly subscriptions according to their means and allow the leaders to disburse the money in whatever way they see fit. The result of this method is that the Good Government leaders of Los Angeles have worked up a yearly fund of $27,000. No politician need be told what an immense amount of fence-mending can be done with that goodly amount flowing into the treasury every year. It has enabled Lissner and his co-workers to build up a formidable organization in the city as well as in the county of Los Angeles. Having beaten the regulars in the city election they are now engaged in preparing for the county struggle which will come with the State election and they are exceedingly optimistic in their prediction of the result.

May Indorse the Democratic Ticket

Already the plans of these southrons are being shaped for the State political struggle. It is announced by those who are in authority that if the State republican ticket, as a result of the primary election, is made up of candidates whose affiliations are known to be with the regular republican organization, the Good Government forces of Los Angeles working with the Lincoln-Roosevelt politicians throughout the State, will put a Good Government ticket in the field. On this ticket, it is said, will be many candidates elected at the democratic primary. In other words the leaguers will bolt their party and bend all their energies to place the democrats in control of the State government. It is a plan which cannot fail to commend itself strongly to the democrats, but whether it can be carried out without involving the leaguers in self-destruction is open to serious doubt. As Theodore Bell seems to have a clear field for the democratic nomination for governor, his followers are doing everything in their power to encourage the republican bolters in their course. Bell, I am told, would be acceptable to the republican reformers of Los Angeles.

They Have Premium Depots

Tourists traversing the Southern Pacific line from Los Angeles to Riverside have no doubt been puzzled to find a water tank station labeled "premium depot." While on my way to Frank Miller's beautiful Glenwood Inn at Riverside recently I happened to look out of the car window as the train stopped and noticed one of these signs above the door of the depot. It was a small bit of wood bearing its mystic legend in gilt letters on a black background. I was at a loss to guess why any station should be called a premium depot, so after turning the matter over in my mind, I asked the brakeman for light. He explained that the division superintendent went over the line once a month to examine all the depots and when his investigation was completed the station-master who had kept his station in the cleanest condition was al-

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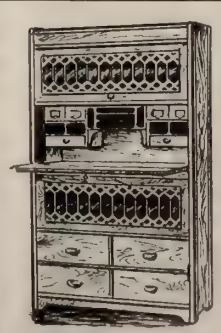

lowed to nail one of these signs over his door for a notice to all the world how close to godliness he had approached. There is no pecuniary reward, no raise in pay; just a sign bearing the words "premium depot." Imagine a station-master in the north "falling for" that sort of thing!

I say, old man, how did you come to marry your first wife's sister?

Well, you see, it saved me from having to get used to another mother-in-law.

Harvey's Railroad

The financial problem which has been thrown across the tracks of the Ocean Shore railroad seems to be well nigh insurmountable. But there is a prodigious amount of optimism behind this enterprise, which, if it can be converted into steam-shovels, may clear the tracks. Mr. J. Downey Harvey, the gentleman in whose brain was conceived the happy thought of a scenic railway between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, along the cliffs that are splashed with the tuneful waters of the Pacific Ocean, undertook the realization of his dream with more optimism than money. And yet he was far from broke. The fact is that he had about eight hundred thousand dollars, all of which he inherited from thrifty relatives. This money was as a drop to the contents of a brimful bucket compared with the intangible capital available for promotion work. Mr. Harvey, it is estimated, has separated himself from all but a quarter of a million of dollars in the course of his efforts to vindicate his judgment, but in optimism he is as rich as ever notwithstanding the present gloomy and discouraging prospect. On the right side of the ledger he has faith enough to move mountains and colonize every inch of the scenic railway from San Francisco to Santa Cruz, but the financial problem is an obstacle that will not budge.

His Priceless Asset

Downey Harvey is deserving of applause. He has proved himself a man of courage. Men of his type have achieved great triumphs and contributed to the welfare of mankind. It is only those that dare that accomplish big things. Downey Harvey has dared to risk his money in an enterprise the consummation of which would prove of incalculable value to the people of this city. That he now appears to be on the verge of failure may be regarded as evidence of imperfect judgment, but it must be admitted that he possesses an exuberant imagination, which, after all, is a priceless asset. The man without imagination never has any ideas, and he never creates an opportunity to test his judgment. He is a hopeless bromide.

That Valuable Franchise

They that sit in the seat of the scornful tell us that the Ocean Shore railroad was impracticable; that the territory through which it was projected does not afford sufficient traffic to pay interest on the estimated cost of construction. This may be true, but when Downey Harvey conceived the idea, (which untoward circumstances over which he had no control, have made it impossible for him to realize) he looked into the future. San Francisco was then making giant strides down the peninsula, and nobody had a tip on the earthquake. Harvey figured on land booms; and furthermore, before venturing to any extent he poured his siren notes into Mayor Schmitz's eager ear, and grabbed a franchise apparently worth millions. A franchise for a song was a pretty good starter. Indeed it was the finest bit of financiering ever done in San Francisco. It was enough to inspire unbounded confidence in Downey Harvey's genius, but in all this alert and sensitive community there was nobody to appreciate the merit of the achievement or to recognize the promise with which it was pregnant.

Our Generous Dailies

When Downey Harvey needed a little money to lay a few more rails he had to go out and beg for it. To sell bonds he had to pay our intensely moral daily press high prices to advertise the "good thing" that he had in stock. But to the credit of the dailies, be it said, while the money was coming in over the advertising counter they were very good to Downey. In those days it was evident that the budding magnate was struggling under a prodigious load of difficulties. The sophisticated read his "ads" abounding in golden promises, and smiled cynically. Never a hint from the dailies as to the situation. They pocketed Mr. Harvey's shekels and boosted his enterprise. Today the pikers that bought the bonds are disgruntled. Sordid individual they! How little they have risked compared with the fortune that Mr. Harvey put into his railroad enterprise! Instead of being sore they should applaud themselves for their civic pride and acclaim the press for its disinterested endorsement of Mr. Harvey's efforts to enrich the common herd by making bloated bondholders of the uninitiate. Instead of being downcast they should get near to Mr. Harvey and catch a little of his optimism, that other priceless asset, which, if it could be mortgaged, would produce sufficient money to enable Mr. Harvey to double-track his road from surf to surf.

Virgil Bogue and the Ocean Shore

Coincident with the retirement of Virgil Bogue from the post of chief engineer for the Western Pacific comes the rumor that this able railroadman will take charge of the Ocean Shore line and devote his energies to putting it on its feet. The rumor will prove particularly interesting to the commuters who depend upon the Ocean Shore for transportation to and from this city, for they have been exposed to many hardships ever since the road was built and would more than welcome a regular and efficient service. Although the appointment of Fred Stratton as receiver for the property gave general satisfaction, it is generally realized that the busy collector of the port will not be able to spare as much time for the affairs of the road as will be necessary to rehabilitate it. So if Bogue takes charge, there will be general rejoicing along the beach settlements.

Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

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The Patient Commonwealth Club

I am in receipt of a communication from the Commonwealth Club wherein it is set forth that that organization, after mature deliberation, has chosen for promotion "as the two policies most essential to the public welfare," the reform of criminal procedure and a reformatory for first offenders. It needs not the quotations from President Taft and Justice of the Supreme Court Brewer contained in the letter to convince me that there is room for reform in the administration of criminal law in this country, but I am not convinced that the gentlemen of the Commonwealth Club are collectively equipped for the working of this reform. In proof of this I have only to point to one sentence from the letter addressed to me by the Commonwealth Club: "The opposition roused by the club's former attempt to secure laws for a speedy trial of those charged with crime, shows that only the strongest concentration of public opinion will bring about such legislation." In thus stating the result of its efforts at wholesale reform in the last State legislature the Commonwealth Club is far from straightforward. At the beginning of that session the club's representative arrived in Sacramento with five or six dozen amendments to the criminal law. Amendments to the criminal law are not usually made by the dozen and the experienced legislators realized the futility of attempting such wholesale changes with the result that the Commonwealth Club bills were introduced in the senate by an enthusiastic but inexperienced senator from San Luis Obispo. Those bills were a joke in the legislature, and when the judiciary committee could spare the time, the new senator would make a motion to withdraw a dozen or so of them. In the end about the only law which was amended in consequence of the club's activities was that relating to appeals in criminal cases, which as it now stands, requires the attorney for the defendant, as soon as judgement is entered, to determine whether he should take an appeal. As a result notice of appeal is given in all cases; for as attorneys are not allowed time to examine the record to ascertain whether there is sufficient error to justify them in appealing, a conscientious devotion to the interests of clients prompts them to safeguard all rights. Now it does not follow when notice of appeal is given that appeal will be taken, but when notice is given the court reporter gets busy and the State therefore is put to much needless expense. The probability is that this law which has been severely criticised will be repealed at the next session of the legislature when the Commonwealth Club will be on hand with a fresh cargo of amendments.

Woman's Heney League, Take Notice

I climbed aboard a Market street car a few days ago and had the good fortune to obtain a seat. Ensconced near me was the Reverend Mr. Lathrop of the Episcopalian ministry, a gentleman who was one of the idols of the Woman's Heney League during the recent unpleasantness. Many a time and oft did Mr. Lathrop thrill the political ladies to intense rapture by the fervor of his reformatory eloquence. Verily was he the religious Demosthenes of that hot campaign, an exhorter without fear and of manner above reproach, in the eyes of the hypnotized ladies. As I have said, Mr. Lathrop was comfortably ensconced in a seat. The car stopped at a crowded safety station and a number of women entered, among them two nuns of the Episcopalian church. Like several others I surrendered my seat, but there were not enough seats given up to accommodate all the standing women and the gentle nuns even had to wait some little time before they could sit down. Did the Reverend Mr. Lathrop arise like less distinguished men in that crowded car, and give his seat to one of the gentler sex? I regret to say that he did not. Perhaps he was mediating a speech for the next meeting of the Woman's Heney League, provided, of course, that that organization is ever to have another meeting. Perhaps he was so immersed in revery that he did not see the many standing women. At any rate the circumstance is noted here for the edification of Mr. Lathrop's feminine admirers.

Lady—Why did you leave your last place?
Cook—Because of a theft. Madame—
Lady—Discharged you?
Cook—No, she stole my watch.

Our Incredible Demagogues

Somebody has said that the proposition to issue bonds for the purchase of the Spring Valley Water Works was defeated despite the cordial and vehement support it received from some of the most illustrious watchdogs of the public interests. Now my theory of the matter is that it was not despite but on account of this very support the proposition was defeated. The people of this city have been trained to regard almost everybody and everything with suspicion. For years they have never heard any issue discussed without somebody's motives being impugned. If the amenities of controversy are not absolutely unknown in this turbulent city they are at all events never observed. It is considered perfectly fair and by no means indecent to refute argument with abuse. Unfortunately the original champions of this style of controversy, who are our most vociferously virtuous citizens, have been treated of late with liberal doses of their own medicine and now they are distrusted as much as the most practical of practical politicians. When these men with something of the unexpectedness of a bolt from the blue suddenly discovered that the properties of the Spring Valley Company were worth all the way from eleven to thirteen millions more than they had previously estimated when estimating for demagogic purposes, and were therefore a bargain at $35,000,000, suspicion took hold of susceptible minds and soon became contagious. The company, I believe, offered its property at a fair price, but unquestionably the sudden switching of sentiment on the part of Marsdon Manson and Mr. Phelan's puppets in the Board of Supervisors filled the average citizen with apprehension. The silence of Mr. Phelan was in itself provocative of suspicion. What had come over this stalwart and consistent corporation-baiter? Who performed the remarkable feat of muzzling the uproarious tribune? It was unfortunate that the most mischievous of our demagogues should have given their support to the bond proposition. They have been lying about the water company so many years that the truth from them was incredible. But now that they are on record as to the value of the corporation's property they may find it somewhat difficult to hark back to their old cry.

Grammarians to the Rescue

Professor Anderson of Stanford University and Professor Gayley of California University, eminent scholars, and able at all times to find the right words to express ingenious ideas, are not at all satisfied with any of the innumerable textbooks of grammar, and they have generously resolved to collaborate in the production of a work that will render the philosophy of language accessible to the understanding of the dullest student in the land. This is an heroic undertaking. Nevertheless it may not be appreciated by the parents of the school children of California who are being incessantly gouged by the book trust, and who may be insensible of the importance of a simplified grammar. But let us hope they will be taught to appreciate the necessity of more light on the perplexing parts of speech. Let us hope also that the unselfishness of the local grammar sharps will soon be made manifest. It is not at all improbable that they have entered upon this undertaking free from sordid motives and entirely out of compassion for befogged intellectuals and profound love of the mangled and tortured mother tongue.

The Great Problem

How to make the study of grammar easy is a problem that has engaged the attention of many wise men, and by many the solution of it has been attempted. William Cobbett believed that he solved it when he explained the rules in a series of letters to his son. Since Cobbett's time no simpler system of imparting instruction in grammar has been devised, and yet his work has been simplified and improved by an editor who has supplemented Cobbett's lessons with copious notes. A notable work that has lived through the years is that of Dean Alford, who set himself up as a grammar sharp and a judge of the language used by others. He was a severe critic, but he met his match as a grammarian in S. Washington Moon, whose trenchant little work, "The Dean's English," excited much interest and no little laughter, for the author proved that though the Dean was versed in the science of language his utterances were sometimes unintelligible. Moon picked out one of Alford's paragraphs of only ten lines which was so ambiguously worded that without any alteration of its grammar it might be read in ten thousand two hundred and forty different ways, only one of which was the right way to express the author's meaning.

The Uselessness of Grammar

Mr. Richard Grant White, an authority in the use of words, whose works have received approval in England as well as in this country, condemns as altogether useless the grammar studies of our schools and recommends the study of authors instead of grammar. In his judgment to express ourselves satisfactorily it is only necessary to choose the right words and put them in the right places respecting no laws but those of reason, conforming to no order but that which we call logical. He has said that no man that ever thinks of his grammar while writing will ever write a sentence worth reading. While there is much truth in what White says he makes the mistake of assuming that the laws of reason and logical order are matters of instinct. Many grammar enthusiasts on the other hand make the mistake of assuming that the rules of grammar are always to be applied with exactness and precision notwithstanding the confusion that has been brought about by the loss of inflexions, by the elliptic style of expression and by idiomatic usage. The fact is that the rules of grammar are far from fixed. Take for example the rule with reference to the nominative and accusative of the personal pronoun. Who will admit that the phrase "It is me," is grammatical. Dean Alford insists that it is, and so does Dr. Latham in his "History of the English Language." He says that the word "me" is a secondary nominative, and he points out that nobody says that "c'est moi" is bad French and "c'est je" is good. There are more things in the English language than have been dreamt of. in the philosophy of schoolmasters. There are what they would call grammatical outrages but they receive authoritative approval. Here is an example:

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled."

"But" is here obviously a preposition governing the objective, but the strictest purist though he might groan under the compulsion of sacrificing grammar to sound would not write,

"Whence all but him had fled."

So we see that the dread of cacophony affects grammar. The average schoolmaster forgets that there were several periods of English grammar, and that good usage

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in each is authority for much that is not strictly grammatical today. In Elizabethan English almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb as in the sentence, "They askance their eyes"; as a noun, "The backward and abysm of time"; or as an adjective, "A seldom pleasure." Shakespeare, who is regarded as a pretty good authority uses such verbs as "to glad," "to mad," and such phrases as "But me no buts," "the fairest she," etc. But of course Shakespeare was a genius, and as such had the right to make his own rules. We are not all Shakespeares, but so long as we have something to say, if it happens to be something worth while, let us not be excessively deferential to the parts of speech and the rules of syntax. If none but geniuses had the right to violate the rules of the game half of our book publishers would have to go out of business.

Daughter—Must I really marry that horrid Mr. Jones? I hate him, I detest him, I despise him!

Mother—But, my dear, you can tell him all that after you are married.

Lauder at the Press Club

The Bohemian and Family clubs had under advisement the propriety of inviting Harry Lauder to disport himself within their sacred confines. In both instances the board of managers, after solemn argumentation, decided that the Scotch music hall entertainer was not the sort of person to be admitted to the intimacy of the choice Bohemian and Family spirits. By what process of reasoning they arrived at this conclusion I am totally unable to fathom, but at any rate one of the greatest geniuses of the contemporary theatre missed the opportunity of admiring at close range the village cutups who find in these clubs their favorite pastorage. No doubt Lauder is dreadfully put out about this. Having been frequently the guest of the Savage in London and the Lambs in New York he must have yearned for the superior brand of hospitality dispensed by the Bohemian and the Family and for the more side-splitting quality of humor turned loose at their jinks. But while these two clubs were engaged in their favorite pastime of taking themselves seriously there was one club which found pleasure in entertaining Lauder. I refer to the Press Club. The newspapermen in that organization are quick to appreciate merit of any kind and they deemed it only fitting that they should testify to their admiration for the splendid genius of the little Scotchman. So they invited Lauder with William Morris, Walter Hoff Seeley and Julian Eltinge to an informal smoker last Friday night. Owing to a previous engagement for a supper party with some friends of his wife Lauder did not arrive at the club until midnight but he stayed until half past two and into those two and one-half hours was crowded an amount of conviviality and good-fellowship unusual even for the Press Club.

The Lauder Personality

In private life Harry Lauder looks a very different person from the Lauder of the stage. When he entered the Press Club in quiet tweeds and a soft blue shirt with a golf cap drawn over his bald head and a big pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth many who had seen him in Dreamland Rink did not recognize him. In repose his face is insignificant, owing largely perhaps to the typical Scotch sharpness of the features, the nose in particular. Even when he smiled he did not seem the Lauder of the footlights for his smile, winning though it was, lacked that exuberant expression of fun which helps so much in his dramatic appeal. It was only when Lauder stood up in the crowded dining room to respond to the neatly turned speech in which President Woodhead welcomed him that he became the Lauder of the theatre. Then the rich Scotch brogue was turned loose and all the dramatic intensity of his nature was centered in the telling of several inimitable stories which were absolutely new to everybody. In telling a story Lauder creates an atmosphere for his characters which is as perfect as the background for a picture contrived by a master painter and so skillfully is the climax approached that when the tale is ended laughter is simply inevitable. To the credit of the newspapermen be it said that nobody was willing to do any story telling when Lauder had finished but when Grant Carpenter and Al Dobson were called upon for some of their classics they acquitted themselves in a fashion which won the sincerest praise of the Scotch genius. It will surprise many to learn that Lauder writes most of his songs, words and melodies, as well as his monologues. He is a natural wit and humorist as a number of spontaneous sallies evoked at the Press Club showed. It has been stated that Lauder receives $5,000 a week during his American engagement but this is incorrect. His salary is $3,500 a week but Morris has to pay the London manager to whom Lauder is contracted $1,000 a week for the privilege of starring him in this country and other expenses of the tour make up the $5,000 a week which represents the total cost of featuring him.

D'Auber has painted a winter scene so well that everyone who looks at it gets cold feet.

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Stephenson Wouldn't "Come Through"

In a Milwaukee court the other day some interesting disclosures were made to the consternation of the admirers of Senator La Follette, known to the cynics as "Battle Bob" and to the devotees of the Star Eyed Goddess as the incarnation of disinterested patriotism. The disclosures were made during the trial of a suit on account of matters growing out of the campaign of 1908. Senator Isaac Stephenson was called as a witness, and from him was elicited the real reason why he lost the friendship of the sacrosanct La Follette. Senator Stephenson gave his testimony with reluctance. It was to the effect that when La Follette decided to become a candidate for President his friends called upon the witness for $250,000 with which to sweeten the campaign pot. The Senator balked, and the demand was lowered to $25,000, but finally two checks for $1,000 each were accepted. Tackled again in Washington he agreed to pay the expenses of headquarters opened by the La Follette men in Chicago. They immediately engaged thirty rooms in the Stafford Hotel. The hotel manager demanded a bond for $2,800 and it was forwarded to Washington for Senator Stephenson's signature. He refused to sign it, but later sent the committee a check for $1,000. This completed his contributions to the campaign. It was suggested to Senator Stephenson that the cause of the break was his refusal to sign the bond. He said that the real cause of the break was his refusal to contribute a quarter of a million to the La Follette fund. Asked if his memory might not be bad he said that he had a stack of letters from La Follette and his followers which would in time be published and which would show up some people in a different light from that in which they had posed. It was intimated by those in attendance, but not brought out in the examination, that the chief argument used in the attempt to raise the campaign fund was a hint that Stephenson might be permitted to become the Mark Hanna of the La Follette administration. Incidentally it was observed that Mr. Stephenson had been measuring men as well as logs too many years to be taken in by this argument. La Follette has many admirers in San Francisco. They tried to induce him to come to this city to boost Mr. Heney in the last campaign, but he had more profitable engagements on the Chantauqua Circle.

Gossip About Mott-Smith

A Honolulu correspondent informs me that there has been considerable discussion recently about the possibility of Ernest A. Mott-Smith being boomed for delegate to Congress. At the present time Mott-Smith is secretary of the territory and president of the board of health, positions which satisfy his ambition, but his popularity is such that his friends in Honolulu are grooming him for the larger dignity in full confidence that he would be just the man for the place. One drawback is that he does not speak Hawaiian very well but it is thought that his reputation throughout the islands is enough to overcome this disadvantage. Mott-Smith has gained considerable distinction by his handling of the delicate leprosy problem and it seems to be conceded that if Prince Cupid is eliminated from the race, he would prove a strong candidate, both with the republicans and democrats. Ernest Mott-Smith is very well known in this city. When Kalakaua was king of Hawaii his father represented the island government here and made his home in the famous old Charles Low house in Lombard street which was afterwards bought by Judge Selden S. Wright. There were several children, one of whom is Mrs. May Mott-Smith Bird Cunningham, distinguished not only as a designer of jewelry but also for her matrimonial adventures.

Have you noticed how terribly dear fish is?

Indeed I have! Why, we have to go without eating for a couple of days before we can observe a fast day.

Local Newspapermen in Los Angeles

The newspapermen of this city who have drifted to Los Angeles and are now occupying good positions there make quite an interesting list. The latest addition to the number is Edmond Stover who has been placed in charge of the Associated Press office in the southern city. James R. Nourse, formerly city editor of the Examiner and Bulletin, now occupies the same position on the Los Angeles Examiner. His assistant is Joseph Timmons who used to be on the Call and Bulletin here. Paul Gyllstrom, formerly of the Call, is now on the Herald George Parmenter, the artist, is in charge of the photographic department of the Examiner. His charming and talented wife who was Madge Moore of the Call's Sunday supplement department, has retired from newspaper work. "Billy" Matheas, formerly of the local Examiner, is now holding a fine position in the business department of the Hearst paper in the south. Young Stagg, the former photographer of the Bulletin, is doing camera work for the Times. Fred Vincent who used to be the San Rafael correspondent of the Call, is on the Record, the Scripps paper of Los Angeles. Our old friend Jimmy Swinnerton of bear fame is living at Monrovia where the extreme cut of his clothes which are made on Broadway, keeps the suburbanites continually gasping.

"Jack" Wilson Goes to St. Louis

John P. Wilson, one of the most popular members of the Press Club, has been lured away from this city by the management of a new opera house in St. Louis and has arranged to produce several of his musical comedies there. A number of very wealthy capitalists have recently completed the erection of a magnificent theatre in St. Louis and they plan to make it a musical center like New York and Chicago; that is to say, they will produce only original compositions and will send companies out to tour the country with their successes. There is plenty of money behind the venture and the auguries are all of the most favorable kind. "Jack" Wilson will probably open the new opera house with one of his musical comedies for which Louis Gottschalk wrote the music. At all events he will present several pieces there in the near future. Wilson has had great success with several of his musical plays, notably "The Filibuster" and some of his lyrics like "A Son of the Desert" have been paying royalties for many years. The pieces which the St. Louis managers are arranging to produce are highly meritorious in dialogue and lyrics and should score big hits. Wilson has a host of friends in newspaper and musical circles in this city and much as they rejoice in his good fortune,

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they are loth to see him go. A banquet was given in his honor at the Press Club recently and a number of other entertainments of a jolly kind signalized his departure for the conquest of musical St. Louis.

Olga Nethersole's Plans

Through the medium of one of the interviewers of the daily press we are permitted to learn that Miss Olga Nethersole plans the conquest of the European theatres. Her aspirations, it seems, are directed particularly toward Paris and next year will see the beginning of their fulfillment. Most of her plays will be given in English but "Camille" and "Sapho" will be played in their French versions. "Of course I will challenge comparison," vouchsafes Miss Nethersole, "for those two plays have been seen so often with Bernhardt, Duse and Rejane." It is by no means a certainty that Miss Nethersole will challenge comparison with Bernhardt, Duse and Rejane, for your French critic is a man of sang froid when he tackles a dramatic attempt and it may never occur to him that Miss Nethersole deserves to be compared with those great actresses. It is very nice to learn that Miss Nethersole went to Paris "for the consecration of her art." Also it is interesting to hear that King Edward told her that she "played like a Frenchwoman." Miss Nethersole was not sure whether or not to receive this as a compliment, for she had to ask the king if he intended it as one.

In Socrates' Cave

Gone and not to be recalled, it would seem, is the Nethersole of the burning soul kiss. As befits an artiste who yearns to extend her sphere of mimetic influence to the bounds of the world, Miss Nethersole has put on the mantle of serious thinking and devotes her offstage thoughts to profound sociological problems. A few days ago she lent her invaluable assistance to Judge Murasky in the disposition of juvenile court cases, among them one involving the parentage of a Chinese boy claimed by two women. Miss Nethersole, with less than the wisdom of Solomon, decided in favor of one woman because the other "bulldozed too much" but Judge Murasky wisely suspended judgment. Perhaps he thought that a mother in danger of losing her offspring might be inclined to bulldoze. Nature in such cases is apt to disregard the proprieties. On the subject of the relation of the sexes, too, Miss Nethersole has views to propound. We are in a benighted state, she says, mere dwellers in Socrates' cave, taking no pains to find out whether or not we are fit to marry. "Twelve years ago," Miss Nethersole reminds the interviewer, "I said we should have a physician's certificate alongside the clergyman's. Then I dreamed that we would dispense with the clergyman and retain only the doctor. In my farthest vision I saw no ceremony at all, but found us strong enough to carry for ourselves the lamps to illuminate our own footsteps." Which is picturesque if utterly inane. Neither the clergyman nor the doctor carries a lamp to illuminate the footsteps of men and women drawn together by sex instincts. In the scheme of this plodding old world the clergyman sanctifies the marital relation, raising it above a fleshly union; and the physician comes afterwards. Take away the clergyman or the justice of the peace and Miss Nethersole's lamp will illuminate promiscuous intercourse at which the doctor will throw up his hands in scientific horror. As a sociologist Miss Nethersole is less interesting than as a purveyor of soul kisses.

A Defective English Edition of Wilde

Now that the new and so-called "complete" English edition of the works of Oscar Wilde has been brought out it may not be amiss to inform those who are thinking of purchasing it that it does not contain all of the

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great Irishman's writings. Despite the fact that this new edition is edited by Robert Ross, the lifelong friend and literary executor of Wilde, and that the books come from the very reputable house of Methuen, the London publishers, the edition is fatally defective. It does not contain Wilde's single novelistic attempt, "The Picture of Dorian Gray." When Ross and the Methuens issued proposals for an authoritative edition of Wilde, Mr. Methuen, the head of the publishing house, was summoned to Oxford by the authorities of the university. Members of the faculty told him that if he included in the edition "The Picture of Dorian Gray" he would incur the displeasure of the university. In England that is a formidable threat to a book publisher and so Methuen who, like Wilde, was an Oxford man, yielded and the edition was prepared without that remarkable tour de force.

An Attack on Widows

From Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis comes the amazing declaration that "widows are terribly in evidence in our cities." It is a statement which, coming from any other source, would fill me with antagonism, but uttered by the cultured wife of the pastor of the famous old Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, it cannot but excite a feeling of sorrow. Used by a man that bold phrase "terribly in evidence" would be the acme of discourtesy, the sign lingual of ignorant inappreciation. Falling from the lips of a woman, might it not naturally be ascribed to that irremovable and inexplicable prejudice against widows which is always entertained by wives? But it is not for me to dissect the motives lurking behind the remarkable statement made by Mrs. Hillis; it is even possible that the lady, in the hurry of a public address, overstepped the boundary of her intended discourse. I know not and do not care. It is only for me to do my little service to the cause of widowhood by maintaining here that the widow is the most fascinating work of the Creator.

A Defense Interposed

Very appropriately one might apply to widows the words which George Moore in an excess of youthful enthusiasm wrote of the woman of thirty (widows of course rarely pass that magic milestone on the way to gray hairs and failing charm). Does not the widow, whether she be plain widow, grass widow or blue grass widow (with no alimony), "present from the outset all that is necessary to ensnare the heart of a young man? I see her sitting in her beautiful drawing-room, all designed by, and all belonging to her. Her chair is placed beneath an evergreen plant, and the long leaves lean out as if to touch her neck. The great white and red roses of the Aubusson carpet are spread enigmatically about her feline feet; a grand piano leans its melodious mouth to her; and there she sits when her visitors have left her, playing Beethoven's sonatas in the dreamy firelight. The spring-tide shows but a bloom of unvarying freshness; August has languished and loved in the strength of the sun. She is stately, she is tall. What sins, what disappointments, what aspirations lie in those grey eyes, mysteriously still, and mysteriously revealed." Is it not the widow to the life? But certainly not "terribly in evidence."

She Is An Object Of Fear

It may be that Mrs. Hillis has gone to books for her widows, has caught the cynical reflection of the attitude of embittered married authors toward this paragon of creation. "Take example by your father, my boy, and be wery careful o' widders." Has Mrs. Hillis joined cause with Tony Weller? Has she, in fact, joined cause with the writers of all sorts from the earliest dawn of literature who have aimed their weapons at the woman whose only fault would seem to be that she has outlived her husband? They have denounced her, slandered her, ridiculed her and affected to despise her but the paper bullets of these brainless marksmen have failed to dislodge her from the abiding affection of the ordinary man. Perhaps, like Tony Weller, the writers have feared the widow. Perhaps—but I have too much respect for the cloth of her husband's coat to insinuate that Mrs. Hillis fears the widows too. And yet fear has been at the bottom of all the persecution to which the widow has been subjected. The widow has been married; that is to say, she has studied man at close range. She has seen him when the mask he wears before the world is off. She has compared the promise of the suitor with the fulfilment of the husband. Now that he is dead she looks at other men with a dangerous serenity of feature which seems to say, "I understand you." She has sailed forth upon the sea of matrimony under convoy and has returned to port alone. Whether her voyage has been calm or stormy no one knows.

Some Spiteful Writers

Fearing the widow the writer has seen fit to satirize her. It is the usual resort of the cowardly. Witness Petronius with his mischievous story of the widow of Ephesus. Witness the commentators of Petronius who have maintained that the story is as old as the pyramids and that the widow was the widow of Pharaoh. Witness Shakespeare who will have it that the widow weeps for her departed lord but a paltry hour and a quarter and who, as if to prove that Benedick spoke truth, shows the Lady Anne halting beside the bier on its way to the tomb to give the promise of her hand to Richard III. Witness, too, Hamlet's mother who hurried from weeds to orange blossoms in the same indecorous fashion. "A

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daughter of Eve, such was the widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give her," says Sterne and proceeds in his sly equivocal way to take her character away from her. And Sterne was a clergyman to whom was divinely commended the care of the widows and the orphans! And so on through the literary calendar. Fear certainly breathes in such utterances; perhaps selfishness also. The prospect of having a widow of his own does not appeal to your man of letters for it involves the unpleasant necessity of dying first.

A Reason Hinted At

Despite the harsh sayings of the authors and the mean fling of Mrs. Hillis I am willing to predict that the widow will flourish as of yore. Husbands are still dying and leaving spouses behind them; still stepping out of matrimony and leaving their former helpmates with or without alimony. Why should not the widow wipe the tears from her rosy cheek and put aside black chiffon for white tulle? She has the charm of mature womanhood and knows how to exhibit it to advantage. Also she knows the weak points of the male animal and can humor him to the top of his bent if she desires to make a conquest. That is why a clever woman will widow two or three men and win a fourth husband with ease while many a girl must spinster it to the end of her days.. Can it be that Mrs. Hillis is blessed with a bevy of marriageable daughters?

Two Fleets For the Pacific

The purport of a recent order made by Secretary of the Navy Meyer is to give the Pacific Ocean two battleship fleets instead of one. They will be known as the Pacific fleet and the Asiatic fleet. Rear-Admiral John Hubbard will be in command of the Asiatic fleet and Rear-Admiral Harber will relieve Rear-Admiral Sebree of the command of the newly organized Pacific fleet. The present third squadron of the Pacific fleet will be known as the Asiatic fleet while the Pacific fleet will consist of the present first and second divisions. The present third division of the Pacific fleet, consisting of the Milwaukee and St. Louis, has been detached and the vessels will continue in reserve. The smaller vessels on duty in Central American waters will not be considered as attached to either fleet. The Denver and the Galveston have been detached from the Pacific fleet and they will proceed in company from Cavite to the west coast, and thence to their home yards, the Denver to Mare Island and the Galveston to Bremerton.

The Christian Science Position

The following letter has been called forth by a recent paragraph in which I spoke of a seeming contradiction in the teachings of Mrs. Eddy to which a correspondent had called my attention: January 15, 1910; To the Editor of Town Talk, San Francisco, Cal. Dear Sir: Referring to your issue of the 8th where it is asked, "How can physicians who apply medicine and surgery to the healing of ills be reputable physicians in the eyes of Christian Science?" I would say that such a question presupposes an antagonism on the part of Christian Scientists which does not exist. There is hardly a Christian Scientist who does not number among his intimate friends either physicians or those who are in sympathy with their methods of treatment. Such friends are respected, and the fact that they believe in the use of material remedies does not prevent a recognition of their sterling qualities. The physician who believes in material laws is consistent when he employs material prescriptions, and if he gives his patients that treatment for which they have asked and in which he conscientiously believes, he is not a "quack" but has honestly earned his fees. Speaking of such physicians Mrs. Eddy writes: "It is just to say that generally the cultured class of medical practitioners are grand men and women, ..." (Science and Health, page 164). In regard to the lines written by Mrs. Eddy in recognition of the New Year, it is needless to speculate as to what place they will be accorded by literary critics. There is this to be noted, that each successive year the writings of this illustrious woman are increasingly sought and studied. Thanking you for giving space to these comments, yours sincerely, Olcott Haskell.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, Deceased—No. 8943, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned George S. Sexton, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. M. Owens, Room 412, Mechanics' Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased.

GEORGE S. SEXTON,
Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Sexton, formerly Augusta Prag, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administrator,
Mechanics' Savings Bank Bldg., 948 Market St.,San Francisco. 1-22-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—From the day of the Morgan and Taft conferences at Washington directly after January 1, the stock market has been sagging under the pressure of liquidation coming undoubtedly from important sources. As a result the market in the late days of this week has become water-logged with stock and there has been a sharp break. It would appear that any plans of banking interests for maintaining prices had been upset by the character of legislation pending at Washington, hence the logical result, that heavy selling by banking syndicates occurred. It is a fact that dividends were to be increased on many leading issues of securities in the coming sixty days which would have been a strong incentive for higher values later but these plans, we can say authoritatively, have been abandoned. As we view the market at the close of this week we should say that the present decline had gone far enough and that improvement should now be shown in all leading securities.

Wheat has been set back by the depression that has swept over all markets. Chicago has fallen below the outside market and cash is commanding a premium. There has been considerable complaint the past week by millers that flour trade is slow, but much of this complaint arises from the poor shipping facilities in the snow bound region. The European situation has not improved and prices there are holding more firmly, but still out of line with this side. Argentina's small shipments reflect both the small crop and the late harvest, and improvement will follow, but average shipments will be below last year. The wheat market is purely domestic and with a bearish attitude on the part of the millers a lower level is apt to be made; around 110 for May a good support will develop. It will be several weeks before the acuteness of domestic supplies will become apparent and lead to a strong market.

Corn has had another stiff advance and a return to last week's closing prices. After passing 70 cents profit-taking developed and became quite strong Friday, but the buying was renewed, only to give way to a rush of unloading when the stock and cotton markets showed extreme weakness. The demand for corn in the past two weeks has been urgent with large shipments out of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The gradual advance of competitive cash buying made the market in futures. The market has returned to another good buying level and the country will again stimulate the options, as the farmers in the surplus States will not dispose of much corn at a recession in prices. The corn raiser is watching the hog market, not the options, and with his product worth from 80 cents to 90 cents for hog-feeding he will not reduce his holdings at price concessions.

Cotton—As Southern spot markets have been and are now, and will be, the guide to the course of the contract markets, both American and Liverpool, the recent heavy break should not in any way shake confidence, but should be regarded as an incident peculiar to high prices and a very broad market. In other words, after the holidays there seemed to be many who wanted to liquidate their holdings. This selling was materially increased by forced liquidation on the part of Wall street interests to protect their stock accounts which were also declining. The bull leader, Mr. E. G. Scales, threw himself in the breach and tried to hold prices by continuous buying day after day, but the volume of selling increased with each point decline until it became something terrific and Mr. Scales finally was driven to the extremity of liquidating his entire holdings on a rapidly declining market which culminated Friday with a panic. Around 13.70 for May a powerful Philadelphia spot house took over all of Mr. Scales' unsold contracts by private agreement. It is unfortunate that it is human nature to "follow" the crowd and many threw out their holdings at low prices when they should have been buying. It is said on unquestionable authority now that the big spot people who are now in control of the situation are friendly to the market and will work for higher prices. Cotton should now be bought on all soft spots.

Copper—The value and importance of the production of copper is only beginning to be fully realized. Copper is one of the most staple and widely used metals and as we have heretofore predicted, the price of copper metals is gradually rising and this must necessarily affect for the better the good copper stocks. The demand for copper for export is better today than ever before. Europe has apparently believed for some time that copper could not advance, making their calculations on the fact that the United States is producing more copper than ever before in its history. This is true but the consumption of copper has overtaken and passed production and in consequence the foreigners find themselves very short of the metal. The expansion of electrical lines of all kinds has greatly increased the demand. Copper as a conductor is bound to have an enormous consumption; eventually all our railways will be operated by electricity. While during the last thirty days the stocks in the copper market have sought a higher average range of prices, there has been quite a drop in some and we would again advise caution in the selection of investments. We have spoken and still continue to think well of Nevada Consolidated. There seems to be no doubt that this mine is one of the finest copper propositions in the country. The president of the Nevada Consolidated has come out with a letter to the stockholders asking them not to agree to the Utah's proposition to surrender their stock at 2¼ to one in the proposed merger and from the showing and the reports on these respective mines the exchange seems out of all just proportion. In regard to this proposed copper merger, it is not a merger in the popular sense of a trust; it does not contemplate discrimination and will not effect the northern Michigan mines, nor Arizona. There is a world wide production of copper that will have to be worked off, but the new uses to which the metal is being put are increasing. To bring a reasonable profit copper should sell at 15 or over. It has now reached 14 cents and our prediction of 15 cents before April 1 will probably be fulfilled at even an earlier date. We would advise going slow just now in regard to copper stock investments.

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The chef at the Hotel del Portal makes the time pass pleasantly in this handsome room.

Discounts

There is a curious bias in the human mind in favor of discounts, of getting a reduction from the announced price, which is not confined to the feminine sex. This crops out frequently in conversation. A friend tells us something as a fact—it may be a fishing story, a financial deal, or a trip to Yosemite in Winter, and, almost instinctively, we make our own mental reservation. Did the fish weigh four pounds? Maybe it was only three. He made three thousand dollars? Well, let us say twenty-five hundred and be safe. That trip to El Portal and Yosemite, was it really as fine as he enthusiastically painted it? The service at the Hotel del Portal, the dining hall, the lounging room, the club room and all the appointments, were they actually first-class? And then the stage ride up the Merced Canyon, three hours of wonderful scenery with a good stage-driver; and the great valley itself covered with snow—Montagu and Capulet unite, for once, in saying that it was magnificent beyond mere words and that they did not suffer in any way from the cold. Well, perhaps it is true, but here old habit creeps in again. Was the sleighing so fine, and the skating and snowshoeing? Can you go up the trail in winter to Vernal Falls?

Emerson said that Yosemite was "the one great place which came up to the brag." He saw the valley in Summer. There is no discount in Winter, and the splendid hotel at El Portal has made the trip not only possible but pleasurable and comfortable.

SLEIGHING IN YOSEMITE

If your spirits are low a sleigh ride over the snow in Yosemite will speedily exhilarate them.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Fearless Mrs. Darling

If there is one woman in society who does not hesitate to speak her mind vigorously when occasion seems to demand it, it is Mrs. John A. Darling. Mrs. Darling belongs to the only set in San Francisco which can rightly boast aristocratic bearing and there are times when her scorn for the pretense of upstarts causes her to administer a stinging rebuke which is not soon forgotten by the luckless person upon whom it descends. In an unguarded moment the wife of a wealthy man who is more or less of a leader in one section of the social herd, criticized a member of Mrs. Darling's family. Mrs. Darling met this lady at a recent tea and corrected her misstatement, adding, in a tone the reverse of confidential:

Photo, Bruguiere and Eisen

MISS GERTRUDE BYRNES

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Byrnes of San Rafael who will give a piano recital at the Dominican College tonight. Miss Byrnes will graduate in the musical department of the college next June, having already finished her classical studies. Her program includes numbers from Chopin, Liszt, Rachmaninoff and MacDowell and a large gathering of prominent people from both sides of the bay will hear her interpretation of these masters.

"When you are giving family histories, don't forget to mention that your father in early days kept a cheap grocery store and afterwards became a shoemaker." Mrs. Darling gave a tea a short time ago and invited only the members of her own exclusive set. A certain wealthy climber was chagrined at being overlooked and later, within earshot of Mrs. Darling, airily remarked that only the riffraff had been present. "You are mistaken," retorted Mrs. Darling; "if I had invited the riffraff you would certainly have received an invitation."

Patrician Beauties of Burlingame

Mrs. Walter Martin is earning the distinction of being one of the best gowned women in society. There is an individuality in her costumes which makes them noticeable although she never strikes the bizarre that Mrs. Frank Carolan affects. At the St. Francis ball last week Mrs. Martin wore a robe of royal blue panne velvet, the bodice studded with sapphires that represented a small fortune. One of the Burlingame contingent recently returned from abroad has noted the resemblance of Mrs. Martin and Mrs. George Keppel. The London beauty is Mrs. Martin's senior by years, but she has still the fresh wild-rose complexion of the English woman which is also the heritage of Mrs. Martin whose mother, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, belongs to an English county family.

MISS HAZEL HOLM

The clever and attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Holm who recently returned from a tour of the world and has entertained extensively this winter.

Mrs. Martin is not the only woman in society distinguished by resemblance to an English beauty. Several years ago when Mrs. Charles McIntosh was Aileen Goad, a touring Britisher at Del Monte was so struck by her likeness to the then Princess of Wales that he said she might be the Princess herself in her beautiful youth. Then there is Mrs. Carolan, the double of Mrs. Pat Campbell and Mrs. Laurence Scott who looks like the

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Duchess of Marlborough, which establishes quite a record for patrician pulchritude in Burlingame.

One of the most beautiful women at a recent ball wore a gown which was cut so daringly low that it prompted a gay young blade to remark: "That costume is evidently held up by the grace of God."

Society People in the Dairy Business

Mr. Henry P. Bowie, having recovered his stolen Holsteins, considers the incident closed, and is indignant that the newspapers should mention it. It all happened months ago, and now Frank Soares who was formerly associated with the San Mateo millionaire in the Severn Lodge Dairy is suing a man named Levy for false possession of the cows. As for Mr. Bowie, he has his Holsteins and does not care what is done to Mr. Levy. The Bowie dairy is a special fad of its owner and is conducted on aesthetic principles with all modern appliances and

MISS ETHYL GRAHAM

The talented daughter of Judge and Mrs. Thomas F. Graham who will take part in the extravaganza, "Professor Napoleon."

from it is furnished milk to Bowie's Burlingame friends, at so much a quart. Dairies are much in vogue as investments among our social exclusives and the Brewers have made a great success of theirs at San Mateo. Miss Nora Brewer who is engaged to Edward Cudahy, the Chicago millionaire, lives with her brother Frank Brewer, and her sister, Miss Amy Brewer, in an old-fashioned home near San Mateo which has been occupied by the family for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer were Bostonians who first came to California for the benefit of Mrs. Brewer's health. Both died a number of years ago. The children established a dairy on the San Mateo property which has been very ably managed by Frank Brewer. Richard Hotaling also conducts a dairy on his Marin county estate. Several years ago George De Long startled society by peddling milk and soliciting the patronage of his friends. The popular young club man contributed an additional sensation by himself delivering the commodity during a temporary crisis with drivers.

Profanity in Polite Society

The Examiner asks solemnly, "Is a woman who swears really a lady?" In the Brokaw divorce which has diverted New York for a season, Mrs. Gould Brokaw is quoted as calling her husband "a damn liar." The Examiner dipped into history and compiled statistics. It found that Queen Elizabeth "swore powerfully" and that Catherine of Russia had an assortment of curses which delivered in Russian must have been remarkable and terrifying. Of modern instances there is Mrs. Howard Gould who is alleged to have used "damn" in addressing an architect, and the late Mrs. Paran Stevens whose epithets were always delightfully to the point. But the Examiner is not satisfied and proceeds heavily to analyze the ordinary "damn" of conversation which it finds is not properly profanity unless intended as such,

Photo, Vaughan and Keith

TO GIVE ENSEMBLE CONCERTS

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, pianiste; Signor Antonio de Grassi, violinist; and Mr. Wenceslao Villalpando, 'cellist who will give concerts at Kohler and Chase Hall on the evenings of January 24, February 17 and March 17.

although "women of wealth, position and refinement" would never damn anything. And yet they do. Half the maids and matrons of the smart set who are "women of wealth, position and refinement" damn anything they please as lightly as they praise, and still remain "women of wealth, position and refinement" in spite of yellow journalism. Let it not be understood that all society women are profane. Fully half of them are not. Not long ago at a ball one of the first division, a prominent young Burlingame matron, inquired the whereabouts of her husband. The person questioned knew it not and the young matron turned away with a sweet "Damn ————, I never know where he is," which remark so shocked a matron of the unprofane class that she has ventured to quote it, in all its bald horror, to equally dismayed friends.

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The Husband of Mrs. Keppel

Of all the men who have attained vicarious distinction through the renown of their wives the Honorable George Keppel is not the least conspicuous. This remarkable Englishman is now in New York where he was well known several years ago as the agent of Sir Thomas Lipton, tea merchant and cup-hunter. To say that Keppel is remarkable is no exaggeration, for only a remarkable man could have maintained the difficult position of husbanding Mrs. George Keppel with the tactful self-effacement which he has displayed through many years. Ever since an eventful yachting party on the Riviera in 1893 Mrs. George Keppel has been the chum of King Edward. Naturally when royalty selects a feminine chum it is the part of discretion for the chum's husband to obliterate himself. That is one of the sacrifices necessary in such cases under a monarchical regime, so George Keppel promptly accepted the situation and performed the sacrifice. For sixteen years little was heard of George Keppel, but recently the king, touched no doubt by his silent withdrawl from the brilliant circle of society in which Mrs. Keppel disported, conferred on him a titulary distinction which gave him footroom near the lowest step to the throne. Keppel is Orderly Officer to the king but the title is insignificant beside that which he has worn for many years—Husband of the King's Chum.

A Remarkable Woman

King Edward, in his long and frolicsome career, has had many feminine chums, among them the Jersey Lily and Mrs. Cornwallis West, but none has ever engaged the royal intimacy as long or as exclusively as Mrs. Keppel. This is not surprising, for the king is a known connoisseur of femininity and Mrs. Keppel has a beautiful face, a voluptuous figure, a splendid carriage and an active and merry mind. Physically and mentally she is endowed with just those qualities aptest to amuse a monarch wearied with the cares of a constitutional government. If there exists any curiosity as to just what excellence in Mrs. Keppel the king most admires, it may easily be satisfied for King Edward himself is authority for the statement that it is her wit and tact which most appeal to him. That the particular degree of wit and tact most acceptable to royalty should dwell in a woman of Mrs. Keppel's external loveliness is one of those happy coincidences which sometimes make kings the envy of ordinary mortals. But it would perhaps be too much to expect that King Edward would have made Mrs. Keppel his chum if she had boasted wit and tact without physical pulchritude, for King Edward is intensely human and has never pretended that the divinity which hedges a king exempts him from the ordinary weakness. All of his chums have possessed wit and tact and have been beautiful women of voluptuous proportions as well.

Mrs. Keppel's Good Luck

That there are golden advantages attached to the rare honor of chumming with King Edward might be inferred by the uninitiate, even if the many marks of royal favor conferred upon Mrs. Keppel had not been heralded in the press of two continents. Only recently, in one of their frequent tete-a-tetes, King Edward confided to Mrs. Keppel a tip on American steel which netted this daughter of good fortune a cool million in American dollars. King Edward had the tip from Sir Ernest Cassell, his private banker, who in turn had received it from Pierpont Morgan; so it will be seen that Mrs. Keppel is not allowed by her royal chum to go far wrong in the investment of her money. It would be a tedious process to catalogue the other marks of distinguished favor which have been conferred upon this lucky woman by her sovereign and chum. Christmas before last, it will be remembered, he presented her with a magnificent mansion in Grosvenor street. Mrs. Keppel's old house in gloomy Portman Square had grown distasteful to her and the king, in finding for her a new dwelling, was careful that it should be within easy access of the palace. Upon receipt of a telephone message Mrs. Keppel is always ready to entertain the king, either alone or in one of those jolly parties which Edward so often affects. Much comment has been lavished on a particular feature of this new home—a private entrance at the rear on a narrow dismal street given over to mews and stables. Royalty entering or leaving by that entrance may be certain of preserving a strict incognito, which is as it should be in these days of prying plebeian curiosity.

An Instance of Her Tact

I am sorry that I cannot quote any sayings of Mrs. Keppel which would illustrate that wit of which King Edward is so enamored, but I am able to relate a recent instance of her tactful care for the king's comfort. The

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late Duchess of Manchester had one of the most famous chefs in Europe and esteemed him so highly that she left him an annuity of $750. King Edward always gave him the palm as the prime cuisiniere of the capital and endeavored to secure his services for Buckingham Palace. He was greatly chagrined to find that another had been beforehand with him, but his chagrin gave way to perfect satisfaction when he found that that other was the charming Mrs. Keppel. As the king dines at Mrs. Keppel's much more frequently than at Buckingham Palace, the arrangement not only suited but delighted him. It may be imagined that Queen Alexandra does not like Mrs. Keppel and that she resents her nickname of "Queen George." Once that was true but the queen, with an heroic self-effacement only paralleled by that of Mrs. Keppel's husband, has come to tolerate her royal consort's chum and is content that she should make one in the regal entourage wherever it goes. Society in Great Britain has followed the queen's example. It is understood nowadays that wherever the king is invited his chum must also be invited and if any hostess tries to make an exception to this rule, she always finds that the king is indisposed and cannot accept her hospitality. Speculation has been rife at times over the possibility of the king's outliving his fondness for Mrs. Keppel and choosing another chum. Much comment was excited, for instance, when the king was photographed with Miss Maxine Elliott. But King Edward is an old man now and it seems quite beyond the range of probability that he should forego the delights he finds in the company of Mrs. Keppel in favor of a younger chum. It is true that King David set a precedent for such a course but that was on medical advice and of course medicine has made tremendous strides since those old biblical days.

Guests at a fashionable hotel were highly amused during a recent dinner when a wealthy bachelor maid appeared in the dining room in splendid costume but with only a thin covering of hair tightly knotted. She had forgotten her coronet braid and was in blissful ignorance of her appearance.

The De Young Cotillon

The only cotillon which society has enjoyed this winter was that given on Tuesday evening by Mrs. M. H. De Young for her daughter Miss Kathleen. The guest list included nearly two hundred, half of whom were the friends of Miss De Young in the younger set. It was really for the young persons that the cotillon was arranged and to say that they enjoyed themselves thoroughly in the beautiful ballroom of the family home in California street is putting it quite mildly. The rest of the guests were family friends from the older married contingent of society and they were entertained during the dance in a manner equally satisfactory.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masque

To say that the fashionable dancing crowd is on the tiptoe of excitement over the plans for the masked ball which will be given on Shrove Tuesday night for the benefit of the Children's Hospital is to state an obvious fact in very conservative terms. A bal masque has such endless possibilities of excitement and appeals to the imagination so much more strongly than the ordinary dignified hop that even the staider maids and matrons talk of the affair with eyes asparkle. The Portola masquerade was the first diversion of this sort at which society assisted for a long time and it was such an enjoyable affair that the Mardi Gras ball will be sure of generous patronage. The fact that it is to be given for charity will commend it to many who might be dubious about attending otherwise; charity, you know, banishes a multitude of scruples. The ball will be given at Pavilion Rink, corner of Sutter and Pierce streets, on the evening of February 8, for Lent is following very closely on the heels of Advent this year. There will be a brass band and a string orchestra to discourse music for the dancers and that irrepressible king of the revels, Edward the first and last of the House of Greenway and Mumm, will lead the grand march at half after nine. Prizes will be given for the best costumes, both for men and women and it is announced that the judges will be prominent men warranted experts in the appraisement of pulchritude of face, figure and dress. Tickets including supper will cost $5.00 and boxes $50.00. The proceeds will go to the Children's Hospital which is sadly in need of funds. The tickets may be obtained at any time from the following patronesses: Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Sam Boardman, Mrs. Silas Palmer and Miss Jennie Crocker. After February 4 they may also be purchased at Sherman, Clay & Company.

One of the Three Marys

In speaking of Mrs. Mary Scott Castle from whom Neville Castle has just secured a divorce, as a "former society belle of San Francisco" the newspapers are in error. Mary Scott was socially prominent in San Jose and first burst upon this city in all her effulgence when she joined the ranks of T. Daniel Frawley's stock company. Theatregoers cannot have forgotten the war of the Three Marys which was something of a nine-days' wonder at that time, the Three Marys being Mary Scott, Mary Hampton and Mary Van Buren. When Mrs. Castle invaded the New York theatrical rialto her success was not overpowering and she ended by playing an engagement at Keith's music hall. Afterwards she barnstormed in Canada, playing among other parts that of Polly in "Caste." It is reported that Mrs. Neville is visiting with friends in Canada at the present time. No doubt she was glad to leave New York after the notoriety of her shooting affray in the Waldorf-Astoria.

Miss Harriet Alexander left California with great reluctance. As Miss Alexander wore fresh orchids every day and was constantly in the company of Melville Bowman, her girl friends think they know the reason.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA

The Case-Maclean Musicale

The musicale given by Miss Mary Adele Case and Mr. Donald Maclean at the latter's studio, 1613 Green street, on January 16 was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. Miss Case was in excellent voice and sang a group of the plaintive Hungarian songs which she renders so charmingly. Mr. Maclean's program contained several novelties, the interest of the evening being centered in his presentation of "La Premiere Parole" from Fevrier's Monna Vanna, the opera which caused so much discussion on its production in Paris a few months ago. It was splendidly sung by Mr. Maclean who did full justice both to the beauty and to the dramatic intensity of the music. Mr. Maclean also gave a number of modern German songs ending with Wotan's Abschied from Die Walkure.

Billy Burke presented to his fiancee, Miss Genevieve Walker, an engagement ring of rare beauty. It contains a marquise diamond and is a replica of that which Joe Tobin gave Miss Constance De Young when their engagement was announced.

Society will receive a surprise when a wealthy widow of seventy announces her engagement to a distinguished professor of languages who has passed the fifty mark.

It is expected that before Miss Florence Hopkins leaves with her father for a tour abroad she will announce her engagement to Duval Moore. They have been very frequently together of late and at the Patroness' Ball the young chap's devotion was particularly noted.

In the Social Spotlight

Madame Nellie Widmann-Blow, mezzo-soprano, assisted by Miss Mildred Turner, pianiste, will give a concert on Friday evening, January 21, at Kohler and Chase Hall, corner of O'Farrell street and Grant avenue.

There will be a musicale in the ballroom of the St. Francis on Friday evening, January 21, at which Miss Georgiana Strauss, assisted by a number of well-known artists will render an attractive program.

Miss Blanche Lillian Kaplan, the twelve year old daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bernard M. Kaplan, will give a piano recital at the Van Ness Theatre on January 23.

The talented Pasmore Trio of this city have made a very successful appearance in Chicago where they won the applause of their audience and the critics as well. After playing at a number of concerts in and around Chicago they will start home, arriving before the end of January.

One of the delightful affairs of the week at Los Angeles was the informal bridge party given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of the Hershey Arms, in honor of Mrs. William Averell and her daughter, Miss Averell, who have just returned from an extended trip abroad and are guests at the Hershey Arms for the winter; and also in compliment to Mrs. Roy B. Lindsay of San Francisco, who has been visiting here for a fortnight at the Van Nuys. The affair was prettily appointed, and violets and Enchantress carnations were used in the decorations. Four tables were filled for the afternoon's playing.

Mrs. N. A. Dorn will be the hostess at a large tea on February 5 at her home in Pacific avenue.

Mrs. Russell Wilson will leave on Sunday for New York where she will meet Mrs. Gertrude Miller and later these two ladies will sail for a tour abroad. Mrs. Wilson will be away until next fall.

Miss Bertha I. Hall, accompanied by her sister, Hazel H. Hall of Tacoma, arrived at Del Monte recently, intending to stay a week or ten days.

Major C. C. Bennett of Victoria, B. C., who has been at Del Monte for the last week, is an enthusiastic golfer and has not missed a day so far on the links.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Raoul-DuVal arrived at Del Monte recently for a week's stay, and it was expected that Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark of San Mateo would join them. Business, however, prevented Mr. Clark from going.

Mrs. Charles J. Stovel and her sister, Miss Adele Martel, will give an elaborate bridge party followed by a tea at their home, 2613 Buchanan street, on Friday afternoon, February 4.

Dr. and Mrs. Kasper Pischel have issued cards for an at home at their residence, 1817 California street, on Saturday evening, January 29.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. James Robinson formed a congenial party playing bridge recently at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. M. Matson and her daughter, Miss Lurline, were hostesses at an elaborate tea during the week at their home, 1918 Jackson street.

PALACE HOTEL

Announces special after theatre supper service and musical program in the GRILL each evening

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If you are going to entertain in any way let us figure with you.
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FINE CANDIES AND ICE CREAM SODA

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Large lobby and reception room. Grill room. Dining room.

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The Nethersole in "Sapho"

By Edward F. O'Day

More than two years have gone by since last we had an opportunity to see Miss Nethersole in the role of the Daudet hetaira and the lapse of time has wrought many changes, not only in the production but in Miss Nethersole as well. What was once a splendiferous scenic apparatus has been worn and dirtied by the hard usage of the road; the former capable cast has been supplanted by mediocrities; and as though to keep a backward step with the deterioration of the production, the star, except in one act, plays with every evidence of a blasted enthusiasm. As I remember the opening scene in the studio it was a riot of artistically clashing colors and the merrymakers reveled with the abandon of finely simulated enjoyment. But now the scene seems to cry aloud for the assistance of a capable stage manager and the mummers go through the motions of gaiety with a pretense of hilarity that is downright depressing. That opening scene struck the keynote of the whole piece; it was depressing, but in a different way from that intended by Daudet and the late Mr. Fitch. The sense of cross-purpose between the drama and the players and the players and their environment was so persistently borne in upon the spectator that one noted without surprise that a statuette of Venus at the Bath did duty for Sapho. As a matter of fact, there was little of the old-time Sapho in Miss Nethersole's earlier scenes. The burning kisses that aroused the indignation of all the easterners whose ancestors had landed at Plymouth Rock, have gone the way of all flesh. They belong to the Nethersolian days that are no more—the days when Miss Nethersole never dreamed of seeking out juvenile courts and discoursing on the suffrage question. Sapho's kisses nowadays are mere domestic pecks, warranted not to stir the blood of the co-ed or to evoke the anger of the pulpit. Half a hundred of them would not endanger the consular career of the silliest, most impressionable Jean that ever went to a studio ball. They are not even as effusive as those our country cousins exchange in Market street. Perhaps the Nethersole has become too serious to linger over the osculatory passages in the play; perhaps, who knows? she has come to weary a good deal of the play itself. After all, it is rather a ridiculous play and should survive only as a terrible example of what Clyde Fitch could do, when he chose, in the way of misinterpreting a great book. Despite, however, that the Nethersole shows evidences of growing tired of this well-worn part, she still plays the great emotional climax of the third act with splendid intensity. That of course is the one bright spot in the dreary picture and the actress attacks it with a spirit in striking contrast to her nonchalance throughout the other scenes. Miss Nethersole is endowed with wonderful capacity for the depiction of passion and while she has eliminated many of the daring indications of sexual fury, there is enough left in that scene to make it a vital depiction. Of the company that is supporting Miss Nethersole it is needless to speak. The leading man is a husky youth who mounts the staircase with Miss Nethersole in his arms without any appearance of effort. Miss Nethersole is a stout and heavy woman nowadays and it must be a problem to find a Jean who can carry her gracefully up that winding ascent. When the leading man appeared with Miss Nethersole to share in the applause which always follows that scene he was not even "breathed"; so no doubt his connection with the company is amply justified.

Stage

Marie Cahill at the Columbia

"The most successful season in her career as a star" is what the press-agents say about Marie Cahill who comes in her new musical play "The Boys and Betty" to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday night, January 24. There will be Saturday matinees only. "The Boys and Betty" is an adaptation of "La Papillon" which had a great vogue in Paris, and was made by George V. Hobart who provided the books and lyrics with music by Silvio Hein. We are told that while the adaptation is thoroughly American, enough of the French flavor has been retained to make it attractive. Silvio Hein, the composer, it is said, has supplied the star with a number of taking song hits. Miss Cahill is surrounded by a good cast and particular stress is laid upon the beauty of the chorus and the costumes.

The Sunday "Pop" Concerts

Manager Greenbaum announces four Sunday "Pop" concerts. The prices will be as low as in the big music centers of Germany. It is possible for the sum of $1.00 to secure a season ticket for the entire course. These will be ready Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co's. The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 30 at the new Kohler and Chase Hall. The new Lyric Quartette, composed of Misses Pasmore and Ehrman, violins; Miss Furth, viola and Miss Dorothy Pasmore, violincello, will play Mozart's charming "Quartette," Op. 15, the "Presto" from Beethoven's Op. 18 and Schubert's "Quartette" (posthumous). The soloist will be Mrs. B. M. Stich. Miss Lydia Reinstein will be the accompanist.

Louis James at the Van Ness

The engagements of that sterling actor, Louis James, have come to be quite an event in local theatricals, the mere announcement of the date of his coming being sufficient to awaken great interest in the lovers of Shakespeare and the classic drama. For many years Mr. James has been an exponent of such roles as Shylock and Cardinal Wolsey, both of which he will enact dur-

FREDERIC VOELKER

Violin virtuoso who will appear for the last time this Saturday night at the Orpheum.

ing the coming week at the Van Ness. In "King Henry VIII," with which drama he will open his engagement Monday night, Mr. James is using the version prepared for the late Edwin Booth by William Winter, and it is said to call for sumptuous scenic surroundings, which have been provided liberally. Queen Catherine, the unfortunate spouse of Henry, will be portrayed by Aphie James. The balance of the cast has been selected with special care. Mr. James will appear in "King Henry VIII" on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights of next week. The bill for Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, and for the Saturday matinee will be "The Merchant of Venice," with Mr. James as Shylock and Aphie James as Portia.

Burt Wesner Back at Alcazar

Leo Ditrichstein's mirthful comedy, "All On Account of Eliza," will be the Alcazar's offering throughout the coming week. It will reintroduce Burt Wesner to the patrons with whom he was a prime favorite for two years prior to the close of the last season. He will play a funny German character created by Louis Mann. "All On Account of Eliza" deals with the fortunes of a city school-marm in a rural community where the narrow-mindedness of the womenfolk is deep-rooted. They are shocked by the liberal ideas and easy, though innocent, behavior of the pretty young woman, and when all the men and children in the village fall in love with her the wives and mothers combine to have her dismissed. She is arraigned before the school board on charges of immorality, but triumphantly clears her good name, much to the dismay of her accusers, and is retained in her position. She does not pique the ladies very long, however, for the son of the school board's president makes her his wife. It is a simple plot, but bright from start to finish. Evelyn Vaughan will play the fair cause of all the trouble, and John Ince will be seen as her young lover.

Teresa Carreno Concerts

That wonderful pianist and beautiful woman Mme. Teresa Carreno will give two concerts in this city at the Garrick Theatre on Thursday night, February 3 and Sunday afternoon, February 4, under the direction of Will Greenbaum. At the first of these Chopin's rarely played "Sonata," Op. 58 and Edward MacDowell's Sonata "Keltic" will be the special features and at the Sunday afternoon event the great artist will play Schumann's beautiful "Quintette" for piano and strings in which she will have the assistance of the Lyric Quartette. Beethoven's "Sonata," Op. 109 is also on this

THE LYRIC QUARTETTE

Miss Mary Pasmore, violin; Miss Sallie Ehrman, violin; Miss Viola Furth, viola; Miss Dorothy Pasmore, 'cello

program. Seats and complete programs may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's on Saturday, January 29. On Friday afternoon, February 4 Carreno will play an entirely different program at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Max Figman at the Savoy

Max Figman and "Mary Jane's Pa" are two delightful names to conjure with in comedy and will probably bring big audiences to the Savoy Theatre for two weeks com-

FUNNY SCENE FROM "ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA"

Starting Monday night at the Alcazar Theatre

mencing Sunday matinee. Mr. Figman in Edith Ellis' story of Indiana has a vehicle that will bring out his best efforts and demostrate his remarkable versatility. He will be supported by a strong company, including Miss Helen Lackaye and Messrs. Edwin Chapman, Franklin Searight, Tony West, Charles Merriwell, Thomas C. King, Ernest Wards, David Marlowe, G. H. Stewart, the Misses Dorothy Phillips, Nina Ainscoe, Helen Hartley, and last but by no means least, the clever child actress, Gretchen Hartman. The usual Thursday, Saturday and Sunday matinees will be given during the Max Figman engagement.

Hungarian Pianist at Orpheum

Vilmos Westony, the Hungarian pianist will be heard for the first time in this city at the Orpheum next week. Westony has selected some of his most spectacular features, including an imitation on the piano of a complete orchestra and a medley of French, German, English and American anthems, which he plays simultaneously. The return of Claude and Fannie Usher in their slangy sketch, "Fagan's Decision," is sure to be welcomed. The Four Readings, acrobats, will be a special feature of the coming bill. Cook and Stevens, two colored comedians, are also newcomers. Next week will be the last of Jean Clermont's "Burleske" Circus, Brown, Harris and Brown, the Doherty Sisters and the Eight Geisha Girls.

"Brewster's Millions" at Ye Liberty

For the week commencing next Monday evening the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will present for the first time on any stage at popular prices, "Brewster's Millions," the celebrated comedy success made from George Barr McCutcheon's story of the same title. The piece is one of the most widely known successes of recent years. Three different seasons it has been played on the coast by traveling organizations, and always to capacity business, and when offered next week at the moderate prices charged by Ye Liberty management its appeal should be stronger than ever. Elaborate preparations have been made for its production across the bay next week, especially the scenic end of it—and the famous yacht scene should be most realistically depicted on Ye Liberty's big revolving stage. George Friend will appear as "Monty" Brewster and Blanche Hall as "Peggy" Grey, and the other favorites will all be happily cast. "St. Elmo" follows.

LOUIS JAMES

Who will play "Henry VIII" and "The Merchant of Venice" at the Van Ness Theatre.

MARIE CAHILL

In "The Boys and Betty" at the Columbia Theatre.

In the Limelight

Robert Mantell will follow Marie Cahill at the Columbia Theatre, playing an engagement of three weeks. The great actor will have the most extensive repertoire ever attempted in one season by any American player. His plays number fourteen and extend from the heaviest tragedies to the lightest comedy. Among the plays to be staged are "King John," "King Lear," "King Richard III," "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," "Louis XI," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "The Marble Heart," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Julius Caesar," and "As You Like It."

Blanche Walsh, the noted emotional actress, recently declined an offer of $25,000 for an auxiliary season of four weeks in Australia in her latest success "The Test." Her reason for the refusal was that, after her coast tour which has already been inaugurated, she would return to Europe to resume her grand opera studies under the tutelage of Jean De Reszke.

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

EVENING DRESS—FORMAL

Evening Wedding, Reception, Formal Dinner, Dance and Theatre After 6 O'clock Where Ladies Are in Evening Dress

Overcoat—Inverness, surtout, paddock, Derby, Raglan, Chesterfield, Protector military collar, full dress overcoat. Black or Oxford preferable; colors permissible.

Coat—Swallow tail, with either peaked lapels or shawl roll; silk or satin faced.

Waistcoat—White, single-breasted, linen, drill, pique or silk; buttons plain; moonstone, mother-of-pearl buttons or gilt buttons permissible. Black waistcoat of cloth or silk also correct, but less formal. Double-breasted waistcoats are also worn this season, but less frequently.

Trousers—Matching the coat, outseam plain or with narrow silk cords.

Shirt and Cuffs—White, plain or pique. The pleated shirt, sometimes worn now with formal evening dress, is distinctly semi-formal in its character and should be reserved for wear with the dinner jacket.

Collar—Band, poke or wing.

Cravat—White tie of pique, linen or fine cambric.

Gloves—White or pearl glace kid with self-stitching. Gloves with black stiching may be worn.

Jewelry—Pearl, mother-of-pearl, or moonstone studs and links; watch chains are rarely worn now with formal evening dress.

Hat—Silk or opera.

Footwear—Patent leather with buttoned kid tops; pumps, preferable.

Socks—Black silk or lisle, plain or self-clocked.

Official Receptions

Before six o'clock, same as day weddings, except that full frock coat with silk hat is "de rigueur." Formal evening dress after six o'clock.

Weddings—The Groom

The groom has not the license of the cutaway, which is accorded to the ushers and guests.

EVENING DRESS—SEMI-FORMAL

Informal Dinners, Home Dinners, Stag and Club

Overcoat—Chesterfield, Derby, surtout, paddock, Protector military collar, full dress overcoat, or Raglan; raincoat permissible. Silk-faced, shawl-collar, fly-front topcoat is a new idea. Black or Oxford preferable; colors permissible.

Coat—Dinner jacket with either peaked lapels or shawl roll; black or Oxford, silk faced.

Waistcoat—Matching coat, of fancy silk, black or black and white; gray and tinted silks are also shown this season; single-breasted; plain or fancy buttons.

Trousers—Matching coat, with plain or braided outseam.

Shirts and Cuffs—White, plain or pleated.

Collar—Wing or fold.

Cravat—Black silk or of material matching waistcoat.

Gloves—Gray suede or mocha, gray reindeer; chamois and tan permissible.

Jewelry—Studs and links, gold or semi-precious stones; fob or gold watch chain.

Hat—Tuxedo, black derby or alpine.

Footwear—Calfskin or patent, button tops; ties or pumps of gunmetal leather.

Socks—Black silk or lisle, either plain or with clocks.

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Daniel V. Arthur Presents

MARIE CAHILL

In a Musical Play in Three Acts, Entitled

"THE BOYS AND BETTY"

Book and Lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Silvio Hein.
Seats: $2, $1.50, $1, 50c and 25c

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LOUIS JAMES

America's Representative Player, Assisted by APHIE JAMES
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday Nights, HENRY VIII.
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Nights and Saturday Matinee, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
Seats Now on Sale, 50c to $1.50. Next MRS LESLIE CARTER.

Savoy THE THEATRE COZY. McALLISTER, near MARKET
Phones Market 130 and J 2822
Built at a Cost of $150,000.

This Saturday Afternoon and Evening, Last Times of "Brewster's Millions"
Two Weeks, Starting Sunday Matinee, January 23
Other Matinees Thursday and Saturday
Mr. John Cort Presents the Emment Comedian MAX FIGMAN
In His Great Laughing Success

MARY JANE'S PA

A Modern Comedy by Edith Ellis. Six Months in New York City
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Prices: Night, 25c to $1.50. Popular Priced Matinee Thursday.

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There's a Laugh in Every Line of It.
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

Best Comedy in Ten Years.
Entire House—25c and 50c. All Performances. Next—"St. Elmo."

TERESA CARRENO

PIANISTE

Thursday Evening, February 3 and Sunday Afternoon, February 6, at GARRICK THEATRE

Seats, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, ready Saturday, January 29 at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where complete programs may be obtained.

CARRENO IN OAKLAND
Friday Afternoon, February 4 at Ye Liberty.

Everett Piano Used.

Lyric Sunday "Pop" Concerts

Season Tickets (4 Concerts), $2.00 and $1.00
Ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co's.
First Concert Sunday Afternoon, January 30 at 2:30
KOHLER AND CHASE HALL
Lyric String Quartette and Mrs B. M. Stich, Soprano.
Coming—MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Marie Antoinette

(Continued from Page 7.)

imparts to them fresh interest. The author deals with the Cardinal with an unsparing hand, as, indeed, he deals with all the delinquents of the Catholic Church hierarchy, a fact to which I desire to give emphasis for the reason that some reviewers have accused him of the betrayal of a bigoted spirit in this volume. Belloc is an ardent, enthusiastic Catholic, but it is rather a deep religious feeling than a spirit of bigotry that is to be found in these pages. It certainly does not savor of the spirit that is to be found in the works of Motley and Froude with whom no fault is found though they never could conceive it possible that God who sends his rain and sunshine on the just and unjust may have some fatherly and merciful purpose in his toleration of the Papacy.

But to return to our biography, the discussion of which has almost consumed all that remains of available space. It carries us along through the dark days of the States-General, showing us the Queen "divorced from joy," and the "public hatred of her immensely grown," for she had manifestly become the chief adviser of her husband and the creator of a scheme of government. She became known in the streets of Paris as "Madame Deficit." Insults were offered her in public. All the phases of doom were showing themselves. The Revolution was organized, the storm was whirling about her. We are given impressive pictures of her as slowly she realizes the imminence of the crisis. A graphic description is given of the attempt that was made to escape from Paris, of the attack of the Jacobin insurrection on the Tuilleries and of the last days of the French monarchy. We are taken into the Temple, we hear the roar of the mob, our emotions are quickened by the agonies of the royal families in captivity, and finally we come to the Queen alone in her cell and we accompany her with feverish interest through the gloom and horror of her trial and to the guillotine.

It is all powerful narrative; dramatic, soul-stirring. In the writing of this book Mr. Belloc did not detach himself from his imagination, for which we are all the more grateful. He has given us a beautiful, sympathetic study of one of the most romantic figures in modern history, and at the same time he enables us to examine and ponder many of the salient features of the Revolution from a new viewpoint. With his theories and conclusions all may not agree; his craftsmanship all must admire.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Doyle have closed their home at San Mateo and taken permanent quarters at the St. Francis.

Mrs. James R. Pourie, wife of Captain Pourie, returned on the transport Sheridan from Honolulu, much to the surprise of her friends, few of whom were aware of her plans. Captain Pourie will return by the next transport, having been given sick leave. They will reside at the St. Francis.

An enjoyable tea of the week was the one given on Monday by the Directors of the Telegraph Hill Neighbor Association at the Neighborhood House, 1734 Stockton street.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, Cal., were D. F. Murphy, Miss Theresa Murphy, J. C. Bell, N. L. Walter, S. B. Tobey, L. Barkhauser, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Marion Marvin, Mrs. J. H. Polhamus and Miss Doris Wilshire.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont are Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bird Jr. of New York, who are making a lenghty tour of the coast. Mr. Bird was formerly vice-president and traffic director of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Co. but has retired from active business.

A large card party was given by Mrs. F. A. Sumers in the Green Room of the Fairmont on Tuesday, January 18. Thirteen tables were filled and after the play refreshments were served on the south side of the Laurel Court.

Mrs. J. Perry was hostess at a delightful reception in the Grey Room of the Fairmont on Tuesday the 18th, at which she received some sixty of her friends.

Mrs. F. F. Low and her daughter, Miss Flora Low, were hostesses of a luncheon party Thursday at the St. Francis. Walter Hobart also entertained there a group of congenial friends, including Messrs. Russel Bogue, George Parsons, Clement Tobin and Dr. McEnnery.

Carroll Hutchins who has just been appointed vice-president and traffic director on the Pacific Coast for the Raymond and Whitcomb Co. with offices in this city, has taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. Hutchins succeeded Charles Alden Cooks who left Raymond Whitcomb Co. to take the management of the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. James McNab and Miss Christene McNab have issued cards for a tea at their home, 2320 Broadway, on Thursday, January 27. The affair will be given in honor of Miss Reid, an Eastern girl who is visiting here.

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the Theatre, attending Receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions should carry in her purse a booklet of **Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves.** This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes.

It removes dirt, soot and grease from the face, imparting a cool, delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of Five Cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., New York.

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RACING

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays
Six races on each of these days, rain or shine
First race at 1.40 p. m.
Admission, men $2; ladies $1.

For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

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The Rose of Virtue

(Continued from Page 10)

tached chords and snatches. Ellen turned her back on the window, and a furrow appeared on her smooth forehead between the dark eyebrows. A very smooth forehead is like an unwritten page, waiting for a hand to give it contents. The first line had here been written—but no more.

II.

It was not Ellen's habit to lie upon the lounge. She abhorred all self-indulgence and abandon. But today she had to defend herself against the noise and racket, the whirr of rattles, the cracking of whips, the deafening din of tin horns, the turmoil of humanity at large, an entire population with the irresistible desire of making fools of themselves at least once a year. Ellen had lowered the blinds as early as four o'clock, and the gas had been lit under the soft red silken shade. Now she pressed her ears into the cushions, and reflected upon the number of fools in the world—seekers of happiness!

She had missed a very gentle ring of the electric entrance bell, but the screams of her French maid, Ninette, could not fail to awaken any one who was not as deaf as a post. She sat up and glanced toward the door. What had made Ninette scream like that? The maid's blushing face, under the dainty white lace cap, appeared for a second—but then the gloved hand of a man unceremoniously pushed the minion of Ellen's home back into the twilight of the corridor. A stranger stood in the room—one of those detestable masqueraders.

He was a Pierrot dressed in purple velvet. Bouquets of fresh violets were fastened to his peaked cap, to his belt, his shoulders, his sleeves—the entire room was fragrant with the perfume of fresh violets. He put his hand into his deep pockets and began to throw one bouquet of violets after another at the feet of Ellen, who was absolutely petrified. She stood ankle deep in violets before she succeeded in recovering her voice.

"Leave the room at once!"

The Pierrot ceased his bombardment. "Do you mean to drive Spring away from you?" He approached her, and with him came the fresh fragrance that brought a whole forest, with its graceful mosses and its flickering lights, into the pale of the four narrow walls.

"I beg of you, go!" whispered Ellen confusedly. One of the bouquets in Pierrot's cap had touched her cheek like cool, soft fingers.

"I am—" he murmured close to her ear.

"I do not care to know who you are," said Ellen quickly, glancing at the door.

"And I'm not going to tell you. But I implore you to remain. As you see, I have with my own hands erected a rampart between you and myself—a wall of violets!"

"This is too much!" Ellen walked around the table to the window. The Pierrot leaned against the mantelpiece and did not follow her.

"What do you fear? In your own house? From a guest? Dismiss me—and I shall say: 'The proud woman was afraid!'"

"Remain then," said Ellen promptly. She was seeking some treacherous feature behind the white silk mask. Many of her friends possessed the same supple figure.

"Your hair looks very pretty today. Don't blush—the sofa pillows have arranged it for you the way it should be. Put a tuft of violets into that loose strand. You have no idea how wonderfully fragrant your hair is. I have noticed it, but you did not feel it."

Ellen started. "Ridiculous! You do not mean it!"

"Indeed, I do! But there are women who do not feel that sort of thing."

Ellen sank back in her easy chair, languid and resigned. But this languor was somewhat enervating. "Let us speak of something else."

"By all means. The weather, for instance." Pierrot sat down opposite her. They did not discuss the weather, however, they did not speak at all. After a little while, Ellen began to feel the silence like the pressure of a hand closing around her throat, gently and suffocatingly at once. Was it possible that she, a woman of the world, could not rise above this situation—or any situation whatsoever?

"Pierrot," she said with playful dignity, "how about my accepting the distressing facts, and offering you a cup of tea?"

"Then I would say that you are a very clever woman."

Ellen pressed the thick head of a bronze tortoise, and a shrill ring caused Ninette to appear. Tea was ordered, Ninette vanished noiselessly, and the Pierrot chattered on in his unpleasant falsetto whisper. It was impossible to discover any familiar and suggestive sound in this hoarse utterance.

"Delightful!" he whispered. "The call for tea is so characteristic of a lovely woman in your predicament; and the singing kettle is an excellent chaperone. Alas! you have your tea prepared in the kitchen? I beg of you—what a crime against the poetry of the samovar—I begin to fear that you will not be able to appreciate my violets!"

He took one of the steaming cups which Ninette presented, with a silly smile, on a silver tray. Ellen dismissed the maid, and herself offered sugar and cream. As he was placing the cup to his lips she rapidly tried to discover the shape of his

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mouth and cheeks, but he cleverly managed to conceal his features.

"Whether or not you may see my mouth today, I do not know," he said meaningly, "but I hope so!"

Ellen blushed. "I had given such strict orders to admit no callers," she sighed. "Ninette is growing careless."

"But I am not an ordinary caller. I am Summer, who is overtaking you with his flowers, his fragrance, his mysteries, his caresses." He gently took her hand. "Summer, against whom you cannot guard yourself; Summer, who has never yet touched your heart; Summer, whom you will yet call upon with outstretched arms!"

Ellen leaned back with closed eyes. Was it the odor of the violets, or the soft whispering voice, that paralyzed her will power?

"You are mistaken," she murmured. "I am of a prosaic, matter-of-fact nature. Summer does not visit such as I—"

"You are ready now," he said, rising and stepping behind her chair. "All your frigidity is buried in flowers. We shall celebrate the summer solstice!"

Ellen jumped up and went to the window. He followed her. "Do you hear the turmoil outside? Listen to the merry-makers taking hold of life! How safe you are here, behind your closed shutters! Both heart and home locked with iron bolts and bars!"

"Who are you," asked Ellen excitedly, "that you speak to me like this?"

"A member of your circle of acquaintances," he said in a changed voice.

She started. In fear and trembling, she felt a delicate web of shining threads enshrouding her clear consciousness. She was no longer able to think as she pleased, but had to feel as she must.

"Pierrot, speak louder. What does this masquerade mean?" she whispered.

He laid his hand upon hers, which was clinging to the casement. "What does it mean? Lay it aside, and a gray everyday individual stands before you, no longer at liberty to hold your hand—"

"Go!" cried Ellen savagely.

"Very well. I am going. You remain—with the violets, and with the memories—and tomorrow you will say: 'What a pity!'"

"How conceited you are!"

The Pierrot made a low obeisance. "The hour flies, whose sweetness we have not known how to enjoy. Farewell!"

"Pierrot!" Ellen involuntarily took a step forward.

He turned. "Well?"

"Well?" repeated Ellen, pressing one of the violet bouquets against her eyes.

He suddenly stood beside her. "You must know that I love you? Perhaps since today only! And you love me—since the last few minutes!"

Ellen trembled. "Ridiculous! A Pierrot?"

"No—it is I you love!"

She tried to laugh, but he talked on rapidly, as if he feared her laughter. "Now you are beautiful—now that you have learned to be afraid—"

"Afraid? I? Of a Pierrot?"

He bent down over her. "Not of me—but of the new feeling, that you have denied—the wonderful intoxication of summer."

Ellen held her hands over her ears. "Go away! Go! Nobody has ever dared to speak to me like that!"

"I know I am the first to do so. I am proud to be the first who teaches you to stammer like a baby, to stammer and blush."

His lips burned on her hand, and she let it pass with a strange, absent smile. A warm wave was rushing through her veins. It was as if his mouth was seeking hers—

But the Pierrot rapidly turned away. "I believe I shall still love you tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, and always. But now I shall go of my own accord—do you hear me? Of my own accord, without your command. Farewell!"

The door slammed. Ellen breathed deeply. She rubbed her eyes. The bell clanged loudly. Ninette rushed in and asked for her orders.

"Tomorrow!" she smiled absently, as if helpless. "Nothing, Ninette, I want nothing."

III.

Ash-Wednesday! Ten o'clock in the forenoon. Half faded violets in all the jardinieres, vases, and tumblers. Ellen sat before her breakfast tray; she was cold and chilly.

"Ninette, bring me my furs. What are you waiting for?"

"Not the knitted shawl?"

Ellen stamped her foot. It was incredible how nervous she felt today. "Do as you are told."

It was some time before Ninette reappeared, dragging the fur boa and holding in her hand a tray with a dainty package.

"This has just been left at the door. The man is waiting for an answer."

"Thank you." Blushing deeply, Ellen unraveled the gilt cord with which the pasteboard box was tied. The lid dropped, and she cautiously lifted from its moist bed of green mosses a most beautiful rose—one of those marvelous black roses, with their golden hearts and their wonderful noonday fragrance. A visiting card had been carefully attached with gilt wire to the firm stem, which still carried all its thorns. The card held a few words only:

"The Rose of Virtue. For Ellen, from Pierrot. May he return?"

"Harry! exclaimed Ellen. Her small hands clinched, and her delicate nostrils quivered. "I never want to see him again—never—never—never!"

"The man is waiting for an answer," the French maid reminded her timidly. "It is to be only yes or no."

"Very well," said Ellen hastily. "Open the windows! It is frightfully warm in her! Tell him to say—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Yes!"

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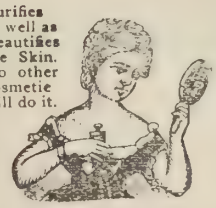

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Auto Notes

The catalogue of the new Rambler, just issued by Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, contains among other striking illustrations a beautiful color frontispiece of the new Rambler Fifty-Five, the leader of the Rambler line for 1910. The new Rambler is built in what is now considered the largest automobile factory in the world. Every part of this car is made in this plant which has been in operation every single working day for nearly ten years. The new Ramblers are said to be superior in point of quality to all previous Ramblers and now rank among the highest priced cars, although the new forty-five horsepower Rambler sells for $2,500.

F. W. Conrad, a Franklin owner in Montesano, Wn., writes that by actual speedometer reading and not guess work, the Diamond Tires on his cars gave the following mileage: left front, 9,420 miles; right front, 9,348 miles; right rear, 9,188 miles and left rear, 9,178 miles.

Mr. Ed. Waterman of the firm of Waterman Brothers Company, agents for the Buick and Oldsmobile in Fresno, was in town recently to drive home a 1910 40 horsepower Buick Roadster. Mr. Waterman placed an order with the Howard Automible Company for a carload of 1910 Buick white streaks, to be shipped direct from the factory as soon as possible. Mr. Waterman says the outlook for the automobile business in his territory is remarkable at this time of the year, and that they expect to double last year's business at least.

The Howard Automobile Company delivered an Oldsmobile recently to Mr. T. I. Fitzpatrick who is a prominent member of the Olympic Club.

A good talking point on the Hudson car is the fact that the crank is removable, and this advantage has been responsible for several sales. In one instance Mr. Dawson, Manager of the Pioneer Automobile Company in Oakland, was endeavoring to sell a Hudson car to a physician whose car, of another make, had recently been stolen and not returned for several days. Upon being convinced that the crank could be removed by the driver and taken with him wherever he went, the doctor placed his order. The point might be raised that there was danger of losing the crank, but this is practically impossible as it is held by a ball thrust and spring that keep the car absolutely in position.

At the headquarters of the Rambler Automobile Company of New York during the Automobile Show there was shown a stock of duplicates of every part of every Rambler car manufactured in the Rambler factory since the factory was started ten years ago. The importance of being able to purchase an extra part with ease and dispatch has never been fully realized by new purchasers of automobiles but has always been considered of great importance by people who have owned cars. The New York exhibit by the Rambler representatives illustrates what has been accomplished by Thomas B. Jeffery & Company in this respect within the last ten years. The growth of this factory has been entirely in the direction of making every single part of every Rambler car in the best possible way. Today every important part of the car is made in the Rambler factory and every Rambler dealer is in a position to carry all necessary extra parts.

Among the recent sales reported by the Standard Motor Car Company are: Arthur Sharman of Sultana, Smith & Sweet of Modesto, Lawrence Waters of St. Helena, Don L. Brundage of Bakersfield.

Recent purchasers of Velie cars are: P. A. Callaghan of Watsonville and C. A. Crowe of Mountain View.

The Los Angeles Licensed Dealers' Association has decided to hold the Pasadena-Altadena Hill Climb this year on February 22. In talking about this Hill Climb, Charles Howard, the head of the Howard Automobile Company, says that the Buick line will be represented in every class. The little White Streak will be sent in on the Small Car Class. The new Buick "30" will be in the Intermediate Class, and Howard himself will go down to drive one of the "40" Roadsters, a duplicate of the car driven by Chevrolet in the East which has won during this season, in open competition, 204 firsts, 64 seconds and 33 thirds; one of the most remarkable records in the history of the automobile. Mr. Howard is confident that the Buicks will, as usual, give a good account of themselves in the three different classes in which they will be entered.

The very newest thing at the A. L. A. M. Automobile Show was the rotating chassis displayed by the E. R. Thomas Motor Company of Buffalo, maker of the Thomas Flyer. During previous shows attempts have been made to show the under parts of a car by means of a large mirror placed on the floor under the chassis. This arrangement gave but an imperfect view. The Thomas company has mounted the whole chassis so that it turns over and over, making a complete revolution once each minute. All that the observer has to do is to stand still and in one minute he is shown the top view, side view and bottom view of the machine. To still further improve, and to further attract, a series of 16 boxes with glass sides have been arranged to light up, one immediately after another. These signs call attention to the new Thomas features, notably the new long stroke motor used in the 1910 Model "M," the new six-cylinder machine. As the electric lamps flash, first in one sign box, and then in another, the special features of the car are silently and quickly set forth. The whole arrangement gives in one minute top, bottom and side views of the car, and calls attention in a "silent sales talk" to 16 of the principal features.

Mr. R. K. Roberts of the Howard Automobile Company who is making a trip through the Northwest in the interest of the Buick and Oldsmobile, writes that the dealers throughout the Northwest territory are anticipating a phenomenal business on both of these cars for the season of 1910. Owing to weather conditions, the automobile business in the Northwest has always been at a standstill during the winter months. This winter, in spite of the bad weather, cars are being delivered about as fast as they can be gotten in. The Portland dealers are holding an Automobile Show during the week of January 24 to 29. The Portland agents for the Buick line are so short of cars that it will be necessary for the Howard Automobile Company to help out by lending them some cars from their San Francisco stock.

Among the many prominent purchasers of the Diamond Grip Tires this week were P. C. Huntington, Dr. Burnham, Kimball-Upson Co., C. A. Miller, J. C. Chaddock and the Park Garage.

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GARAGE BUILDING, Upstairs, MARKET ST. AT VAN NESS AVE.

Letters

A Volume of Addresses

The biographical addresses delivered by Judge Emory Speer on special occasions will prove a welcome volume for the more serious section of the library. They include his Abraham Lincoln, Robert Edward Lee, Ulysses S. Grant, James Edward Oglethorpe, Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, Thomas, Lord Erskine and Joseph Emerson Brown, with portraits of the subjects and an introduction by Charles Ray Palmer, D. D. Lectures and addresses which are composed with a view to oral delivery are apt to fall short when presented in cold type, and it therefore says much for Judge Speer's ability that these essays are interesting enough in their embalmed form to carry the reader through not only without a loss of interest but with a distinct regret that they could not have been heard as well as read. Designed for the edification of collegians and law students, the addresses partake of none of the features now characterized as "popular," that is to say, familiar, superficial and "funny," but they are popular in the old sense in which the Lyceum Lectures of long ago used to be considered, designed to give information not concerning the trivial incidents of life but rather to crystallize the character and principles which actuated the men, to make them living forces rather than political puppets. Judge Emory Speer is Judge of the Southern District of Georgia, Dean of the Law School of Merced University and author of a number of standard works of law. The "Addresses" is published by the Neale Company of New York and Washington.

"Lost Borders"

Some years ago, in an interview, Mrs. Mary Austin said it was useless for her to leave the desert region about Inyo for she would be sure to go back to it. Readers who fell under the spell of "The Land of Little Rain" and "The Flock" will be glad to learn that in "Lost Borders" she has returned and if one may take the sentiment of the introductory verses she, too, is glad to be at home. There are fourteen chapters loosely strung together after the manner of tales related in a desultory conversation, a name or an incident suggesting something else. "Out there, then, where the law and the landmarks fail together, the souls of little men fade out at the edges, leak from them as water from wooden pails warped asunder. Out there, where the borders of conscience break down, where there is no convention, and behavior is of little account except as it gets you your desire, almost anything might happen, does happen in fact, though I shall have trouble making you believe it. Out there where the boundary of soul and sense is as faint as a trail in a sandstorm, I have seen things happen that I do not believe myself." And so, if the author's name was not in itself a guarantee that this will prove no commonplace recital of trivialities, one is forewarned of what to anticipate—not tales of the supernatural and magical, but stories of what flesh and blood men and women, conventional enough perhaps in other surroundings, are led or driven or drifted into doing under the spell of the land. Let us hope that some day Mrs. Austin will have confidence enough in our acquired manners, if not faith in our credulity to tell us those other tales which she now withholds because they would gain her no credit with us. One regrets that she has not seen fit to include in this collection "The Pot of Gold," which, besides being an excellent short story in itself, has now, it seems, become the genesis of a lost mine myth, like the "Wagonwheel," "Gun Sight," "Peg-Leg" and so many more which are periodically "rediscovered." One needs a new point of view from which to judge the conduct of the "squaw men" who figure in some of these narratives. Indeed one must slough off much of the acquired, city-made code of action and remember that there are no neighbors across the street, no policeman around the corner and no minister to exhort to righteousness; that men, and women, too, stand or fall alone by the virtue which is in them. "There is a sort of man bred up in close communities, like a cask, to whom the church, public opinion, the social note, are a sort of hoop to hold him in serviceable shape. Without these there are a good many ways of going to pieces." "The Hoodoo of the Minnietta," the recital of the persistent ill fortune which dogged the heels of the successive owners of the mine, and "The Pocket Hunter's Story" touch the bounds of the supernatural, though any close observer must have noted the singular coincidences which have given certain houses, stores and other properties a reputation for being "unlucky." "The Walking Woman" came in for a share of adverse criticism when it was published as a separate story, but perhaps those who took exception to it then will view it from a different angle now that it is placed in its right setting. Many of the other tales were published in Harper's Weekly, and the only fault to be found is that there are not more of them. The people in them are all intensely alive and active. They do not present themselves as "creations" nor as lay figures posed for moving pictures, but as actual residents of the Death Valley region, going about their affairs oblivious of the "chiel among them taking notes." One might expect to meet "The Woman at the Eighteen-Mile," or "The Pocket Hunter," or "Long Tom Bassit," or "Little Pete," the silent shepherd who made friends with "The Last Antelope," while the Indian women, not beautiful or supernaturally gifted with charms of mind, but utilitarian, faithful after their own conception of faith, and willing, are the only ones of their race who approximate in literature what they are in life. Mrs. Austin is not a prolific writer but when she does consent to give us of her store it is always something above and out of common. She is doing for our smaller desert what Robert Hichens has accomplished for the Sahara, making it something more than a desolate, unpopulated waste. "Lost Borders" is one of the late productions of the Harper press.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2010.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, Minors.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition of James Ward Keeney, guardian of the estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, minors, and from the petition of Marie Adele Keeney and Mary Alvord Keeney, copetitioners of said James Ward Keeney, praying for an order for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors of, in and to the real estate hereinafter particularly described; that each of said wards owns an undivided one-tenth interest in and to that certain piece of real property situate in the town of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Channing Way, distant thereon three hundred (300) feet westerly from the northwesterly corner of Bowditch Street and Channing Way; running thence westerly along said north line of Channing Way one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the south line of Durant Avenue; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet along said south line of Durant Avenue; and thence at right angles southerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the said north line of Channing Way and point of commencement; being all of lot two (2) in Block ten (10) College Homestead Association, as per map thereof recorded in Book T of Deeds in the office of the Recorder of said Alameda County at page 799, except forty feet of the north end heretofore given toward right of way for said Durant Avenue.

That it would be beneficial to each of said minors that the undivided one-tenth interest of each should be sold.

Therefore it is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, and all persons interested in the estates of each of them, appear before this Court on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of Department number 9 of said Court, in the Grant Building, situate at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors in said real estate.

Done in open Court this 24th day of December, A. D. 1909.
J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 24, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

GARBER, CRESWELL & GARBER, Attorneys for Guardian,
719 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, sometimes known as SAMUEL LEOPOLD KOHN, Deceased—No. 8913, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the Will annexed at the office of Otto Irving Wise, attorney for said Administratrix with the Will annexed, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased. EMMA W. BRODY,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Samuel L. Kohn, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administratrix with the Will Annexed, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

PETITION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 6228, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of John H. Grady, praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to him certain real property belonging to said estate, which said William Hale had agreed to convey to said John H. Grady by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been duly filed herein, and said real property being situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbers Eight (8) to Twenty (20), both inclusive, and Twenty-nine (29) to Forty (40), both inclusive, in Block number Three Hundred and Eighty (380), as the same are laid down, delineated and numbered upon a certain map on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, entitled "Map of the O'Neill and Haley Tract."

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 17th day of February, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., in Department No. 10 of said Court, at the Courthouse in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition.

It is further ordered that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, as Administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, personally, by delivering to and leaving with said administrator a certified copy of this order at least ten days before such hearing.

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, January 12th, 1910.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 12, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. J. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIO NICORA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EMILIO NICORA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

ANGELA NICORA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Emilio Nicora, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Murphy, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of P. A. Bergerot, Esq., No. 110 Sutter Street, Room 505, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased. MARY MURPHY,
Executrix of the Last Will of Dennis Murphy, also known as D. B. Murphy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 505, No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

UNION LUMBER COMPANY

Redwood and Pine Lumber

Railroad Ties, Telegraph Poles, Shingles, Split Shakes, etc.

CROCKER BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Yards and Planing Mills—6th and Channel Streets

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of October, 1909, in the matter of the estate of Bridget Greany, deceased, the undersigned, James A. Kelly, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of said Bridget Greany, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, as a whole and in one parcel, for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 1st day of February, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the office of Knight & Heggerty, attorneys for said Administrator, Number 809, Crocker Building, corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Bridget Greany, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or oherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Bridget Greany, deceased, at the time of her death in and to that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Harrison Street, distant there on 175 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Avenue; running thence Southerly and along said Westerly line of Harrison Street 25 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 110 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Easterly 110 feet to the Westerly line of Harrison Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Precita Valley Lands 154 and 155.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the said office of Knight & Heggerty, 809 Crocker Building, corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated, January 15th, 1910.

JAMES A. KELLY,

Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Bridget Greany, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Administrator,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John N. Colter, executor of the Will of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Carroll Cook, Esq., Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased.

JOHN N. COLTER,
Executor of the Will of Elizabeth J. Colter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

CARROLL COOK, ESQ., Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of George H. Bahrs, Esq., Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Building, 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, ESQ., Attorney for Executors,
Rooms 604-608 Hibernia Bldg., 11 Jones St., San Francisco. 12-25-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an Incompetent Person.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Superior Court duly made on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, will, on or after Monday, the 24th day of January, A. D. 1910, sell to the highest bidder, at private sale, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street), distant thereon Ninety (90) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Thirty (30) feet and thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Eight Hundred and Fifty-four (854).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable as follows:

Ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany the bid and the balance thereof to be paid on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, deed to be at purchaser's expense; all bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned guardian at the office of W. W. Allen, Jr., attorney for said guardian, room 508 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, January 3rd, A. D. 1910. NELS RASMUSSEN,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Petrea Rasmussen, an Incompetent Person.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-8-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Guy Hinton, Room 922, Pacific Building, corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased.

MARIA HELENA STAFFORD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Timothy W. Stafford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1, 1910.

GUY HINTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 922, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

ORDER TO SELL REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5059, N. S., Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI (also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 10th day of November, 1909, in the matter of the estate of Tomasso Demattei (also known as Tomoso Demottei), deceased, the undersigned, the administratrix of the estate of Tomasso Demattei (also known as Tomoso Demottei), deceased, will sell at private sale, in one parcel, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 1st day of February, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Tomasso Demattei, also known as Tomoso Demottei, deceased, at the time of his death, which was an estate in fee simple, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired, other than or in additionto that of said deceased, at the time of his death, of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of Holyoke Street, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Silliman Street; running thence northwesterly and along said southwesterly line of Holyoke Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southwesterly line of Holyoke Street and the point of commencement.

Being part of Lot No. 1 in Block 37, University Homestead Association.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, in gold coin of the United States; ten (10) per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale. Deeds and abstract at the expense of the purchaser. The purchaser to assume the payment of, and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State and County taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name or nature, which are now or may become hereafter chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Messrs. Bacigalupi & Elkus, attorneys for said administratrix, at Room 806, Bank of Italy Building, situated on the southeast corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be delivered to said administratrix personally, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of this Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated, January 15th, 1910.

her
X
mark
CAROLINA DEMATTEI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Tomasso Demattei, also known as Tomoso Demottei, Deceased.

CAROLINA DEMATTEI, being unable to write, made her mark, and at her request and in her presence, and in the presence of Charles de Y. Elkus I wrote her name near and about her said mark, and in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand.

T. J. BACIGALUPI.

Witnesses to Mark: T. J. BACIGALUPI and CHARLES de Y. ELKUS.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7673, Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of EMIL DIELING, LOUIS DIELING, JOHN DIELING Jr., and CHARLES SCANLAN, also known as CHARLES SCANLON, also known as CHARLES DIELING, Minors.

John Dieling, guardian of the persons and estates of the above named minors, Emil Dieling, Louis Dieling, John Dieling Jr., and Bertha Richards, the guardian of the person and estate of the above named minor, Charles Scanlan, also known as Charles Scanlon, also known as Charles Dieling, having presented to this Court and filed herein their duly verified petition, praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to the estates of said minors, and it appearing to the Court from said petition, that it would be beneficial to the wards that said real property, the sale of which is asked for in said petition, should be sold, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said minors and each of them, and those interested therein, that such sale be had, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered by the Court that the next of kin of said minors, and all persons interested in their estates, appear before this Court, Department No. 10, Probate, on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said department of said Court, in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, San Francisco, California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said guardians for the sale of said real property, and that it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 27th day of December, 1909.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 28, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. S. NICHOLSON, and CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Guardians of Said Minors. 1-1-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER J. KEYS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of PETER J. KEYS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of H. M. Owens, Esq., Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Building, Mason and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PETER J. KEYS, deceased.

ELIZABETH F. KEYS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Peter J. Keys, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, also called MARY M. MARTIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of said MARY J. Martin, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, R. Morgan, 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased.

J. B. MARTIN,
Administrator of the Estate of said Mary J. Martin, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Administrator,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 19,[illegible], Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet, thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. F. BRITTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property [illegible]:

Names	Addresses
[illegible]	[illegible] Montgomery Ave. and [illegible] St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
[illegible] Building, [illegible] St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. [illegible]

ANGELO SERAGGIA, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SERAGGIA, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, [illegible] City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of [illegible]

[illegible]

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this [illegible] day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. F. BRITTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

[illegible]

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
[illegible] San Francisco, Cal. [illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

[illegible]

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. [illegible]

FRANCESCO BERTOLA, Plaintiff,

vs.

MODESTO MORI, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and ELVIRA MORI (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Modesto Mori, (sometimes known as Mori Modesto), and Elvira Mori, (sometimes known as Mrs. Modesto Mori and Mrs. Mori Modesto), his wife, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the amended complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this alias summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the amended complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
1122-24 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-20-9

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

[illegible]

SECOND PARCEL

[illegible]

THIRD PARCEL

[illegible] day of December, [illegible]

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the [illegible]

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this [illegible] day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By [illegible], Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the [illegible] day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property [illegible]: None.

[illegible], Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

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The Heroism of the Study

There are few finer examples of the heroism of the study than that presented by the late Professor Finsen, the discoverer of the light-cure for lupus, who died a few years ago. For the last twenty years of his too short life, he suffered from painful diseases of the heart and liver, to which dropsy was superadded, and it was only by daily self-denial and the strictest of dieting, that he was able to live at all.

Yet for all these years, living in the very shadow of death, and in constant suffering, he stuck bravely to his great life work, even studying his own diseases with the keenest attention, and writing articles on them for medical journals. The last two or three years of his life were spent lying on his back, unable even to be carried to his beloved Institute a few yards away; and yet the lion-hearted scientist never relaxed for a single day his gallant fight for his fellow men against disease.

The heroism of the Danish professor reminds one of a similar brave battle waged by an English professor, J. R. Green, the historian, against disease and pain. It was in 1869, when the disease which had assailed him for many years finally prostrated him, and when the doctors gave him no hope of living more than six months, that Green set to work to write his famous "Short History of the English People." Day after day he toiled at his task, holding desperately on to life, and in a state of ceaseless pain and exhaustion; and so brave was the man's spirit, that he actually prolonged his life for five years. Even he was bound to confess, "I wonder how in those years of physical pain and despondency I could ever have written the book at all."

General Grant's "Autobiography," which brought his widow the enormous sum of $500,000, was written under even more trying conditions than Green's "History." In 1884, the year before his death, the ex-President found himself bankrupt through the failure of a firm in which he was a partner, and face to face with the prospect of dying penniless and leaving his wife destitute. It was at this terrible crisis that he began to write the story of his stirring career for a firm of publishers. But the cup of his misfortune was not yet full. A cancer formed at the root of his tongue, and the gallant soldier, already doomed to death, was compelled to write day and night, suffering constant and severe agony. He completed his colossal task just four days before the merciful end came, having thus performed in his study, and in his bedroom, an act of heroism which has never been eclipsed on any field of battle.

Mrs. Browning, too, one remembers, wrote most of her beautiful poems "confined to a darkened chamber, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends could be admitted, in great weakness, and almost unintermittent suffering, with her favorite spaniel as a companion."

The German poet Heine was another martyr and hero of the study. The last seven years of his life were spent on his "mattress-grave," racked with such excruciating pain, that he had to take doses of opium large enough to have killed several men, in order to give him a few blessed hours of freedom from it. Through all these years of torture, he not only bore himself with a noble resignation and cheerfulness, but produced many of his finest and most finished works, including his "Last Poems and Thoughts," and his "Confessions."

Sir Walter Scott's heroic struggle with misfortune and failing health during the closing years of his life, is perhaps too well known to call for more than mention. After the commercial crash came which left him crushed with debt, and with shattered eyes and worn brain he toiled for years, often as much as fourteen hours a day, until the end came, and with it the lifting of all burdens.

Who does not recall the patience and pluck which enabled Frank Smedley to write his books on a "bed of anguish"; how for years Edna Lyall literally kept death at bay by her brave spirit and her busy pen; how Mr. Clark Russell preserved a bright spirit and set a magnificent example of patience and industry while on "the daily rack of rheumatism"; and how much of Sir Arthur Sullivan's sweetest music was distilled from pain?

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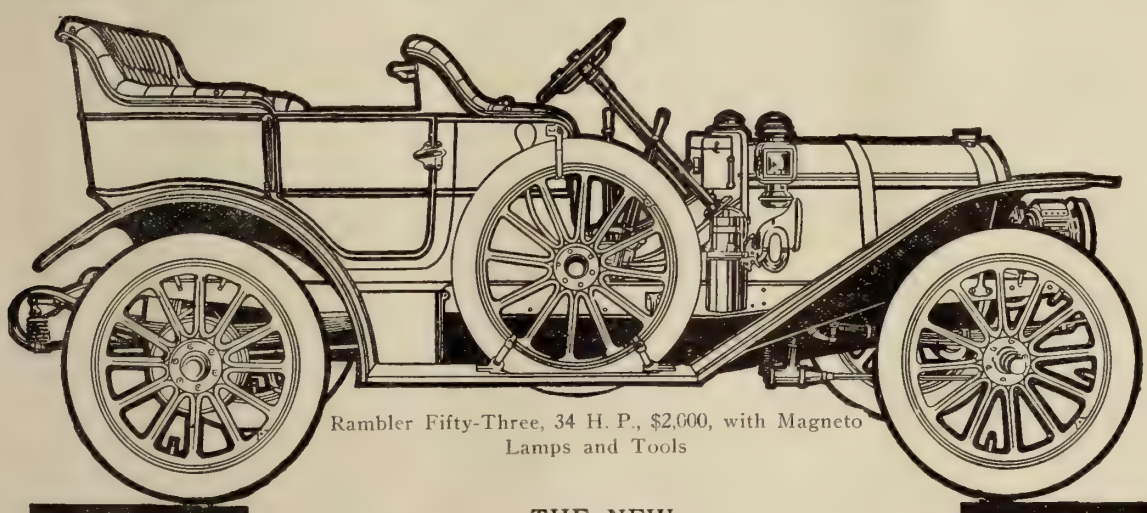

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, January 29, 1910 | No. 909

MRS. LESLIE CARTER AS "VASTA HERNE"

The drama which she is bringing to the Van Ness Theatre.

TOWN TALK

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Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
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The Food Trust

At present the Food Trust is enjoying a monopoly for which it has no stomach—a monopoly of public attention. Against all trusts, despite high authority that affirms the beneficence of some of them, widespread prejudice has existed for many years, but the Food Trust is the first against which public sentiment has crystallized and for the destruction of which popular energy has been organized. The Food Trust is of course the meanest and most sordid of all trusts. It preys upon the vital necessities of the people, and its evil effects are especially severe upon the poor. The magnates of other trusts may be merely avaricious and cruel; the men that have cornered food products and deprived the weak of nourishment are worse than inhuman; they are monsters engaged in the manipulation of a terrible machine whose wheels crush out human life. Conditions that they are producing with deliberation, with the ugliest of selfish motives, once upon a time grew out of indifference and folly and inspired the Paris Commune. These men are dancing on a volcano. They have provoked the whole people to indignation, they have made the common heart resentfully beat in unison.

Our Own Hogs

Of all the subjects that are now enjoying the attention of our statesmen there is none that compares in importance with that of the high price of living. The ultimate consumer is no longer to be treated with levity. There is clamorous, insistent, angry demand for his relief and protection. Something must be done to abate the gouging of him, and whatever it is it must be done quickly. Politicians cannot afford to neglect him much longer. For the present he is not interested in hackneyed discussions of time-worn expedients for augmenting the public revenue or abating the extravagances of government. He sees that the country is prosperous, he knows there is an abundance of the necessaries of life and that in the labor market there is no abnormal excess of supply. In the circumstances why the cost of living should have soared to extraordinary heights is a question explicable on the hypothesis only that somebody whose hoggishness is unrestrained is waxing indecently fat. The ultimate consumer, startled by the leanness of his own shadow, is not in a mood to be trifled with. He is tired of platitudes. What he wants is redress; nothing else will pacify him. The politicians in Washington are promising to come to the rescue; but the problem to be solved is one with local as well as national phases. We have a food trust here in San Francisco, one that regulates the price of fish and vegetables. We also have a coal trust that impudently and brutally gouges consumers. Consequently there is urgent need of a relief expedition in the interest of the victims of the local trusts. It is high time for the local politicians who have been devoting all their leisure moments to capitalizing their hostility to the public service corporations to turn their attention to the hoggish individuals who have made the succulent, and at one time cheap and commonplace crab, a luxury beyond the dreams of the middle-class epicure. It might be worth the while of our politicians to ascertain why fish that are indigenous to the densely animated waters hereabouts become like pearls after they emerge from the nets of the prosperous gentlemen who control the market. And certainly our politicians could render no greater service to the ultimate consumer than to ascertain by what alchemy coal is changed into precious stone while serving as ballast in ships that come from the Antipodes. The suspicion is current that the only genuine accomplished hold-up artists operating in this section of the country are the gentlemen that regulate the price of some of the necessaries of life. It is also suspected that somebody has guaranteed them immunity. Let us have some light on the subject.

The Tobacco Trust

The only trust that is being vigorously prosecuted at this moment is the Tobacco Trust whose methods and practices have been compared with those of some of the daring pirates that roamed the high seas in days of old. This trust is now on trial in the United States Supreme Court where Attorney-General Wickersham has been pursuing it relentlessly. The Tobacco Trust has grown from an humble beginning in 1890, when it comprised but five firms and a limited capital, to the present combination of sixty-five firms or twenty-five individuals controlling aggregated assets exceeding $400,000,000. According to the Attorney-General this trust has progressively absorbed competitors or driven them out of business by oppressively attacking or threatening to attack with unfair trade methods. The members of this combination have obtained dominion over the agencies through which tobacco and its products are bought and sold. The annual dividends of the trust range from twenty to thirty-two per cent. Attorney-General Wickersham expects to force this gigantic trust into dissolution, but his efforts in that direction are not attracting much attention at present. Tobacco is a luxury, and besides the price is not prohibitive. The fight against the trust is of interest particularly to persons engaged in the trade. The common people are interested in the fight only to the extent to which they are interested in the trust-busting ability of Attorney-General Wickersham. With the Food Trust in the saddle we keenly feel the importance of having in the Attorney-General's office a man capable of bringing our voracious captains of industry to their knees.

Hearst and Taft

What means the change of attitude of the Hearst papers toward the Taft administration? Like those of Providence mysterious are the ways of Mr. Hearst and past finding out, yet always an inspiring theme of speculation. Some months ago Mr. Hearst was in a great rage at what he conceived to be the awful prospect of Senator Root's appointment to the Supreme Court. Promptly and with an undertone of menace he served notice on Mr. Taft that the eyes of the nation were upon him. Solemnly he warned the people of the awful danger impending, the danger of the elevation to the highest tribunal in the land of the man who incurred his undying hostility in a certain memorable campaign in New York. But the danger seems to have passed. A vacancy occurred in the Supreme Court, and Root was not chosen to fill it. Is Hearst's friendly attitude to the Administration to be accounted for on the theory that he acknowledges a debt of gratitude? Rumor holds her tongue, and the sources of light are inaccessible. The switch in Mr. Hearst's sentiments occurred suddenly a week or so ago. It was detected by readers of the effusions of John

Temple Graves that radiate from Washington, D. C. At the opening of the current session of Congress Mr. Graves viewed with academic disapproval the tendencies of the Administration, so apparent to him was it that Mr. Taft was a reactionary. Mr. Graves longed for a refreshing breath of the atmosphere of the Tennis Cabinet. With an ecstatic air of devotion he meditated on the ways of Him, the Mighty Hunter, and he yearned for a sanctified recrudescence. But lo! between two days the obsession vanished. Mr. Graves lost sympathy with the muckrakers who have been utilizing the pestiferous Pinchot for their sinister political purposes, and since then he has taken more than one occasion to contrast Taft and Roosevelt to the latter's disadvantage. Hence the inference that there has been something doing, that an entente cordiale has been established between the Administration and the great Tribune whose affections are as variable as the winds and not less capricious.

The Increased Duty on Champagne

When the framers of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill increased the duty on champagne from $6 a case to $9.60 a case, they were actuated by the necessity for providing a larger revenue for the government and were apparently justified by the obvious fact that champagne is a luxury which can stand the imposition of a stiff sumptuary duty. Their reasoning would have been worthy of commendation if the importation of champagne had remained the same under the heavier tariff, but it has not. The imports of French champagne formerly amounted to about 20,000 cases a month but since the raising of the duty the average has been about 5,000 cases a month. Obviously the government is encountering a loss of revenue instead of a gain, but this is true of many imports under the new tariff schedules and it would not have been mentioned here if it had not a particular interest for the winemakers of California. Americans consume tremendous quantities of champagne and will undoubtedly continue to do so, no matter how high the tariff may be boosted. If the amount of the seductive French beverage that was tipped over the tongues of our thirsty revelers on New Year's Eve were set down here it would seem well nigh incredible. While the agents may have been temporarily frightened into curtailing their orders as a result of the increased duty, the inexorable law of supply and demand will probably soon induce them to import in quantities as of yore. Meanwhile the winemen of California have an excellent opportunity to advertise the quality of the vintages which are produced in this State. California vineyards produce every variety of wine and there is no reason why the wine-drinkers of the United States should not be told so in such striking fashion that they will cultivate a taste for our various brands. The wine business of this State is still in its infancy while the adequate exploitation of California wines is entirely a thing of the future. Let the winemen seize the opportunity presented by the reduced importation of French champagne to push their own wines into popular favor.

The Water Problem

The Examiner says that though our municipal officials and experts have agreed that the properties of the Spring Valley Water Company are worth $35,000,000 we are not bound to accept that valuation as a basis on which to compute rates. This is quite true. Whatever is the actual value of the properties that are held to be essential to the legitimate purposes of the company is the basis upon which rates must be fixed. This value is to be estimated for rate-fixing purposes, not for the purpose of sale. Besides the people are not bound by the judgment of men who are no longer authorized by law to fix rates. But why enter upon a renewal of the old controversy between the corporation and the vociferous defenders of the people's rights? Is it not about time to call a halt on the practice of corporation-baiting for demagogic purposes and to get down to business with a view to doing justice at once to ourselves and the stockholders of the water company? Experience has taught us that baiting the octopus is an occupation profitable only to politicians and thrifty journalists. It has never proved advantageous to the rate-payers. Harassed by demagogues the company has not been able to attend strictly to the business of supplying the city with water. Let us not continue to encourage the demagogues whose insincerity has been exposed by their recent change of front, when they admitted the purity of Spring Valley water and the fairness of the company's appraisement of its properties. Nor let us delude ourselves with the notion that as we have decided on building our own water system we have solved the water problem. We must still look to the Spring Valley Company for our supply, and it would be wise for us to eliminate political considerations while arriving at a conclusion as to how our interests may be conserved. Just before the Supervisors agreed to submit the purchase proposition to the people they discussed several other propositions that had been made by the company. Among these was an offer to guarantee the city an adequate supply of pure water for a term of years at a rate to be fixed in advance for the whole term. Perhaps the acceptance of this proposition would solve the problem. It would certainly enable the company to keep out of politics during the term agreed upon. Now if permitted to get out of politics the company can afford to cut rates. With a long term of immunity from political molestation ahead it could reduce its estimate of "operating expenses" and prepare to deal with the city on a strictly business basis. Such a situation would be highly advantageous to the rate-payers, but would it meet with the approval of the politicians?

Politics and Literature

Maurice Hewlett and Jerome K. Jerome have been taking a hand in British politics of late, a circumstance

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that has evoked from the New York World the observation that there is a closer relationship of literature to politics in England than exists here. "If," says the World, "a college president occasionally received a Cabinet portfolio as a reward for party services and an author once in a while became a Governor, we should have something like the political conditions in England and the result would be distinctly for the improvement of American politics." Why this difference exists is a question the World does not attempt to solve. Yet it is an interesting question, and one that may be deserving of reflection; for perhaps it would be advantageous to us to sprinkle our malodorous politics with a little of the fragrant essence of the literary art. Why do we neglect to do so? It may be answered that we don't; that we have had in the public service such men as Motley, Bancroft, Lowell, Everett and Hay, and that at present we have in the Senate so cultured a scholar as Mr. Lodge. But most of the literary men of a high order who have been identified with politics in this country were far from being politicians. Most of the literary men of distinction that have figured in the service of the government got into it by appointment. They did not practice politics. They were not conciliators of public opinion. The fact is that the taste for literature and the taste for the American brand of politics are somewhat incompatible. A taste for politics in this country is something vastly different from a taste for politics in England. A taste for politics in this country is a taste for much that is nauseating, for much that is repugnant to refined minds. In England, on the contrary there are many opportunities for political activity that may be grasped without the slightest sacrifice of self-respect. Besides in England the appreciation of literary talent is more widespread than in this country. Also there is no such scarcity of literary talent in England as exists in our Republic. We have innumerable scribblers, not many literary artists; and they that are possessed of literary ability, unlike English men of letters, are versed in little else but the literary forms to which they devote their talents. Most of the literary men of England have cultivated a taste for the philosophy of history and the science of government, and it is natural for them to adapt themselves to politics. The only profession in this country in which this taste is cultivated is the profession of law and that is why the lawyers run our government. It is perhaps not so much to be deplored that literary men do not predominate in the service of the government as that, of the lawyers that do predominate, comparatively few are men of distinction in their profession. In other words it is our misfortune that we are truly democratic; we exalt mediocrity and discourage talent.

Perspective Impressions

Hearst brought Paulhan to us, but not the storm. Call him His Satanic Majesty if you will, but remember that storms are acts of God.

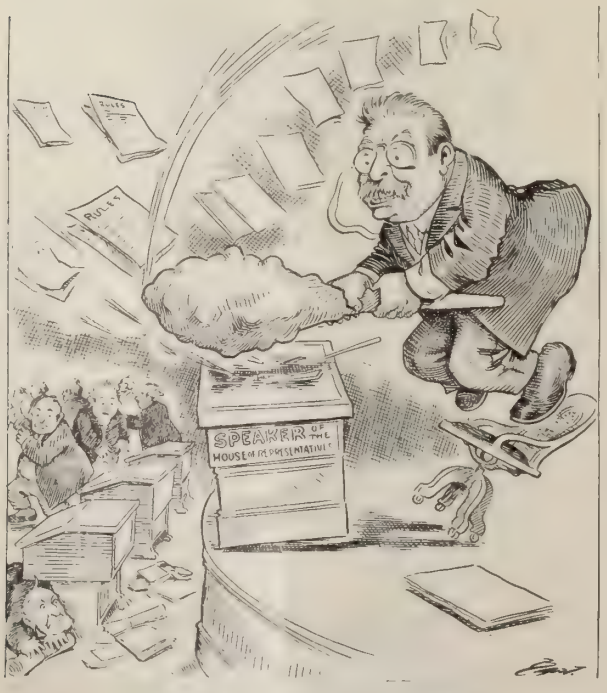
The British-German war scare and the glowing prospect of perpetual peace are current phenomena that invite to philosophic study and cynical reflection.

The expected has happened. William J. Bryan has announced that he will be a candidate for President in 1912.

"Let your wife boss the home," urges a Chicago minister who probably doesn't keep a servant.

Sitting up aloft and alone in the Mount Hamilton observatory, studying Halley's comet, is a case of holding a tete-a-tete with the infinite.

The newspapers of Portland have been experimenting on Mr. Heney, and they have found that without publicity he is absolutely incapable of getting inspiration for a frenzy.



T. R. FOR SPEAKER
Wouldn't this be a good joke on Uncle Joe?
—Minneapolis Journal.

COMING OR GOING?
—New Orleans Times-Democrat

Alice Cleaver

By H. B. S.

(Alice Cleaver was a laundress, aged 20, recently convicted at the Old Bailey of the murder of her infant son whom she had thrown through a railway carriage window. She disputed the identity of the body found on the line with her own child, which she said she had given to a woman to take care of, though it could not of course be produced. The dead child was clothed in a petticoat which was identified as that of her own baby. One of the features of the trial was the coolness and self-possession of the prisoner, even when cross-examined by the judge. Though such cases are automatically reprieved, the existing state of the law gave the judge no option but to sentence her to death with all due solemnity. The poem was written by the attorney who defended the woman and is now published for the first time, having been sent to Town Talk by Herman Scheffauer who is an intimate friend of the author.)

Murder! yet neither ghoul nor Gorgon dyed
In all the richness of her victim's blood;
But just indicted for infanticide
With smile serene a youthful mother stood.

With face austere, the huge and scarlet mass
Of Justice, with its bland and shaven chin,
Looms on the dais, wary lest should pass
From out its clutch the crimson shape of sin.

Into the cushioned box the jurors troop,
Each visage blank yet pregnant with its doom
Momentous of sweet freedom or the loop,
Inscrutable with life or with the tomb.

Implacable and cold the hunters dart
Barbed facts of poison at the victim's frame,
While others help the quarry to a start,
Playing with hireling zest the human game.

With nostrils wide for news the Fleet Street pack
Hang avidly on each successive mood,
And as they hollow hot upon the track
They write and smear their yellow lines with blood.

And now the damsel who the cynics say
Has killed the offspring of a vetoed troth,
Down to the box slow swings her slouching way
And gently stakes her life upon her oath.

Her life upon the long and thin-spun lie,
She weaves with that most meek and stolid purr;—
Watch the fine sangfroid of each neat reply,
Her calm "my lord" and her respectful "sir."

And now the poignant drama that they played,
The rabid Furies that her footsteps dog,
Have dwindled to the chatter of a maid
And gentleman in placid dialogue;

Yet not to weather nor domestic hearth,
Is turned the speeches' murmured interchange,
But to the sudden passing from this earth
Of that poor mangled infant swift and strange;

No master scolds a young and careless drudge,
For objects lost or for her work undone,
But clothing death in tones of silk—a judge
Questions a girl who has destroyed a son.

Be silent, feed the dying flame of hope,
For now her champion frames his final case,
Strives to unwind the ever tightening rope,
That closer draws its unreturned embrace.

Hear him with what pathetic words import
What true conviction; hear him whisper, shout,
And strive to find within that damning court
Salvation in a little cloud of doubt.

A little cloud no bigger than the hand
Of the dead baby, yet with fevered breath
Larger and larger is the cloudlet fanned
To whelm that ruthless clarity of death;

To whelm the overwhelming, what avails
The counsel's passion or the woman's youth?
When Justice poises the insidious scales
And deftly loads the golden dice with truth;

Oh, will the truth outweigh the tiny speck
Of doubt? or will they in that secret room,
With eyes half-fixed upon a writhing neck
With all their travail hatch that monstrous doom?

Will they? What boots it? let the woman parch
Her soul with agony, in the selfsame place
Justice in its inexorable march
With tireless gait pursues another case.

* * * * * * * *

Ah! watch those grave and solemn faces, learn
The adamantine tomb that they have built,
As the twelve arbiters of fate return
Pronouncing slow the leaden word of guilt,

Of molten searing guilt, but yet the truth
Silver with mercy! if they cannot bend,
With platitudes anent her helpless youth
The twelve good men and true can "recommend."

And now that saddest tragedy is o'er,
But see that drollest comedy begin,
As th' usher calls for silence, oh encore!
Oh set your mouth into a broader grin!

The looming Virtue o'er the quivering Vice
Its sadd'ning visage to a heartfelt prayer
Religiously composes; in a trice
The usher swift adjusts the fatal square.

And now the Law's red majesty you scan
Whose ethics unimpeachable are bent
To urge the maiden in Life's short'ning span,
By mercy of her Maker "to repent."

"Repent although you live, and pious pray,
For though in fact you 'scape the gallow's goal,
You shall be hanged by your young neck, and may
That other Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Oh, is it not to gain by gloze and cheat
The busy ear of Providence, to—well,
God's blessing for a parting soul entreat
That shortly parts for neither Heaven nor Hell,

But just for Aylesbury, chained in the dead years,
To toil in solitude half slave, half nun,
A deadened thing with neither hopes nor fears
As the vast years slide slowly one by one!

Remorse? why yes, reproachful still may ring,
Through that poor soul dulled under crawling Time,
The petticoat she left on the dead thing,
The tiny flaw that marred the perfect crime.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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The Arrest of Arsene Lupin

By Maurice Leblanc (From the French)

What a strange voyage this turned out to be! And yet it had commenced so pleasantly. At first the sea had been a mirror reflecting the clear blue sky. Never in my life did I start out upon a trip which it seemed to me would end more pleasantly. La Provence is an ocean greyhound, very comfortable, and commanded by a man who is as distinguished as a sailor as he is courteous as a gentleman. The passengers in the first cabin belong to the very best society. Acquaintances were quickly made and all sorts of games and amusements were organized. We had that delightful sensation of being away from the whole world, inhabiting some forgotten island, and consequently there was that feeling of intimacy which always arises among people who are dependent upon one another.

Yet nowadays there is one link which, until you are nearly in midocean, connects you with the land, and that is the wireless telegraph.

We had left the French coast about five hundred miles behind us and were speeding swiftly along under the powerful impulse of the twin screws when suddenly a thunder-storm arose. At this same moment the telegraph insstrument began to work and the following despatch was received:

Arsene Lupin is on board your ship in the first-class cabin; blond hair, wound on the right forearm; he is traveling alone under the name of R—.

At this moment there came a terrific clap of thunder, the lightning flashed in the dark sky and the electric waves were interrupted. We did not receive the remainder of the despatch. Of the name which the famous Arsene Lupin had assumed we had but the first letter.

Had the news been of any other character, I do not doubt but that the secret would have been scrupulously kept, but there are certain communications which it seems absolutely impossible to conceal, and which of their own accord break down the bars of discretion. That very day, without anyone being able to tell how it occurred, we all knew that Arsene Lupin was in our midst.

Think of it! The most famous thief of Europe, of whose exploits the newspapers had been telling for months! He was the strange personage with whom old Ganimard, the best detective in the force, was engaged in a duel to the death, and many were the strange and romantic incidents which had occurred between the guardian of society and the man who, single handed apparently bade defiance to its laws. Lupin was the fantastic gentleman who carried out his operations only in mansions and salons, and who, one night, had entered the palace of Baron Schormann and had left it empty-handed, leaving behind him, however, his visiting card upon which he had written these words:

I will return when you may have some furniture that is authentic.

He was a man of a thousand disguises; in turn a chauffeur, a tenor, a bookmaker, son of a wealthy family, a young man, an old man, a commercial traveler from Marseilles, a Russian doctor, a Spanish bull-fighter.

Think of it! Arsene Lupin not on the continent of Europe mingling with and lost among its teeming millions, but right here in this relatively small cabin, in this little bit of floating wood and iron tossing about upon the high seas; where everyone knew, or at least was supposed to know, everyone else! Every man looked askance at every other. "Perhaps this gentleman sitting opposite to me is he, or perhaps it is my right-hand neighbor, or the one sitting at the other table over there near the captain. Heavens! Perhaps he is the man that occupies my state-room with me!"

"And this is going to last five times twenty-four hours more!" exclaimed Miss Nellie Underdown the following day. "It is simply intolerable. I hope they will be able to arrest him and put him in irons." Then turning to me she added: "Tell me, M. d'Andrecy, you who are so friendly with the captain, have you learned nothing further in connection with this matter?"

I wished that I did know something, if only for the purpose of being able to please Miss Nellie. She is one of those supurb creatures who excite remarks wherever they go. Her face was as beautiful as her fortune was large, and she was always surrounded by a host of fervent and enthusiastic admirers. She had been educated in Paris by her mother, who was a French woman, and was on her way to meet her father, a Chicago millionaire. A friend of hers, Lady Jerland, accompanied her.

From the very first I had done my best to get into her good graces, but in that rapid intimacy which is formed on board a liner, her charm had confused me and I did not feel capable of attempting a flirtation when those large black eyes met mine. Still, she seemed to receive my attention with a certain amount of favor. I had but one rival, a handsome young man, very elegant, very reserved, whose taciturnity she seemed to prefer at times to my lively Parisian chatter.

He was one of the group who surrounded Miss Nellie when she asked me this question. We were on deck, comfortably installed in our steamer-chairs. The storm of the day before had cleared the atmosphere and the line where darker sea and lighter sky met was clearly defined, while all about us the foam-flecked waves rose and fell rhythmically and lazily—angry, perhaps, only when they were churned into whiter foam by the swirling propellers. The air was delightfully invigorating.

"I do not know anything in particular, mademoiselle," I replied; "but is it impossible for us to make an investigation ourselves? Could we not do it as well as old Ganimard, the personal enemy of Arsene Lupin? Really, the problem is not very complicated, taking into consideration that which we already know. First, Lupin R-something; second, he is traveling alone; third, he is blond. Would it not be a good plan to take a list of the first-class passengers and proceed by the method of elimination?"

I had this list in my pocket and I took it out and ran over the list of names.

"I note first that there are thirteen people on board whose names begin with the letter R. Of these, nine are accompanied by their wives, their servants or children. There are four left, and the Marquis de Raverdan—"

"He's a secretary of embassy," interrupted Miss Nellie. "I know him well."

"Major Rawson."

"That's my uncle," said one of the passengers.

"M. Rivolta."

"Present!" said one of the bystanders, an Italian whose face was almost hidden by a magnificent black beard. Miss Underdown burst out laughing.

"This gentleman can hardly be called a blond," she said.

"Then," I continued, "the guilty man must be the last one on the list, and that is M. Rozaine. Does anyone here know M. Rozaine?"

No one answered, but Miss Underdown called out to the taciturn young man who was standing near, and whose attentions to her had somewhat annoyed me:

"Come, M. Rozaine, why do you not answer?"

All eyes were turned toward him. He was certainly

(Continued on Page 31.)

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Dominguez, a Second Rheims

Some Casual Observations on the Los Angeles Aviation Meet with Particular Reference to Paulhan, the Hero of the Affair

By Robert McTavish

A second Rheims—that is the only way to characterize aviation week at Los Angeles. Of all human achievements that of flying is least amenable to comparison because it is still in its infancy and nearly every new attempt marks an advance on what has been done before. But comparisons must be made for the proper appraisement of successive efforts and the comparison between Rheims in France and Dominguez in Los Angeles is a happy one. In the delightfulness of the weather, in the immensity of the crowds, in the singular freedom from serious accidents the two aviation meets were alike. Rheims surpassed Dominguez in the number and variety of practical flying machines, but Dominguez had the advantage of coming after Rheims; consequently records made at Rheims were broken at Dominguez.

The eyes of the world were on Paulhan both at Rheims and at Dominguez. France boasts no aeroplane driver more spectacular than this young man. President Fallieres, in good-natured anxiety for his neck, protested against his hair-raising exploits at the French meet; at Dominguez his daring kept the throngs of spectators on the qui vive every day. "What is Paulhan going to do?" was the question on every tongue. Before leaving France Paulhan declared at a farewell dinner that he would try to smash all existing records in the country of the Wrights. It was no idle boast; he more than surpassed expectations. At that time he held the altitude record, having ascended 1980 feet in a Farman biplane. Henry Farman held the distance and duration record, having by his flight of 144 miles in four hours and seventeen minutes captured the Michelin trophy. Maurice Farman had recently established a new cross-country record by traveling forty-three miles continuously. Latham, in his Antoinette, made the world's speed record at Blackpool by flying at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The best passenger carrying record was made by Farman at Rheims; he carried two passengers besides himself.

The first record that Paulhan smashed at Dominguez was that for altitude. On January 12 he ascended into the clouds 4165 feet. This feat so overtopped his previous record that it is likely to stand unparalleled for a long time. The distance and duration record established by Henry Farman was not nearly equalled by Paulhan. On January 17 he circled and recircled the aviation field for one hour, fifty-eight minutes and twenty-seven seconds, covering seventy-five and six-tenths miles. Then he had to descend on account of a leak in his fuel tank and he did not try again. But the next day he shattered Maurice Farman's record for a cross-country flight. He flew from Dominguez to Santa Anita and back again without once alighting, accomplishing the distance of forty-seven and one-half miles in one hour, two minutes and forty-two seconds. In that amazing flight his greatest speed was sixty miles an hour and his average speed forty-six miles an hour; his highest altitude was 1980 feet and his average altitude, 1000 feet. It remains to be seen how long that record will stand; certainly the man most likely to break it is Paulhan himself. The best speed record made at Dominguez belongs to the American Glenn Curtiss and not to Paulhan; and the passenger carrying record made by Farman was not broken.

The fact that Paulhan was able to break the most important of the flying records, those for height and distance, is explained in part by the character of his biplane. The aeroplane which he used was Farman's latest model equipped with a fifty horsepower Gnome rotary motor. This is the motor which Paulhan himself popularized, for it was practically unknown until he made his first height record last July. He prizes this motor very highly because the manufacturers let him have it on very liberal terms, thus allowing him to get his start toward fame as an aviator.

It is not generally known that in making his various flights at Dominguez Paulhan operated without the balancing planes which the Wrights claim to constitute an infringement on their patents. There is litigation pending now on this point and to be on the safe side Paulhan decided that he would do without them. So before coming to America he practiced flights at Mourmelon with no balancing planes. These planes, whether placed between the main decks of the glider or hung from the rear edge of the upper plane, constitute the warping device which the Wrights utilize to insure right and left stability. Their suits for infringement are based mainly upon the use of these planes in connection with the operation of the rear rudder. The fact that Paulhan is able to do without these planes is very significant and brings us to the second and most important factor in Paulhan's success as a record-breaking aviator.

Wilbur Wright has been quoted as saying that he depends more upon his skill as an operator than on any mechanical device for balancing his machine. This is nothing more nor less than an admission that the successful operation of a flying machine depends chiefly upon the acrobatic skill of the manipulator. Many aviators of international renown have admitted as much. Latham has stated that aeroplane driving is nine-tenths human skill and has proved it time and again in his hazardous flights. Count de Lambert, after his spectacular flight around the Eiffel Tower, declared that he would in all likelihood have encountered disaster if he had not preserved his presence of mind. It is an axiom of Bleriot, repeatedly expressed to his pupils, that they must not undertake hazardous flights until they have developed an instinct for equilibrium. Delagrange who was killed at Bordeaux frankly confessed to extreme nervousness. He said that the thought of what would happen if he lost his self-possession for a moment frequently appalled him. The event showed the reasonableness of his fears. Curtiss has said that one can never foretell what will happen and Wilbur Wright has pointed out that one may make forty-nine flights in safety and come to grief in the fiftieth. The fact is clear that the slightest diversion from equilibrium may mean destruction. Paulhan realizes all this and it is his skill as an operator and his mental equilibrium, never disturbed, that account for his wonderful success.

Some recent aeroplane fatalities were due to mechanical defects. Yet more have been attributed to miscalculation on the part of the pilot. Lefebvre, who was fined for foolhardiness at Rheims, forfeited his life because his instinct of balance failed him at a critical moment. Captain Ferber failed to judge his chances correctly, and the biplane capsized, the motor falling upon him. Fernandez was careless about the details of his machine and was crushed in the frightful fall. Delagrange was one of the most careful pilots in the world. But all his skill did not avail when the balance of the machine was upset in midair by the breaking of a wing. Neither was the pluck or knowledge of Selfridge of any use when the broken propeller upset the equilibrum of the Wright machine above Fort Meyer. Almost all recent accidents that did not result so tragically are directly attributable to the personal equation. Engelhart, who smashed the Wright machine at Berlin, lost control in midair. Bleriot

(Continued on Page 34.)

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The Spectator

A Specimen of Moral Conduct

Let us consider for the space of a paragraph the case of Mr. Harry McKannay, illustrating as it does the temperament and disposition of the reformer and exemplifying the singular ingenuousness with which he establishes moral precedents for the benefit of the people and the greater glory of himself. McKannay was formerly Mayor Taylor's private secretary. It was through the medium of that office that he made his entrance to public life. At the end of Mayor Taylor's term there seemed to be nothing for McKannay to do but to detach himself from the pie wagon and, resuming his status as one of the humble, respectable units of the common herd, plunge once more into the exhilarating struggle for existence, free from all the obligations that a public office occupied as a private snap owes to indulgent taxpayers. But McKannay was not detachable. He had acquired the habit of feeding at the public crib. Fortunately he had the sympathy of Mayor Taylor; and one of the last acts of the self-anointed Administration was to create a job for the benefit of McKannay. With little more than the scratch of a pen the desert of McKannay's future was made to blossom like the garden of the muses in which Dr. Taylor is wont to gallop beflowered belly deep with smug self-satisfaction in its most seductive and poetic forms. In the interest of McKannay another burden was put on the backs of the taxpayers of San Francisco. For the pampering of this stalwart young reformer a new job was brought into being; the City Attorney was authorized to employ one more deputy; and McKannay is his name. The ordinance creating the job naively recited that a new deputy was needed to examine and pass upon property titles, but what do you suppose McKannay is doing now to earn the gratuity so generously awarded by the ultra-respectable Taylor and the gentlemanly supervisors who prided themselves on their hatred of grafters? According to the public prints he has been looking for precedent and authority at the expense of the public with which to cement to their jobs certain persons appointed by the good and incorruptible poet. In other words a law officer of the city is engaged in resisting the efforts of the Mayor to clean the Augean stables. And yet you may meet wise men about town who will assure you that the Taylor administration was not crooked; that it was only stupid.

A New Poem by H. B. S.

The poem entitled "Alice Cleaver" which is published in this issue of Town Talk is the work of a young solicitor of London and has never appeared in print before. Readers may remember that a small book of poetry from the pen of the same author was reviewed in these columns in the Christmas issue. The title of that work is "Arrows of Adolescence" and it is dedicated in a most complimentary vein to Herman Scheffauer whom the writer calls "my dear friend and poetical mentor." The volume shows signs of considerable talent and so does the poem published today. The fact that H. B. S. defended Alice Cleaver in her recent trial which was a London police sensation adds an extraneous interest to his poetical interpretation of the young woman's fate. From Herman Scheffauer who sent me the poem I learn that H. B. S. is one of the most brilliant young intellects of London, a satanically clever chap with a big career ahead which he has determined to turn into the channel of law rather than of literature. The poem "Alice Cleaver" commends itself to Scheffauer for its "pathos and deliberate bathos, its brilliancy, sentiment, cynicism and legal aloofness." Readers may determine for themselves whether this praise is or is not merited.

Scheffauer in New York

Herman Scheffauer is at present a resident in the University Settlement, 184 Eldridge street, New York, where he also spent part of last year. The University Settlement is a charitable foundation housed in an almost palatial structure in the heart of the Ghetto. Associated with the California poet and essayist are ten young men, mostly professional men, who live at the settlement and give part of their time to various clubs of poor boys who go there regularly for instruction. Scheffauer finds this charitable work very interesting and the life of the settlement which is so secluded as to be almost monastic, appeals to him very strongly. The residents have their own menage and there are delightful "Ambrosian nights" when they gather at their round table for the discussion of the topics in which their varied individualities are immersed. Mrs. Atherton dined with Scheffauer at the settlement recently and afterwards made a tour of the East Side with him. No doubt the novelist found inspiration for future work in that plunge into the slums.

His Literary Projects

Scheffauer informs me that he finds the University Settlement an ideal retreat for calm literary work and he adds something which is at once sad and significant, namely that everything points to the fact that whatever literary recognition is to be his will come to him first from England. Various English magazines and reviews, the Cornhill among them, have published a number of his poems, short stories and essays during the past year and he will continue to write for them, but he has larger work on hand. What Scheffauer calls a "world romance" entitled "Niagara" is now ready for publication, having been finished at Niagara Falls whither the author went at Christmas time to study that tremendous scene in winter. This work may be produced in England before it is presented to the American reading public. The old and conservative house of John Murray had almost agreed to publish it when the elder Murray finally concluded that it was "too American" in setting. Another English publisher may bring it out however. Scheffauer is now at work upon another romance.

A Question of Pronounciation

The supposition is that in every man resides supreme authority on all questions pertaining to the spelling and pronunciation of his name. Consequently when Fred Zeile and Fred Moody had a dispute some time ago as to the pronunciation of Mr. Baldocchi's name it did not take them long to agree to go to the flower shop presided over by Podesta & Baldocchi and abide by the decision of the owner of the name. Moody was sure that it was

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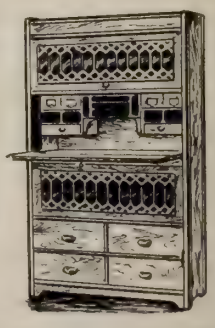

pronounced "Baldoekee." Having traveled in Italy and acquired some familiarity with the language of the country he had enough confidence in his judgment to hazard a little money on the issue. Zeile had also traveled in Italy, and he had learned how to pronounce the names of all objects of interest from Milan to Reggio. He, too, was willing to bet, and "Baldoechee" was what he put his money on. To the store of Podesta & Baldocchi went the two distinguished club men, and the question was submitted for decision by Mr. Moody.

"I've bet this gentleman," he said, "that you pronounce your name 'Baldoekee.' He bets that you pronounce it 'Baldoechee." Now how do you pronounce it?"

"My name?" the Italian asked in astonishment. "I pronounca my name 'Poedessta.'"

Traveler—Won't that train ever come?
Station Agent—Don't worry. Your ticket's good for thirty days.

Drama on the Street

The climax of one of those tragic dramas in which every living soul is a protagonist was witnessed by a number of men at the post office the other day. At the general delivery window a young woman, whose dress betokened the humbleness of her station, was seen to receive a letter and walk quickly away. As she reached the sidewalk she opened the envelope, drew out a paper and at once, consciousness leaving her, she fell prostrate. In another moment she was lifted up and carried into the post office where she soon regained her senses. The paper that had dropped from her hands was restored to her. She grasped it nervously, and her eyes filled with tears. "My husband," she said in a voice broken with sobs, "sent me down here from Seattle with my little girl to work for my living because he could not support me. Now he is suing me for a divorce. I don't know why." There were tears in other eyes as she spoke; for the pathos of her plight was tragic to those by whom it was witnessed. Gathering herself together she said she would have to go to her child, and she rose up and went on her way. A commonplace scene from a commonplace drama, but the emotions to which it appeals are always ready to capitulate.

His Unconscious Humor

If Mr. S. G. Murphy, who was for many years president of the First National Bank, ever displayed a sense of humor, there is no record of the occasion, and yet it is known that unintentionally he could be exceedingly facetious. Mr. Horace G. Platt gives testimony to this fact. He tells the story of an episode in which he figured as the stimulus to Mr. Murphy's latent but unconscious wit. One day in the Bohemian Club Mr. Murphy broached the subject of Mr. Platt's volume of addresses which had been published for the benefit of the club. "As I travel constantly and have no time for reading," said the amiable financier, "I did not take one of the books, but instead I sent five dollars to the Library Committee." Now Mr. Platt, who is justly regarded as one of our most polished orators, is proud of the specimens of his eloquence that have been put between book covers, evidencing as they do his skill in the marshaling of words and phrases and also his general culture. Therefore it pleases him to see the books circulate. So he suggested to Mr. Murphy that as he was entitled to two volumes he should ask for them and send them to friends that have a taste for such things. "Oh, no," said Mr. Murphy, to whom everything is trivial that bears no relation to finance, "it's not worth while; the fact is I don't know anybody that has any use for the book."

Aphie James' Temper

Those who attended the performance of the Merchant of Venice at the Van Ness on Tuesday night were treated to a bit of stage realism which was as unexpected as it was exciting. It was an impromptu act behind the scenes dominated by Aphie James, the wife of Louis James, in which she made it apparent that in addition to a blonde temperament she has also an auburn temper. The act was pulled off when the curtain descended on the first scene of the fourth act, concluding the beautiful casket scene in which Portia melts with sentimental tenderness for the fortunate Bassanio. For some reason the orchestra did not play during the wait and it was owing to that fact that the audience heard Aphie James in her tantrums. First of all a masculine voice was heard. It may have been the stage manager giving an order or it may have been Louis James. But whoever it was, the response was swift, lengthy and sensational. The unmistakable voice of Aphie James rang out and her tones were of perfervid indignation. She stamped her foot so vehemently and so violently that everybody in the audience could hear it. Her harangue lasted for about two minutes and it must have burned the ears of the unlucky person to whom it was addressed. Then suddenly Mrs. James realizing, perhaps, that the orchestra was not playing and that the audience was lending ear to her words, brought the most thrilling specimen of her dramatic power to a close.

Another Instance of Passion

These public ebullitions of bad temper are rare on the stage for the very sufficient reason that actors and actresses realize how fatal they are to success and accordingly are careful to seek the privacy of their dressingrooms before unleashing their wrath. A player who loses his temper alienates his audience and try as he may, is unable to regain its sympathy. That was undoubtedly the case with Aphie James on Tuesday night. I remember another instance of the same thing. It was at the old Columbia on the opening night of "The Yankee Counsul," the musical comedy in which Vera Michelena returned to her home city as a prima donna. Miss Michelena had won considerable success in the East and as her family was well known and much liked in musical circles, there was a large and sympathetic audience on hand to greet her. But somehow or other Miss Michelena did not come up to expectations; she was pretty, graceful, sang and danced well, but she was not the feminine hit of the show. A tiny soubrette of ravishing brunette beauty whose name I have forgotten, over-

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shadowed the native daughter and won most of the applause. At the end of the first act Miss Michelena was given an ovation and a great many flowers were handed over the footlights, among others a basket of splendid American Beauty roses. These Miss Michelena held to her bosom as she bowed and smiled her thanks, but as the curtain descended she dashed them to the stage and stamped on them in a burst of fury. The curtain had descended so far that only those in the orchestra and boxes witnessed this exhibition, but a shocked murmur went through the theatre and Miss Michelena was coldly treated for the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Nulywed—You don't love me any more—I know you don't!

Mr. Nulywed—But, my dear, you're mistaken. I adore you.

Mrs. Nulywed—No you don't! No man could love a woman so badly dressed as I am.

Loveland's Retort Courteous

Once upon a time delightful were the days, angelic the nights of Napa's favorite son, the Hon. Theodore Bell, but now the cruel, unrelenting Fates are leagued against him, and discomfiture and humiliation attend him at all hours, making sad his large and vigorous heart and agitating him with painful emotions. Almost every day somebody singles him out for especial invective and calls public attention to his delinquencies. He still cherishes the hope of leading the Democracy on to victory and landing safely in the job at Sacramento, but his enemies, powerful ones, are growing in number and they are stacking the cards against him. He realizes now that he has been affording his enemies many opportunities for holding him up to ridicule, and he has sense enough to know that to be ridiculous in politics is to be impossible. One of the worst of his recent mistakes was his gratuitous assault on the railroad commission for political purposes. This was a mistake, however, that it was most natural for him to make. To the Democracy the railroad commission has been a staple object of execration since the seventies of the last century. Belief in the iniquity of the railroad commission is one of the Democratic articles of faith; smashing it early and often is at once a doctrinal form of democratic exercise and a method of expiating all the political sins that a jobchaser can commit. So Bell, being a candidate for Governor, vindicated his reverence for tradition, forgetting for the moment that Harvey Loveland is at present a member of the commission. Now Loveland is not a man to break out with gooseflesh when Bell yawps. He loves a scrap. A pretty good castigator himself is Loveland, and when he cocks his war bonnet bristling with fiery feathers he may confidently be expected to throw a shriek into the proceedings. The shriek on this occasion was emitted by Theodore Bell just as he was whacked on his resonant mazard with Loveland's battle club. And all the State laughed.

An Excusable Practice

Though I have considerable admiration for Commissioner Loveland and no little respect for his principles I am constrained at times to dissent from his sentiments. I find that even in this matter of his castigation of the Hon. Theodore Bell, whilst I applaud the achievement I dissent from the view that a jobchaser should be reprobated when he indulges in wholesale villification for the purpose of propagating the presumption that he is above suspicion. This is one of the time-honored expedients of high-minded reformers. It is to be justified on the principle exemplified by genius when it plays the mountebank to catch the public eye or the public ear. The dear people are wofully lacking in sensibility. To interest them in what is good for them it is necessary to fillip their curiosity, to quicken their imagination, to fire their feelings. Now it is imbued with some such beneficent purpose that our job-chasing reformers pour their stinging censures on the men that hold the jobs. They that are villified should not take them seriously. It's all in the game—a nasty game, perhaps, but none of us need to practice it.

Johnson in Simulated Frenzy

Insincerity is one of the essential ingredients in the make-up of your average politician, and therefore politicians should never take one another seriously. Wise politicians never do. I remember an occasion when some wise politicians gave a notable illustration of their indifference to the theatrical ecstasies and passions of one of their number. It was at Sacramento during a session of the Legislature. The bill for the removal of the capital was up for discussion. Grove L. Johnson was the chosen leader of the opposition. He knew he was beaten. Just before making his speech he called on several distinguished men present, and to each he said: "I'm going to roast you, but—(winking his eye) you know—its not on the level." And then he opened his batteries of vituperation and poured the hottest shot from his ammunition wagon into the gentlemen who had received the amiable tip. Grove Johnson is one of the most eloquent men in California, and as a master of invective or as an artist in satire he has few peers. On this occasion he was at his best. His language sizzled, his epigrams scintillated and his whiskers were full of the kind of expressions that give stern emphasis. He championed the cause of Sacramento with all the fervor of a burning patriot, and in excoriating terms he flayed the friends who had been

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assured that his fine frenzy was to be of the mock variety. To their credit, be it said, not one of them flinched. Indeed, they encouraged the orator with their blandest smiles.

Another Fine Specimen

Another story in illustration of what wise politicians regard as pardonable insincerity has the Hon. J. O. (Black) Hayes of San Jose for its hero. Mr. Hayes is a distinguished journalist, a pious leader of a new religious cult and a perennial candidate for governor. He is also a fine figure of a man from the standpoint of physical pulchritude. He is really beautiful. His friends pronounce him a man of high character and fastidious intellect. He is unquestionably a man of high ideals, but he inspires in his enemies disparaging and contemptuous comments which I cannot trust myself to reproduce in their original grace of rhetoric. It should be explained, however, that the invidious inspiration is due to the fact that Mr. Hayes in the exigencies of politics incurred the intimacy of Abe Ruef, which, to his credit (in the philosophy that guides reformers) he did not feel compelled to maintain and cherish after becoming aware of its infructuosity. Mr. Hayes, for the greater good of the people, has trained with many factions and it has been pretty hard to keep track of his fluctuations. One day, at a time when he and the Republican machine were believed to be in spiritual contiguity, an editorial smashing the machine and lauding the prophets of reform was printed in his paper. That day he was taken to task by a wild-eyed performer. Thereupon, by way of pacification, this explanation: "Oh, that's only for those reform fellows; you know where I stand."

The Moving Picture Prize Fight

William P. McLoughlin, the sporting writer of the New York World, takes great credit unto himself for having predicted, immediately after articles were signed, that the Jeffries-Johnson set-to would be a "moving picture fight." If there is a great deal of credit attached to the making of this obvious forecast there is no reason why I should not take my share of it, for I made the same criticism at about the same time. Perhaps it was not such an obvious forecast, after all, for the sporting writers of the local press somehow overlooked it completely, although the proceedings were so raw that a child might have been expected to see through them. The fact that both pluguglies were to receive a financial interest in the films necessitated plans for a fight which would last long enough to make the films a drawing card with the public. What chance is there, then, for the fighters to do any real milling until the necessary number of pictures have been taken? But now it turns out that the financial arrangements with regard to the pictures have been much more complete than anybody suspected at the time of the Hoboken conference. When the articles of agreement were made public, clause 7 was missing and clause 7, it develops, shows absolutely that it will be impossible for the fighters to spoil the moving pictures by a quick knockout. Under this clause the fighters are empowered to organize a stock company and to sell shares of the corporation running the fight. The corporation is to be known as the Jeffries-Johnson Moving Picture Combination. Here is the exact language of the clause, as finally agreed to: "And the parties hereto agree that the principals, James J. Jeffries and John Johnson, shall receive the full 100 per cent of the picture income and they shall pay to Gleason and Rickard 33 1-3 per cent of the profits from such picture displays. And the said Jeffries and Johnson shall form a corporation to be known as the Jeffries-Johnson Moving Picture Combination to carry out the provisions of this agreement." Of course this relieves the promoters of all responsibility and puts the success of the pictures right up to the fighters themselves. This application of the methods of high finance to pugilism makes for bigger financial returns, perhaps; but it reduces the heavyweight championship bout to the level of a sordid little farce. The late Mr. Barnum left an axiom that covers the case.

Just think, our new cook gets up at six o'clock without being called.

She must be a jewel.

Yes, she's going to marry the milkman next week.

Wilde's Large-mindedness

Herman Whitaker, whose novel "The Planter" is considered by the Harpers the "big book" of their last year's output, tells with no little art and gusto a crackerjack joke on his famous uncle Sidney Grundy, who five and twenty years ago was the Pinero of British playwrights—a joke as good as a play, the aforenamed the victim and no less than Oscar Wilde the magnificently impudent villain, alongside of whom Bernard Shaw might well pass for Modesty's self and Gilbert Chesterton for Shaw's shadow. Among other plays good, bad and indifferent, Sidney had written one of which he had every reason to be proud, and the playwright was not an unreasonable man—a rare thing among dramatists. For the time being the name of the play has escaped me, as it has the rest of the public for good and all. Small matter! There being nothing in it, 'twould adorn the tale no whit. Nameless now, 'twas indubitably in its day a very proper play, the pink of propriety, and in but one wise memorable, namely, in this, that Oscar Wilde deemed it in part worthy of adoption. "You go see Lady Windermere's Fan!" suggested a friendly critic to Sidney Grundy: "'Twill make you wild!" "From all I hear, 'twill make him—Wilde!" Herman Whitaker's uncle returned; which goes to show that the author of "The Settler" comes honestly by his wit, being its nephew by marriage. "But seriously, Grundy," frowned the serious critic, "he has lifted a whole scene out of your pet play!" "Which accounts for his phenomenal success!—I was wondering!" was his nephew's uncle's quiet rejoinder, which sent the critic off in high dudgeon. About a week thereafter, Sidney, the victim, ran across Oscar, the villain, at the Atheneum Club. "By the way, Wilde," says Grundy, "talking of Lady Windermere's Fan, Jones tell me that you have lifted a whole scene bodily out of my play." "Jones is a bally idiot!" Wilde magnificently interposed. "Such inaccuracy in any one but a critic would be incredible. Even in him 'tis not only reprehensible but really unpardonable. Lifted a whole scene, indeed! The idea! I lifted an entire act!"

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Comments Amended

My attention has been called to certain inaccuracies in Town Talk's editorial comments on the amendments to the Penal Code changing the procedure in appeals. These amendments were not, as stated, fathered by the Commonwealth Club, and consequently they warrant no unfavorable presumption. They emanated from the Bar Association, and they have received the approval of high judicial authority. One of the purposes of the amendments, I am told, is to prevent delays after verdicts are rendered and before pronouncement of judgment. By reason of these amendments there can be less juggling with justice than formerly in the courts presided over by Judge Lawlor and Judge Dunne. It will be impossible for either of those illustrious jurists to keep an innocent person in jail three years or more, pending the settlement of a bill of exceptions, as was done in the now celebrated case of Minnie Adams. It will also be impossible to repeat the scandal of the Ruef case, the fragrance of which gives distinction to Judge Dunne.

> You may fumigate, disinfect if you will,
> The scent of the scandal will hang round him still.

Nor do the amendments materially increase expenses or the number of appeals. The official shorthand reporter must get busy if an appeal is taken, but he did so under the old law. He got busy because a transcript was wanted for use on the motion for a new trial, which usually came off after everybody had forgotten all about the evidence. Now it must come off while it is fresh; and no transcript will be necessary in the majority of cases unless an appeal is taken after the motion for a new trial is passed on. If it is granted none will be needed. This will be a saving. Moreover as bills of exception are no longer used on appeal the expense of printing will be saved. Instead of the bill of exception, the original transcript made by the reporter is used. "I hope," says my informant, "the press will let this new law alone until it has had time to prove itself. The courts are much embarrassed in this State because the people are constantly led to suppose that some amendment to a new law is required before they really know what the law is or how it will work."

Short Starts Them Thinking

On a recent visit to Washington Frank Short of Fresno started a new train of ideas in the minds of statesmen whose constituencies are of the Far West. He called their attention to the fact that the most enthusiastic of conservationists are residents of Eastern States whose water power sites are all in the hands of private individuals. These men, he said, are concerning themselves about matters in which they have no direct interest. They demand that the water power sites of the West be withheld from exploitation for the benefit of posterity. Now the West is in need of development, and it is not to its interest to discourage empire builders from utilizing the vast potential energies of the States that are as yet sparsely settled. Short submitted for consideration the thesis that the States have some rights which the Federal government is bound to respect, and that among these is the right to employ for their material development the energies that nature has blessed them with. The man from Fresno has made it clear that there are two sides to the conservation question, and he has given new impetus to the controversy that has been raging at Washington. In several of the Western States where development has been retarded by the conservation craze his views have been adopted, and the advisability of abating the zeal of Mr. Pinchot is now being vigorously agitated.

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His Amazing Vision

As a result of Frank Short's protest against putting the Federal lid on the potential energies of the Western States the whole subject of conservation has been examined from his standpoint, and now it appears from official estimates made at Washington that as an alarmist Pinchot is entitled to rank with Hobson. The records show that the rivers and streams of the United States are capable of supplying ten times or more the mechanical power now employed for all purposes in the country. In other words with all the marvelous development of our natural resources that has taken place in more than one hundred and thirty years of our existence as a nation we have not harnessed more than one-tenth of the power that we have at our disposal. Yet Mr. Pinchot is able to perceive the likelihood of the formation of a gigantic water power trust, which, he says, unless Congress acts, will soon have exclusive possession of all the water power in the country. Verily Mr. Pinchot, the bosom friend of posterity, the dreamer who has set the whole country by the ears, is a man of telescopic vision. While we are about it we should conserve him as well as our water power.

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relative importance since 1870 when it was 48.2 per cent of the whole (horse-power in the country), whereas for 1905 it was only 11.3 per cent. Reports for the year 1905 show the use in mechanical industries of 1,647,969 horse-power generated by running water. Out of this about 40 per cent was in New England and about 27 per cent in the State of New York. If power is offered on reasonable terms, the probable result is mills and factories employing hands and paying wages, or light, heat and power for towns and cities. If charges for the power are excessive, there will be no sale for the power. The practical utilization of a power site requires, usually, a large expenditure of money and a central control. It is even conceivable that this alleged "water power trust" may be a blessing in disguise, if such an organization really does exist. It may mean new centres of industry and more wage earners, more business for railroads and more wealth for the nation. There are parts of the power site conservation program which are obviously commendable. Such sites have a value, either actual and immediate or potential. If they were valueless no "trust" would want them. Any Federal grant of such a site should carry conditions, such as a time limit for development and operation and protection against an abuse of monopolistic powers by the grantees. While the laws should make impossible any spoliation of the public, they should make easily possible the benefits that may be derived from developed water power.

"Why won't you go on the picnic?"
"I'm too tired. Let's soak a few sandwiches in lemonade and eat them on the kitchen floor."

Politics in Los Angeles

If any proof were needed that Los Angeles possesses the real metropolitan spirit it would be supplied by the ever-increasing intensity of the political situation there. There was a time when the politics of the southern city were controlled by a few practical organizers who had things mostly their own way because the interest of the community was concentrated on other activities; but now that is all changed. Los Angeles today has a very healthy competition for political supremacy, the opposing forces being those known respectively as "the organization" and "the reformers." While the reformers have triumphed recently in the election of Alexander to the mayor's chair, the struggle will go on with increased vigor, for the rewards of success are great and the victorious ones are not so strongly intrenched that they cannot be cast out. In the approaching State campaign Los Angeles will demand her due share of the State offices and will of course insist that either Frank Flint or some other representative of the south be assured of election to the United States senate. From south of Tehachapi has already come the announcement of two candidates for the supreme bench, a tentative candidate for governor and numerous aspirants for other offices. In her struggle with the north Los Angeles has never had much difficulty in holding her own and now she has a real intramural conflict between the two strongly fortified wings of the republican party. Walter Parker will direct this conflict for one side and Meyer Lissner for the other. The forces of Lissner, at present in the saddle, are inclined to boast of their settled supremacy, but it may confidently be predicted that they are just now approaching the fight of their lives.

The Opposing Leaders

Walter Parker, the leader of the organization forces and Meyer Lissner, the chief of the so-called "silk-stockings" are as different in personality and methods as day and night. Parker is a natural-born "mixer," quick to make friends and as swift as he is accurate in deciding upon those in whom he may place his confidence and trust. Lissner, on the other hand, is naturally distant, in fact almost forbidding in casual intercourse; he is lacking in the quality of magnetism and inclines rather to distrust in his dealings with men. Parker is not jealous of the dignity which attaches to leadership, but Lissner is; those who wish to see him must go to him and perhaps wait in the anteroom. Parker knows when discipline may be relaxed and when petty breaches of party loyalty may be ignored, but Lissner exacts the most implicit obedience and in several instances has cast off a valuable ally for a slight transgression of policy. Lissner's is the card index system of doing politics while Parker's is everything which that tabulated method does not imply. It will be very interesting to watch the outcome of their next joust which, by the way, depends on the condition of Parker's health. He has not been strong recently and has been compelled to give up for a while active participation in the game. But when he puts on harness again there will be "something doing."

Five O'Clock Service for Grace Cathedral

The Reverend J. Wilmer Gresham who has been summoned from Trinity Church in San Jose to occupy the new position of dean of the chapter of Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill, will inaugurate five o'clock Sunday evening services when he enters upon his work here. This will be a decided innovation in the religious circles of San Francisco and will be a most acceptable arrangement

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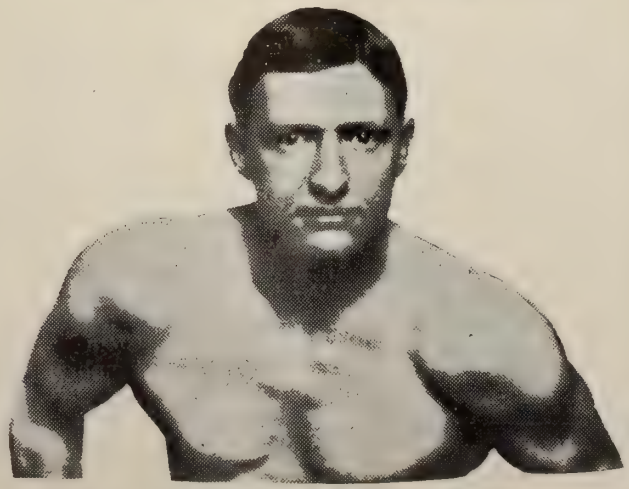

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Hittell Writing a History

Despite the fact that he has passed the psalmist's span and is almost an octogenarian, Theodore H. Hittell, author of the most exhaustive history of California ever written, is now engaged on another historical work. The new work which is nearing completion will deal with the history of the Hawaiian Islands in the same painstaking manner which has characterized all of Hittell's literary performances. Hittell is a hale and vigorous old man who still walks five or ten miles when he feels the need for exercise. His eyesight is so good that he writes a hand of almost microscopic fineness and reads his manuscript for corrections without difficulty. Hittell is a student of German as well as of the Spanish language which he learned while engaged in gathering data for his history of California, and has written an appreciation of Goethe's Faust which has won a great deal of praise from competent critics. He was engaged in the practice of law for many years with the celebrated John B. Felton and appeared in the Lick Trust and other famous cases. He had the distinction of being the only attorney who was retained when the litigation between Emeric and Alvarado over the Alvarado land grant commenced and lived to see the final judgment entered thirty years later. The Hittell home at 808 Turk street is filled with a splendid collection of Californiana.

Milly—Kitty took the prize for a dinner at our cooking-class.
Tilly—How proud she must be. What is it?
Milly—A most useful book: "First Aid to the Injured."

Race Suicide in Politics

The race suicide issue is soon to be raised in Alameda county politics. The political situation in that wonderful county has been complicated in the past by all sorts of contentions, but the race suicide issue is absolutely novel and should lend an adventitious interest to the next State campaign. The issue will be raised by Patrick Cavanaugh, the Alameda painter who is the father of thirteen children and who endeavored to have passed in the last legislature a bill granting a pension of $25 a month to any mother who enriched the population by a dozen offspring. Cavanaugh was unsuccessful in having the pension bill passed, but his intercourse with legislators convinced him that there was no reason why he should not become a lawmaker himself. So he will be an independent candidate for the State senatorship in the fourteenth district, at present represented by Clem Bates. Bates will not be a candidate again but Assemblyman Otis of race-track legislation notoriety, Assemblyman Hahn and Assistant District Attorney Hynes probably will. So Cavanaugh will have plenty of opposition. This does not dismay him. He promises to raise the question of race suicide in vigorous Rooseveltian fashion and the picture of his large family will be displayed on his election cards. Cavanaugh confided to me the other day that he will probably be the father of fourteen children before the campaign is well under way. With fourteen arguments against restricted families the Alameda painter will certainly show disinterested devotion to his chosen platform and if he is as successful in getting votes as in—well, here's wishing him luck, anyway.

Ned Harrigan Getting Well

All the old-timers who watched him grow from obscurity to fame and all the youngsters who have had the pleasure of witnessing "Old Lavender" will rejoice to learn that Edward Harrigan is once more on the road to health after a severe attack of grip. Harrigan left his New York home on election day to cast his ballot, caught cold and has been in a rather precarious condition. The actor is 65 years old now and the grip played havoc with his constitution, but the assiduous attention of his son, Dr. Anthony Hart Harrigan—named for

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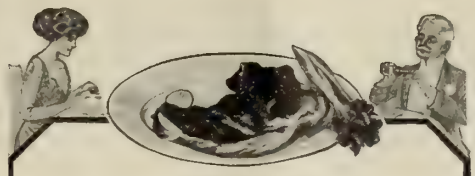
Tony Hart—brought him through the illness and the veteran is already thinking of going back to the stage. During his illness Harrigan was constantly remembered by actors and actresses who had played with him; his sick room was a bower of flowers and inquiries came from all parts of the country, including this city where he is known and loved by many. Of course the old Harrigan and Hart players are nearly all dead now—Annie Yeamans was about the only one of the oldsters still surviving to feel concerned about his health. John Wild is dead and so are Tony Hart and Billy Gray and Dave Braham who wrote the music for all the Harrigan laughmakers. Of course Ada Lewis wired her hope for his recovery, but she, like most of his other living theatrical friends, was a mere "kid" when Harrigan was in his heyday. It was in 1867 that Harrigan grew tired of shaving planks in a New York shipyard and came to San Francisco to begin his stage career. He played first at the Bella Union and the Olympic, the starting points for many famous players. Lotta, Joe Murphy and Maggie Moore were members of the Bella Union company at that time. Harrigan and Hart first interested New York in 1871, but the great success of the "Mulligan Guards" pieces came in 1879. The money Harrigan made then enabled him to buy the New York theatre which bears his name and which he still owns. Harrigan's last appearance was as Croup, the old negro, during the Philadelphia run of "Cameo Kirby."

Magistrate—Now, then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company.
Prisoner—Thank you, sir. You won't see me here again.

The Old Independence is Moved

That ancient relic of the early American navy, the Independence, which has been stationed at the Mare Island navy yard since 1874 was moved from its anchorage recently and its keel cut through the water for the first time in two decades. For twenty years the Independence was anchored in one spot, the admiration of all who visited the yard, but it was necessary to move it in order that it might not interfere with the ships that will enter the new drydock. The Independence was the first of the 74-gun battleships built for service against the fleets of England in the second war with that country. Its keel was laid by Capt. William Bainbridge at the Charleston navy yard in 1812, and the vessel was launched in 1814. In January of the following year it sailed on its maiden cruise for the Mediterranean, with Captain Bainbridge in command. The Independence sailed in company with the Constitution, Essex, and Hornet. Upon the return of the Independence from foreign waters it acted as guard-ship to Boston Harbor until 1819. In 1836 it was reduced from three decks to two, carrying 54 guns, and sailed for Europe as the flagship of Commodore Nicholson, with George M. Dallas, who was the minister to Russia from the United States, on board. On this trip all records for speed were broken between New York and Cronstadt. In 1846, with Capt. William B. Shubrick in command, the Independence sailed for the Pacific Coast, and after spending three years in Pacific waters and participating in the capture of Guaymas and Mazatlan, the warship returned to the Atlantic Coast and later sailed for the Mediterranean as the flagship of the United States squadron. In 1854 the Independence was refitted at the New York yard and again sent to the Pacific Coast for the last time, and was made guard-ship to San Francisco Bay. In 1858 the Independence was converted into a receiving ship. Capt. John B. Milton is in command.



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The Shuberts and Belascos

Two important theatrical deals were consummated during the past week. The announcement was made by Charles F. Gall, representing the Shuberts, that a lease had been taken of the Novelty Theatre in O'Farrell street west of Fillmore. The house will be opened on Monday evening, February 7, by Florence Roberts and she will present two plays which have attracted considerable attention in the east, "The Transformation" and "Gloria." Miss Roberts will play a four weeks' engagement at the Novelty. When the Shuberts decided to close the Valencia Theatre all true lovers of the stage were greatly disappointed because the character of the attractions presented there had been unusually fine. Now that they are to re-enter the local field they are sure of the same hearty welcome which they received before. The other theatrical deal of the week was that by which the five principal stock theatres of the Pacific Coast formed a combination to facilitate the engagement of plays and players. The theatrical interests which were merged were those of the Alcazar, San Francisco; the Burbank, Los Angeles; the Baker, Portland; the Seattle, Seattle; and the Spokane, Spokane. As a result of the agreement entered into by the managers, there will be no rivalry in the bidding for plays and players and the playwrights will be protected against piracy. The deal was engineered by Fred Belasco of this city and Oliver Morosco of Los Angeles. San Francisco will be the headquarters of the combine.

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Celebrities Self-Revealed

"Who's Who for 1910" (London) is a book of rare interest revealing as it does the phenomena of introspection. The editors of this volume have collected through cunningly framed questions many amusing self-revealing answers. Here we have Marie Corelli telling us that she "has devoted herself to literature," but "has never abandoned the love of music-piano and mandolin." It is by sentences of this kind that Marie makes it clear that she has devoted herself to literature in vain. George Moore, questioned as to his amusements answers, "Religion." There are many of Moore's admirers who believe that he has taken religion seriously. At any rate he has done a lot of floundering spiritually, and in his work he has made it evident that he has given religion deep study. George Bernard Shaw's idea of recreation is "Anything except sport," and Gilbert K. Chesterton declares that harrying Mr. Shaw is the only form of recreation he enjoys when he is not trying to get a "rise" out of Mr. Wells. Thomas Hardy studies architecture; D' Annunzio goes up in aeroplanes; Henry James dotes on metaphysics; the Colonel—our old friend, the melodramatic hero of the jungle—has a passion for "Ranching and big game hunting on the great plains and in the Rocky Mountains; is much interested in zoology, especially mammalogy and field natural history generally." Directly beneath this confession, the longest in the book, Senator Elihu Root gives his Washington address—that's all.

From whom did you get that pretty stick-pin, doctor?
From my first patient.
Ah, he left it to you.

A Strange Association

There has been a great deal of criticism, some of it humorous and some of it cynical, expressed by lawyers who have witnessed the spectacle of District Attorney Fickert and William Hoff Cook sitting side by side in the calm atmosphere of a local courtroom and consulting in the most pacific, nay cordial fashion, about the conduct of a Chinese case. It will be remembered that during the recent campaign Hoff Cook, as a member of Heney's staff, stumped the city against Fickert and was particularly truculent and vituperative in his references to the republican and union labor candidate. But the bitterness of the stump is more transitory than human glory, for now that Hoff Cook has been retained as special prosecutor in some of the murder trials that have arisen out of the latest and bloodiest of our tong wars, the erstwhile vilifier and the object of his abuse collaborate with the gentleness of perfect amity. It is as though all that Cook said against Fickert had been wiped out of the memory, not only of Cook but of Fickert as well.

Lieutenant Minnigerode is Honored

An unusual distinction has just been conferred upon Second Lieutenant Fitzhugh L. Minnigerode of the Eighth Infantry who is well known in this city. Major General William P. Duvall who is in command of the Philippine Division, has published the names of one officer and nine non-commissioned officers and privates who have distinguished themselves "by especially meritorious acts or conduct" in the service. The name of Lieutenant Minnigerode heads this list and it is set forth that he exhibited bravery and presence of mind in going to the rescue of certain drowning men at Iloilo, Panay, on September 10, 1907.

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THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN THEM IN SUMMER HAVE LITTLE IDEA OF THE BEAUTY OF YOSEMITE FALLS IN WINTER.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE VALLEY ON GLACIER POINT IN WINTER.

So many people are coming back from a trip to Yosemite this winter filled with enthusiasm over the novelty and pleasure of the excursion,—the skating on Mirror Lake, the tobogganing and skeeing, that special personally conducted excursions have been arranged which leave San Francisco every Friday morning, reach the Hotel del Portal in the evening and the Valley next morning. Everything is arranged beforehand. The stages are comfortable, the meals excellent and everyone, both at the Hotel del Portal and in the Valley seems to try to give the visitors an enjoyable trip.

DINING HALL, HOTEL DEL PORTAL

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The sharp upward move in steel on the closing day of the week was accompanied by rumors of an increased dividend to five per cent and an extra three-fourths to put the year 1909 on a four per cent basis. While there seems little good authority for consummation of such a plan next Tuesday, the stock has been heavily bought by banking interests who control the financial operations of the steel corporation. Steel common has shown an average earning power of 10 per cent for ten years past, with enormous sums of cash put into betterments in this period, hence it seems now that the stockholders are entitled to reap some benefits beyond a 4 per cent basis. The Wall Street situation in the recent week has been involved in a great deal of uncertainty, not only from the Hocking Coal scandal, but from the more important matter of the difficulty of labor which remains an unsettling factor. There seems to be little change in the political atmosphere at Washington and it is a doubtful question if bankers here are disturbed materially over coming legislation. We feel that further betterment in stock values will be seen the coming week.

Wheat showed a large and active trade last week. Shorts finally covered to reduce risks over the first of the week and indications are that larger longs are supplying their wants and that some of the big shorts who covered several days ago are again putting wheat out. At the top today wheat is up 4 cents from the low figure of a few days ago. The chief bullish consideration is the evidence that interior marketings are falling off. Both Northwest and total primary arrivals, while still larger than a year ago, show marked reduction as compared with the runs of the last few days. Primary receipts today were 582,000 bushels against 396,000 bushels a year ago. The week's total primaries show the result of general railroad clean ups in various sections following the return this week of milder weather. The week's primaries are 2,000,000 bushels larger than a year ago at 4,449,000 bushels against 4,106,000 bushels last week and 2,465,000 bushels in the corresponding week of last year. Minneapolis bought hard winter wheat at Omaha at a price equal to 2⅞ cents over Chicago May. This shows little probability of western wheat soon coming here. The local receipts for wheat this week were 214,000 against 322,000 shipped out. Trade has been much influenced by the strength at Liverpool where the closing is 1⅜ to 1½d up, affected by the small interior marketings in Argentine, the poor quality of the wheat arriving at the ports and the light American shipments this week, along with the higher prices of Manitoba and United States sorts. Local milling inquiry is good but prices are held stiff by leading owners and sales are small at 18,000 bushels.

Corn—The corn market started out strong, helped by wheat and by a considerable demand from pit traders who were expecting some of the big shorts to run for cover. Heavy selling by larger commission concerns, however, turned the tables and made the market heavy. The week's primary receipts were 3,974,000 against 4,610,000 a year ago. This week's receipts in Chicago were 1,787,000 bushels and shipments out were 1,117,000. Primary arrivals for one day were 595,000 against 650,000 a year ago. Local cash prices were 186,000. Export clearances were 206,000. The weather is fine and clear in the corn belt, not cold enough to hamper railway operations.

Oats—Oats were stronger early on good buying headed by the cash grain handling interests, shippers and elevator people, but sold off with other grains later, local speculators hammering prices as much as possible after wheat and corn turned weak. There was good absorption of offerings on the weak spots. Cars have 93, estimates 93. Week's receipts locally were 1,631,000 and shipments were 1,268,000. Week's primary receipts, 2,778,000 against 2,739,000 a year ago. Local cash sales, 170,000 bushels.

Cotton—A cotton buying public obsessed with the idea of 17 cents or even higher cotton, had its fingers burned. The slump in spot prices on the New York Exchange from 16.46 about two weeks ago to 13.50 was a loss of 14.80 per bale. Such a reaction of an unsound technical market position is now well known to have been the result of a succession of waves of long selling concentrated upon the New York market from various quarters of the world. This had the effect of overloading the chief bull protectors of the market until they were compelled to liquidate their holdings. A clearing up of the situation has its most hopeful aspect in the chance the recession gives to the spinner to buy cotton on future contracts on a reasonable basis. The cotton world, because of the dispelled illusions about excessive prices is all the healthier for the most remarkable reaction in the record of the cotton year. Although the market seems to be getting into a position now where it will have to be tested by the actual question of demand and supply, we believe that for some time to come the market is a sale on bulges rather than a buy at any time and that May and July are for the present at any rate a sale whenever they reach 15 cents and unqualifiedly think that October is a sale at 13 cents as we cannot see how the new crop's early prices can, against all precedent, maintain themselves. The market is at present strong but withal nervous and with a degree of uncertainty that denotes that it will take several days to adjust itself. Therefore we reiterate an opinion that for the time being at least it is a professional market and advise selling on all bulges.

Copper—Traders in copper stocks supplied an abundance of material on which to frame opinions as to tendencies in the copper metal market, but more or less conflicting ones on the outcome of the merger, and the cause of this can be attributed more or less to the dissatisfaction on the part of the Nevada Consolidated stockholders to participate in the same on the ratio in which they are invited by the Utah, especially as the strength or wealth of the Utah does not now appear to be all that it has been talked and written up to be. The price of

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copper metal is steadily and surely going up, 14¼ now being the price and there seems to be no question but that it will soon pass 15 cents and, as we predicted in these columns some six weeks ago, that copper will before the end of the year be selling in the neighborhood of 18 cents. In view of this it should follow that stocks in good ore producing mines should gradually advance to a higher range of prices and we unquestionably think that Anaconda is cheap at the present market price at about 50; that Amalgamated is a good buy especially on any recession, and in the New York Curb and Boston Coppers, that Miami and Nevada Consolidated should shortly advance. Chino is a purchase at its present price of $13.00 as on its showing it should not go under this price; Giroux, we think, is good at the present level. There seems to be no question as to the value of Lake which is every day gaining a higher mark and this applies to Osceola as well. I would advise watching Baltic. At the same time one must remember that all newly incorporated companies of this order see many vicissitudes before they reach a level founded on their intrinsic value. With the recovery in the stock market there seems to be no doubt that the copper stocks will go up proportionately.

Local Securities—Business in local stocks and bonds has been greatly reduced for the past week or so and this may be attributed to generally depressed stock market conditions which prevail in almost all of the country's big exchanges and also, to the extended period of heavy dealings which California securities enjoyed throughout the greater part of last year. At the present time, Alaska Packers and the Hawaiian Sugar stocks appear to be the strongest spots on the local list. The former stock continues to make new high records which seem to express the satisfaction of the public with the association's annual report which came out last week. Sugar stocks occupy a favored position caused by the strength of the raw sugar market and the crop prospects for the ensuing year which speak of extra dividends on several of the companies. Hawaiian Commercial, Honokaa, Hutchinson, Makaweli, Onomea, Paauhau and Union are all holding their recent advances with a show of considerable strength. Associated Oil has lately gone through a large amount of selling and has declined a number of points. There does not seem to be any technical change in the company's affairs that would justify this slump, although it is said that dividend prospects on Associated Oil are not as bright as they were at the latter part of last year. Spring Valley Water has become very quiet and weaker if anything and is talked of, in a speculative way, in but few circles. Pacific Telephone and Pacific Gas stocks, in sympathy with the declining New York Stock Market, are also very weak and are lately much neglected in the local market. Bond transactions are greatly reduced and outside of declines in Peoples Water 5s and Market Street Cable 5s, show no special features. It is said that the local market will remain quiet for the next month or so and may even in a general way seek slightly lower levels but as the majority of the California stocks and bonds possess great merit it is thought that the list should again start to improve after that time.

Guest—Your dog is becoming very fat.
Host—Yes, since my wife took to cooking.

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In the Limelight

The first presentation here in over twenty years of the romance "The Marble Heart" is announced by Robert Mantell during his coming engagement at the Columbia. "Louis XI," also a stranger for a decade or more, is in the actor's repertoire, as is also the ever charming "Lady of Lyons."

The Lambardi Grand Opera Company opened its American tour at New Orleans a few weeks ago. Ester Adaberto and Signorita Aosetti are among the leading singers with the company. The organization is to play a limited engagement at the Columbia next month.

Hattie Williams in the comedy success, "Detective Sparkes," has started on a tour which will include this city. It will be the first visit here of the Frohman star.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

She Held Her Dresses Too High

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun administered a gentle rebuke to one of the young ladies at a recent Greenway ball and did it in a fashion which was pointed and effective without hurting the girl's feelings. The young lady is piquant and bewitching, but that is as closely as I care to identify her. While dancing she held her gown a trifle too high, thereby exposing to the view of the other merrymakers a pair of well-turned ankles and shapely limbs. A number of the more conventional matrons were quite shocked by this unconscious exhibition, but only one knew just how to bring it to an end. That one was the charming and always tactful Mrs. Calhoun. She called the young lady to her and said: "Permit me to adjust the drapery of your dress. Now, hold your gown this way and you will not spoil its beautiful lines." The words were accompanied by a deft lowering of the dress which effectually concluded the unusual exposure of which everybody except the young lady herself was painfully aware.

Cupid and Jennie Crocker

For many reasons, the chief of which is obvious even to the obtuse, Miss Jennie Crocker's fluctuations of sentiment are matters of the profoundest concern to her friends. A girl with so much money as she has to throw to the birds, or convert into pearl necklaces, as fancy dictates, is naturally regarded as a fine, available figure for the kind of romance that Cupid loves to weave in the lines of favored mortals. And naturally also, as she is a prize beyond the domain of the commonplace, there is more than ordinary interest in the pursuit thereof. Every gallant upon whom she bestows her smiles has friends who takes a lively, personal interest in the outcome. To add to all these circumstances the element of elusiveness which Miss Crocker betrays is to afford a faint conception of the somewhat thrilling effect of the competition on society at large. All the while Miss Crocker bubbles over with the joy of living, and separation from the bliss of single blessedness seems remote from her thoughts. Nevertheless the bavardes are on the qui vive for symptoms of the fever, and every new gallant that heaves in sight becomes the object of speculation. The latest tip out from the center of gossip is that a young Italian Adonis is at present close up. Since meeting him Miss Crocker has taken an interest in the study of Italian, a circumstance that is regarded as fraught with significance.

A well known society man was being relieved of his overcoat at the Tillman affair the other day when a pistol in a holster fell from the pocket. Several ladies were leaving at the time and saw the weapon before the butler replaced it in the pocket of the overcoat. The young chap is now being called "the unfighter" by those who have heard of the incident.

Observations of a Social Philosopher

A young man whose grandmother was one of the belles of our provincial aristocracy and whose prospects entitle him to be regarded as "a good catch" poured a few timely observations into my ear the other day. The observations were apropos the complaint recently voiced by certain representatives of the fashionable herd about the lowering of the bars of their swell corral. If there is anything to complain of, according to this young social philosopher, it is the scarcity of interesting persons in the present day smart set. It has occurred to him that there is a painful lack of vivacity and originality in the smart set and that something should be done to give it color and distinction. He believes that our fashionable herd has degenerated as a result of the dying out of the old stock and the infusion of too much of the blood of the mediocrities that inherited money from parents who had none of the enterprise, courage or family traditions of the society leaders of pioneer days. To liven things up a bit, he argues, the bars should be lowered but with discernment and discrimination.

The "Rushing" of Miss Farrell

The observations of the young social philosopher are respectfully and with due deference submitted to our social leaders. As to Mr. Greenway he needs no hint.

Photo. H. Pierre Smith

MISS FRANC PIERCE

An attractive and talented girl who lent her aid to charity in the big extravaganza of the week.

He is always trying to introduce more color into the smart set, and he has a keen eye for the qualities that ring true. It was under his auspices that Miss Kathleen Farrell, the talented niece of Mrs. Shea, was introduced to the only genuine blown-in-the-bottle brand of society some time ago. Now that interesting girl is right in the midst of fashionable proceedings. A month or so ago she came out at a Greenway dance, and many were the lorgnettes raised for scrutiny as is always the case when a new-comer arrives. A little later I met her at the exclusive bon ton dance given by the "Patronesses,"

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as the ladies of our F. F. S. F. designated themselves. Next I heard of her rehearsing for the Professor Napoleon performance, and in terms encomiastic. Her dance, it was predicted would be the gem of the evening. The fact is that from the moment of her coming out Miss Farrell has been "rushed," as they say, at Blingum, which means that she possesses engaging qualities and is decidedly what the newspaper reporters call "an acquisition."

Miss Tillman's Debut

It would possibly be unjust to say that the De Sabla ball was eclipsed by the Tillman continuous performance of last week but it was certainly rivaled. Miss Vera de Sabla had made the most brilliant debut of the season until Miss Agnes Tillman was formally launched at an elaborate reception followed by two simultaneous dinners, one for fifty and one for twenty guests, which were in turn followed by a dance; a series of events that extended well over ten hours. The dinners took place in the dining-room and billiard room of the Tillman residence, one for the pretty debutante and her young friends, and a smaller one for the elders. There may have been a luncheon preceding the reception but it is not recorded. The Tillman home is one of the spacious old mansions of a former decade and amply met the requirements of the Tillman hospitality. It was formerly the Frank Goad residence and was especially arranged for entertaining on a large scale. The three Goad girls, now Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Charles McIntosh and Mrs. Robinson Reilly of Paris, gave many jolly dances in the big old-fashioned ball-room. I believe the last brilliant affair for which the house was thrown open previous to the festivities of last Saturday, was the wedding of Miss Genevieve Goad and Andrew Martin, the second son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, which took place in the music-room, in the presence of many guests. The obvious illness of the young bridegroom rather marred the gaiety of this occasion, and it was only a month later that he passed away in Santa Barbara. Genevieve Goad Martin later married Robinson Reilly of Washington and they make their home in Paris. Frederick Tillman who made a fortune in spices, bought the house which crowns Washington street hill several years ago, and its hospitable traditions promise to be lavishly maintained. Miss Tillman, by the way, is one of the cleverest of the younger girls. She has written verses which display much poetic ability.

Photo, Genthe

MISS GLADYS PLATT

One of the dainty maids who appeared as a "Mary Jane Girl" in the "Professor Napoleon" extravaganza.

Amid flowers and sighs Miss Enid Gregg left for the East and Europe last week, leaving many an aching heart behind. I'm told that Roger Top is inconsolable since the departure of this charming girl. Miss Gregg will be gone some time and will study music with the best professors in the French capital.

George Keppel, Wine Agent

In speaking of the Honorable and Mrs. George Keppel last week I forgot to mention that the husband of the king's chum is a wine agent. He is a member of a small firm of wine merchants on Pall Mall and I am told that he has made a comfortable income out of commissions on sales to the fashionable friends of his wife. Keppel is a man of versatility, for at one time he was the agent of Sir Thomas Lipton's teas. From the selling of tea to the selling of wine is quite a leap, but no doubt there is more profit in the wine business, for undoubtedly the friends of Mrs. Keppel consume more champagne than oolong. Whether Keppel's firm supplies wine to No. 3 Carlton House Terrace where his wife is now installed I do not know, but if he does, he has the honor of being a purveyor to the king, for Edward dines and sups at Mrs. Keppel's very frequently. As a wine agent Keppel is worthy of being bracketted with Harry Lehr of Newport and our own Ned Greenway, but he has never had the social leadership which belongs to these sprightly gentlemen and never will, the scheme of English society not allowing such a position.

King Edward Abhors Divorce

The very latest speculation in the American colony of London, I learn from a gossipy correspondent, deals with the size of the dent which Mrs. John Jacob Astor will make in English society. Mrs. Astor has big designs on British exclusiveness and is expected to make a whirlwind campaign for the favor of the most sacred circles. Undoubtedly she will find many doors open to her golden knock, but it is being pointed out that she can hardly hope for royal patronage. Mrs. Astor, as all the world has had the opportunity of learning, is a divorced woman and King Edward has placed a ban upon divorcees. It is said that even a marriage to a titled Englishman will not serve to rehabilitate a divorced person in the eyes of that stern moralist, the king; and it will be interesting to see this theory tested in the case of Mrs. Astor. It may surprise many to learn that King Edward is such an uncompromising stickler for the proprieties of social intercourse, but many incidents have shown that the son of Queen Victoria is not unworthy of his parent in the observance of external forms of virtue. It will be remembered, for instance, that as Prince of Wales the king was proud to number Richard Croker among his intimates, but the former boss of Tammany has never received royal recognition. He has been cast out even as Henry V. cast out the Falstaff who had delighted Prince Hal. A Prince of Wales may cultivate sports and ex-bosses but a king must be more careful. Hence it is that King Edward in lieu of Croker, has taken Pierpont Morgan into his confidence. Morgan is higher than any other layman in the councils of the Episcopalian Church, he is an enthusiastic art collector and is lavish in financial tips to his titled friends. He is just the sort of man whom royalty may honor with impunity and if he indulges cer-

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tain eccentricities of conduct, it is possible that he is therein not so different from the king. Mr. Morgan has never been divorced.

Harold Maundrell, the partner of Miss Flossie Cluff in the spook's dance in the "Professor Napoleon" extravaganza, called on Miss Alice Doe one evening on his way to a dress rehearsal. When he left the Doe home he found that his motor car containing his suit case with his costume had been stolen. There was great scurrying to get a new costume ready.

A Bourbon Taxicabby

Parisians so inclined may now employ a Bourbon prince as a taxicabby and so many are taking advantage of the opportunity that the titled chauffeur is reaping a harvest in fares and tips. A letter from Paris brings me the information that Prince Charles Louis of Bourbon has taken out a license as a taxi-chauffeur and is now to be found daily plying for hire with his smart cab along the boulevards. He is the grandson of Naundorff, a famous Pretender who claimed to be the Dauphin that escaped from the Temple Prison. Many favored his claim, but more believed him to be a Spandau watchmaker and one who, if not a rogue, had hallucinations. The Dutch government permitted a stone to be raised in his memory inscribed "Here lies Louis XVII., King of France and Navarre." The Third Republic gave to Naundorff's descendants permission to bear the name of Bourbon and to adopt princely rank. They are still princes and princesses, but in the present day they follow trades and professions not at all befitting their supposed rank. The eldest son of the house owns a wine shop where workmen take their liquor "from the zinc." For the moment, however, the fashion is to be driven in the Bois with a Bourbon at the wheel.

The Gay Prince of Monaco

Some of the foreign correspondents have noted the fact that Prince Louis of Monaco has brought suit in Paris against Mlle. Juliette Louvet but they don't seem to know what the row was all about. It is the latest bit of scandal on which the boulevardiers are regaling their tired palates. Like his father, the reigning prince of Monaco, Prince Louis is noted for his gallantries. He is the son of his father's first wife who was Lady Mary Douglass-Hamilton. The prince divorced her and later married the widowed Duchess of Richelieu who was Miss Alice Heine, daughter of a New Orleans banker. They were divorced eight years ago. Prince Louis who is now forty years old, has been very fond of Mlle. Louvet. This charming young woman lives in a delightful little house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Prince Louis was seen there so often that the neighbors supposed it was his home, but his suit has disabused them of that idea. He claims that Mlle. Louvet refused to restore to him certain family portraits which were given to him by his mother and which adorned the walls of the bird's-nest on the avenue. The prince sent a notary and a bailiff to the house and they seized the portraits but the notary has refused to turn them over and the prince has been compelled to bring action against his erstwhile friend. Paris is waiting for the trial of that action with considerable interest.

Techau Tavern's Vocal Concerts

The Techau Tavern will again entertain its patrons with vocal concerts of a very high order, such as were given previous to the disaster of 1906, when the cafe was located in Mason street. The public will remember that the management of the Techau Tavern originated this form of entertainment for the cafe patrons in San Francisco by first presenting the Royal Hawaiian Quintette which sang itself into the hearts of our cafe-going public. They met with such great success that the management decided, on the expiration of their contract, to continue giving its patrons the best talent procurable, and to that end brought out the Neapolitan Quartet from Italy. These Italian singers pleased the patrons of the Techau Tavern so much that, although they were only engaged for eight weeks, they remained for five months. The management has now procured an operatic attraction which will no doubt eclipse all its previous efforts in this line. The singers will be accompanied by an orchestra of soloists and the concerts will be given daily for luncheon, during shopping hours, dinner time, and after the theatre.

It is said that Mrs. Kate Voorhies Henry and her inseparable friend Miss Jennie Lee will leave for New York in the near future on a visit to Queen Vergilia Bogue Baron.

In the Social Spotlight

Registrations at the Hotel Del Monte from San Francisco include J. Otis Burrage, David H. Steiner, Miss Lucile Steiner, Mrs. Emma Steiner, W. C. Reed, R. A. Pabst, Robt. C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Rupley, C. A. Rutherford, H. A. Buck, C. L. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Marriner, H. B. Russell, James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Salz and Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Moynihan.

Mr. A. P. Redding who arrived at Del Monte last Sunday with his wife has not missed a day on the golf links. Mr. Redding, Mr. W. M. Ladd and Major W. K. Wright have had some interesting games.

S. J. Craft motored to Del Monte from San Francisco recently with his wife and child. Mr. Craft is from Bellingham, Washington, and intends to visit the principal points in California with his car.

Mr. David H. Steiner accompanied by his mother, Mrs. S. Steiner, and his sister was at Del Monte for a few days recently.

R. Greenwood of Victoria, B. C., is registered at Del Monte and expects to spend some time there.

Mrs. Harry Aiken and daughter were among the week's arrivals at Del Monte.

John F. O'Shea and wife of Portland, Ore., accompanied by Miss Mary A. O'Donnell, are registered at Del Monte.

The Misses Van Slooton are at Del Monte for an extended stay. They are from Holland.

J. W. Hunt of Tacoma, accompanied by Mrs. Hunt, spent a few days at Del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Griffith of Johnstown, Pa., were recent visitors at Del Monte.

Harriet R. Labadie, the noted dramatic reader, was a recent arrival at Del Monte. She gave a course of Shakespearian readings at the Monterey High School.

Henry C. Ordway with his wife and two daughters, spent several days at Del Monte during the past week, registering from Winchester, Mass.

Mr. Edward Danforth, father of Miss Fannie Danforth, has been very ill at the hospital recently. He returned to his home on Broadway during the week. As Mr. Danforth is well advanced in years his friends are deeply anxious about him.

Among the recent additions to the Service Set which makes its home at the Fairmont are Chas. D. Price, U. S. N., R. F. Glass and J. H. Mayfield, U. S. N., Colonel and Mrs. R. Dickens, U. S. M. C., Robt. Thornburg, U. S. N.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell and family have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the rest of the winter, having temporarily closed their beautiful home at Menlo Park.

Mrs. J. D. Peters of Stockton who is a frequent visitor to the Fairmont is again its guest, having come down with her beautiful and popular daughter Anna for the Assembly and other social festivities.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont from the East are Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Washburn of Chicago, David S. Stevenson, Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Thatcher, New York, and E. C. Wilson of Victoria, B. C.

HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

Included in the many visitors to the Fairmont during the past week from nearby points are Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clarke, Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Duval, Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene DeSabla, Miss DeSabla and Miss Dunsmuir, Menlo, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Spenser, Menlo Park, and Miss Genevieve Harvey.

Among the many reservations which are daily being made at The Potter Hotel are those of the Raymond-Whitcomb parties. During the eight years of the hotel's existence these parties have called regularly at the hotel. The first of importance will arrive at the hotel on February 1. From the beginning of February to the latter part of March these parties will be seen quite frequently at the hotel. These parties are composed of from ten to one hundred and twenty-five tourists. They remain two or three days and are taken through the city to inspect the various points of interest, and are driven over the many beautiful drives in the mountains, over the Mesa, and along the boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Inderrieden and maid, accompanied by their charming daughters Zoe, Lillian and Leontine, arrived from Chicago recently and have taken their usual apartments for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Inderieden have been coming to Santa Barbara and the Potter each winter for several years.

Mrs. Stanley McCormick of Berlin entertained at an elaborate dinner at the Potter recently, her guests being Dr. H. B. Farrell of Chicago, Dr. and Mrs. Adolph Myers, New York, and Mr. Cyrus Bentley of Chicago.

Capt. D. H. Biddle, U. S. A., arrived the early part of the week from Manila for a ten days' visit to his parents, General and Mrs. Biddle, U. S. A. General and Mrs. Biddle have made their home at the Potter since the hotel first opened. Dr. Biddle, a cousin of the Biddles, also arrived from the East the early part of the week, and will remain for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rogers and their son are stopping for the present at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Newell Armsby, Miss Armsby and two maids and Master Armsby of San Francisco arrived the latter part of the week and have taken rooms for the season at the Potter.

Mrs. H. E. Cotton who is wintering in San Francisco entertained informally at dinner during the week. Mrs. McKenzie and Mrs. McNeill shared Mrs. Cotton's hospitality at the Hotel Victoria.

A wedding of interest on both sides of the bay took place on Saturday, January 22 at Trinity Church in San Jose when Miss Beulah Brigham of Oakland was married to Eugene Cooper Johnson of Arizona, a prominent railroad man. The couple left immediately for their home in Arizona. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brigham, old residents of the city, where the Misses Gladys and Beulah, the charming daughters, are well known. Mr. and Mrs. Brigham are now residing at Los Gatos.

Mrs. Harriet P. Miller entertained the younger members of society at a dancing party on Monday evening at her home in Buchanan street.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin and their young son have moved to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin Sr. where they will remain until they leave for their summer home in San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. Girvin Sr. are occupying the Hall McAllister house in Jackson street during the trip abroad of Mr. and Mrs. McAllister and Miss Ethel McAllister.

One of the largest and most elaborate luncheons of the season took place in the Grey Room of the Fairmont on Tuesday when Mrs. Eleanor Doe entertained thirty of her friends. Mrs. Doe resides at the Fairmont with her charming young daughter Miss Margaret.

Mrs. D. S. Lisberger entertained the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., on Wednesday in her apartments at the San Carlos. Mrs. Charles Steuart contributed to the musical program.

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Not the Jew That Shakespeare Drew

By Edward F. O'Day

It is a matter of stage history that when Alexander Pope first saw Charles Macklin, the great Irish actor, in the role of Shylock he wrote: "This is the Jew that Shakespeare drew." There was good reason for Pope's admiration. As a student and commentator of Shakespeare he knew that the representation of Shylock as a low comedian which had been a stage tradition for more than one hundred years, was a caricature of the splendid character delineated by the dramatist. Yet the old tradition lingered into another century and it was only when the great Kean revived and bettered the Macklin interpretation that Shylock was permanently rehabilitated. It was a great service which Macklin and Kean did the stage, but if Louis James labors under the delusion that he is destined to be bracketted with them, he is doomed to disappointment. James has never given the theatre any but the traditional Shakespearian characters and although he has departed from usage in his depiction of Shylock, he has been untrue to Shakespeare and not to Louis James. Throughout a long career devoted to Shakespearian tragedy James has been consistently James in all the roles he has attempted. His Richard III is own brother to his Brutus, his Brutus to his Othello, his Othello to his Macbeth and now he gives us a Shylock from the self-same venter. James' Shylock has the pouted strutting carriage, the heavy stiff-kneed tread, the sawing gestures, the windy susurrations that we have known for years in James' other Shakespearian roles. This Shylock would have been as likely to endure the voiding of Christain rheum on his beard as Othello; he would have been as likely to sharpen his knife on his shoe as Brutus in the capitol; he would have been as likely to stagger from the court with streaming eyes as Richard III. In a word this Shylock is an excellent depiction of James the tragedian but it is not the Shylock of Shakespeare. If James thinks that it is, if he imagines that he is completing the work commenced by Macklin and carried on by Kean, he is wofully at fault, for he has put the character through a reducing process which has not refined it, except by eliminating all characteristics which are alien to the character of James. Of course everybody knows that James is an excellent comedian. The Falstaff which he gave us in his production of "The Merry Wives" some time ago was a continual joy. Old-timers remember his wonderful portrayal of the jester in "Francesca da Rimini." If James must enact the serious role of Shylock why does he not return to the old tradition shattered by Macklin and put to death by Kean. By giving us a low comedy Shylock he would at least teach us a lesson in stage history and might create a sensation besides. At any rate he would not suggest disquieting comparisons with the late Richard Mansfield and the living Robert Mantell. The program tells us that James presents the Booth version of "The Merchant of Venice." He does nothing of the kind. He presents a mangled version which would shame the meanest barnstormer. We have grown used to James' remorseless cutting of beautiful speeches, so there is no use protesting that the quintessential poetry in which this play abounds has been wantonly marred. But it is impossible to grow accustomed to James' interpolation of silly lines. Why does he not tell us in the program that the play has been adapted by Louis James from Edwin Booth's version of Shakespeare? That would be the truth. In my experience of various presentations of "The Merchant of Venince" I have never seen an actress less fitted to play Portia than Aphie James. She suggests the high school girl who reads the lines in the closing exercises, only the high school girl, having had the advantage of more of less sympathetic teaching, attacks the blank verse in a more determined spirit. Mrs. James seems to have a good local memory. Her mind's eye pictures the word which ends each hexameter and she swings her voice upward over the verse, always reaching the highest pitch on the last syllable and dropping down again for the next line. It is the most persistent singsong I have heard and it is not alleviated by any special vocal music, for Mrs. James has an unsympathetic instrument to play on. Portia is one of the most charming women in Shakespeare, combining extreme feminine delicacy with masculine keen-wit and balancing with piquant nicety between boldness and modesty. Mrs. James has not mastered the part; one knows that just as soon as she makes her first entrance, affecting a swimming gait that might become Sapho at the studio ball or Cleopatra in the midst of her women but is foreign to the lady of Belmont. The Antonio of this production is not only a sad but a saddening actor; the Bassanio would never have captivated the Portia if the Portia were the real Portia; the Lorenzo is never once half-convincing. Jessica, by the way, ignores the boyish disguise and escapes in her Jewish costume. The Launcelot Gobbo stood out as a cheerful bit in a dreary production.

Stage

Marie Cahill, Mistress of Chaff

The stage has a number of players who are adepts in the genial art of chaffing, but they are mostly men. Chaffing is a masculine characteristic, more so than most other forms of humor. One rarely meets a woman who has the gift of banter and in the rare occasions when this quality is found in the gentler sex, it is ten to one that feminine wisdom or instinct represses its exercise. In the scheme of life it is not considered fitting that a woman should poke fun at a man and as for a woman poking fun at a woman (to her face), it is, I am credibly informed, discountenanced in the best circles which of course make the rules for all other circles. Women there are a-plenty who possess the sense of humor, traditions to the contrary notwithstanding, but their humor is never of the mellow genial type. It is illuminative but not reflective; it abounds in whimsicalities, in quaint turns of thought and speech, in oddities of outlook, but it is almost entirely lacking in the direct delivery of witticisms that are barbed with ridicule and sting to laughter. This sort of humor springs from the masculine mind and it is sometimes bitter and sometimes kindly, according as the mind has matured sweetly or soured in the aging process. Woman rarely boasts this quality, I repeat, but when it is bestowed upon her and she cultivates it to a pleasant bloom, it is an irresistible charm. Its very rarity is appealing, but much more the incongruity that is expressed by a masculine grace in a mind intensely feminine. Like every other charm of a true woman humor must be a matter of sex. To abandon the field of generalization and to get down to particulars, Marie Cahill is one of the few women on the stage who have this fascinating attribute of humor. Miss Cahill is a chaffer, a "kidder," to use the vulgar term and she has one of the pleasantest chaffing manners which it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. She has a light heart and a swift wit and out of these two enviable possessions she fashions golden laughter for herself and her audience. Every situation evokes from her the right word, uttered at precisely the right moment with the

right intonation. For the right word the librettist is more or less responsible and in "The Boys and Betty" George Hobart is continuously equal to that responsibility; but I have no doubt that Miss Cahill interpolates her own fancies, as they well within her. I feel sure that she can chaff off the stage as charmingly as on. Banter is by its nature foreign to uproarious mirth. It is a quiet form of pleasantry that diffuses laughter like a broad musically-flowing brook, instead of concentrating it in a torrent of hilarity. Miss Cahill's banter keeps the audience laughing all the time, but laughing gently in a continuous glow of amusement. When she isn't indulging this delicious disposition Miss Cahill sings. Her singing is a matter of temperament like her humor.

TERESA CARRENO

The famous pianiste who will give recitals at the Garrick Theatre.

She has an inconsiderable vocal gift, measured by volume and she can never hope to satisfy the musical critic who exacts technical excellence; but her singing is informed with her sunny personality and it always pleases. To ragtime she brings an originality of treatment which may be imitated but cannot be reproduced by any singer who is not another Cahill and I, for one, have never seen another Cahill. Marie Dresser certainly possesses unique attractions; May Irwin also; but no doubt they are sufficient unto themselves and do not challenge comparison with Miss Cahill. There is room for all three in our theatre. Until we have an opportunity to see the others we may fittingly enthrone Miss Cahill on a pedestal of solitary distinction and acclaim her in these western parts queen of the genial art of banter and a princess in the realm of song. —Edward F. O'Day.

Mrs. Carter at the Van Ness

Mrs. Leslie Carter, the emotional actress, is to appear at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night, to remain there for one week only, presenting a new play by Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap," a problem drama of modern life and emotions called "Vasta Herne." The press agent announces that the production of this play will be one of the big events of the theatrical season and that wherever it has been seen it has been hailed as the biggest success of Mrs. Carter's long career. It is a marked departure for Mrs. Carter and it differs materially from the work she has done in "Zaza," "Mme. Du Barry," "The Heart of Maryland," or even "Kassa." It is the first time in many years that theatregoers will have an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Carter in modern costumes and some of the Paris gowns of the latest modes which she wears in the title role of "Vasta Herne" are in themselves sufficient to lend the entertainment distinction. "Vasta Herne" is described as a big, modern problem play, dealing with a striking theme in an unusual way, and affording Mrs. Carter the best opportunity of her career. The only matinee at the Van Ness during the Carter week will be given on Saturday.

The Teresa Carreno Concerts

The only one of the world's great pianists to visit the west this season will be Mme. Teresa Carreno, the beautiful Spanish artist who will give two concerts at the Garrick, the dates being next Thursday night, February 3 and Sunday afternoon, February 6. At the first concert the artist will play Edward MacDowell's "Keltic Sonata" which has not been heard here since the lamented young composer visited us some eight years ago. Chopin's seldom played "Sonata," Op. 58 and the Liszt arrangement of "The Erlking" will be other attractive numbers. At the Sunday afternoon concert the star will play the Schumann "Quintette" for piano and strings assisted by the new Lyric String Quartette, besides the Beethoven "Sonata," Op. 109, Bach's "Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue," a group of Chopin and a group of MacDowell works.

Robert Mantell Coming to Columbia

The second and last week of Marie Cahill in "The Boys and Betty" begins Monday night, January 31. The only matinee will be on Saturday. The success achieved by Robert Mantell when he appeared at the Van Ness Theatre in a series of classic productions has induced the great star to arrange a three weeks' dramatic festival at the Columbia Theatre and it will be started on Monday night, February 7. The star will be supported by Miss Marie Booth Russell and other players who have won distinction for artistic efforts in the interpretation of Shakespeare. The most extensive repertoire ever attempted by any American player has been arranged for

JULIUS STEGER

Who will appear in the new musical dramatic playet "The Way to the Heart" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

this engagement and the announcement is made that fourteen different plays ranging from comedy to tragedy will be offered. Included in the list of plays will be found "Louis XI," "The Lady of Lyons," "Julius Caesar," "King John," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice," "Romeo

BLANCHE HALL

The new leading lady of the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

and Juliet," "Richard III," "As You Like It" and "The Marble Heart." The repertoire will be announced Monday. The sale of seats begins Thursday.

"Alice of Old Vincennes" at the Alcazar

Edward E. Rose's dramatization of Maurice Thompson's tale of revolutionary times, "Alice of Old Vincennes," will be the Alcazar's bill during the coming week, commencing Monday evening. The play was last presented in the old Alcazar half-a-dozen years ago, when it ran three weeks. Like some other plays adapted from novels, "Alice of Old Vincennes" is more interesting on the stage than between book covers, because the story is more concisely narrated and has the advantage of conveying in action as well as in words its vital scenes as well as actually showing instead of describing the people and places. The play breathes poetry and romance as well as intrigue and warfare. Alice is the kind of a girl whose charms any man of intellect would find it difficult to resist, for she has brains as well as bravery. In this role Evelyn Vaughan will be seen at her best for in some respects it is akin to that of Mistress Kitty Bellairs.

The Schumann-Heink Concerts

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that he is ready to receive mail orders for the concerts of Mme. Schumann-Heink who is to sing at the Garrick Sunday afternoon, February 13, Thursday night, February 17 and Sunday afternoon, February 20. These mail orders will be filled in the order of their receipt and must be accompanied by check or money order. At the opening concert the diva will sing five great operatic scenes and arias, including the "Waltraute Scene" from "Gotterdamerung." The others will be from Mozart's "Titus," Saint Saens' "Samson and Delilah" and Meyerbeer's "Le Prophet." There will also be songs by Schubert, Loewe, Strauss, Weingartner, Nevin, Chadwick, Bond and Ganz. At the second concert another great offering is promised, including some novelties by Max Reger, L. Stein and Richard Sahla. One of the favorites on this list is Schubert's "Erlking." For the farewell concert a special program will be prepared.

"Babes in Toyland" at the Macdonough

"Babes in Toyland," the operatice extravaganza by Victor Herbert and Glen MacDonough, will be the offering at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, on Sunday, January 30 and Monday evening, January 31. There will be a matinee as well as an evening performance on Sunday. The company is headed by Harry Ladell and is a most competent one. The chorus is said to be unusually beautiful and the production, in every respect, is an elaborate one. William H. Crane in George Ade's "Father and the Boys" finishes his engagement at the Macdonough this Saturday evening.

The First Sunday "Pop"

This Sunday afternoon at Kohler and Chase Hall the first of Greenbaum's Sunday "Pop" concerts will be given, the performers being the Lyric String Quartette composed of Misses Mary and Dorothy Pasmore, Sallie Ehrman and Viola Furth and Mrs. B. M. Stich, soprano, with Miss Lydia Reinstein as accompanist. The program is a very beautiful and interesting one with numbers

TOM TOM AND CONTRARY MARY IN "BABES IN TOYLAND"

At the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, Sunday matinee, Sunday evening, and Monday evening.

from Mozart, Brahms, Schubert, Franz and Beethoven. The next concert will be on Sunday, February 27, when Edgar Stilman Kelly's "Quintette" will be played for the first time in this city with Mr. Frederick M. Biggerstaff at the piano.

"St. Elmo" in Oakland

The much talked about stage version of "St. Elmo" will be seen in Oakland for the first time on Monday evening, when the Bishop players will offer it at Ye Liberty Playhouse as their attraction for next week. The piece caused so much discussion during its recent run at the Alcazar Theatre in this city that there is hardly any need of going into detail regarding the play, except that the original Willard Holcomb version—the only authorized one—will be used by them. During its presentation at the Alcazar "St. Elmo" proved to be more dramatic and to have a stronger appeal than one with sceptic memories of a book read years ago would believe. St. Elmo is a fascinating stage figure, and the steadfastness and fearlessness of Edna Earl compel admiration.

Another Week of Figman

Max Figman has only one week more at the Savoy, commencing Sunday afternoon in his fine comedy "Mary Jane's Pa." Mr. Figman has been as much a surprise as his play. He has demonstrated that he is a consummate master of his art and has a facility for drawing tears as well as provoking smiles. His performance of the ne'erdowell who is transformed by his love of wife and children into a noble member of society, is a gem of histrionic achievement. The following attraction at the Savoy will be Miss Rose Melville in her quaint and delightful character, "Sis Hopkins."

Julius Steger at the Orpheum

Julius Steger whose success in "The Fifth Commandment" is still remembered will reappear at the Orpheum next week and present a new musical playlet entitled "The Way to the Heart." It is from a German source and has been adapted by Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Eastern critics pronounce it a worthy and fitting successor to "The Fifth Commandment." Gus Edwards' "Kountry Kids" will appear in a rural comedy in one act called "Miss Rose's Birthday." This operetta by the author of "School Days" and "The Blonde Typewriters" is given by a dozen youngsters who sing and dance cleverly. All the musical numbers in it were written by Mr. Edwards. August Prato's Simian Cirque will also be included in the coming attractions. Arthur Whitelaw known as "The Irish American" will give a monologue which is said to bristle with humor. He sings a number of original songs.

First Lyric "Pop" Concerts

Kohler and Chase Hall, This Sunday Afternoon at 2:30.

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FAIRCHILD'S, PARIS, SAYS:

Some Observations and Notebook Sketches of Men's Dress in the French Metropolis

Winter being in full swing here now, the cold days have caused long-heldover "fall fashions" to be replaced by winter styles; even the blue sky of Paris is darkened and the outdoor parties give way to the society functions, theatre parties, suppers, balls, etc.

Now, then, what are the peculiarities of men's wear to be seen in our beautiful city?

Peculiarities

To begin with, I am going to tell you that, naturally enough, the long rolls which were so conspicuous in the summer coats are reduced to more practical sizes for winter wear; no more broad shoulder effects ("pin cushions") are to be seen here, though we don't patronize the rather skinfitting clothes of the great tailors from Saville Row in London. There is no solution of discontinuity, as I would say in French, between the upper shoulder slope and the top of the sleeve; that effect is obtained with little or, better, with no padding, by a special cutting of the sleeve. The tendency is to shorten the length of last season's coats, but not so much as in the English styles.

About the Stuffs

Two kinds of stuffs meet with success; these are the rather light in color English cheviots, general dye; gray, with darker or blue checks or oval spots (called here "nid d'abeille"—bee's hive) and the smoother serges or "peigne's" with the diagonal effect or smaller check or twill. The above are generally used for morning coats. More dressy garments are cut in plain gray stuff, rather shaggy, or in blue cheviot.

Really smart cutaway coats (jaquettes), dinner jackets and full dress coats are made with rather shaggy cloths.

As for overcoats, thick but loose wools in gray patterns for morning wear, dark gray for business or dress are used.

To make a long story short, gray dyes prevail here, though very dark maroon colors are favored by some eccentric swells.

Overcoat Styles

For an introduction to the best and really "Parisian styles" let me lead you to the smart places in Paris. It will unquestionably be less wearisome than any tailor's description.

Though the weather is biting it's good to have a walk in the morning, so go to the Avenue du Bois, where swell-dressed men are likely to be met.

Look at that elderly gentleman walking huskily with that smart young man! Their clothes bear evidently the hall-mark of a great tailor. That's the first-rate game for us. Both of them wear "bowlers," the former a half-turned, brimmed one, the latter a very low-brimmed one with low crown.

The first of the gentlemen has a sack overcoat of rather dark color, with no seam and no cut in the back; the other wears one of those "nid d'abeilles" stuffs. The shape is very ample, two long folds falling from the middle of the back, where the underseam of the sleeves is attached; there's a seam in the middle of the back, followed by an opening; the sleeves are turned up at the bottom. See! they have turned sharp and walk toward us.

The first man's coat is single breasted though the roll of the collar is rather long and wide and buttons just a little aside the middle. The other's is double breasted, buttoning up with three buttons. Notice the long roll with no crease, the half-an-inch wide seam along the edge, together with the fullness of the skirts.

Sack Coats

Have an "apperitif at the Pavillon d'Armenonville" or at Cafe Chineis, the rendexvous of the riders, and there will be noticed two kinds of sack coats, single-breasted or double.

The double-breasted coat, which is becoming very popular, is cut half loose at the waist, rather long, buttoning with three buttons; the roll has no crease, so that it may be fastened to the second button, if desired; the front falls straight and is very flat (the curve of the roll being obtained by a plait underneath).

The collar itself is long on the breast; what we call renverse (reversed), showing a little expanse of tie and skirt. No more wide skirts; they hang straight from the hips, and the side seams of the back are open at the bottom. Most of these coats have no breast pocket, no ticket pockets, only two wide-flapped ones on the hips.

Most of the young men wear this kind of coat, which is very becoming to slim individuals.

The single-breasted coat referred to is on the same lines, a little bit tighter at the waist, with one or two vents cut in the back; it fastens with three buttons, very near to each other. The front is cut away from the third button.

The vests are mostly cut single breasted, with five buttons, cut away at the buttom.

Now this refers to the suits of which coat, vest and trousers are of the same stuff.

In this case it will be observed that many young men, such as may be seen at Portlands, Armenonville, wear rather wide trousers with the turnup bottoms and high belts, cut on the same pattern as military ones. Such trousers are generally worn with shoes, in most cases patent leather and of American shape. Nevertheless, the really well-dresed man wears straight trousers, rather wide down from the knees.

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The Arrest of Arsene Lupin

(Continued from Page 8.)

blond. I must admit that I felt a slight shock and the embarrassed silence of the other passengers indicated that they felt much the same as I did. Yet the thing was absurd, for there was nothing about this gentleman to arouse the slightest suspicion.

"Why do I not answer?" he said. "For the reason that taking into consideration my name and the color of my hair, I have already made the same investigation and arrived at the same result. There is no doubt about it, I am he, and I insist upon my immediate arrest."

He said these words in a comical way, yet his thin lips seemed to become thinner as he pressed them tightly together, and his eyes became slightly bloodshot.

Of course he was joking, yet his manner and expression impressed us strangely.

"But have you the wound?" asked Miss Underdown naively.

"That is true," he said; "the wound is missing."

With a nervous gesture he turned up his sleeve and showed his arm, but I was at once struck with the thought that he exhibited his "left" arm. Miss Nellie had made the same observation, as I noted by the peculiar look she gave me.

To tell the truth I was about to call the attention of the other passengers to this fact when another incident attracted our attention. Lady Jerland, the friend of Miss Underdown, came running toward us. The poor lady seemed completely upset. The passengers gathered around her but it was several moments before she was able to speak intelligibly.

"My jewelry, my pearls—they have stolen everything—everything!"

No, they had not taken everything, as we learned later. A very curious thing had happened; the thief had chosen wisely and skilfully. He was evidently a connoisseur in precious stones. From the diamond star and the ruby pendant he had taken not the largest stones but the most valuable, the most precious, those which were of greater value and would take up less space.

In order to accomplish this, the thief in full daylight, while Lady Jerland was taking tea in the cabin, had been compelled to go along a much-frequented passageway, break in the door of her cabin, find a little bag which had been purposely concealed in the bottom of a hat-box, open it and extract the stones.

The moment the robbery was known the passengers unanimously concluded that the thief could be only Arsene Lupin. The whole thing was characteristic; his method of working had always been complicated, mysterious, unforeseeable.

At dinner, this is what happened. The two seats, one on the right and one on the left of Rozaine were empty, and later in the evening we learned that he had been summoned to the captain's cabin.

It was a great relief to all of us when we heard of his arrest; people began to breathe freely. That evening we played cards, checkers and dominos and had a very jolly time in the cabin. There was also dancing, and Miss Underdown seemed to be in such good spirits I was convinced that if the attentions of Rozaine had pleased her in the beginning, she had forgotten all about them. The charm of her manner conquered me completely, and about midnight, when we went to the deck for a breath of fresh air and watched the moonlight scintillate upon the waves, I plucked up courage to tell her that I loved her and she did not seem to be very much displeased.

But imagine the general astonishment on the following morning when it was learned that the evidence against Rozaine had proved insufficient and he had been set at liberty. He had exhibited papers which were perfectly regular and which showed beyond a doubt that he was the son of a wealthy merchant of Bordeaux. Besides, his arms showed absolutely no trace of any wound.

"Papers! Certificate of birth!" cried the enemies of Rozaine. "But Arsene Lupin is able to give you as many as you want! As for the wound, it was simply a mistake, he never had any wound!"

To this the others objected that it was proven beyond a doubt that at the time the robbery was committed Rozaine was on deck. To this the others replied:

"Does a man of the stamp of Arsene Lupin have to be present when he carries out a crime?"

Still there was one point which even those who were inclined to believe in Rozaine's innocence could not get around: Who, excepting Rozaine, was traveling alone, was blond and had a name which began with the letter R? Whom could the message have meant if not Rozaine?

A few moments after breakfast Rozaine walked impudently toward us. Miss Underdown and Lady Jerland arose from their chairs as he approached, and walked to another part of the deck. It was evident that they were frightened, yes, frightened.

An hour later a manuscript circular was passed from hand to hand among the crew, servants and passengers of all classes, signed by M. Rozaine, wherein he stated that he would pay ten thousand francs reward to the man who would discover Arsene Lupin and find the stolen jewels. And Rozaine further declared in the smoking-room that if no one could find the arch thief, he would find him himself.

"I will not rest under this imputation," he declared, "and if Arsene Lupin is aboard I can assure you that we can have him in irons before we see the lights of Sandy Hook."

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THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

Now it was Rozaine against Lupin, or rather, as a good many thought, Lupin against Lupin, for it was the conviction of many of the passengers that Rozaine and the famous thief were one and the same person. The struggle, however, promised to be full of interest.

Two more days passed during which the great ship followed undeviatingly her course toward the port of New York. The passengers saw Rozaine going hither and thither, talking with sailors, stewards and passengers. At night they could see his shadow as he roamed about the deck, evidently determined to leave nothing undone to vindicate himself and bring the real Lupin to justice.

On his part, the captain of the liner used every possible means to find the lost jewels. Every corner of the great ship was searched; every corner in every cabin was minutely examined without exception upon the very just pretext that the last place the thief could have hidden the stolen property was in his own state-room.

"Do you not think they will find the jewels?" Miss Underdown asked me one day. "This man may be a sorcerer, but he certainly does not possess the power to render pearls and diamonds invisible."

"Well, I replied, "they have not yet looked in the linings of our hats nor torn out the linings of our overcoats, or searched our clothing."

I showed her my kodak, 9x12, with which I had taken various pictures of her during the voyage. "Even in a small box like this there is room enough and to spare, for all the jewels of Lady Jerland. One could pretend to take photographs and the trick is done."

The investigations led to no results. Yes, there was one, and it was comic and somewhat ironical: the watch of the captain of the vessel was stolen.

Furious at his loss he redoubled his efforts and watched Rozaine more closely than before. He had several interviews with him. A few hours later the watch was found in the collar-box of the second officer.

All this seemed miraculous and was very clearly in accord with the humorous methods of Arsene Lupin. He was certainly an artist in his line and sometimes when I looked at Rozaine, taciturn and self-contained, and when I thought of the double role that this curious man was playing, I could not help feeling a certain admiration for his talent.

The night before we landed, the officer of the watch heard groans emanating from one of the darkest portions of the deck. He ran up and found a man lying on his back, his head and face enveloped in a thick gray scarf, his hands and feet tied by means of a strong but small cord. He was freed at once from his bonds, assisted to his feet and every care was given him.

It was Rozaine.

He had been assaulted while on one of his tours of investigation, knocked down and robbed. A visiting card was found pinned to his coat upon which these words had been written in pencil:

Arsene Lupin accepts with thanks the ten thousand francs offered as a reward by M. Rozaine.

As a matter of fact, the stolen port folio had contained twenty bills of one thousand francs each.

Of course, they accused the unfortunate man of being the real author of this attack upon himself, but besides the fact that it would not be possible for any man to tie himself up in this manner, it was clearly demonstrated that the writing on the card differed absolutely from that of Rozaine and bore a strong resemblance to that of Arsene Lupin, a photograph of which had been printed in a paper that was found on board.

And so they were forced to admit that Rozaine was not Lupin, and yet the certainty that the latter was on board had been demonstrated beyond a doubt and by an act which indicated how dangerous this man could be.

All were in a state of terror and confusion. No passenger dared remain alone for a moment in his state-room nor had he the courage to go to lonely places on the deck. They walked about together in groups of two or three, but after all every man had a lurking fear of his neighbor. The fact was that they were not now menaced by a single individual, isolated, watched and hence rendered less dangerous. Lupin was—everybody. In our excited imagination he possessed miraculous and unlimited power. We believed him to be capable of assuming the most surprising and unexpected disguises; now he was the respectable Major Rawson or the noble Marquis de Raverdan, or, for we were all rapidly losing our heads, he might be any one of those men whom we knew, even though he was accompanied by wife, children and servants.

The first messages by wireless telegraph which reached us from the coast of the United States brought no news. At least, if they did, the captain did not see fit to communicate it to us, and his silence was by no means reassuring.

The last day seemed to us interminable. We were living in the continual expectation of some great misfortune. This time, we conjectured, it would not be a theft, an assault, but a crime possibly murder. No one believed that a man like Arsene Lupin would limit himself to this theft. Absolute master of the ship, the authorities utterly helpless, he could certainly do as he pleased; he could dispose at will of the property, even of the lives of those on board.

Still, I personally felt a certain amount of gratitude toward him, for his acts had won me the confidence of Miss Nellie and enabled me to pass many delightful hours by her side. She had been deeply impressed by the occurences and, rather timid by nature, sought my protection which, it may well be believed, I was only too glad to grant. Yes, I blessed this rascal, Arsene Lupin. He had brought Miss Underdown and myself closer to each other. It was due to him that I was able to indulge in dreams of love and happiness, more or less chimerical, perhaps, yet why? My family is of noble origin though I confess that our coat-of-arms requires regilding, but it is not unworthy of a gentleman to attempt to win back for his name some of the glory it has lost. I felt that these dreams did not offend Nellie. Her smiling eyes authorized me to indulge in them, and her soft voice seemed to whisper hope.

And, up to the last moment, we leaned together on the rail, side by side, while the American coast gradually rose upon the horizon and seemed to be moving toward us.

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On the last day of the voyage all investigations had been practically given up. Everyone, from the first-cabin passengers to the immigrants who crowded the steerage, was awaiting the supreme moment when the ship would dock, and then, perchance, the inexplicable puzzle would be solved. Who was Arsene Lupin? Under what name, under what mask was he hidden?

The great ship passed Sandy Hook and proceeded slowly up the channel. A number of tugs, so small in comparison that they looked like flies buzzing about an ox, accompanied her. They pushed and hauled the leviathan to the dock, and after a few moments the gangways were lowered. There was the usual swarm of custom house officers and people expecting their friends.

Now the supreme moment had arrived. Should I live a hundred years I will never forget a single detail of what followed. "How pale you are, Miss Nellie!" I said to my companion, who was leaning upon my arm.

"And you," she answered, "ah, you seem to have changed so much!"

Before the passengers were permitted to land, a number of men came on board—custom house officers, men in uniform and even postmen.

"Do you know," said Miss Underdown, "that if it were ascertained that this man Arsene Lupin had escaped from the ship while we were on the high sea I really would not be surprised."

I gave a sudden start, and when she asked me what was the matter, I replied:

"Do you see that little old man there, waiting at the gangway?"

"Which? The one with the umbrella and the olive-colored overcoat?"

"Yes. That is Ganimard."

"Ganimard?"

"Yes, the celebrated detective who has taken an oath that he will arrest Arsene Lupin with his own hands. Now I understand why we did not get messages from this side of the Atlantic. Ganimard was there and he doesn't like to have other people meddle with his private affairs."

"Then Arsene Lupin is certain to be captured."

"Who can tell? It seems that Ganimard never saw him excepting when he was disguised. Unless he knows the name under which he took passage it is doubtful if he will be able to lay hands upon him."

"Oh," said Miss Underdown, with that woman's curiosity which has something of cruelty in it, "how I wish I could see him arrested!"

"Let us wait a little. It is certain that Lupin is already aware of the presence of his mortal enemy. He will undoubtedly prefer to be among the last to leave the ship, when the eyes of the old man are tired watching the procession moving down the gang plank."

The passengers began to move. Leaning on his umbrella, with an air of perfect indifference, Ganimard did not seem to pay the slightest attention to the crowd which was passing before him. I noticed that one of the ship's officers stood just behind him and whispered to him from time to time, evidently giving him information regarding the passengers. The Marquis de Raverdan, Major Rawson, the Italian Rivolta, passed by, and finally I saw Rozaine descending the gangway to the dock.

Poor Rozaine! He did not look as if he had recovered from all the misfortunes he had endured on board of that ship. Really, I felt sorry for him.

"Perhaps it is he after all," said Miss Underdown. "What do you think?"

"I think it would be very interesting to have a photograph of the meeting between Ganimard and Rozaine. Would you kindly take my kodak? I am so loaded down with these valises that I cannot use it."

I handed it to her, but it was too late for her to make any use of it. Rozaine passed by. The officer of the ship touched Ganimard's shoulder and whispered something in his ear. The detective simply shrugged his shoulders and Rozaine went on.

But in the name of heaven, then, which one of them was Arsene Lupin? There were not more than twenty people left on board.

"We must go," I said to Miss Underdown. "We cannot remain any longer."

She walked toward the gangway and I followed her. When we arrived at the bottom Ganimard advanced, extended both of his arms and barred our further passage.

"What does this mean?" I exclaimed.

He looked at me keenly for a moment and then said: "This is Arsene Lupin, unless I am very much mistaken!"

I laughed outright.

"No, I am Bernard d'Andrecy."

"Bernard d'Andrecy died three years ago in Macedonia. I should take great pleasure in telling you how you secured his papers and passport."

"But you are crazy! Arsene Lupin procured his passage under a name which began with 'R'."

"Yes, that was another one of your tricks intending to throw us off the scent. You are very smart, my boy, but this time you've lost the game. Come, Lupin, don't weaken, show that you have the nerve for which everyone has always given you credit."

Then, with a rapid movement, he struck me on the wound on my arm. I could not repress a cry of pain, for the blow had fallen upon the wound mentioned in the wireless message and which had not yet healed.

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has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as

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There was nothing to do but surrender. I turned toward Miss Undertown. Pale as death, she staggered and only the rail to which she clung prevented her from falling. Her eyes met mine for a moment and then she looked at the kodak which I had given her. She started and I had the impression, yes, I was absolutely certain that she understood. The jewels were there, in that little black box which I had taken the precaution to hand to her before Ganimard could arrest me; it also contained Rozaine's twenty thousand francs.

I swear that at this moment, as Ganimard and two of his assistants laid hands upon me, my arrest, the hostile looks of the passengers who had gathered about, were completely indifferent to me; I had only one thought and that was what action would Miss Underdown take, knowing what she did.

Would she furnish them with conclusive evidence, which they desired, by simply handing them over the kodak and requesting them to examine it? Would she betray me? Would she act as an enemy who will not forgive, or as a woman who remembers some pleasant hours and whose anger might be tempered by contempt leading, perhaps, to mercy?

She passed on. I bowed very low without saying a word. She mingled with the other passengers on the dock, still carrying my kodak.

"Doubtless," I thought, "she does not dare hand it to me before all these people. Tomorrow, perhaps the day after, she will return it."

But at that moment she was passing close to the edge of the wharf. She stumbled against some packages and dropped the kodak into the river. Then she entered a carriage and drove away.

I had awakened from my dream. It was all over. I stood for a moment with bowed head, feeling a sadness that I had never known before. Then, to the great astonishment of Ganimard, I murmured:

"What a pity it is, after all, that I am not an honest man!"

Dominguez, a Second Rheims

(Continued from Page 9.)

could not regain his balance while flying over Constantinople. Latham repeatedly has fallen from perilous heights, but luckily without serious consequences. Curtiss had a bad fall on the ice at Baddeck, N. S., while flying the Silver Dart. He bears visible proof in the form of a deep gash in his chin. Williams lost control of his machine while flying above Hempstead Plains last summer and broke his arm.

The Baroness De la Roche recently made numerous successful flights in a Voisin biplane at Chalons. But she lost her presence of mind recently and was critically injured when the machine crashed to the ground. On the same day Santos Dumont, the survivor of accidents without number, barely escaped with his life when he lost his balance while in flight. Sommer, another world beater, limps slightly on account of an accident. Calderara, the Italian military attache, forgot what to do and lay hovering between life and death for weeks as a result of what happened. It is obvious that flying machines are not safe. The point is that they are far more unsafe than the average person realizes. When Wright flew up the Hudson he literally took his life in his hands. As a matter of fact every time an aeroplane driver flies he is in peril of injury and defies death. He is every bit as daring as the man who walks the tightrope above the Niagara Falls, or who jumps from a balloon in a parachute. He courts the same chances as the wild animal tamer. Much depends upon the operator's instinct. But there are many sources of danger he cannot control. He can't start his motor again when it stops in midair. He never knows when it will stop. The least disarrangement of any detail upsets the balance of the machine and makes all human resources useless

In view of these ever present perils it is pleasant to remember that the Los Angeles meet passed off without serious accident. A few trifling mishaps occurred but there was nothing to cast gloom over the meet, to bring home to the pleasure-seekers the imminence of death in the midst of the thrilling sport. Hardly an automobile race takes place of which so much may be recorded. Rheims had no serious accidents; Dominguez had none. It was the best of good fortune in both instances. Great improvements must be made in the aeroplanes before they will be approximately safe. Without doubt there will be further loss of life before mechanical ingenuity grapples seriously with that part of the flying problem. At present it is too interested in the novelty of the whole thing to pay much attention to that sinister aspect of the conquest of the air.

As typical of the present day refinements in high-powered limousines is the interior of the car exhibited at the Madison Square Garden Show built by the E. R. Thomas Motor Company of Buffalo. This body has an interior seating capacity for five people, the auxiliary seats being detachable. When not in use these are simply removed from a socket which is then very inconspicuous. The car is a six-cylinder, 70 horsepower Thomas, the most powerful stock car in the United States.

"Speaking of the Oakland Automobile Show, the results from our standpoint are very gratifying," said R. L. Ijams of The Diamond Rubber Co. "Not only do we show our make of tire on 39 per cent of the total cars exhibited, but we have 100 per cent more equipment than the next nearest tire concern."

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Auto Notes

The Haynes Auto Sales Company made two retail sales and one agency deal as a result of the first day's business at the Oakland Automobile Show.

H. E. Doty, assistant coast manager of the White Company, is in charge of the White Company's exhibit of steam and gasoline cars. The White Steamers are the only steam cars on exhibit at the show. Unusual interest is taken in the new White gasoline car of which three models are shown. Mr. Doty who has just come to the coast says that the show compares very favorably with eastern shows. He expressed much surprise at the great variety of cars gathered together and the enthusiasm shown, both by exhibitors and by visitors. Mr. Doty is much pleased with the interest taken in the White cars.

"It is a good show and one that would be creditable to any city. We sold two cars on the opening night and look for splendid business during the week," said Calvin Eib, vice-president of the Pioneer Automobile Company which has one of the largest and most attractive as well as varied exhibits. There are seven cars suited to almost every purse, need and taste, in the Pioneer exhibit: A Chalmers-Detroit "30," pony tonneau; a Chalmers-Detroit "30" touring car; a Chalmers-Detroit "40," pony tonneau and a "40" touring car; a 6-40 Thomas Flyer, pony tonneau; a Hudson runabout and a Babcock electric.

S. G. Chapman has in his exhibit an Oakland "30" roadster, an Oakland "40" and a Hupmobile "20." The handsome little "Hup" in the exhibit, for which the claim is made that it "compares with the costliest cars as a perfect small diamond with a large one," is one of the hits of the show.

H. W. Bogen, coast distributor for the Empire and Black Crow cars, has placed the agency for both of these popular machines in San Jose with B. Bernard, a well known dealer of the garden city.

Weinstok and Nichols have equipped the new seven passenger Pope-Hartford of George Tyson of Alameda with Morgan and Wright Nobby Treads.

A big Six Winton is being used on an automobile stage line between Folsom and Sacramento, and it has already succeeded in clipping the train schedule between those two places exactly in half. The charge made for the trip is but slightly more than the cost of a ticket on the train, and the better time of the Winton causes it to be heavily patronized. It seldom carries less than ten passengers to the trip.

The Black Crow is as unique as its name in that it supplies a complete line of models, all at popular prices. H. W. Bogen who is coast distributor for the new models, is selling the cars as fast as he can get them. The Model "C" roadster is the leader of the line turned out by the Black Crow factory, and it is said that it is one of the finest pieces of automobile designing and workmanship ever offered at a popular price.

An electric built on the lines of a gasoline car and able to travel at a 25 miles an hour speed is the latest startling announcement of the Babcock Electric Carriage Company. The new car is built along the lines of the most expensive gasoline cars, its hood being much like that of the Thomas Flyer. It is as fully equipped with all the little accessories that make the operation of a machine a joy instead of a burden as any automobile on the market.

Word was received recently by Ivan L. DeJongh of the Standard Motor Car Company from W. L. Hughson who is at present in the East, stating that the local automobile man is much impressed with the prospects for the next season throughout the East. The Ford factory in particular, Hughson states, is working overtime in order to get out enough cars to supply the demands of the dealers and agents throughout the country. Hughson has been successful in getting increased allotments of Ford machines for this territory, the shipments of which are now leaving the factory regularly.

The Standard Motor Car Company recently reported the sale of two Ford cars to the Coalinga Motor Car Company of Coalinga. These are 1910 models of the Ford car and are among the number of Fords contracted for by the Coalinga Motor Car Co., who are representing the Standard Motor Car Company in the southern part of the State.

The other day the Rambler automobile hose truck used by the San Diego department was pressed into service to relieve a team of horses after the team had become stalled in a mire. The horse-drawn aparatus was on a railroad track with its wheels down to the hubs in mud. The Rambler truck pulled it out without any damage or effort. This truck has been in use six months and the service that it has given, coupled with the cost of upkeep, has more than repaid for its substitution in place of a horse-drawn apparatus. The Rambler has answered eighty-two alarms and covered about two thousand miles.

The Howard Automobile Company received two shipments of 1910 Oldsmobiles recently. Included in this shipment are two of the new Close Coupled four-cylinder cars. This is one of the most beautifully finished cars shown on Automobile Row, and is especially adapted for touring purposes. There is a space under both front and rear seats for a suit case, the gas tank being back of the tonneau. This gas tank has a capacity of 30 gallons. The car is particularly easy riding, being equipped with 36 inch wheels, and having shock absorbers all around. The demand for the Close Coupled car is so great this year that the Olds factory announce that at least 50 per cent of their output will be made this year with this type of body.

That the physicians appreciate the necessity of a perfect anti-skidding device on their automobiles in wet weather is shown by the large number of the new Diamond Grip casings being sold them. Among the many prominent purchasers of this type during last week was Dr. E. G. Frisbee.

E. R. Thomas, the Buffalo manufacturer, whose nerve brought victory to the Thomas Flyer in the great Round the World contest from New York to Paris which started February 12, 1908, and finished July 30 of the same year, received the trophy emblematic of the victory at a banquet held at the Automobile Club of America, 54th street, New York, Saturday evening, January 8.

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PETITION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 6228, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of John H. Grady, praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to him certain real property belonging to said estate, which said William Hale had agreed to convey to said John H. Grady by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been duly filed herein, and said real property being situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbers Eight (8) to Twenty (20), both inclusive, and Twenty-nine (29) to Forty (40), both inclusive, in Block number Three Hundred and Eighty (380), as the same are laid down, delineated and numbered upon a certain map on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, entitled "Map of the O'Neill and Haley Tract."

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 17th day of February, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., in Department No. 10 of said Court, at the Courthouse in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition.

It is further ordered that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, as Administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, personally, by delivering to and leaving with said administrator a certified copy of this order at least ten days before such hearing.

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, January 12th, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 12, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. J. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, also called MARY M. MARTIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of said MARY J. Martin, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of his attorney, R. F. Mogan, 773 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased.

J. B. MARTIN,
Administrator of the Estate of said Mary J. Martin, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Administrator,
773 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, Deceased—No. 8943, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned George S. Sexton, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. M. Owens, Room 412, Mechanics' Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased.

GEORGE S. SEXTON,
Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Sexton, formerly Augusta Prag, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administrator,
Mechanics' Savings Bank Bldg., 948 Market St.,San Francisco. 1-22-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an Incompetent Person.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Superior Court duly made on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, will, on or after Monday, the 14th day of February, A. D. 1910, sell to the highest bidder, at private sale, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street), distant thereon Ninety (90) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Thirty (30) feet and thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Eight Hundred and Fifty-four (854).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable as follows:

Ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany the bid and the balance thereof to be paid on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, deed to be at purchaser's expense; all bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned guardian at the office of W. W. Allen, Jr., attorney for said guardian, room 508 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, January 22nd, A. D. 1910. NELS RASMUSSEN,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Petrea Rasmussen, an Incompetent Person.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PETER J. KEYS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of PETER J. KEYS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of H. M. Owens, Esq., Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Building, Mason and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PETER J. KEYS, deceased.

ELIZABETH F. KEYS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Peter J. Keys, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Rooms 412-414, Mechanics Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 1-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIO NICORA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EMILIO NICORA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

ANGELA NICORA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Emilio Nicora, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Murphy, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of P. A. Bergerot, Esq., No. 110 Sutter Street, Room 505, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased.

MARY MURPHY,
Executrix of the Last Will of Dennis Murphy, also known as D. B. Murphy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 505, No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Guy Hinton, Room 922, Pacific Building, corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of TIMOTHY W. STAFFORD, deceased.

MARIA HELENA STAFFORD,
Administratrix of the Estate of Timothy W. Stafford, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1, 1910.

GUY HINTON, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 922, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4965, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, Deceased.

Mary A. Barry, the administratrix of the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made;

It is here ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, do appear before this Court on the 28th day of February, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of four thousand and five hundred ($4,500) dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary A. Barry, the said administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars. Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Parcel "A"—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, running thence easterly along the southerly line of Eighteenth street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.); thence at right angles westerly thirty (30) feet to the easterly line of Noe street, and thence at right angles northerly along the last mentioned line one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) to the southeasterly corner of Eighteenth and Noe streets and the place of beginning; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "B"—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth street, thirty feet distant thereon easterly from the easterly line of Noe street, thence along said southerly line of Eighteenth street easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft); thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "C"—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Noe street, distant thereon one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) southerly from the southerly line of Eighteenth street and running thence southerly along said line of Noe street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and five (105) feet to the easterly line of Noe street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 21st day of January, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, January 21, 1910.

MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney for Administratrix,
Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, W. W. Bedford, Room 8, 966 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased

SARAH J. CHURCHILL,
Executrix of the Estate of Norman B. Churchill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29th, 1910.

W. W. BEDFORD, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 8, 966 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2010.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, Minors.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition of James Ward Keeney, guardian of the estates of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, minors, and from the petition of Marie Adele Keeney and Mary Alvord Keeney, copetitioners of said James Ward Keeney, praying for an order for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors of, in and to the real estate hereinafter particularly described; that each of said wards owns an undivided one-tenth interest in and to that certain piece of real property situate in the town of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Channing Way, distant thereon three hundred (300) feet westerly from the northwesterly corner of Bowditch Street and Channing Way; running thence westerly along said north line of Channing Way one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the south line of Durant Avenue; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet along said south line of Durant Avenue; and thence at right angles southerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the said north line of Channing Way and point of commencement; being all of lot two (2) in Block ten (10) College Homestead Association, as per map thereof recorded in Book T of Deeds in the office of the Recorder of said Alameda County at page 799, except forty feet of the north end heretofore given toward right of way for said Durant Avenue.

That it would be beneficial to each of said minors that the undivided one-tenth interest of each should be sold.

Therefore it is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY and HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, and all persons interested in the estates of each of them, appear before this Court on the 31st day of January, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day in the Courtroom of Department number 9 of said Court, in the Grant Building, situate at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the undivided one-tenth interest of each of said minors in said real estate.

Done in open Court this 24th day of December, A. D. 1909.
J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 24, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

GARBER, CRESWELL & GARBER, Attorneys for Guardian,
719 Balboa Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-4

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of October, 1909, in the matter of the estate of Bridget Greany, deceased, the undersigned, James A. Kelly, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of said Bridget Greany, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, as a whole and in one parcel, for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 1st day of February, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the office of Knight & Heggerty, attorneys for said Administrator, Number 809, Crocker Building, corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Bridget Greany, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or oherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Bridget Greany, deceased, at the time of her death in and to that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Harrison Street, distant there on 175 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Precita Avenue; running thence Southerly and along said Westerly line of Harrison Street 25 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 110 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Easterly 110 feet to the Westerly line of Harrison Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Precita Valley Lands 154 and 155.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the said office of Knight & Heggerty, 809 Crocker Building, corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated, January 15th, 1910.

JAMES A. KELLY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Bridget Greany, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Administrator,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John N. Colter, executor of the Will of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Carroll Cook, Esq., Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased.

JOHN N. COLTER,
Executor of the Will of Elizabeth J. Colter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

CARROLL COOK, ESQ., Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, sometimes known as SAMUEL LEOPOLD KOHN, Deceased—No. 8913, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the Will annexed at the office of Otto Irving Wise, attorney for said Administratrix with the Will annexed, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased. EMMA W. BRODY,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Samuel L. Kohn, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administratrix with the Will Annexed, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverst to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Corner Montgomery Ave. and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point fo commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of December, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, David L. Levy, Esq., Room 560, Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE E. MARDEN, deceased.

EUGENE W. LEVY,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Josephine E. Marden, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 1st, 1910.

DAVID L. LEVY, Esq., Attorney for Executor,
Room 560, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-1-5

ORDER TO SELL REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5059, N. S., Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of TOMASSO DEMATTEI (also known as TOMOSO DEMOTTEI), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 10th day of November, 1909, in the matter of the estate of Tomasso Demattei (also known as Tomoso Demottei), deceased, the undersigned, the administratrix of the estate of Tomasso Demattei (also known as Tomoso Demottei), deceased, will sell at private sale, in one parcel, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 1st day of February, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Tomasso Demattei, also known as Tomoso Demottei, deceased, at the time of his death, which was an estate in fee simple, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired, other than or in additionto that of said deceased, at the time of his death, of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of Holyoke Street, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Silliman Street; running thence northwesterly and along said southwesterly line of Holyoke Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles northeasterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southwesterly line of Holyoke Street and the point of commencement.

Being part of Lot No. 1 in Block 37, University Homestead Association.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, in gold coin of the United States; ten (10) per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale. Deeds and abstract at the expense of the purchaser. The purchaser to assume the payment of, and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State and County taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name or nature, which are now or may become hereafter chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Messrs. Bacigalupi & Elkus, attorneys for said administratrix, at Room 806, Bank of Italy Building, situated on the southeast corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be delivered to said administratrix personally, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of this Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated, January 15th, 1910.

her
X
mark
CAROLINA DEMATTEI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Tomasso Demattei, also known as Tomoso Demottei, Deceased.

CAROLINA DEMATTEI, being unable to write, made her mark, and at her request and in her presence, and in the presence of Charles de Y. Elkus I wrote her name near and about her said mark, and in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand.

T. J. BACIGALUPI.

Witnesses to Mark: T. J. BACIGALUPI and CHARLES de Y. ELKUS.

BACIGALUPI & ELKUS, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 806 Bank of Italy Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-3

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gift Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December, A. D. 1909.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

Emil Steinegger

PIANOFORTE THEORY

Studios: 924 Grove St., San Francisco
Room 64 McDonough Bldg., Oakland
Phone Merritt 2845

Donald Maclean

SINGING—Pupil Seagle and De Rezske

STUDIO, 1613 GREEN ST. Phone, Franklin 3153

Samuel M. Shortridge

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO
Tel. Douglas 2176

Knight & Heggerty

ATTORNEYS AT LAW and
PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY

CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810
Telephone Kearny 4145

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

508 CALIFORNIA STREET Phone Kearny 711
Residence 852 Grove St. Phone Park 1870

The German Savings and Loan Society

Savings (The German Bank) Commercial
(Members of the Associated Savings Bank of S. F.

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,529.978.50
Deposits December 31, 1909	$38,610,731.93
Total Assets	$41,261,682.21

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer, Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte; Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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A Bill of Particulars

This is given as a true bill, made by an artist, for repairs and retouchings to a gallery of paintings of an English lord in the year 1865:

To filling up the chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.

To cleaning six of the Apostles and adding an entirely new Judas Iscariot.

To a pair of new hands for Daniel in the lion's den and a set of teeth for the lioness.

To an alteration in the Belief, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer.

To new varnishing Moses' rod.

To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.

To mending the pitcher of Rebecca.

To a pair of ears for Balaam and a new tongue for the ass.

To renewing the picture of Samson in the character of a fox hunter and substituting a whip for the firebrand.

To a new broom and bonnet for the witch of Endor.

To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a boat for Noah's ark.

To painting twenty-one new steps to Jacob's ladder.

To mending the pillow of stone.

To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine.

To making a new head for Holofernes.

To cleansing Judith's hands.

To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam.

To painting Jezebel in the character of a huntsman taking a flying leap from the walls of Jericho.

To planting a new city in the land of Nod.

To painting a shoulder of mutton and a shin of beef in the mouths of two of the ravens feeding Elijah.

To repairing Solomon's nose and making a new nail to his middle finger.

To an exact representation of Noah in the character of a General reviewing his troops preparatory to their march, with the dove dressed as an aide de camp.

To painting Noah dressed in an Admiral's uniform.

To painting Samson making a present of his jaw-bone to the proprietors of the British Museum.

A Book in Breeches

Lord Melbourne told Sydney Smith that Queen Victoria could never see Macaulay without a burst of uncontrolable laughter because Sydney Smith's description of him as "a book in breeches" always recurred to her. But Macaulay was a book even in petticoats. When a servant spilt some raging hot coffee over the child's naked legs at Lady Waldegrave's at Strawberry Hill, to the deep concern of his hostess, he answered her anxious inquiry with, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." Mrs. Hannah More delighted to recall a visit to Mrs. Macaulay's when she was met at the door by a fair, pretty, slight child about four years old, who informed her, "Madam, my parents are out; but, if you will be so good as to come in, I shall be glad to bring you a glass of old spirits." This to the saintly Hannah! "Old spirits!" she exclaimed. "Madam," replied the child, "that was what Robinson Crusoe often had."

Remarkable Bible

An immense amount of labor has been expended on the various Bibles of the world. The palm for execution must be given to the Kuthodaw, which is a Buddhist monument near Mandalay, in Burmah. It consists of about seven hundred temples, each containing a slab of white marble, on which the whole of this Buddhist Bible, containing more than eight million syllables, has been engraved. The Burmese alphabet is used, but the language is Pali. This wonderful Bible is absolutely unique. The Kuthodaw was erected in 1857 by Mindon-min, the last king but one of Burmah. The vast collection of temples together form a square, with a dominating temple in the centre. Each of the marble slabs on which the sacred text is inscribed is surmounted by an ornamental canopy in pagoda form.

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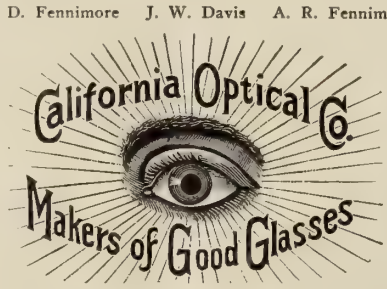

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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SAN FRANCISCO
TOWN TALK

GEORGE I. COCHRAN, President GAIL B. JOHNSON, Vice-President

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company

Of California

FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT

DECEMBER 31, 1909

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate	$ 6,910,666 00
Loans on Approved Collaterals	533,202 84
Loans to Policyholders	2,734,208 65
Bonds and Stocks	5,369,411 81
Real Estate Owned and Home Office Building	1,227,494 37
Interest and Rent—Accrued	186,381 16
Outstanding Premiums	759,802 57
Cash on Hand and in Banks	708,036 88
Total	$18,429,204 28

New Life Business Written, 1909	$22,287,279 00
Total Cash Income, 1909	6,164,528 42
Premium Income, Accident Department, 1909	1,007,370 59
Total Paid Policyholders, 1909	1,986,628 27

LIABILITIES

Reserve on Policies	$16,138,615 19
Claims in Adjustment	137,878 21
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	94,800 87
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1910	58,000 00
Surplus set aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders	223,879 47
All Other Liabilities	148,028 47
Total Liabilities	$16,801,202 21
SURPLUS	1,628,002 07
Total	$18,429,204 28

Increase in Business in Force, 1909	$ 7,136,906 00
Increase in Assets, 1909	2,329,130 57
Increase in Cash Income, 1909	531,404 19
Increase in Surplus, 1909	240,904 71

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, February 5, 1910 | No. 910

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TOWN TALK

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The Opulent Farmer

Secretary Wilson gives testimony that the farmers of the country are prospering. Mr. Wilson's testimony is authoritative. It is his business to keep in touch with the soil, with the men that till it and with the fruits of their labor. The prosperity of the farmer, however, is no longer a matter requiring statistical corroboration. Unequivocal signs of affluence are multiplying in the rural districts. Rare has the farmer become that homeward plods his weary way. It's the hired man that does that. The man that owns the farm is becoming a slave to the ensnaring charms of pompous luxury. On the average farm nowadays there are many evidences of a purchasing power great enough to fill the greedy middleman with envy, and, mayhap, to start an exodus from city flats back to the smiling meadows. Ignorance of wealth is no longer the farmer's best riches; he has a substantial bank account; he sits at a groaning board in a spacious house that exhibits some pretension to architectural beauty; he rides in an automobile; he no longer stands in awe of the city, confining his revels to the gay motes that people the sunbeams but contributes frequently to the hum of men in the crowded centers, registering at the swellest hotels and mingling with the fashionable herd on first nights at the leading theatres. Going, if not already gone, with the impoverished farm is the hayseed farmer, the charming embodiment of guilelessness and simplicity, the best patron and prey of the jocund confidence operator. What was once the favorite contrivance of the builders of homespun dramas —the mortgage on the farm—will soon become an anachronism. Secretary Wilson tells us exultingly that the value of American farm products last year was $8,760,000,000, an increase of 40 per cent in only five years. With this money farmers have paid off mortgages, established banks and developed an appetite for luxuries. We felicitate the farmer on his prospect of entering ere long the ranks of the plutocray, and we have nothing but scorn for those whose envy prompts the suspicion that some of the ultimate consumer's money has been getting past the middleman and into the hands of the agriculturist. The farmer has our best wishes. If extravagance has followed upon the heels of prosperity increasing the cost of production, we are not inclined to grow censorious or to demand the practice of thrift in the interest of the ultimate consumer. It is about time for the farmer to have his fling.

Criminal Negligence of the People

Countless multitudes of Examiner readers were made to mourn the other day when they read in that great depository and guardian of truth the startling information that nowhere in this broad land was the direct primary giving satisfaction. This news from this source has something of the impressiveness of holy writ. The Examiner, even though it did not command universal confidence, even though its credibility were impeachable, would hardly be suspected of affirming untruthfully the failure of one of the many pet catholicons of its revered owner. Of course the Examiner does not repudiate or disparage the principle of the direct primary. The principle is all right, but the machinery doesn't work according to expectations. The iniquitous politicians bedeviled the machinery so that a cog invariable slips at a paramount psychological moment. Such is the Examiner's explanation of the failure of the direct primary. Naturally the people are dissatisfied, but what do the people think about the principle of the great contrivance by which once we hoped to approximate perfection in human government? Depend on the Examiner, the direct descendant of the Delphic oracle, to divine at all times, in crises as well as when sailing is smooth, the precise predilections of the people. According to the Examiner the omniscient sovereign people have not lost faith in the direct primary. It would be absurd, says the infallible journal, to suppose that the people do not wish to nominate the men from amongst whom their servants are to be selected. At first blush this proposition seems irrefutable, but singularly enough Mr. Hearst's learned editorial writer, nodding on his tirpod, essays the refutation of it himself. From 40 to 60 per cent of the people, he says, do not vote at the primary. Assuming this to be true, it may be inferred that the people themselves are as much to blame as the politicians for the failure of the primary. This is what we have suspected without having the temerity to avow the suspicion. We take it, however, that the Examiner has given us trustworthy information, and yet we still perceive a gleam of hope for the champions of the direct primary. The thing to be done to make it live up to the expectations of its designers is to amend the Penal Code, making it a crime for any man to neglect the duties and obligations of citizenship. This being a government decidedly paternal in its tendencies, to make it a crime for a man to fail to vote would be to take but another step along the road of paternalism that we have been traveling. We have commissions for everything under the sun. Let us have an election commission empowered to make people vote for their own salvation. It is evident that the people are torpidly abstracted. Something must be done to stimulate the bone and sinew and righteousness of the commonwealth. In the name of culture, humanity and the higher life, let us put the fear of jail in the popular heart to the end that the direct primary be justified. Means that are drastic we must adopt to put an end to the deep damnation of popular apathy and indifference.

The Mayor and the Schools

Mayor McCarthy has given gross offence to some of the most ardent lovers of the Charter who, when they are in office or in control of those that are in office, demand that it be cherished as a palladium sent from heaven for the preservation of us from the machinations of villainous politicians. The violation of the Charter is an old story, the first chapter of which opens on the day on which it became the organic law of this city and county. Since that day political expediency has never been obstructed by any of its provisions. A magnificent disregard for the Charter was one of the salient characteristics of its chief sponsor, the Hon. James D. Phelan, and to the convenient precedents established by him the highest deference has been paid by his successors. It is not to be argued, however, that the privilege of violating the Charter is one of the inalienable prerogatives of a mayor. Precedent does not make legitimate power or sanctify evil practice. Far be it from us to acquiesce in violations of the Charter. We hope that Mayor McCarthy, if inclined to follow the example of such men as Taylor and Phelan, will be con-

strained to strict observance of the letter of the law. At the same time we protest against the cant of those critics who would persuade us that his attitude toward the school directors appointed by Mayor Taylor argues a disposition to plunge the public schools into politics. The public schools have never been out of politics. Mayor McCarthy says he intends to take them out. Cynical as we have grown to be this declaration does not impress us deeply, yet we are convinced that the public schools are not in any more danger now than they were when Dr. Taylor transferred "Whiskers Joe" O'Connor from the Mission High School to the school board where he proceeded to juggle the salary roll for his own benefit causing a scandalous waste of public money. Furthermore we are convinced that the reasons Mayor McCarthy has given for his attitude toward Dr. Taylor's appointees are far more cogent than the one which satisfied the easy conscience of the ultra-respectable poet when he removed Thomas Boyle from office. There was nothing said at that time about plunging the school department into politics. Nor was the sanctity of the Charter the inspiration of an uproar when Mrs. Kincaid came from Berkeley to spread the light of her intelligence over the public schools which she has never visited. So why yield our emotions to the canting hypocrites who are affecting profound concern for the school department? Why not rather urge Mayor McCarthy to tackle the book trust? The gouging of parents in the interest of the book trust is the worst of all the political scandals that ever smudged the school department. Mayor McCarthy has given intimation that he knows something of its methods. He is the first mayor on whose perceptions there ever dawned the faintest inkling of this hotbed of graft. If he can expose and throttle it and will do so no greater service can be expected of him. Meanwhile let us possess our souls in patience. Let us not "view with alarm" in a spirit of anticipation. Action that to hostile critics seems to be motived in the principle embodied in the epigram, "To the victor belongs the spoils," may be (as the Mayor asserts) inspired with zeal for political regeneration. If but few of his appointees are men of distinction in public life, if they are somewhat lower than the angels of reform, why not credit the Mayor with the intention of compelling faithful performance of duty? We, in common with most of our fellow citizens, believe that we could improve on the Mayor's selections. The responsibility, however, is on his head. It's up to him to make good.

The Song of Songs

A school teacher in Kansas having been taken to task for reading the Song of Solomon to his pupils, pleads in justification that it is good literature and also a work of profound spiritual significance which he delights in expounding for religious purposes. The Song of Solomon is certainly good literature, but all theologians are not agreed that it is a work of spiritual significance. There are many scholars who regard the Song of Songs, as they are pleased to call it, a profane work in the writing of which Solomon had no hand. To assume that it has any spiritual significance, say they, is to postulate of the people of Israel in about the tenth century before Christ a great development of transcendental theology, whereas in the bosom of ancient Judaism there was nothing of the mysticism of India and Persia; all doctrine was clear and transparent; symbolism was not in favor. Some authorities, Bossuet among the number, have conjectured that the poem was intimately connected with the marriage rite among the Jews; that it was divided into acts or scenes corresponding to the number of days during which the nuptial festivities lasted, and that it was acted as a pastoral drama in wedding celebrations. M. Renan has taken this same view, and he is certain that, whoever was its author, certainly Solomon was not; for the part he plays is a poor one and the whole composition is pervaded with ill-disguised hostility to his reign and memory. It represents the defeat of an Oriental despot whose overtures are made in vain to a simple maiden of Issacher who preferred the hut of a shepherd to the harem of a king. Solomon in all his glory cannot touch her heart. For her, better by far is the hillside, where the vines cluster and the melodious notes of the turtle-dove are heard, and the voice of the well-beloved calls on his fair one to arise and come away, than all the glittering splendor of Jerusalem. The degrading life of the Seraglio may appeal to the maidens of Babylon and Memphis but not to the passionate heroine of this poem. Decidedly erotic apparently is the Song of Songs when interpreted literally; and when viewed as an allegory it presents ideas that are hard to reconcile with the severe conception of the deity which prevailed among a people intolerant of everything that might be construed as blasphemous. Nevertheless this reconciliation has been effected. The Song of Songs is held by churchmen to be canonical, and therefore to have a hidden meaning. What scholars have pronounced the bridal drama of a rude Semitic tribe, theologians have characterized as the Epithalamium of the Church with her celestial bridegroom—Jesus Christ. For centuries a war of criticism has raged round this beautiful poem which a Kansas schoolmaster expounds to his pupils without the slightest doubt in his mind as to its significance. We have not heard of the exact nature of his exposition, but if we could dictate the policy of the school board we should be inclined to simplify matters by insisting that no broader view of the moral character of the poem be taken than that which is indicated by the 7th verse of the 8th chapter: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; the rich man who would buy love, he buyeth but shame."

Current Celestial Phenomena

A new wonder of the heavens, an unidentified comet, unexpected, unscheduled, blazing a new orbit in the

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abysses of infinity, commands our attention, filling us with mixed emotions and giving the astronomers new problems to solve. Halley's comet, eminent in the world of science and distinguished for regularity and punctuality, though advertised as the headliner among current firmamental phenomena, is relegated for the time being to second place. From its past we argue good behaviour for the future, and view its current performance with philosophic calm. The new comer with a reputation to make has an air of mystery that fascinates and enthralls. All the astronomers have their tubes pointed at the stranger in expectation of developments that may add to the store of human knowledge, and it is to be hoped that the unknown will gratify their laudable passion for discovery without cutting any disagreeable capers. But while the astronomers are taking a purely scientific interest in the new member of the comet family there are many people viewing him with something like consternation. The best of comets, those that have followed a beaten track and pursued a well-regulated career, are hardly to be considered welcome by people who have no poetry in their souls, who are devoid of passion for scientific inquiry and desire for anything that stimulates speculation upon the great mystery of the cosmos. To such people comets of the character of the one that now holds public attention are not only far from welcome but positively disquieting. Doubtless if they could look to the astronomers for soothing assurance it would be extremely gratifying, but the star-gazers have very little information to hand out on the subject of comets. A little while ago they formed a theory as to why a comet's tail always points from the sun, and to this achievement they now point with pride, a circumstance which enables us to apprehend by what small stages progress is being made in the study of the heavens. Of all the sciences astronomy is probably the most impressive and awe-inspiring, but the more we study the cosmos the greater becomes our bewilderment. Man is really in a state of dense ignorance regarding the stellar universe. He has not yet succeeded in acquiring even a sense of the vastness of it. The space within the confines of the solar system of which the earth is part, and the outermost known member of which is nearly three thousand millions of miles from the center is but a drop as it were in the vast ocean of space out of which comets swim into our ken. We think of and measure distances on earth in terms of an inch or a yard. The smallest unit of measure used by astronomers is the semi-diameter of the earth's orbit, roughly speaking ninety-three millions of miles. Reflect on these things that make us conscious of the insignificance of man, and then consider whether it is to be wondered at that our information about the deeps of infinity is anything more than shreds and patches; or, on the contrary, consider whether it is not to be marvelled at that man has accomplished so much; that for example he has succeeded in ascertaining with certainty the presence in the solar atmosphere at a distance of ninety-five millions of miles of metals such as iron and magnesium. Assuredly here is a triumph of science! Insignificant as man is, confined within a narrow zone, on the surface of a puny planet, he stretches out his intellectual powers through boundless space and estimates the chemical composition of matter contained in the sun and fixed stars with as much ease and certainty as if he had it in his hands and could prove its reactions in his test-tube. Man has done wonderful things with his telescope, with his spectroscope and with photography in connection with both these instruments, yet so far as the celestial domain is concerned, to "follow knowledge like a sinking star" is the utmost to be expected from human endeavor. The chief result of the progress now being made in astronomy is the negativing of much that once was held to be indubitably true. Gravity, for example, no longer carries all before it in cosmic theories. The persuasion continually gains ground that, in the last resort, when matter is reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, it can be held in check or overcome by forces of an opposite nature. The rigid law of condensation has thus ceased to claim unqualified obedience; the activity of countervailing forces can be discerned. In some instances the reverse of what Sir William Herschel affirmed has come true, notably with respect to "diffuse nebulosities" which he believed would gradually assume more and more compact forms. It has been found that evolutionary theories of a few years ago need revision to bring them into harmony with newly detected yet fundamental facts. The more that conservative scientists learn the more are they disinclined to dogmatize about the heavens. Many of them have ceased to seek for a purpose therein. The aims of nature are as inexplicable as her phenomena. The purpose of comets is as much a mystery as the purpose of the gigantic brontosaurus that paddled about in the marshes of the infant earth, or the fantastic pterodactyls that spread their darkening wings on the mephitic air. Nevertheless the universe in its dual aspect, material and spiritual, has for us an irresistible and inexhaustible fascination, and in both aspects it becomes intensely fascinating at such a time as this presenting as it does epochal phenomena of a most sensational character. By such phenomena is the riddle of the universe obtruded on mankind, impelling some to scientific speculation, others to religious meditation. Perhaps the comet is the Sphinx of the heavens, a messenger, whose interrogatory tail was designed to give our thoughts a spiritual trend.

Perspective Impressions

It is becoming more difficult each day to differentiate the luxuries and necessaries of life.

The Hon. Francis J. Heney says he is going to run for Governor. Does this mean that District Attorney Fickert has promised him immunity?

Though it was all right for Dr. Taylor to remove a commissioner "for cause," imaginary or other kind, it is decidedly wrong for Mayor McCarthy to remove a commission for malfeasance or anything else. The distinction is obvious to all whose corns have been trod upon.

"What is hell?" asks a New York Doctor of Divinity. And the gentlemen evicted from the public crib by Mayor McCarthy make reply: "This is it."

Dr. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, is advising that a time limit be put on the cold storage of eggs. But what's the use so long as eggs can accumulate a past before reaching cold storage?

Bourke Cockran is in favor of the election of Senators by direct vote of the people. So is every political mountebank of the Cockran stripe who knows how dearly the people love to be bunkoed.

Aeroplanes and Dirigibles for War

While Most of the European Powers Have Experimented Only With Dirigibles in Their Aerial Military Maneuvers, Events at Los Angeles Showed the Practicability of the Aeroplane as a War Machine

By Robert McTavish

Two incidents stand out in the wonderful aviation meet held at Dominguez Field in Los Angeles as possessing the utmost importance for pioneers in the science of aerial warfare. One of these was Paulhan's flight from Dominguez to San Pedro, a distance of only seven miles. Of course Paulhan made a number of flights covering much greater distances, but the point is that in this particular spin through the clouds the French aviator flew over the site of a proposed federal fort. Only the day before negotiations for the purchase of land at Point Fermin had been concluded by the federal government. This land it is proposed to fortify as a link in the chain of California coast defense. Just suppose that the fortifications had been completed and that alongside of Paulhan in the biplane there sat a keen-eyed military expert with a strong field glass. The entire ground plan of that fort, its greatest strength and its weak points, the easiest avenue of approach and the most vulnerable spots for shell attack, would have been noted with the utmost facility.

The other significant incident was the experimentation with the biplane as a carrier of high explosives. It was Lieutenant Paul W. Beck of the signal corps of the United States Army who conducted these interesting experiments. Lieutenant Beck made several flights with Paulhan, carrying dummy dynamite bombs. While the biplane was several hundred feet above the ground and flying at the rate of forty miles an hour, the army officer dropped the bombs, aiming at a spot measured off on the aviation field to represent a gun pit. Lieutenant Beck's aim improved with each attempt and although none of the dummy bombs landed in the "gun pit," the actual point of impact was closer to the spot with every flight, showing that strict accuracy could be attained without laborious practice. In other words the practicability of dropping bombs from a biplane upon an enemy's position was clearly demonstrated.

All the great European powers are spending millions in the construction of fleets of army dirigibles and the fact that the United States has not yet appropriated money for this purpose has exposed this country to considerable criticism from military experts. But the experiments conducted at Dominguez show that the United States has adopted a wise course in proceeding slowly. It is too early for anybody to declare that the biplane will be the preferred aerial fighting machine of the future, just as it is rather premature to take it for granted that the dirigible is better adapted to the uses of warfare. Yet the powers of Europe have been proceeding on this latter assumption. France has done more than any other nation in the operation of the aeroplane; yet the military authorities of that country are constantly seeking appropriations for a fleet of dirigibles. England is making great efforts to acquire a fleet. Germany has perfected three systems of dirigibles for war use and today possesses the only efficient fleet in the world. Russia, Austria, Italy and other nations have been carefully following the lead of Germany.

In view of the interesting experiments made at Dominguez it may seem strange that when the Wright brothers exhibited their biplane in Berlin at the invitation of the Crown Prince himself, the military experts showed no inclination to adopt it. But there are reasons of considerable plausibility which may explain this indifferent attitude. Germany has done a great deal for the perfecting of the dirigible and very little for the perfecting of the biplane. It would not be human nature for the German military authorities to confess that their laborious and expensive efforts had been wasted and that would be the virtual effect of accepting the biplane as a superior war engine.

The arguments advanced in support of the superiority of the dirigible to the biplane for war purposes do not seem particularly strong. It is pointed out, for instance, that it requires an expert to work the aeroplane. It is said that the aerial war machine must be of such mechanical construction that the common soldier will be able to master its operation. Just why this should be impossible with the aeroplane while it is possible with the dirigible, it is not easy to understand. The aeroplane may be learned with little more practice than the automobile. It is also alleged that the aeroplane could easily be brought down by infantry or artillery fire. That argument sustained a big puncture when Paulhan made his record-breaking flight into the clouds at Dominguez. A biplane flying at the rate of forty miles an hour three or four thousand feet above the ground is not an easy mark for infantry or artillery fire. So much cannot be said of the dirigible, for it has never attained such heights and besides it is so large that it can be distinctly seen at a much greater altitude than the birdlike aeroplane.

The military airship, whether aeroplane or dirigible, will be used principally for the reconnaissance of the enemy's position. Hitherto it has been practically impossible to reconnoiter more than an inconsiderable part of an enemy's force. When a large force is on the march only the head of the column can be reconnoitered with ordinary success. The airship of course could reconnoiter the entire force or the entire position of an enemy. But where does the dirigible possess greater advantages than the heavier-than-air machine for these purposes? It is true that dirigibles have made much longer trips than aeroplanes, but they have also made much slower trips. It is impossible to obtain the same speed in a Zeppelin dirigible as in a Farman biplane and Paulhan's record-breaking flight from Dominguez to Santa Anita and back showed the possibilities of the biplane for scouting purposes. Paulhan covered forty-seven and one-half miles in one hour and two minutes. That was equivalent to traversing the entire line of some of the bloodiest battles that have ever been fought. Of course the future has still to demonstrate the possibility of an aviator in a biplane covering the whole theater of war as well as a battlefield. Zeppelin's flights down the Rhine and Count de la Vaulx's record-breaking trip in a dirigible from Vincennes, France, to Kososticheff, Russia, a distance of 1193 miles traversed in 35 hours and forty-five minutes, seem to indicate the superiority of the balloon, but it is almost too soon to make such a statement.

When we pass from the use of airships for reconaissance to their use as engines of destruction the biplane seems again to uphold its usefulness against the favored dirigible. Lieutenant Beck's experiments are of importance in this connection. Taken by and large it is not too much to say that the signal corps of the United States army has made no mistake in delaying the construction of a fleet of dirigibles. By the time that the European powers have mastered the use of the balloon as a war engine the progress of invention may show that the Wright and Farman biplanes are greatly superior for these military purposes.

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In the Kursaal

By Bart Kennedy

A tenor with a resonant sobful voice was sobbing forth the famous song from "Pagliacci." I listened with much unenthrallment, for if there is anything that makes me more tired than usual it is the having to listen to a soulful, sobbing tenor. Why, oh why, is there not a law for his suppression? And here let me put in a word for the English tenor. He may not have a vast amount of temperament, but at least he refrains from lacerating your soul with sobs. He may shout out his top A's like a navvy, but he will refrain from inundating his voice with tears.

The last sob from the tenor died a natural death, and —well, there were thunders of applause in the great concert-hall. Why, I don't know. But evidently the audience liked this sobbing business, for they applauded and applauded till the tenor came forth to sob again. I personally would have presented him with a well-aimed orange, but I didn't dare. I had to put up with it and look handsome.

And then there came a baritone, one Jean Note. And made up for what I had had to endure from the sobster. How beautifully he sang. He got his effect by the telling of the story. He remembered what so few singers remember: that the voice, however beautiful, is after all but secondary. It is the story that must come first, always first. The ear soon tires even of the most beautiful voice—if there is nothing behind it. The singer must tell you something.

But not only did this Jean Note tell one a story. His voice in itself was beautiful—a clear, fine, powerful, ringing, man's voice. And a voice of strange and individual timbre. I should say that he was the finest baritone I ever heard.

How beautiful was this great concert-hall here in the Kursaal! It held thousands of people, and still the softest tones of the singer could be heard. As I sat I could hear the low, deep sounding of the water out beyond the Digue. It came, a curious under monotone.

Here in this hall the people of the great world were taking their ease. Here were well-dressed men and beautifully dressed women of all nationalities. And children. All enjoying themselves, listening to the music. The people here represented the apex of the vast, human pyramid. At the base of the pyramid, down beneath—but what was the use of thinking of that? Darkness exists as well as light, and someone must work. And I felt that I hardly had the right to cavil. For was I not here myself?

The concert was over and the vast crowd was moving away. But there was now the ball. There was now the dancing. And I strolled towards the ball-room.

Some of the people went off to gamble. But they were, so to speak, only the privileged few. For before you were allowed to gamble you had to belong to the club. You were not allowed to lose your money in a free and easy and casual fashion. You had to be named and labeled and docketed. The casual stranger's money was very much at a discount. Public gaming had been stopped in Ostend.

Here was the ball-room. It was enclosed, as it were, in a vast room. From this room you could look through beautiful arched spaces in upon the dancers.

Ah! Here was the lilt of a waltz. One of the divine waltzes of Strauss. Surely are the waltzes of Strauss amongst the greatest achievements in music. They picture the very soul and spirit of movement. And movement is life. These divine, moving, music-dreams of Strauss! They are movements etherealized.

A man was holding a beautiful woman in his arms. They were waltzing to the wonderful, sensuous music. This music was a spiritualizing of the glorious and enchanting mystery of sex. Sex in its wondrous essence. This dance was as a beautiful phallic rite. Yea, it was an echo of the religion of a time gone thousands of years. Of a time when was worshipped the profound mystery of sex.

Couples were going around and around. How joyously contented looked the women. A true daughter of Eve loves dancing above all things. She would give her soul to dance. Around and around to the spiritualized sensuousness of the divine music-dream. Yonder was a girl with hair, beautiful hair. Her eyes were shining as she moved round with the young man who was holding her. He was a fine young fellow, a fitting mate for her. And here was a woman upon whom the hand of time had fallen. But her eyes too were shining. The spirit, aye! and the actualness of youth were with her. She was dancing now as she had danced in the long years ago. The wonderful, lovely, mazing music was carrying the couples along. How the diamonds of the women flashed and sheened as they circled round and round. There was a woman with glowing, wondrous, red-gold hair. She was gone, and here again was the fair-haired girl with the fine young man. Here were women dancing together. And the music stopped, and the dancers streamed out from the ball-room. Merry voices were rising.

Again they were dancing. The music was now going faster. And it went faster and faster. There was a madness in it. A reckless gaiety and deviltry. The dancers whirled around with flushed faces. Their eyes reflected the meaning of the music. They reflected strange abandonment. How strange was the face of that girl as she whirled past. And the face of that man. There was something in it that was sinister.

Back again to one of the divine music-dreams of Strauss. Back again to the waltz. I knew these people by now. I knew the woman with the glorious, red-gold hair. I watched and watched for her amongst the dancers. I wondered about her. Who was she? What was her life? I would like to have known her. And I would like to have known the woman with the bright, beautiful face. And yonder beautiful woman. I would like to have known her. I began to single out the women amongst those who were dancing whom I would like to have known. No, I would not care for her. There would be no consonance between her temperament and mine. True, she looked desirable. But she would be in consonance with some other than me. But this woman. I would like to have known her. And her. Here was a woman whom I had not noticed before. A dark-haired, strange-faced girl who was dancing with a man with a hard, reckless face. I would like to have known her. Her face was lit up with the glow of the magical music-dream to which she was dancing. I would like to have known her.

Beautiful were the blending lines of the figures of the women as they danced. Beautiful were their passing faces. Beautiful was the flashing of their jewels and the sheening of their silken dresses.

Moving to the divine, entrancing music. I could have watched them for ever.

To be here with this magical scene of light and music and moving, beautiful women was to be inspired with the glow and the fire and the power of youth!

To be here with this divine, moving music-dream was to live!

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A Golden Hair

By Charles Le Goffic (From the French)

Archibald Macleod and myself were chatting and smoking on the deck of the inspector's boat as it forged ahead toward the Roches Douvres. Near us sat the fair Mrs. Macleod, deeply engrossed in conversation with Monsieur Pierre Lemale, the government inspector of lighthouses.

I had not seen Archibald for two years. Although unable to attend the wedding, I had learned from his letters that Mrs. Macleod's name was Maude, that she was twenty-three years old, and that she was the widow of a rich New Zealander, whose yacht had been wrecked in European waters. It seems that Maude was an excellent swimmer and had been the sole survivor of the sad catastrophe.

They were spending their honeymoon in France, and had lingered in the defiles of Tarn, the chateau district of the Loire and the groves of La Vendee. Mrs. Macleod now wished to visit the northern coast and especially to see the lighthouses,—the beacons of the open seas. I had thought it a singular caprice for a bride, but the ways of women are strange and unaccountable.

Maude was very pretty, almost too pretty. Her beauty seemed to cast a spell upon those who crossed her path. It was even now making a deep impression upon Pierre Lemale. He seemed strangely affected by her great emerald-green eyes, the bewildering smile of her thin, deliciously curved lips, and especially by the mass of golden hair, worn low at the back of her neck and hardly held in place by the three tortoise-shell combs thrust into it. I was beginning to fear for the reason of our gallant Pierre, and Archibald evidently shared my apprehension, for he suddenly rose and approaching the pair, said:

"My dear, what is Monsieur Lemale telling you now?"

"Why," said Maude with a reproachful glance, "you have just interrupted him at the most thrilling point. Do continue, Monsieur Lemale."

"Mrs. Macleod asked me to tell her the most exciting experience that I have had during my tours of inspection," said Pierre, turning to us.

"May we not hear it also?" asked Archibald.

A slight movement of the eyelids and an almost imperceptible flush were the only signs of Mrs. Macleod's annoyance. She tapped her husband lightly, saying:

"You are impossible, dear; I thought curiosity was a feminine failing. But then, it cannot be helped. Proceed, Monsieur Lemale."

"You may not know the Roches Douvres," said Lemale. "The beacon is barely visible from the mainland even in clear weather. Today, on account of the haze, we shall not be able to see it for an hour. The red granite base, which supports the light, rises but little above the waves. Indeed, they cover it completely at high tide, allowing only the summit with its slender point to be seen. The light at the Roches Douvres now has three keepers, but at the period of my story, it had only two, who were relieved once a fortnight. Of all our Channel lights, this one is the farthest from the shore and consequently the most exposed. As far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but sea and sky. Only the most experienced men can endure such absolute isolation and solitude, and such a one is therefore always appointed as the head keeper.

"For three years, a man named Quere had held this post. He was quite old and a woman-hater, but very kind and gentle with his assistant and colleagues. He had found a profound charm in this hermit's life, and was always reluctant to relinquish his duties and go ashore when his turn came. The assistant keeper, Talabardon, was of a different sort, a big, strapping fellow of twenty-six, jolly and active, who had recently left the army to marry. Quere and Talabardon got on famously together and were looked upon as a happy combination. The veteran initiated the novice into the care of the lamps and the oil supply, kept him employed, amused him, and comforted him when he became despondent. Quere never complained of Talabardon nor Talabardon of Quere.

"Toward the end of March, we had a series of heavy storms, accompanied by snow and high tides from the North, making it impossible to send supplies and relief to the lighthouse on the usual day. We were not alarmed about Quere and Talabardon, however, for they had provisions enough to last them a month. As soon as the sea became navigable again, we set out for the Roches Douvres.

"Usually the keeper and his assistant met us at the platform to help us make fast, but this time neither of them appeared. I quickly stepped ashore with Postic, the keeper who was to relieve Quere. There was no flag of distress flying, but I vaguely apprehended some misfortune. The door of the lodge was open. I entered and shouted to the keepers, thinking they were in the lamp-room. There was no answer. I climbed the ladder. There was no one there! I came down again and inspected the chambers—the keeper's, the assistant's, the engine-room, the supply-room. I found no trace of Quere or of Talabardon.

"What could have happened to them? Only the night before, the light had shone forth as usual. It could not have lighted itself. Quere and Talabardon must, therefore, have been alive on the night before. What then? Why, an accident must have occurred on this very morning. One of the men must have been carried away by a wave, and the other had perhaps been drowned in trying to save him.

"I had arrived at this point in my reflections, when Postic, who was exploring about the base of the lighthouse, cried out to me:

"'Come, Monsieur l'Inspecteur! Oh, my God! They have killed each other! They have chocked each other to death!'

"It was true. In a little crevice, under a mass of floating rubbish that had hidden them from sight, the two keepers were lying clasped in a last convulsive embrace. A cruel expression of hatred still distorted their features. They had fallen into the water while struggling with each other upon the platform of the lighthouse and had continued their savage battle under the waves. Even in death they had not relaxed their hold.

"'They are almost green,' remarked Postic. "Quere's eyes have been eaten out by crabs. They must have died as long ago as Sunday or Monday.'

"'And today is Thursday. Who, then, can have kept the lamp lighted each night until now, the 6th of April?'

"'Signal the authorities," said I to Postic. 'They will have to find another keeper at once and proceed with the execution of the law.'

"'What about the bodies?' asked Postic.

"'Put them into the boat.'

"'But they will not be able to send me any assistance until tomorrow.'

"'Evidently you are afraid to spend the night alone here. I shall remain with you.'

(Continued on Page 33.)

Milo

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The Spectator

The Colonel and the King

When Leopold, King of the Belgians, died some weeks ago, Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky, citizen of the world and bosom friend of the gay monarch, received many expressions of sympathy from this city. The supposition was that with Leopold in his grave the Colonel's confidential relations with royalty were at an end. In this the Colonel's sympathetic friends were mistaken. The famous attorney for all and sundry illegitimate heirs is still hanging by a stout cable on a prince's favor. In the gorgeous palace where Belgium's capital gathers her beauty and her chivalry, San Francisco's famous raconteur is still persona gratissima. No longer on the leg that now is turning to clay, he is nevertheless in a position still to smite the rock of national resources and make an abundant stream gush forth. For, be it known, Albert, King of Belgium, was the Colonel's friend even before the Kowalsky was dreamt of in Leopold's philosophy. It was Albert who introduced the Colonel to Leopold. Albert's friendship for Kowalsky dates back to the heyday of the Baldwin Hotel when the Colonel was the star boarder at that hostelry. It was formed at a time when the Colonel had no suspicion that Albert was heir to a throne. Albert was traveling incog, and the Colonel, discovering that he was a good fellow, took him in tow and showed him the sights. Together they laughed under the moon and made the star-studded welkin ring with their merriment. The French restaurants knew Albert, and the tenderloin vouchsafed him its warmest welcome. So fascinated was Albert with the mad, glad ways of the old town that he hated to leave, but Leopold summoned him home, and the royal summons was not to be ignored. To Kowalsky, who had entertained him throughout his stay, he confessed on the last of the thirty and one nights of his sojourn that he was not what he seemed and made a clean breast of his royal entanglement. Kowalsky assured him that despite his being a crown prince he was every inch a good fellow. Albert begged to be permitted to entertain the Colonel in Brussels, and the Colonel had no objection.

Our Sensational Mayor

Mayor McCarthy has been wielding the new broom with a ruthless hand. He has turned things upside down and inside out, producing something in the nature of a cataclysm in the municipal government, and a deafening uproar has followed in his wake. The gentlemen who have been violently wrenched from their jobs have rent the circumambient with their shrieks, their friends are in the white-heat stage of indignation, and the community is holding its breath with amazement. The Mayor has taken hold of things with a leonine ferocity, he has played havoc with the conventions, he has given evidence of an appetite for drastic action, a passion for boundless responsibility. In the circumstances it is not surprising that criticism has been rampant and vehement. It is surprising, however, that there should already be talk of putting in operation the machinery of the Recall. This talk is premature. If the Mayor is hungry for responsibility why not give him a chance to gratify his appetite? The spirit of the Charter is not opposed to the concentration of responsibility in the hands of the mayor. On the contrary, the chief design of the framers of the Charter was to centralize power so that in the event of dissatisfaction the people would have no difficulty in fixing responsibility. This principle was insisted upon by the gentleman who had the honor of putting the Charter in operation, the Hon. James D. Phelan, who removed one of his own police commissioners for no other reason than that he refused to facilitate the consummation of an ante-election compact. This was doing politics with a vengeance, and Mr. Phelan was censured, but only by his political enemies.

A Significant Change of View

It is interesting to recall at this time that when Mr. Phelan employed his official power in the performance of practical politics, the Examiner, which is now so fearful of the tendencies of the present dispensation, was in a complaisant mood. The Examiner's change of sentiment is not inexplicable. When Mr. Phelan removed a police commissioner it was for the purpose of enabling the Examiner to put one of its proteges in the office of chief of police. When Mr. McCarthy indulged in wholesale decapitation he failed to discriminate in favor of two persons in whom the Examiner takes a motherly interest. One of these persons is Mrs. Kincaid who has established social connections which give her a strong influence in the Examiner office. She was appointed a school director by Mr. Phelan and again by Dr. Taylor to please the Examiner. The other person whom Mayor McCarthy treated somewhat cavalierly is Mr. Fred Sanborn who is also a protege of the Examiner's. Mr. Sanborn was the gentleman upon whom the Graft Prosecution depended to "keep the Examiner in line" and who succeeded for a time. He was rewarded with a job for that service and also, it has been said, because he was a very zealous grand juror.

The Tactlessness of Him

So we see that newspaper criticism is sometimes a matter that is determined in a measure by the question, Whose ox has been gored? We also see that Mayor McCarthy is a tactless official. He doesn't examine the brand of the ox that is brought to the slaughter. For his tactlessness he is censurable, and also, perhaps, for the politics he is doing, but the feeble spirit of justice faintly demands that pending developments from which accurate judgment may be formed, the truth should be told whenever it may appear to throw light on the motives of his critics.

His Official Family

A good deal of the criticism that has been visited upon the Mayor he has incurred by appointing to office men who have not figured in civic affairs. Most of them are from the lower walks of life, a circumstance that is exactly what might have been expected. McCarthy is the representative of organized labor, and he is intent on giving us an out and out labor administration. There are many of us that would like to see him give a more

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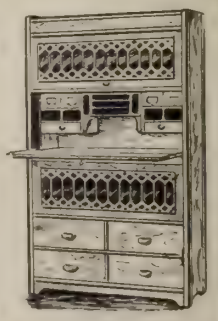

liberal recognition to the exalted business interests and assuage his abiding prejudice against the well groomed gents that luxuriate in our richly upholstered clubs, but it must be admitted that we are getting precisely what the dear people voted for at the polls. And after all the Mayor has not been so revolutionary as he might have been. He has retained the election commission, and he intimates that the parks and fire department are in satisfactory hands. His appointment of William H. Metson to the Park Commission has given general satisfaction. Mr. Metson is a park lover, a gentleman, who, when formerly connected with the park board, rendered such efficient service that Mayor Taylor's failure to reappoint him has been listed among that gentleman's many official blunders. Quite as satisfactory as Mr. Metson's appointment will be that of Mr. Kirkpatrick, which is said to be contemplated.

Alphonse—You never hear of women cashiers running off with their employers' money.

Henri—Of course not. The employer runs off with the money and the lady cashier runs off with the employer.

How About Our Taximeters?

Does anybody in San Francisco know whether the taximeters register correctly? There is no ordinance here requiring municipal inspection of the taxicabs and therefore the man who hires one has no way of knowing that he is being charged only for the actual time consumed in his ride. That there is room for overcharging must be obvious to everybody and if there were any doubt on the subject, Boston's recent experience would remove it for good and all. The State department of weights and measures is the official body which inspects taxicabs in Massachusettes. Recently this department finished its inspections in Boston. Not a single taximeter in the city was found to register correctly; all of them showed discrepancies in favor of the operating company. The meters allowed only twelve minutes of the waiting time for the first thirty cents recorded, instead of the eighteen minutes provided by the city ordinance. This resulted in an overcharge in such instances of ten cents. In view of this discovery might it not be well for the local municipal authorities to prepare a measure regulating charges and providing for an inspection?

Hearst the Ready Canonizer

It might be thought that William R. Hearst who has given considerable offense to the Catholics of the United States at one time or another, would proceed with extreme caution whenever he deals with Catholic dogma or Catholic personalities. Yet despite the recent storm which certain articles and cartoons in the Hearst papers aroused in several communities, notably in San Francisco, the Examiner continues to blunder in its treatment of themes connected with the Catholic Church. The last instance was typical. The Examiner announced that Father Hecker may be canonized, and enlarged on the possibility of his becoming the first American saint. It referred to his "visions" and to his mystical espousal of "Lady Poverty." It even compared him to St. Francis of Assisi. If William R. Hearst imagines that the publication of such news items as this will salve the wounded feelings of his Catholic readers, he is very much mistaken, Catholics are endowed with unusual humorous appreciation, according to Gilbert K. Chesterton, and they will find food for considerable mirth in this suggestion by Hearst that Father Hecker may be canonized. The truth is that Father Hecker hasn't a chance of being raised to the altars as a saint. Exemplary as was his life, his doctrinal teachings were open to serious criticism and no teacher who was not strictly orthodox was ever canonized. When the Examiner speaks of Father Hecker as a visionary, it unconsciously hits the mark. While not a visionary in the mystic sense of St. Francis and St. Teresa, Father Hecker most certainly was a visionary in the vulgar sense in which Alcott, Thoreau and the other Brook Farm enthusiasts were visionaries. He had a vision of an altruistic community where physical labor should relieve the strain of transcendental philosophy, but the vision never came true.

Cromwell in the Role of an Irishman

While I am correcting errors in the Hearst newspapers I must not overlook the very latest blunder of Fra Elbertus Hubbard who exudes pseudosophy every morning for the delectation of those who read the Hearst editorial page. In a recent article entitled "Transplanted Irish" wherein Hubbard pays glowing tribute to the Irish in America, he makes the astounding assertion that Cromwell was not only Irish but "awfully Irish." Imagine an Irishman reading that article with feelings of pride and being suddenly confronted with this statement. To say that Oliver Cromwell, the most execrated man that ever set foot on the Green Sod, the soldier who butchered men, women and children so wantonly that even today "the curse of Cromwell" is the deadliest malediction an Irishman can utter, sprang from the soil which he drenched in blood is surely to trifle dangerously with the traditional good nature of the transplanted Irish. I would recommend that the sage of Roycroft make a little journey to the encyclopedia where he will find that the Cromwell family came from Huntingdonshire, England.

Gillett's Withdrawal

Now that Governor Gillett has eliminated himself from consideration in connection with any of the questions to be solved in the coming campaign the politicians who were not of his political circle are experiencing the pleasing sensation that follows the passing of a vexatious dilemma. The leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are elated and jubilant over the Governor's withdrawal. While he was to be reckoned with they were in distress, for they very well knew that his strength was not easily to be overcome. Though they affected an air of self-confidence, they were not victimizing themselves with delusions. Plausible four-flushers are the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement. With expectations and hopes grounded entirely in hostility against the Republican machine, they realized that with Gillett as a candidate they would have some difficulty in sowing the seeds of revolt. For though Gillett is of the Republican machine he has made it manifest throughout the State that he has a high sense of the dignity and responsibilities of his office. Frankly sympathetic with the Republican

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organization, he has exhibited more independence than any Executive this State has had in twenty years. He has truckled to nobody. He has subordinated the interests of the machine to the interests of the State, and in more than one instance he has compelled the spontaneous applause of the organs of the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement by his refusal to accede to the wishes of the friendly agents of political power. Now that Gillett is out of the gubernatorial contest the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement will perhaps be generous enough to acknowledge that he has made a pretty good governor. Of course, while his candidacy was a matter of doubt, the exigencies of pure politics and the highest considerations of civic patriotism demanded that he should be pronounced anathema. The politics of this State cannot be purged until the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are inducted into office, and consequently anything that stands in the way of the glorious consummation must be dealt with drastically. In the matter of jobchasing, that is, in the effort to conserve the public interests through the medium of patronage every politician is a patriot, and the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are peerless among patriots.

Pardee Still Yawping

Ex-Governor Pardee, one of the most patriotic of all the Lincoln-Roosevelt patriots, has been taking another swat in the columns of his Oakland paper at the Santa Cruz Convention, famous in song and story for the catastrophe that was precipitated in the midst of its deliberations—the repudiation of the gentleman whose yawps perennially split the empyrean in Oakland. This eminent moralist and burning patriot will never forgive the Santa Cruz Convention—never while there is breath in his body to unfurl his unruly tongue. But why he should be croaking dolorously at this time it is hard to explain. Now that gubernatorial candidates are bobbing up serenely on all sides Dr. Pardee ought to be feeling his oats. He has repeatedly accused the machine of having defeated the will of the people in turning him down at Santa Cruz. Why does he not seize the opportunity to rebuke his enemies and gratify his friends—the people. Opportunity in the form of the direct primary stands before him with outstretched plump and rosy arms and heaving midriff. Is the gallant doctor shy? Does he suspect that his star flickered to extinction at Santa Cruz?

Two Types

If Dr. Pardee has come to the end of his tether in the political pasturage then it may be worth while moralizing on the lesson to be found in the acts of this apostle of civic righteousness, a lesson to be made luminous by a comparison between the ex-Governor and the present Executive. The temperament and methods of these two men are strikingly dissimilar. Pardee is a fine, almost perfect type of the up-to-date reformer. In office he practiced zealously for his own benefit what St. Paul advocated in the cause of religion—the art of being all things to all men. An exponent of purity in politics, he flirted with the machine, tried to compass his renomination by proposing a compact with Abe Ruef and bartered his power of pardon in the State convention. Today the machine would have nothing to do with him were he to offer his soul as the price of a nomination, and so far the reformers appear to be utterly oblivious of his whereabouts. Now look on the other picture, that of a product of what is known as abominable machine politics—Governor James Gillett. Frankly a machine politician, he is approaching the end of his term in the full possession of his self-respect, and in the enjoyment of the esteem of his political opponents. He is believed to be stronger before the people today than when he was elected. The wise politicians of the Republican organization are so sure of his strength that they have pleaded with him for weeks to run again. His refusal is due absolutely to considerations touching the welfare of his family. The difference between Pardee and Gillett is the fundamental difference between the average vehement reformer and the average machine politician, and that is perhaps why the cause of reform has made such little progress. The cause of reform is too often led by men who would not be permitted to lead anything else. Which reminds me that it was in a measure due to the pleasing contrast into which James Gillett was thrown by the ugly behaviour of reformers that he was picked out as a candidate for Governor of the State. Once upon a time in the early days of his politicial career he refused to grant the machine a favor. He was a machine politician, but his fidelity to his word constrained him to refuse the favor. And this favor which he refused to grant was obtained by the machine with the aid of reformers who did not scruple at breaking their word.

The Test of Fitness

The only gubernatorial candidate who doesn't appear to care at all what the sentiment is with respect to his candidacy either in the Lincoln-Roosevelt League or in the Republican machine is Charley Curry, who is living strictly up to the letter and spirit of the direct primary. He is out for the job on his own merits, spending his own money and giving the people a run for theirs. All other Republican candidates are waiting to be called; which means that they are not eager to back themselves, but prefer to form an alliance on a patronage basis, which isn't just precisely what the framers of the direct primary law contemplated. And the patriots of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League will not have the slightest hesitation in contracting for their support on that basis. But of course no man may hope to get their support without submitting to a diagnosis and chemical analysis. Not by strewing the State with platitudes and moral maxims can man persuade the leaguers. He must be felt for his bumps, and he must strip himself as naked as a new born babe to prove that no taint of the octopus is on his person. He must be tested for gameness, and he must remove the veil from his private life, the lid from his ideals, and promise not to give the railroad any of the jobs, which is a safe and sane way to imply that the league must have first and last call. To this profound scrutiny statesmen in every section of the State are eager to submit. Phil Stanton will come all the way from Los Angeles whenever summoned. But Phil cannot understand why the people have not risen as one man to start and animate a Stanton boom.

She—You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, dear? He (ardently)—Not for all the money in the world.

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Stanton's Boomlet

When Stanton was in Washington a few weeks ago he told several members of the Californian delegation that the wires were hot with messages from home urging him to return and get into the fight. When he reached this city on his way home he was still sensible of the high temperature of the wires. He was under the impression that pending his decison with reference to the gubernatorial job business had been suspended in Los Angeles, and all the people were preparing to give him an ovation on his return. After he got back to the beautiful city of his adoption his San Francisco friends were informed that the only noise heard at the station on his arrival was made by the locomotive. He was permitted to arrive without ceremony and he walked up town alone. Now, according to the public prints, Mr. Stanton is resolved not to run unless the people of Southern California decide to elect a Southern man to the gubernatorial office. How this decision may be made manifest nobody knows.

The Disciples of Janus

The paragraph which I wrote last week in relation to the political eccentricities of the Hayes brothers, "Rouge et Noir," with particular reference to the insouciant behavior of the blackbearded disciple of Janus, has created considerable stir in Santa Clara county. It is a remarkable instance of the naivete of certain politicians that the divagations of these twin worshipers at the shrine of the two-faced deity have never wholly alienated them from one faction or the other. This is explained in part by the efficiency of their team-work. When "Red" Hayes lambastes the machine "Black" Hayes drops around at headquarters to explain the roast away; and when "Black" takes a fall out of the reformers "Red" is always handy to point out that his brother's words must be construed in the Pickwickian sense. The organization men, of course, are more cynical than their long-haired opponents; they reck little of motives provided the goods are delivered. The reformers, on the other hand, are given to the analysis of intentions; they dissect character and expect to find the jewel consistency hidden beneath a clutter of contradictory deeds and opinions. With the curves of "Red" Hayes they have been long and perplexedly concerned. They know of his connubiation with the machine in Santa Clara county, but they are also familiar with his persistent bludgeoning at the armor of Uncle Joe in Washington. In the national capital "Red" Hayes is the reddests of the "reds," as the rampant insurgents are now called; in San Jose he is as cooing as a dove. The reformers with remarkable myopia are willing to see devotion to their cause and to overlook the appearance of trickery in this double-shuffle. At times however they are genuinely disturbed in their charitable interpretation of the Hayes conduct. Such a story as that I published last week sheds a sudden light in which they see things as they are. But it is never for long. The Hayes brothers have always succeeded in playing both ends and they are not yet ready to quit.

Hayes and Wolfe for Congress

State Senator "Eddie" Wolfe has been thinking seriously about running for Congress in the fifth district. If he makes up his mind to enter the fight his opponent, of course, will be "Red" Hayes. Then will be given a characteristic example of the Janus method of politics so peculiarly the attribute of the Hayes brothers. Wolfe is an organization man and doesn't care who knows it. He believes in the organization, thinks that the organization is beneficial to the people and, as an organization leader in the State legislature, has been active in putting a number of meritorious laws on the statute books. If Wolfe runs against Hayes, it will be the signal for Hayes to feel the divine fire of political purity consuming his veins and he will go forth on the hustings to smite the accursed machine and all its friends with the blows of a well-trained tongue. "Eddie" Wolfe, of course, will share in the denunciation hurled at the machine. He will be made to appear the candidate of all the powers of darkness and as a contrast to his political iniquity the modest Hayes will limn his own portrait in lines of radiant whiteness. Meanwhile "Red" will not refuse any offer of support which may come to him from the machine or individuals thereof. He will probably send "Black" around to solicit it. If elected, he will not maintain his attitude of conscious superiority to all performers—in California; the exhibition of heroic virtue will be given in Washington where there is nothing to lose. Never having been in the good graces of Cannon, Hayes has calculated to a nicety the political prestige which is to be won by banging Cannonism. And so it goes. This acrobatic stunt of the Hayes brothers has been put on many times for the delectation of the wise observers, yet it never seems to lose its novelty. From time to time the act is improved, new "business" is introduced, the brothers master a new and more thrilling bit of balancing and only occasionally is one moved to wonder how long they can keep it up.

That Contemplated Bolt

Two weeks ago I told how the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders of Los Angeles were making plans to bolt the party and swing their support to Theodore Bell in the event that an organization candidate wins the direct primary nomination for governor. With the elimination of Governor Gillett from the race, the success of an organization candidate becomes more nearly a matter of certainty than ever before. Hence the plan for a bolt assumes added significance. It is hardly necessary to

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discuss the principle of the scheme here. Party loyalty is a state of mind on which all men do not agree and the ethical responsibility attaching to its observance is very differently construed by different temperaments. No doubt if it should be pointed out to those who contemplated bolting their party that the wisdom of the republican electorate had been expressed in the direct primary result, they would reply that it was their prerogative to assume that the wisdom of the democratic electorate is a higher wisdom or at least more consonant with their tendencies. As to the result of the bolt it is equally useless to theorize; but one fact may be mentioned. Perhaps it is indicative of a state of mind. While the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders in the south are quite frank in admitting that they will swing their strength to the democrats if the primaries have an unsatisfactory outcome, the local leaders are less ingenuous. They will not admit that such is to be their course, but they point out, with deprecatory gestures, that the rank and file of the reformers cannot be controlled by the leaders, that it is useless to attempt to hold them if they make up their mind to bolt. This of course is hypocritical poppycock. A political aggregation is not like a street mob; it acts through leaders and when the leaders lose their sway, they quit. But when the bolt comes and while the Los Angeles men are marching at the head of their seceders, the northern leaders will trail behind their forces, talking the while about "not being able to hold them."

"A prominent professor is going to stage one of Henry James' sentences."

"How is he going to arrange it?"

"Two commas to a scene and intermissions at the semicolons."

Our Vanishing Merchant Marine

With the withdrawal, today, of the steamer New York, of the American line, from the run between New York and Southampton the United States is left with but two steamers engaged in the Atlantic cross-sea trade. These two vessels are the St. Louis and Philadelphia. The St. Louis was built at the Cramp shipyard. Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia on the Clyde. It will thus be seen that this country, with over eighty millions of people and an annual foreign trade worth $3,000,000,000, is represented on the Atlantic by one lone American vessel. Nor is the position on the Pacific with all its commercial potentialities much better. Trading on the waters which wash the distant coast of Asia, five vessels, the China, Korea, Siberia, Manchuria, and Mongolia ply between this port and the Orient; the Minnesota, belonging to the Great Northern Steamship Company, is on the run between Seattle and Hongkong, and the Oceanic Steamship Company's little steamer Mariposa, not much more than a yacht, is engaged in the tourist traffic between San Francisco and Tahiti. These nine vessels are now all that remain of the American merchant marine engaged in the cross-sea commerce of the world. One by one our vessels have disappeared until today it is an exceptional sight to view the stars and stripes on the ocean. The $46,000,000 paid annually by foreign governments in subsidizing their commercial fleets have driven those engaged in the shipping industry of the United States out of business. Efforts at maintaining their position were palsied by the fierce competition which followed the subsidizing of these foreign ships with their cheap white and colored crews. The foreign subsidies which have killed our commercial shipping have left us without any auxiliary to our expensive navy. On the other hand they have built up powerful trading fleets belonging to our competitors which are specially designed to assist their battleships and cruisers in time of war.

The Humphrey Bill

The Merchant Marine League of California is doing good work throughout this and other States in educating the people to a realization of the perilous position in which the country is placed through lack of an efficient merchant marine. Partly as a result of this educational work the prospects for the passage of the Humphrey shipping bill and other measures for the relief and encouragement of the mercantile marine now before Congress seem brighter than ever. Apart from the setback alien interests in this country are likely to receive by the passage of any of the bills now before Congress, it is likely that the enactment of protective legislation to our shipping industry will mean a new era of prosperity throughout the whole country.

An Unavailing Police Hunt

The murder of Elsie Fieber by a jealous longshoreman recalls a duel which was fought in South San Francisco by two toughs of that section who were rivals for the girl's affections. The duellists were Bernard Meyer and Eugene Peguillan and the incident happened shortly before the fire. The two hoodlums quarreled about the girl, exchanged the customary insults and decided to fight it out with pistols. With their friends they sought out a quiet spot, tossed for the first shot and observed, roughly enough, all the formalities of the code. Meyer hit Peguillan who fell and died almost instantly. With the assistance of his friends Meyer made his escape and when the police arrived on the scene there was no clew to his whereabouts. It was a very stormy Saturday night and through the small hours South San Francisco was combed by policemen and newspapermen in automobiles, on horseback and afoot, all of them looking for Meyer and the girl who had been the cause of the trouble. The search proved unavailing and when the weary police and reporters gave it up they were pitiable objects, rain-soaked and covered with South San Francisco mud. Before noon of Sunday both Meyer and the girl were in custody. Meyer was arrested while having his shoes shined on a Third street bootblack stand. Elsie Fieber was taken to police headquarters on her return to her home after having enjoyed the pleasure of an all-night dance at Teutonia hall.

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Worrying Governor Gillett

Jost how great a load of vexation Governor Gillett has lifted off his mind by announcing his decision not to be a candidate for re-election is realized most fully by the newspapermen of Sacramento. During the months over which speculation as to his plans extended the reporters of Sacramento did more to worry the governor, to take the savor from his meat and drink and to make the world look dark for him, than all the politicians who were hammering away at his tight-lipped reserve. It was a good joke from the viewpoint of the newspapermen, but I doubt very much whether the governor can regard it in that light, even now. There are in Sacramento at least six newspapermen who visit the governor's office in the capitol every day. These are the political writers of the three Sacramento dailies and the correspondents of the three San Francisco morning papers. Of course it became the duty of all these to keep a sharp lookout for the first sign of a resolution of the governor's political indecision; equally of course they soon noticed that their persistent sleuthing gave the governor great unhappiness. Whereupon, with true reportorial fiendishness, they organized a systematic attack upon the governor's temper. One after another, every day, these newspapermen would present themselves at the governor's desk and after passing the time of day, would inquire, in the most interested and solicitous tone imaginable: "Governor, are you ready to announce yet whether you will be a candidate for re-election?" This perpetual interrogative on a subject which was agitating his mind battered so remorselessly against the governor's sweet disposition that it was pretty nearly demoralized when he finally determined to make his position public. I am credibly informed that toward the end the governor's answer to the stereotyped question was couched in language as vigorous as that of a Humboldt logger. But to the newspapermen it was all a joke.

A Letter From Herbert Law

Though Mr. Herbert E. Law, now one of the principal stockholders of the Western Steel Corporation of Seattle, spends most of his time in the northern city, he still retains his material interests as well as his sentimental interest in San Francisco. But as a result of the broadening of his interests since the fire, by which he was severely but only temporarily crippled in a pecuniary sense, he now concerns himself with the industrial affairs of the whole coast, and upon these he expatiates in a letter to a friend in this city who recently inquired whether he was as optimistic as formerly about the future of San Francisco. This letter I have been permitted to read; also to print what I please of what it contains. "My opinion," writes Mr. Law, "has not changed. Much that I predicted before the fire has been realized. The development exceeds even what we believed certain at that time. It is almost impossible to think broadly enough and to plan wisely enough to keep abreast with the growth of the coast and to forecast the extent of its trade relations ten years hence. The fortification of Pearl Harbor, making it a second Gibraltar, the building of transport docks in San Francisco, the increase of trade relations on the very friendly basis that exists between ourselves and China, all tend to bear out what I predicted a few years ago. I stated at the Merchants' banquet shortly after the fire that the trials we had in San Francisco would prove the most beneficial thing that had ever come to us. Now our city and our methods bear the same relation to their former character that a new, modern machine bears to an old machine that has outlived its efficiency. We were a happy, joyous, contented lot. We woke up, and all the slumbering strength within us was put into forceful action. Men discovered they could carry burdens they never dreamed of shouldering before. The world never saw more creditable qualities of fortitude, more admirable powers of re-creation. Now considering those qualities, considering also the resources at hand, the Oriental and other trade tributary to our coast, so vast that it exceeds the total trade tributary to the Eastern section of the United States and all the rest of the civilized world put together, it would not be unreasonable to predict that while you and I are still in the arena, we shall see crystallized in achievement a development so great that, however optimistic we may be, we cannot conceive the extent of it."

Law on Steel

Mr. Law is now versed in the mysteries of the steel trade, and he has something of interest to say on this subject. "Steel," he says, "is the barometer of trade. The consumption of steel and its healthy condition is indicative of the same condition of all the rest of trade and commerce. It is the measure of prosperity. This by the way is very singular, for the steel industry is less than fifty years old. H. N. Casson, who wrote the Romance of Steel,' I think, used the only phrase that expresses it. We use 1,200,000 tons per year on the coast, and I notice the Examiner of January 20 quotes the increase at 25 per cent per year, and gives our good San Francisco credit for a consumption of $4,000,000 worth in 1909. We pay $18,000,000 per year freight. Who can doubt the vast resources and unparalleled development and extension of growth of trade prosperty when this coast of ours can afford to pay that much tribute and still be prosperous notwithstanding that it pays in addition thereto the same rate of profit that this steel brings where it is consumed in the East, and when the income from buildings and other things in which steel is consumed is not greater here than there? The creation of a steel plant on the coast is one of the most important signs of the coast's stability and insurance of develop-

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ment and increase. About the steel industry group themselves more industries that are necessarily allied to it, than are grouped about any other article of trade. This light, silent, durable, compact, everlasting material has uses limitless, and they are increasing more rapidly today than in the past. Consider for a moment that the Gary plant, the largest, most modern, and finest steel works in the world, costing $100.000,000, is to have an addition now of another $100.000.000, and that although the plant is running to its full capacity, and all the rest of the steel works in the United States are doing the same, it is impossible to fill their orders. The steel industry is as far from being able to fill its orders today as it was the day the Gary plant was conceived. Recently we placed an order for steel for the Rialto Building, and although our relations are very close, we were unable to get delivery sooner than the middle of the present year. The U. S. Steel Corporation produces 42 per cent of the steel used in the United States, and the Independents 58 per cent. The steel corporation's capacity is stated by the New York Journal to be 42,000 tons per day, and its orders are 51,000 tons per day at this time."

Servant—I left my last place because I didn't get enough to eat.

Man of the House—No danger of that here. My wife cooks and there's always lots left over.

Oakland's Chamber of Commerce

That was a cheering message which Oakland's Chamber of Commerce sent recently to the men who are formulating plans for the big world's fair in 1915. The Oaklanders sent word that they were heartily in sympathy with the project, but they added that they were most anxious to express their sympathy in terms of practical assistance. "Tell us what we can do and we will try to do it" was the gist of their communication. Here is an example of the comity that should exist between neighboring towns which cannot be too strongly commended. With more expressions of the same sort from other cities the path of the world's fair men will be smoothed of formidable difficulties. In this connection it should be noted that the installation of a San Francisco man as secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Oakland was a fortunate move both for Oakland and San Francisco. It was Homer Boushey, the official in question, who sent that cheerful message. Boushey is a San Francisco man in the best sense of the term. He it was who took charge of the publicity work for the Portola celebration and saw to it that literature on the subject was distributed and read in every part of the world. Boushey did his work very quietly and it was only after the Portola had come to an end and the whole town marveled at the amazing success of the fiesta that people began asking what Boushey had been doing. When they found out they put a high appraisement on the services of this erstwhile newspaperman, but just about that time Oakland needed a secretary for her Chamber of Commerce and lured Boushey across the bay. He has a wide acquaintance with the public men of the State, is full of original ideas and, I am told, is making himself indispensable to the Oakland body.

A Revolutionary Pundit

It is difficult to keep pace with the progress of erudition at Berkeley. In fact nothing in our educational system is quite so difficult, unless it be the task of following with unblinking eye the breathless cavortings of the gentlemen who have made Berkeley a refuge for discredited ideas. Truly 'tis an unimaginative don who cannot make himself the subject of discussion at the university at least once a month; and as it is considered the basic principle of university professorship to excite discussion, particularly in the colmuns of the yellow dailies, the entourage of Benjamin Ide Wheeler must be looked upon as a highly successful bunch of performers. Just at the moment the palm for notoriety belongs to one Harry Overstreet who ornaments the department of philosophy with his large and luminous mentality. Professor Overstreet has taken a fall out of the atomic theory and has put a crimp in the soul—an achievement which, as it was accomplished in a single lecture, must be regarded with particular respect. It may be urged that to destroy the atomic theory with a puff of words is no original accomplishment. True, the atomic theory has been crumpled before; yet must it be allowed that the don who repeats the feat is as deserving the reputation for courage as that fearless wight who dared to speak ill of the equator. The annihilation of the soul is a less spectacular performance, it must be admitted. Custom has staled the infinite variety of that adventure; the soul has been bowled over so often that the populace has ceased to gape with awe at the spectacle. Nevertheless our revolutionary pundit of Berkeley has done his deed with thoroughness and despatch. Hear him pound the soul to a pulp: "The traditional ideal of the soul has labored under the same difficulties as the atomic theory. The philosopher must simply describe and account for the togetherness and eliminate the soul entity as a product of mechanical idealism." Let it be understood that this "togetherness" is the professor's graceful word for the world. Having blithedly eliminated the atomic theory from the physical "togetherness" and the soul from the spiritual "togetherness," it becomes the professor's duty to supply us with something to take their places. Will Prof Overstreet please give this matter his immediate attention?

Disputing a Velasquez

The rage for detecting the hand of the forger in works of art which have passed as genuine for years, perhaps for centuries, has just had its reductio ad absurdum in London where Sir W. B. Richmond, an artist and art lecturer, has attempted to throw doubts upon the authenticity of the Venus by Velasquez in the National Gallery. According to this connoisseur two pigments were used in the picture which did not exist in the time of Velasquez. He infers therefrom that the great Spaniard did not paint the picture. Admitting that his statement is correct it does not warrant any such inference. The hand of the restorer has wreaked its ravage on many of the masterpieces of painting; that hand may have added the two pigments which so worry Sir W. B. Richmond. Many of the Velasquez paintings in the Prado of Madrid show similar drastic treatment; overpainting, skinning of the delicate glazes, patchings, mendings

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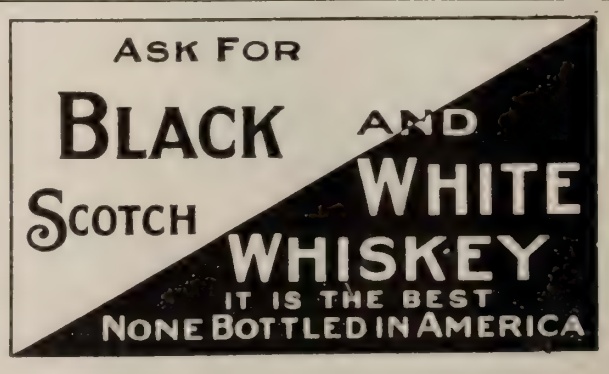

which show at twenty paces and so-called restorations that are simply acts of vandalism. The history of the Venus of the National Gallery is well-known and admits of no dispute. It can be traced directly to the great master and that was one reason why the English government did not hesitate to pay $225,000 for it. But aside from this every esthetic consideration proves its authenticity. Who that has studied Velasquez doubts that only he of all the Spanish school could have painted this beautiful nude? It is informed with the spirit of the master; it breathes forth his genius. One might as well say that the Moses of Michelangelo is a spurious work.

Morse's Poetical Consolation

Charles W. Morse, the ice king, has entered the Atlanta penitentiary in a chastened spirit. While persisting in his protestations of innocence he seems to have resolved to serve his time in complete resignation to the decree of fate, but it is significant that when he exchanged his civilian dress for a suit of stripes he requested that a copy of Henley's "Invictus" be left in his possession. The request was granted and it may be inferred that by constant perusal of this poem Morse will sustain his unconquerable soul and that in the fell clutch of circumstance he will continue to keep the mastery of his wonderful energies. There are many instances in history of distinguished prisoners who have soothed the harshness of their enforced solitude by reading the poets and there are many more of those who have turned to the writing of poetry and prose the mental activity which otherwise would rust and decay. From Villon and Lovelace to Verlaine and Wilde the list is a long one. It would not be surprising if Morse should make one of this famous company. Certainly he has had many experiences in and out of Wall street which would make thrilling and illuminating reading and if he ever decides to put on paper what he knows of the System, his revelations will make the chronicles of Tom Lawson seem pale and insignificant. Let us hope that Morse may find inspiration in his cell and enrich contemporary literature with his memoirs.

Father—A wine-merchant of my club wants to marry one of our girls.

Mother—Heaven be praised! He will choose the most aged one.

Schumann-Heink on American Music

It may stimulate the patriotism of American music-lovers to learn that a great artiste like Madame Schumann-Heink has engaged in missionary work on behalf of American music. The wonderful contralto, it will be remembered, recently became an American citizen and this adds interest to these words uttered in a recent interview: "I love to sing Americans songs at my concerts. The music of some of them is positively beautiful. For example, take 'The Rosary,' by Ethelbert Nevin. It is one of the most exquisite pieces that I know of, and I am very fond of it. Nevin is a genuine artist; and this particular song, if it had been written by Shubert or Schumann, would have caused all the critics in the world to rave. Everywhere I sing it the audiences go wild over it. Beautiful as the words are themselves, the sentiment of the music is still more bewitching. The climax is reached at the close of the accelerando and largo passages. Nevin was a genius, I repeat, and his music is something beautiful. Likewise, G. W. Chadwick's 'Two Folk Songs' have been incorporated in my programs, as I consider them very beautiful. He is one of our best composers. I find that the American songs take best; and inasmuch as they are so beautiful and exquisite in sentiment, I think it the proper thing to have them on my programs. 'The Irish Love Song,' by Margaret Ruthven Lang, is also a piece that I love to sing, and one that receives great applause from my audiences. Mrs. Beach wrote some beautiful music, and her 'Irish Love Song' is very much liked. I sing it frequently. America has no need to feel ashamed of these composers. Their work will compare very favorably with the songs of the Old World."

The New Lurline Baths

With the reopening of the Lurline Baths at the old site, Bush and Larkin streets, those members of our exclusive social set who are expert swimmers, have added a new pleasure to their list. Almost any day one may see a coterie of the elect disporting themselves in the

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beautiful new natatorium. Mrs. Thomas Magee, Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Edward M. Greenway were among those whom I noted on a recent visit. The girls of the younger set have formed little swimming parties which visit the new baths on Tuesday and Friday mornings, for on those days from nine until noon the natatorium is reserved for women exclusively. I am told that the new bathhouse cost $150,000 and after inspecting its various departments and its architectural details I can very well believe it. The architecture of the Pompeiian baths has been copied in the new Lurline and the structure is of reinforced concrete, a great improvement on the old wooden building which was burned down in 1906. The plunge is 65 by 140 feet, the depth varying from two to nine and one-half feet. There are 103 tub rooms with hot and cold fresh and salt water and a shower in every room. There are 350 dressing rooms, massage parlors for men and women with electric and steam cabinets and steam rooms. A barber shop is also part of the equipment. As a matter of fact the new Lurline Baths will take rank as the handsomest and most fully equipped baths in the country.

Von Dorn Hotel Leased

The word has gone forth that Colonel D. S. Dorn, president of the Boosters' Club, has leased the Hotel Von Dorn to George A. Eastman for a term of five years. Mr. Eastman is an oldtime hotel man and will conduct the hotel in the most approved manner. Colonel Dorn will henceforth have more time to devote to the activities of the Boosters' Club and other enterprises in which he is deeply interested.

Mrs. Manykids—There is one thing about our girls—they are entirely self-possessed.

Mr. Manykids—Yes, they're too self-possessed. I wish they'd get someone else to possess them.

Dear Bess:—

You ask have I plans for the summer. Yes, I have, and knowing me as well as you do you will marvel as you read them.

I am rapidly overcoming, if I have not already done so, my deep seated and utter repugnance to the Oakland side of the bay. One day last week, one lovely, soft alluring spring day, I went across the bay to visit some friends in their new home in the foothills back of Oakland; and having spent the day, I am going to find some one, to show me the way to spend many days, by acquiring a lot of my own. So enthusiastic have I become, almost in a moment over the charm of the place.

As I said, it was a very duck of a day. We lunched on a bewitching flagged terrace which gave us a sweeping view of the bay, with Mt. Tamalpais' purple shadow in the distance. It was so clear that the water, sparkling and lovely, seemed almost at one's feet. Later we rambled in a garden that in a few weeks will be a riot of bloom. We picked some lovely fragrant roses, early as it is, and basked in the warmest sunshine all afternoon.

It is certainly an ideal spot, and I am fairly launched on the idea of a home in those foothills, which is and is not the country but fills all the country requirements with none of its draw backs.

Tomorrow I hie me across the bay, straight to the delightful task of choosing the spot, suiting both my pocket book and my artistic eye. Will write you next week what measure of success is mine.

Yours in a blissful state of anticipation,

—Claire.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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Odd Things in the World

The oldest newspaper in Belgium is the Gazette van Gent, which received the privilege of printing the Gendtsche Post-Tydinghen on November 17, 1666, and which has existed almost continuously since the first number was printed on January 1, 1667. The oldest copy preserved is No. 69, of September 8, 1667. The next oldest newspaper in Belgium is L'Independance Belge, in its eightieth year.

Time is calculated among the Indians by moons instead of months. "Wee" is the Indian for month. January is called "We-ter'i," "the Hard Moon." February, "the Raccoon Moon." March, "Sore-eye Moon." April, "the Moon in which geese lay eggs." May, "the Planting Moon." June, "the Moon when the strawberries are red." July, "the Moon when choke-cherries are ripe." August, "the Harvest Moon." September, "the Moon when rice is laid up to dry." October, "the Rice drying Moon." November, "the Deer Killing Moon," and December, "the Deer Moon."

Scotland possesses several railway anomalies, of which probably the most notable is that of the stations of Mallaig and Kyle, of Lochalsh, which, though only twenty miles apart in a straight line, are separated by no less than 360 miles of rail by the shortest route, viz., Crianlarich, Balquhidder, Perth and Inverness. Yet another Scotch incongruity is that the nearest railway station to the town of Port Ellen, on the island of Islay, if we except the small local line at Campell town, is Ballycastic, in Ireland.

An expedition left Llandudno, Deganwy, and Penmaenmawr recently with the object of tracing, if possible, the submerged palace of Llys Helig, a Welsh chieftain of the sixth century. The palace is said to be visible at very low tides at a point midway between Penmaenmawr and Great Ormes Head, but it cannot be said that the search established its existence. The exploring party was divided into two sections, one of which laid bare what looked like an old wall, while the other claimed to have traced the outline of a wall 130 yards long, with a shorter wall running at right angles. The rising of the tide compelled the explorers to leave the spot before completing their search.

If M. Cunisset-Carnot's observations are correct, the crow is one of the most intelligent of birds. Normandy is a place where crows love to congregate, and a Paris contemporary reproduces M. Cunisset-Carnot's experiences, to the effect that in 1876 the first maneuvers took place in Normandy after the war, and it is not an extravagant hypothesis that many crows who saw the troublous times of 1870 were alive in 1876. These birds watched the soldiers at a distance of about 200 yards, but when in firing the men were extended on the ground the birds would hover about at quarters so close as seven feet, evidently, in the opinion of the observer, mindful of the times they had enjoyed six years before and in expectation of a further feast.

The fear of premature burial, which prompted the late Lord Burton to direct by his will that his heart should be removed from his body, has caused many well known men and women to order a surgical operation to be performed upon their bodies. Harriet Martineau left her doctor fifty pounds to amputate her head, and Lady Burton directed that her heart should be pierced with a needle. The late Edmund Yates left instructions that his jugular vein should be severed, with a provision that a fee of twenty guineas should be paid for the purpose. Literary persons appear to have been particularly afraid of premature burial. Bishop Berkeley, Lord Lytton, Hans Andersen and Wilkie Collins all took measures to protect themselves from it.

The euphorbias are very numerous in the colony of Queensland, and among them is the Euphorbia pilulifera the "Queensland asthma plant," which has a remarkable reputation for curing this troublesome complaint. Several pharmaceutical preparations of the plant are extensively sold in Australia. Analysis shows that a green plant contained 79 per cent by weight of water and 3 per cent of ash, leaving 18 points of vegetable matter. A dried plant contained an alkaloidal substance equal to about one part in a thousand. It contained also a glucosidal substance to the amount of not more than four parts in the thousand. Possibly one or both of these was the active principle of the plant.

WHY SONGS ARE SUNG

'Tis not for honors he may win,
The poet's songs are sung;
'Tis not for these he lets us in
To worlds he lives among.

No bay nor laurel would he wear;
But that for which he longs,
Is only that some one, somewhere,
May learn to love his songs.

—James G. Burnett.

HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A material change for the better in security values was the feature in Wall street at the week-end. No change has occurred in the condition of fundamentals in the country to create this change in values; hence we might look at the market in the earlier part of the week when values were being severally depressed as being one where a strong bear party was in control and using Washington advices to cover large commitments sold at much higher figures. The sharp drives made at leading speculative issues during the week would strongly warrant this belief. There is now reported the usual January slackening in the steel industry, also for railway supplies. This condition is quite logical after a tremendous business booked six months previous. Steel and equipment shares have anticipated this event and it is likely that they have seen bottom figures. Railway returns will begin to show us less traffic ere long on account of bad weather and a slackening trade, which is the rule in January and February, but these shares have already discounted this matter with declines of 10 per cent to 30 per cent in six months. However, without looking too far into the future, we feel that temporarily, we have seen the worst in Wall street and a slow betterment should occur.

Grain—Floods in France gave wheat its great strength this week after the bear raid. The market has always been stimulated by great disasters, famine and war, and prices moved rapidly in all markets under the present development. There is, however, less reason for such advance than there would have been had the floods occurred in other European countries, as France is seldom a factor in the world's markets, whether its crop be large or small. The sentiment remains. Of course, the drowning-out of an immense winter wheat acreage and destruction of large stores creates a probability of a call upon the rest of the world. The floods in Italy are more important and some damage to growing wheat has occurred in South Germany. Our domestic situation has not been changed and it will take some time for a clearer insight into the spring markets. The movement thus far from the farms confirms the previous estimate of an exaggerated Government crop report. Before the final word can be said on the old crop we are apt to hear of damage to growing wheat by the alternate thaws and freezes that have been occurring the past two weeks. Liverpool will give the signal each morning of the flood damage and trade expectations. An advance around the high prices of the opening of the month is about the best that can be expected.

Corn—Corn has been sluggish on the old theory of larger deliveries of grain with improved weather and transportation facilities, but the market will not weaken materially, as farmers shut off sales on all declines and they make the price of corn. The Government report on farm animals was not as bearish as expected and the decline in cattle and hogs was but half of the general belief. The agitation against high prices of food stuffs has been the chief depressive influence on corn and that is wearing away. The quality of the corn has not improved and winter feeding has been much heavier than usual. The heavy marketing usually ends with January and prices advance with the decline in shipments. A nervous market will continue and purchases on all breaks is more advisable than selling on the advances in view of the attitude of the producers.

Cotton—The cotton market this last week has experienced less fluctuations than at any time for months. It might now be well to size up the situation and realize just what is the contention of those who bring in higher prices and the views of those that feel that cotton is not worth over 15 cents. Those contending for higher prices claim that owing to a very small crop, the supply will be grossly insufficient. In opposition to this, the bears claim that there will be enough cotton to meet all demands. According to precedent, after any strong bull campaign, there has been a shrinkage in demand. So far, for the year, the shrinkage has been 500,000 bales less than last. On September 1 the visible supply in the United States was about 575,000 bales. Putting the growth of this crop at 10,000,000 and allowing 250,000 bales for linters and re-packs and the movement of the new crop during August to September 1 to the amount of 100,000 bales, we would get a total of over 12,000,000. Spinners' takings last year were about 13,300,000 bales which would leave some visible supply on the first of coming September. If an amount of 1,000,000 decrease in consumption be taken in consideration, on these figures they claim that there will be enough cotton to meet all demands. The increase in the Russian Asiatic crop will counter-balance the decline in the Egyptian crop and there is an increase of 1,000,000 bales in the present India crop. China will take 50,000 bales this year against 250,000 last year. Then again, precedent shows us that nothing equals the unbending obstinacy of the spinners to economize their stocks and buy no more than urgent necessity demands. In addition to this, there is much talk in the daily press of increased cost of living, Government investigation, strikes, boycotts and a weak stock market, and they feel that people cannot bull cotton at the present prices. Is it not more likely that under the shadow of a bumper crop everybody will be shy of cotton and that the obstinate holder will be left stranded high and dry? And there is an old maxim which might well appear now—"Never bull the tail of a small crop."

Copper—Speculation in copper securities developed a fair activity this week. After a generally good market, with strength in spots, there was a reactionary tendency in sympathy with the stock market. It was claimed that the rally was merely a short covering and that the process of liquidation would be continued whenever the market would take the stocks. This view has become prevalent enough to make one suspicious that the professional trading element was ranged on the short side. Then there is something to be said as to the effect of the Taft policies as embodied in the administration bill,

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when, or if, they become a law. Copper was stronger in London, and the statistics at the end of the month show a continued decrease in visible supply. The break in the prices for copper shares has carried them down to a point where many are very cheap and should be bought for handsome profits irrespective of speculative conditions in the big market. The dissolving of the injunction restraining the consolidation of the Utah and Nevada Consolidated Copper Companies as not being in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, should mean that the proposed copper merger will be pushed through, and this should tend to strengthen the copper securities market. An unsettled market may be looked for until the merger becomes a fact; the wide fluctuations in Lake, Colorado and Arizona, North Butte, Nevada Consolidated and other good standard copper stocks tends to prove this. Our opinion on Giroux, Greene-Cananea, Miami, Inspiration, Homestake, Cactus, Nevada Consolidated, Shannon, Arizona Commercial, Old Dominion, Copper Range, Ojibway, East and North Butte has not changed, and in fact from the showing these mines make, we look for handsome profits to anyone having a little patience.

Local Securities—As was predicted in these columns last week, the local market for stocks and bonds has ruled quiet and without much feature. Spring Valley Water has been a strong spot among the listed stocks and has risen several points during the week. Associated Oil has remained steady and so has Alaska Packers. Sugar stocks continue strong with Hawaiian Commercial, Honokaa and Paauhau the leaders. Pacific Telephone and Pacific Gas and Electric issues are very much neglected at practically last week's prices. The feature of the bond trade has been the steadiness of the general list with the possible exception of Peoples Water 5s. These latter bonds have been very irregular and have shown a decline.

A Public Service Corporation's Contribution to a City's Wealth

One million dollars a year is paid in wages by one concern in this town to its fifteen hundred employees in San Francisco.

About 7500 men, women, and children in this city trace their regular support to wages or salaries paid here by the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company and its parent corporation, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. That means that fifteen hundred families get their livelihood from the manufacture and distribution of gas and electricity in this city, or that one person in every fifty in this community is at present dependent for a living upon the local employment required by this company.

This company also pays one hundred thousand dollars a year in repairing the streets of San Francisco. Every time it disturbs the pavement it has to make repairs at its own expense. And besides this, it has to pay the city several thousand dollars in taxes on a franchise privilege, not for using the pavements, but for laying pipes underground or stringing wires overhead along the streets.

Companies or individuals using drays or wagons for their delivery system are not charged anything for using the city's streets. If gas and electricity could be delivered in wagons that $100,000 a year for street repair work would be saved, and so would the franchise tax.

The gas and electric company pays taxes on all its property, just the same as any other business enterprise. Then part of those taxes are taken by the city to repair streets used by all the concerns that deliver by wagon.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Suffragette Row at the Century

Behind its cold and classical exterior the Century Club frequently frivols. A recent frivolity took the form of a costume party. The members appeared as characters from literature, and history past and contemporary. There were colonial dames and revolutionary daughters and clever representations of well-known personages. The Century Club must be conceded cleverness with its conservatism. Its erudition is well known. In fact it is a pioneer, locally, in erudition, being the first

Photo, Stewart

MISS RAMONA RADCLIFFE

A charming belle who made a hit at the Oakland Kirmess with her song, "If I Should."

women's club in San Francisco to produce papers on Jane Austen, Felicia D. Hemans and Ruskin. Which, however, is wandering from the costume party. One of the members essayed caricature and with an indiscrimating sense of humor, chose Mrs. Elizabeth Pankhurst, the militant English suffragette, for her victim. The result was distinctly funny. Mrs. Pankhurst's portraits had been carefully studied and the militant expression faithfully copied. The burlesque promised to be the success of the occasion. But it was not. Among the Century Club members are Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs. Austin Sperry, both zealous suffragettes whose devotion to the cause is sincere and uncompromising. To them the estimable Mrs. Pankhurst should be above caricature and they took exception to their fellow member's portrait of her. "Why should Mrs. Pankhurst be held up to ridicule in this club?" they demanded. "Why?" jointly echoed the directors, and the reason is now seriously under investigation. Factions have developed and there is much discussion of the affair within the club's precincts. Both Mrs. Swift and Mrs. Sperry are influential members and while the lady with the misdirected sense of humor may not be asked for an apology, she will receive an intimation that no such martyr to the emancipation of women as Mrs. Pankhurst may be held in light esteem within the walls of the Century Club.

Heart Interest in "Professor Napoleon"

Considered as an essay in amateur theatricals "Professor Napoleon" more than justified the enterprising spirits who organized it. I am not of those whose enthusiasm causes them to discount professional talent in awarding praise to our society amateurs. But while I do not think that the participants could step into the limelight of the workaday stage without additional training, I am full of gratitude toward them for giving us

Photo, Scharz

MISS ALICE DAVIS

A pretty maid who appeared as one of the Japanese girls in the Oakland Kirmess.

an entertainment superior to the general run of amateur attempts. From a financial viewpoint I am given to understand that the extravaganza is regarded as a great success. I am glad of it. Equally glad am I that the intimate communion necessitated by participation in this entertainment—the easy familiarity it superinduced between maids and youths who do not ordinarily meet on

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such facile footing—gave Dan Cupid an opportunity to practice his archery at close range. It may not be known that the pudgy divinity is at times an indifferent marksman; yet such is the unhappy fact. His arrows always wing their way into the flesh of his selected victims, but not infrequently they miss the vital part and cause only temporary embarrassment. But a god who couldn't hit a heart in the restricted space behind the scenes would be open to suspicion of blindness and that, notwithstanding the statements of Bullfinch and Gayley, is an affliction from which Dan Cupid does not suffer. So I welcome the intrusion of Cupid into the "Professor Napoleon" revels. 'Twas the very place for him to range. The bars were down; the various sets failed to preserve their icy exclusiveness; and it is just possible

Photo, Genthe

MISS RITA SLATER

One of our prominent solo pianists and secretary of the local center of the American Music Society.

that the best of results matrimonial may follow. By all means let us hope that the sweet insinuating sentiment of love may temper the asperity with which the exalted ones of the social elite have heretofore treated those in an inferior position.

Some Cardiac Symptoms

I am disposed to the opinion that Dan Cupid did pleasant execution during the progress of this charitable affair. For instance there are Dorothy Van Sicklen and George Wilcutt. Ask them and they will return the delightfully inconsequential answer: "We have been friends from childhood." Bless you, what has Cupid to do with friendship? I have it on good authority that during the dance of the milkmaids when the capacious sun bonnets concealed two heads, Miss Van Sicklen and Mr. Wilcutt were the only two who did not avail themselves of this truly rural opportunity. Experts tell me that this is a plain symptom of cardiac affection, but just what stage the malady has reached I do not pretend to know. In this case I infer that there is a complication of disorders because when Fred Tillman stepped from his box across the footlights and presented a bouquet of orchids to Miss Van Sicklen, Mr. Wilcutt seemed to suffer a pang. There was reason, for the young lady flashed a bewitching glance at the doer of that gallant deed. The case of Miss Innes Keeney and Joe Rosborough was also interesting. Miss Keeney is one of the most elusive—and therefore one of the most fascinating—belles of the city. She was queen of the witches and enacted her role with such verisimilitude that she cast a spell over Mr. Rosborough. I am told that he is head over heels entangled. Let us not forget Miss Constance Cummings either. This charming girl is the affianced of Lieutenant Joerns of the navy, but nevertheless she witched it so daintily that Mr. Griffiths, the singing director of the extravaganza, is loth to leave the town and Miss Cummings.

Mr. Clark Crocker Van Fleet will entertain his friends at a four o'clock tea this afternoon in the home of his parents, Judge and Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet. His mother will assist him in receiving.

Emil Bruguiere's Gloves

Across a dun day last week flashed Emil Bruguiere's gloves. It was in a crowded thoroughfare overflowing with ungloved provincialism that a sudden flare of orange appeared. Such color I have seen in rainbows, but never before in gloves. It was cleverly heightened by the creamy brown of Mr. Bruguiere's suit. Followed by the dazzled stares of the populace, Mr. Bruguiere passed on his way debonair and unconscious. Bright lemon tinted gloves he also wears with an equal insousiance, but these are pale and insignificant after the flaming effect of the others. Mr. Bruguiere's friends are keenly interested in the duel between the Prince Braganza and James Gordon Bennett which, according to the Paris press, is bloodily impending. It will probably remain impending for some time since Mr. Bennett has departed France for a long cruise on his yacht. The local interest in this threatened encounter, of course, centers in Mr. Bruguiere's alleged connection with it. It was the coupling of his name with that of the Princess in the Herald's Paris edition which provoked the wrath of the Prince.

Talk About Emil Bruguiere

Gossip in the East has concerned itself to a great extent with the Bruguieres since Emil Bruguiere incurred the double notoriety of a divorce and connection with the Braganza-Bennett imbroglio. I notice that one of the eastern papers says that there has been a confusion of names and that it was Louis and not Emil Bruguiere whose friendship for Anita Stewart excited the jealousy of Braganza. This is not correct. Louis Bruguiere who lives in Paris was for a long time the friend of Miss Stewart, but when Emil paid a visit to the French capital, Louis introduced him to the charming young lady who was then affianced to Braganza and Emil became much more devoted with her than Louis had been. It is natural that the eastern smart sets should be interested in anything affecting Emil Bruguiere for he made quite a hit in Newport when he sojourned there. He was never impressed with the golden veneer that conceals the vulgarity of that stamping-ground of millionaires and his independence gave him distinction. But in the end, through no fault of his own, he came a cropper. During his visit to New York and Newport his musical comedy, "The Baroness Fiddlesticks," was presented on Broadway and all Newport from Mrs. Fish to Harry Lehr went to the opening performance. The stage manager, without the knowledge of the author, had interpolated a number of

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topical songs in which the frivolities of Newport were ridiculed. Of course that was too much for the frivols to stand and as they insisted on holding the playwright responsible for the insult, Emil came home, a little more scorntul of Newport than ever before.

Raphael Weill's Grief Over Paris

Raphael Weill's friends have been sympathizing with him in his grief over the catastrophe to his beloved Paris. The homes of his brother and other relatives are there, and apart from these associations, Mr. Weill loves the city on the Seine as only a Frenchman can. His distress over the menace of the flood has been very genuine. It is rather a sad coincidence that in his later years the two cities Raphael Weill has called home should be visited by great calamity. His loyal devotion to San Francisco through the earthquake days is local history. It is strange that again in his life disaster should come to the city which is second in his affections.

Mrs. Wheeler at the German Court

Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, with her niece Miss Sprague, had the honor of being presented to the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, at the last schleppencour. I learn from a correspondent in Berlin that the occasion was notable for two interesting reasons. In the first place a score of American ladies were presented, more than had ever received this honor before; and in the second place, the loveliness of the dresses and the wealth of jewels displayed outshone all previous spectacles of this nature at the German court. The schleppencour is an introductory function preceding the court ball and is quite brief. It begins at half past seven at which time those to be presented enter the White Hall and pass before royalty, making the courtesy which must be practiced beforehand in order that no faux pas may mar the affair. Mrs. Wheeler wore a gown of white satin with a court train of white velvet while Miss Sprague wore white satin with a train of blue satin. Elaborately jewelled hair ornaments matched the gowns. A number of the court dresses worn by the presentees on this occasion were made by Worh of Paris and Hertz of Berlin. I am told that none cost less than $400. It is usual, after the schleppencour, for those presented to dine at a big hotel and once there, the ladies divest themselves of their court trains with sighs of relief. On the recent occasion when Mrs. Wheeler was presented some of the trains were so heavily embroidered with jewels that the wearers could scarcely lift them.

Originality at the Bal Masque

Originality was rampant at the so-called mardi gras ball at the Hotel St. Francis the other night. Many of the buds made their own gowns out of dresses originally worn by their mothers and grandmothers. Little Gussie Foute wore her grandmother's wedding gown, a satin and lace affair made in the bouffante mode of the ante-bellum days, with overskirt looped up on the hips over a skirt of ankle length worn over hoops. With this she wore a light blue "basque" of old blue satin, and carried a Leghorn hat bent up to form a basket and filled with daisies and roses. She called herself a "Florentine Flower Girl." Miss Mildred Pierce sported two old Spanish shawls of blue satin embroidered all over in roses and draped over a skirt of old blue satin. Perhaps the most picturesque gown was that worn by Miss Maud Woods who posed as a "Dolly Varden." The material of her gown was blue taffeta, with tiny roses in prim lines brocaded on it. The full gathered skirt was edged with several quillings of frilled old rose ribbon put on in a graceful waving design. From beneath the coquettish bonnet hung long curls and on her arms she wore lace "mitts" and old-fashioned jewelry. Everyone said that the most original pair were Suzanne Kirkpatrick and Maud Wilson who came as two fluffy powder puffs, one pink and the other pale blue. The skirts, very full and fluffy like those of a ballet dancer, only a bit longer, were of pleated tulle trimmed with swansdown and the tight bodices were of the colored satin. They wore wigs of snowy white out of which stuck dainty powder puffs. In place of a fan, each of the girls carried a huge puff of swansdown.

Haig Patigian, the well-known sculptor, has completed a plaster cast of Frank Unger for the Bohemian Club. A replica in bronze will be placed in the Lambs of New York.

When Mrs. Edgerton Forgot Her Lines

In a recent memoir of Modjeska written by her one-time leading man Howard Kyle is a paragraph of interest to San Francisco theatregoers who will readily recall the event described. During an engagement at the old Baldwin Theatre Modjeska took into her company a young society amateur of this city who played Elizabeth to the star's Mary Stuart. On the evening of her debut the new recruit's lines completely deserted her, and in a scene when she should have been hurling invective at her beautiful cousin, Queen Elizabeth stood dumb and lowly. Modjeska cleverly covered the lapse and later graciously accepted the apology of the would-be actress who vowed she couldn't storm at anyone so lovely as Mary Stuart. The actress whose name is not given in the magazine article was the late Mrs. Frances Edgerton whose essay at a professional career was brief and of uncertain brilliancy. She was a beautiful woman, prominent in society, the sister of Mrs. Homer S. King, and had displayed much talent as an amateur but the art that served in charity performances failed in the coldly critical atmosphere of a theatre. Her appearance with Modjeska contributed to a brilliant season, for Mrs. Edgerton's friends were loyal and many, but I believe she played only one part and withdrew from the company when the Polish actress left San Francisco.

The Mardi Gras for Charity

The Mardi Gras ball to be given on Shrove Tuesday evening at Dreamland Rink by the auxiliary for the

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Worthington Ames. All the boxes have been sold, some of them having been taken by Mrs. M. H. De Young, Mrs. Frank Carolan, Mrs. Pillsbury, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. F. Preston, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt. The floor committee consists of the following men: E. M. Greenway, George Cadwalader, Willard Drown, Gus Taylor, Latham McMullin, Fred McNear, Percy King, Sidney Ehrmann, Percy Kahn, Willard Barton, Leon Sloss, Walter Martin, Worthington Ames, Lawrence Harris, Andrew G. McCarthy, Vincent Whitney, Frank Moroney, Philip Bekeart, Arthur Lilienthal, Robert Roos. The judges of costumes will be Raphael Weill, Leon Sloss and E. M. Greenway. The grand march will start at half after nine, led by Mr. Greenway. Tickets including supper are $5 and may be had at Sherman, Clay & Company.

A Local Musical Center

Believing that the music of a country is the embodiment of its progress toward higher civilization and realizing that here in America creative talent in music has been at work without due recognition for many years, an organization known as the American Music Society has undertaken the task of exploiting the masterpieces of American composers. Their efforts have been crowned with gratifying successes. The society has established centers in all the large cities including San Francisco. The local center has as its secretary Miss Rita Slater to whose energy and persevering efforts the high standing of the society in this city is largely due. Miss Slater is one of our prominent local pianists.

Miss Kemble to Interpret Dukas

The second of a series of interpretative studies in modern opera will be given on Monday afternoon, February 7, at the St. Francis Hotel by Miss Margaret Kemble. Miss Kemble's subject will be "Ariane et Barbe-Bleu," the opera written by Paul Dukas on the Blue Beard story as developed by Maurice Maeterlinck. Dukas calls this work "Conte Musical, Poeme de Maurice Maeterlinck." It was first produced three years ago at the Opera Comique and proved a great success. That rare artist, Georgette Leblanc who is the wife of Maeterlinck, sang the title role and with her subtle, mysteriously magnetic art, seemed Ariane's self, the bearer of light to the unfortunates imprisoned in the dungeon of Blue Beard. Miss Kemble, during her last visit abroad, conferred with Dukas on the proper interpretation of his

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work and is therefore competent to present its meaning in the exact sense intended by the composer. This will be the first adequate presentation of the Dukas music in America. Those who heard Miss Kemble's interpretation of Strauss' "Elektra" will undoubtedly avail themselves of the opportunity to make acquaintance with "Ariane et Barbe-Bleu." Among the subscribers are Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Henry Ferguson, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Emma Shafter-Howard, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. William Fries, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. John D. Hooker, Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. Samuel Schwartz, Miss Alma Levison and Miss Georgia Hammon.

In the Social Spotlight

Among the distinguished guests at the Fairmont are M. and Mme. Carreno Taghapetra of Berlin, the latter more familiarly known as Teresa Carreno, the talented pianiste.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is the guest of the Fairmont. Mrs. Carter is accompanied by her husband William Colin Payne.

Major and Lady Evelyn Collins of London are registered at the Fairmont, having arrived on Monday from the south where they have been spending some weeks. Major McHussey and Captain F. W. Best, the former arriving from India and the latter from Burmah, were also among the arrivals on the Manchuria and are at the Fairmont.

Other distinguished foreigners now at the Fairmont are J. H. T. Beit, Amsterdam, A. Egmael, Brussels, G. A. Arreins Kappers and I. Wolff of Amsterdam.

Mr. H. W. Metzger, a prominent merchant of Portland, accompanied by his bride, is spending the week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin were at Del Monte for the week-end, visiting the J. Downey Harveys.

Mr. C. A. Smith, a lumberman of Minneapolis, will arrive at Del Monte shortly, accompanied by his family and some friends, to spend the winter.

Eclipsing in lavishness the notable "orchid luncheon" came the "golden luncheon" last Saturday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis. The table was massed with jonquils, daffodils, and freezias arranged in graceful baskets and vases, according well with the gold service. After luncheon bridge whiled away the afternoon hours. Mrs. Belshaw's guests were Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mrs. W. R. Cluness Jr., Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. J. A. Black, Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mrs. Charles Bonte, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Adolph Gartenlaub, Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mrs. H. J. Morton, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. Frank Somers, Mrs. William Shotwell, Mrs. Bush Finnell, Mrs. William Lennon and Mrs. Charles Halley. The prizes were exquisite vases, fashioned in a design of silver and gold.

A number of society people from all parts of the State have been spending the past week at the St. Francis, most of them having come to see the extravaganza. Buckley Wells, the dashing polo player, is here from Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster came over from Fairhills at San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rogers came up from Los Angeles; and Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Tristan came over from San Mateo to entertain their friend Count de la Londe of Paris, who is a guest of the St. Francis. Many courtesies have been offered to the Count, a particularly pleasant affair being a theatre party and supper at the hotel, at which the de Tristans were hosts to a dozen friends.

Among recent arrivals at the St. Francis who have been warmly greeted by society are Colonel C. E. Maud and Mrs. Maud, who with Mr. G. C. La Montagne, have just returned from the East; and Captain and Mrs. Charles G. Lyman and their son who have taken permanent quarters in this hotel.

The members of the Entre Nous Cotillon Club will give an elaborate Mardi Gras Ball and Cotillon to be followed by a supper on Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel.

One of the largest, as well as prettiest bridge parties and teas, of the many recently given at the Palace, was that of Mrs. R. S. Browne. Mrs. Browne received her four score guests in a luxurious parlor suite on the second floor of the hotel where tables for bridge were arranged. Prizes were given for each table and among them were large handsome French plate mirrors. After the play the party went down to the great court where tea was served.

Mrs. Arthur Lewin will give an affair at her suite in the Santa Barbara apartments on February 19 in honor of Miss Bertha Kramer, whose engagement has just been announced.

Mrs. John P. Young was hostess at a handsomely appointed bridge-tea at the St. Francis on Wednesday afternoon at which she entertained over one hundred guests. The Red Room and adjoining reception rooms were artistically decorated and the tea tables at which the card games were prettily arranged and carried numerous original conceits of the decorator's art. Handsome prizes were awarded the winners, and some of the most elaborate gowns seen at any affair this winter were donned for the occasion. Mrs. Young is a charming hostess and the affair on Wednesday was conceded to be one of the most enjoyable of the season.

The marriage of Miss Sevilla Hayden of Oakland to Mr. Clarence Shuey is set for April. It will be a large and brilliant affair as both the Hayden and Shuey families are among the oldest and most prominent in Oakland. Mr. Shuey is building a handsome home in the Claremont district.

Mrs. J. F. Sullivan and her daughter Miss Helen recently made Mrs. Edward Eberle the guest of honor at a daintily appointed luncheon at their home in Pacific ave. Mrs. Eberle is the wife of Captain Edward Eberle, U. S. N.

Mrs. F. W. Morris entertained at a dinner party of twelve in honor of Mr. A. Sutcliff of Manila at the Hotel Victoria recently.

Mr. Edward Hamilton, Frank Unger and C. J. Foster spent the week-end at Ross Valley as the guests of Mr. Foster at his handsome country home, The Hacienda.

Among the bridge parties of the week were those given by the Misses Helen and Bessie Ashton on Thursday and Mrs. C. J. Stoval and Miss Adele Martel on Friday.

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Mrs. Carter and a Tinctcure of Peple

By Edward F. O'Day

I am awfully sorry for Edward Peple but I haven't the suspicion of a tear for Vasta Herne. Peple, it strikes me, must be totally unaware of his descent into the slough of bathos and therefore Peple is a legitimate object of commiseration. But Vasta Herne is so tremendously sorry for herself that the sympathy of a mere stranger like me would be an unwarrantable intrusion. Vasta Herne can take care of herself in the sorrowing line, there is no doubt about that. Through four acts, four long wordy feverish acts, she heaps herself with pity, shedding oceans of tears over her own unhappiness; beating tattoos upon her ample breast over the unkindness of fate, shrieking metaphors and similes, to say nothing of hyperboles, against the contriver of her destruction. A woman who can do that would scorn my little tribute of condolence, so I am not going to offer it. I am going to save it for Edward Peple. Remembering the many-wise delightful "Prince Chap," I am convinced that he needs it. If you don't believe me, consider the circumstances in which he makes us acquainted with Vasta Herne. This lady is of sumptuous proportions. She is distinguished by her carmine coiffure, her pectoral embonpoint and her clinging draperies. Almost as flamboyant as these physical characteristics (which are contributed by Mrs. Leslie Carter and not by the author), are her mental qualities. You see, the poor lady has been ruined—"destroyed" is the term she prefers—by a publisher. Now there are possibilities of villainy in publishers which authors with desks full of rejected masterpieces have never fathomed. Vasta Herne had the misfortune to meet the greatest villain of them all. Mark you, this publisher not only "destroyed" her, but he also encouraged her to write and when he discovered that she wrote best-sellers only when stupefied with laudanum, he encouraged her to take laudanum. One wonders how many best-selling authors have publishers of this horrid sort. At this point it is cheering to note for the comfort of poor human nature that having been "destroyed" by her publisher, Vasta recovered from her destruction and when the drama opens she is a very respectable person indeed, living in luxurious apartments with plenty of servants, entertaining people of social standing with champagne suppers, listening to their praise of her latest book and—when they have departed—getting herself jagged on laudanum. There is a peculiar thing about this latter process. Vasta has a Buddha in her writing room and although it surprises the audience, it does not in the least excite the wonder of her guests to see her make passes at the god and hurl long interrogative sentences at his stolid head. But this is explained when she is alone. The laudanum bottle is concealed beneath his capacious stomach. But even then another surprise is in store for the audience; for when Vasta begins to see things, as the result of two stiff slugs of laudanum, and when she takes her lily-white quill in hand to write a novel out of what she sees, Budda gives her the ha-ha. It is a most extraordinary thing for a Buddha to do and its effect on Vasta is extraordinary. She shrieks out that she will conquer Buddha who is not in the least aggressive, and cries out that she is willing to pay the pound of flesh for her indulgence. Vasta, as played by Mrs. Carter, could easily spare more than one pound. As it turns out, Vasta does not conquer Buddha, meaning the laudanum habit. Having taken one last dose to write that novel on, she finds that she is a slave to the habit, that she craves it, not for her books but for herself—a hairline distinction. The villainous publisher is not sorry, for he has made up his mind that if Vasta sticks to the laudanum and the novel-writing, he will get her back into his power and have a chance to "destroy" her again. But he reckons without the virtuous physician who loved Vasta before she wrote novels and—mirror of chivalry that he is—still loves her in spite of the novels. While the publisher is trying to "destroy" Vasta, the virtuous physician is trying to make her his wife and, when he discovers that she is addicted to laudanum jags, is trying to cure her. It is a charming duello but it comes to an end in the third act when the publisher tells the physician that he has "destroyed" Vasta. The physician, being a virtuous physician, promptly quits, whereupon the publisher makes mean insinuations about the relations of the physician and Vasta and gets a slap in the face which makes him quit too. That slap in the face is the end of the third act and the climax of the play. It would have been a stronger climax if Vasta had slapped him harder; it would have been an overwhelming climax if she had put him down for the count. I am sure Mrs. Carter could do it if Edward Peple were exigent about it. She is the huskiest victim of laudanum I have ever seen. But that is neither here nor there. The point is that Vasta goes back to the luxurious apartments to be very ill and to conquer the laudanum habit. It seems that she does overcome the habit but her conquest makes little difference in her behavior, except that she neglects the lily-white quill. In other respects she is just the same old Vasta, making passes at Buddha from a very handsome peignoir and seeing sights that would rouse the envy of the most practiced dipsomaniac. The virtuous physician returns, kneels on the trailing edge of the peignoir and begs forgiveness. For a sign of her beatific long-suffering Vasta tucks his head under her arm for all the world like a fullback on the first down, and proceeds to see a pretty vision of an imp of the Gunga marshes who slew his wife when she was eleven years old. At this point Buddha should have given her the ha-ha, it seems to me; but he didn't and Vasta rose up, yelled for lights and passed on to a world where the laudanum that jags and the publisher who "destroys" are equally innocuous. If I have not made it plain why I am sorry for Edward Peple it would be impossible to elucidate my attitude by further explanation. As a sermon on the evils of laudanum his play is a crass failure; it is rather calculated to drive one to drink, if not to the seductive tincture which Vasta tippled. As anything else than a sermon it is impossible; as a serious drama for serious people or as a diverting drama for tired people, it is unthinkable. The only class which I can conceive as enjoying it is that which has been starved since Morosco's burned. The Central never presented anything like it. Of Mrs. Carter it is not necessary to say much. I am convinced that she luxuriates in the possibilities of the impossible Vasta; that she sees beauty in the lines on lines of rigmarole which she hurls between the eves of her audience; that all her dramatic intensity throbs to the undramatic situations with which the play abounds. This is to say that Mrs. Carter mistakes rhetoric for vital language and that she knows no difference between artificiality and nature. Is it saying too much? Perhaps I should be sorry for Mrs. Carter instead of for Edward Peple, but Mrs. Carter has never made any appeal to my sensibilities. I will say this much, however grudgingly: it is too bad she has exchanged Belasco for Peple; Belasco never made her ridiculous.

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Stage

Mantell's Amazing Repertoire

Robert Mantell comes to the Columbia next week with a dramatic festival which promises to outshine any three weeks of drama known to this city. His engagement opens Monday night, February 7 and in the course of three weeks he will undertake the presentation of fourteen great plays, each of which will receive the most perfect production possible. Assisting Mantell will appear a group of players well known through their splendid efforts in the interpretation of classic roles. including Miss Marie Booth Russell, Fritz Laiber, Alfred Hastings, Guy Lindsley, Henry Fearing, George Stillwell, Casson Ferguson, Edward Lewers, Miss Genevieve Reynolds, Agnes Scott and Doris Kelly. The first week of the engagement will be made notable by a repertoire of seven plays. The opening bill on Monday night is to be Casimer Delevigne's historical romance "Louis XI." This drama has not been presented here in a number of years and from all accounts has become one of the greatest productions in the Mantell repertoire. "Macbeth" is announced for Tuesday night with Mantell as Macbeth and Miss Russell as Lady Macbeth. The matinee on Wednesday will be "Romeo and Juliet" and Wednesday night "Hamlet" will be staged. The bill for Thursday and Saturday nights is "King Lear," the greatest of all Mantell's efforts during his former engagement here. On Friday night "Othello" will be played and "The Merchant of Venice" is announced for Saturday matinee. Special prices are to prevail at the three Wednesday matinees to be given during the Mantell engagement.

BLANCHE WALSH

Who appears at the Van Ness Theatre in "The Test" next week.

Blanche Walsh at the Van Ness

Miss Blanche Walsh who will open a fortnight's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday evening, has found in "The Test," we are told, one of the most powerful dramas ever written for the American stage. It is claimed that the author, Jules Eckert Goodman, has not only treated conditions of today in a forceful, intelligent and highly interesting manner, but has woven into four acts of heart interest and action, a phase of modern life which appeals to men, women and children in every walk. The play is said to deal with sociological conditions that are the topic of the world today, and to run the gamut of human emotions. The claim is made for the author that he has gone into the very soul of men and women, their passions and their emotions, and has drawn a picture which stands out in splendor, as one of vital and gripping importance. If all this be true, we are about to enjoy an epochmaking drama. The scenes are laid in the east side of New York. Miss Walsh declares her part to be the greatest of her career as an emotional actress. She is supported by a large and capable company headed by Geo. W. Howard. for years Mary Mannering's leading man. Others in the company are C. Jay Williams, Katherine Bent, Nicholas Judels, Harriet Sterling, George Manning, Maurice George, Thomas Shakelford and William Travers. Matinees during the Walsh engagement will be given on Saturdays.

Carreno's Last Concert

For her farewell concert at the Garrick Theatre this Sunday afternoon Mme. Teresa Carreno will offer a program of exceptional interest. For the first time in many years a visiting star will be heard in ensemble work, for Carreno is to play the beautiful "Quintette," Op. 44 for piano and string by Robert Schumann, with the assistance of our own "Lyric Quartette" of native daughters. This work is one of the most beautiful com-

MISS FLORENCE ROBERTS

In "The Transformation" at the Novelty Theatre.

ROSE MELVILLE
In "Sis Hopkins" at the Savoy Theatre next week.

positions of the great romanticist and the piano part is as effective as that of a "Concerto." Bach's "Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue," Beethoven's seldom heard "Sonata," Op. 109, a group of three Chopin numbers including the "Fantasie Polonaise," Op. 61, "Nocturne," Op. 15 and "Waltz," Op. 42 and three of MacDowell's gems, "Barcarolle," "Witches Dance" and "Etude de Concert" complete the offering.

"Sis Hopkins" at the Savoy

A rural comedy in which there is nothing even suggesting caricature of the Posey type of people, is "Sis Hopkins" which will be the attraction at the Savoy Theatre for one week starting with the matinee next Sunday. Miss Rose Melville who first gave the quaint and lovable character of the Posey County girl to the stage, will again be seen in the title role. This is Miss Melville's eleventh year of continuous success. The play has been given an entirely new production this season and the company supporting Miss Melville is the best she has ever had. In the famous seminary scene there are many new specialties introduced, and Obidiah, the old undertaker's assistant, has written a new set of epitaphs for the characters of Posey County. There will be a popular priced matinee on Thursday and the last two performances will be given Saturday matinee and Saturday night. "The Virginian" will be the next attraction at the Savoy.

Florence Roberts at the Novelty

"The Transformation," the play in which Miss Florence Roberts will be seen on Tuesday evening, February 8, at the Novelty Theatre, has met everywhere with great success. Miss Roberts plays a dual role. The first act shows the interior of a poor cottage in the outskirts of Paris where live Colinette, a seamstress, and Philippe Norbet who has run through two fortunes, ruined a brilliant life, and finally found peace and love with this sweet and gentle seamstress. Even this is taken from him by the death of his beloved Colinette in a scene that reaches the depths of pathos. In the second act Philippe has become rich, is living under his right name and after two years in America, has returned to Paris to find in Elika Marescot, a notorious ballet dancer, the physical image of his lost love whose portrait he wishes to finish. The dancer's regeneration begins and during the hours while she sits as a model she learns that pure love is the greatest thing in the world. Philippe still clings to the memory of Colinette and in a scene that taxes Miss Roberts to the utmost, Elkia realizes that her own regeneration has not touched his heart. It is not until he is wounded in a duel and she nurses him through serious illness that he discovers a new kind of love. The staging is worthy of the play and the star and the second act, a supper scene at the salon of the grand opera buffet, is elaborate.

The Schumann-Heink Concerts

The sale of seats for the concerts of Mme. Schumann-Heink will open at Sherman, Clay & Co's next Wednes-

ROBERT MANTELL AS ROMEO IN "ROMEO AND JULIET"
This will be the Wednesday matinee bill at the Columbia next week

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK
The world's greatest contralto

day morning. Manager Greenbaum has secured the refurnished Garrick Theatre, but for the farewell concert is holding Dreamland Rink in reserve. The dates of the Schumann-Heink concerts are Sunday afternoon, February 13, Thursday night, February 17 and Sunday afternoon, February 20. Complete programs for the first two concerts are to be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's and other prominent music stores. On Friday afternoon, February 18, Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, presenting the great program for her opening concert in San Francisco. The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear her on Tuesday night, February 11.

Venus at the Orpheum

"Seldoms' Venus" which will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week has proved a sensation in Europe and this country and is the most remarkable exhibition of "living marble" in the world. It is the central figure of a series of groups representing the greatest works in plastic art of which such masterpieces as "Samson Bound," "Reaching the Winning Post" and "The Fountain" form a conspicuous part. The Five Mowatts will introduce a club juggling act. Kate Watson, Gus Cohen and their company which includes three other comedians will present a one act pastoral called "The Hoosier Girl." In this sketch Miss Watson introduces a new character type which promises to be as popular as the "Sis Hopkins" of Rose Melville. Madame Panita, the European flute virtuosa, is gifted with a splendid technique. Her repertoire includes a concerto composed by the famous Tolu and an andanate from a concerto by Mozart, a number by Tellmertz, the suite by Godard, the sixth concerto and the Valse Caprice by Demerssemann. Next week will be the last of Gus Edwards' "Kountry Kids" and Arthur Whitelaw and Prato's Simian Cirque. It will also conclude the engagement of Julius Steger.

"The Man of the Hour" at the Alcazar

"The Man of the Hour," the play that treats of corrupt politics in an American city, will be given its initial presentation by a stock company next Monday evening in the Alcazar. Frederic Belasco secured it as soon as it was released for rent, after it had completed a year's run in New York and three subsequent seasons on tour, four different organizations having simultaneously played it in as many different sections of the country. He promises to give the full strength of the Alcazar company in the cast and several extra people have been engaged to portray character types for which they are exceptionally fitted. The staging will be both artistic and elaborate. John Ince is qualified for the role of the young mayor, and the two opposing aldermen, Horrigan and Phelan, will be well delineated by Will R. Walling and Burt Wesner. Evelyn Vaughan will be impressive as the heroine, and all the other characters are assured of good treatment.

Two Good Shows at the Macdonough

Marie Cahill in the sparkling musical comedy, "The Boys and Betty," will be seen at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, on February 7 and 8. Her success on this side of the bay will undoubtedly be repeated with Alameda county audiences. "The Virginian," a stirring play founded on Owen Wister's best-seller of the same title will be the succeeding offering at the Macdonough. It will be presented on the evenings of February 9, 10, 11 and 12 with a matinee on the last date. William L. Gibson will play the title role while Marshall Farnum, a brother of Dustin, will enact the part of Trampas. The other members of the cast are capable players and the staging will be of a high order.

MADAME PANITA
The famous European flute virtuosa who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

Revival of "Mizpah" in Oakland

Next Monday evening the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will revive "Mizpah," the celebrated poetical drama by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle. It will be recalled that this play was given its initial production by Manager Bishop at the Majestic Theatre in this city shortly before the fire, and the success it achieved then was remarkable in the history of coast theatricals. Its popularity was equally as great across the bay. Many people believe "Mizpah"

GRACE M. WISHAAR

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to be the best of all the dramas that have their foundation on Holy Writ. Based on the history of Esther, the Jewish maiden who by force of her own virtues rose to the dignity of Persia's queen and the saviour of her people, its story is an interesting one and is unfolded in a most pleasing manner. An elaborate scenic and costume production is required for "Mizpah" which it is certain to receive at Ye Liberty, and as before, the incidental music written especially for the play by Luscombe Searelle will be an attractive feature of its presentation. The play will be given throughout the week after which comes "The Girl of the Golden West."

The Lombardi Grand Opera Company is to follow Robert Mantell at the Columbia Theatre.

Mme. CARRENO

PIANISTE

Garrick Theatre This Sunday Afternoon (Feb. 6)

Program includes Schumann's "Quinette."

Seats, $2 00, $1.50, $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Benj. Curtaz and Sons. Sunday after 10 at Theatre.

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MR. MANTELL

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Note—Wednesday Matinee at Special Prices.

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February 9, 10, 11, 12 and matinee on February 12, "THE VIRGINIAN."
February 13 and 14, ROSE MELVILLE in "SIS HOPKINS."
February 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19, MRS. LESLIE CARTER in "VASTA HERNE," her new play of morals and emotions.

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Direction
H. W. Bishop

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FAIRCHILD'S, PARIS, SAYS:

In the last Paris letter stress was laid on the fact that one sees only plain cloth cuffs on the fur coats being worn here, while sable is now seldom used for the collars. On a recent Sunday there happened to be a more than usually large number of French society men and women in attendance on the races at Auteuil, on account of the presence of his majesty, the youthful king of Portugal, and President Fallieres.

From a point of vantage just in front and a little below the president's box an excellent view of its august occupants and their attendant suites was gained. One was immediately struck by the fact that King Manuel was wearing not only a sable collar to his coat, but also deep turn-back sable cuffs, and although the Portuguese monarch is not the same recognized leader of men's fashions as are King Edward of England or King Alphonso of Spain, nevertheless it was conceivable to imagine a mistake in identification. Such, however, was not the case, as, after a careful inspection of the smart crowd, both in the paddock and on the grand-stand, it was noted with satisfaction that not another sable fur-trimmed coat was to be seen on the race-course, while the following day fears were entirely set at rest by the manager of Messrs. Hill Brothers—from whom information on the subject was sought—with the reassuring statement that the firm had not made a single coat of this description during the present season.

Besides his sable overcoat, King Manuel had on a silk hat with a fairly flat brim and a deep black cloth band, dark gray striped trousers—presumably with a cutaway coat—a large white-ribbed silk Ascot tie, a somewhat high stand-up collar with a slight opening at the front, brown tan English driving gloves, and patent leather boots, over which he wore a pair of fawn-colored spats.

Of his suite the most striking personality was the dapper little Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese minister to Great Britain and a close friend of King Edward, in a fur-lined overcoat with a deep astrakhan collar and plain sleeves, very stylish silk hat, worn rakishly on one side, patent leather boots, with tan uppers and pearl buttons, a black satin four-in-hand tie, winged collar, white kid gloves (a favorite item among continental men when attending any function where royalty are present), and, of course, his characteristic gold-rimmed monocle.

As to the French president, who shares with the Duke of Norfolk the reputation of being the worst-dressed man of note in Europe, it is unnecessary to mention the various details of his apparel. Of the Frenchmen present, Prince Murat and Le Duc d'Orleans were the most notable. The former, a great sportsman and equally prominent figure both on the race-course and in the hunting field, was dressed in typically English fashion, with top hat, plain, well-fitting black laced boots, and a well-made dark gray Chesterfield overcoat; while the latter, who is an uncle of King Manuel—being a brother of the Dowager Queen Amelia—wore a high hat, a tight-fitting gray frock overcoat, a very large cream four-in-hand tie, and those lemon-colored kid gloves which were once so popular among Frenchmen, but among fashionable men are happily now fast disappearing.

It has been mentioned that the young Portuguese sovereign wore spats, which articles are also frequently favored by the Prince of Wales. This is a mode one could have wished had permanently vanished from sight a decade back, but such does not appear to be the case, as recently quite a number of well-dressed men have been seen wearing them, while they are displayed in the windows of all the best bootmakers. This resurrection of a useless and ungainly item of male attire will doubtless have but a passing vogue, as the patent leather boot with gray, fawn or tan upper and mother-of-pearl buttons is far smarter and much less cumbersome.

An article which is having a tremendous sale over here at the present time, and which is unquestionably very useful, is the knitted wool or silk muffler. Now that a particularly sharp spell of wintry weather is being experienced, almost everybody is wearing one. They are made in all colors and combinations of colors, though plain white is the most popular with the better classes, who only use the colored variety for motoring or driving. These mufflers are about a yard long and five to twelve inches wide, with a fringe at the ends, and vary in thickness according to the weight of the material of which they are made and the closeness of the texture, which is usually rather loosely woven, like the once so fashionable knitted tie.

Several of the shop windows recently show some particularly nice dressing gowns and smoking coats. They are expensive articles, being made of the best quality silk in a variety of colors of the darker shades and usually with an elaborate pattern, often of floral design. These goods, it is said, are having a very bi~ sale, and this can readily be imagined, as a really smart-looking and comfortable dressing gown is one of the most useful items in a dressy man's wardrobe, especially if he be a bachelor. Most of those seen have had quilted silk collar and cuffs of lighter color than the rest of the garment, while a piping of twisted silk cord, the color in keeping with the remainder, runs around the edge of the sleeves, collar, pockets and front. In the case of the dressing gown a silk rope is worn round the waist, while in the smoking jacket, hussar fastenings, usually four or five in number, are used in place of buttons.

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A Golden Hair

(Continued from Page 9.)

"As a matter of fact, when I made this decision, it was less for the purpose of obliging Postic than in the hope of finding some clue to this tragic event. The sea establishes a sort of intimacy between those who dwell in its frightful realm. Lighthouse keepers are like children, and in the affection we bear them, there is something more than the interest of the superior in his subordinate. The death of Quere and Talabardon had affected me as a personal misfortune. I suspected a crime and was not disposed to let the criminal escape. But how could it have happened? All at once I thought of the keeper's journal, in which are entered hour by hour the slightest incidents that occur during the night watches. If the key of the mystery was to be found at all, it was in that journal. I hurried into the keeper's chamber: the journal was upon the table. I opened it with a fluttering heart. My signature on page thirty-four gave me the date of my last visit. The pages immediately following contained only entries of no interest, the lighting of the lamp, temperatures and winds that prevailed. Then came a blank: eight pages, one after the other were torn out. Except for that, the record was intact."

"Evidently," said Archibald, "there had been a third person in the lighthouse."

"Someone," added I, "whose name had been entered in the journal and would have been the key to the mystery if it had remained there."

Lemale shook his head. "That was what I thought at first. A castaway, a fisherman or a smuggler might have been rescued by the keepers during that tempest, but how explain what drove them to kill each other?"

"Perhaps the unknown person carried a fortune. The keepers may have robbed him and then quarreled as to the division of their spoils."

"That theory also was considered," said the inspector, "but neither in the lighthouse, nor in its vicinity, nor in the pockets of Quere or Talabardon was found the least sum of money. Moreover," he added after a moment's pause, "a singular discovery which I made that night upon retiring demonstrated the absurdity of these theories. I was to sleep in the chamber of the lighthouse especially reserved for transient guests. Postic was busy changing the bed linen when I saw him open his eyes in astonishment.

"'Well, what is it, Postic?" I asked.

"'Oh, Monsieur l'Inspecteur,' said he in a faint voice. 'See —a hair!'

"'A hair?'

"'Yes, and so long, so fine and so yellow!'

"'Let me see it—so it is, a golden hair—a woman's hair!'

"'A woman's!' said Postic, shaking his head. 'Indeed, I wish it were, but no woman has hair like that!'

"'Then what do you think about it?'

"'Ah, Monsieur l'Inspecteur,' said Postic almost in a whisper as if afraid he might be overheard, 'is it not as clear as the water around the rock? Quere and Talabardon must have caught a mermaid and kept her imprisoned in this chamber. Then, as always happens, both men fell madly in love with her, and for her fair face they killed each other. That is the explanation.

"'You are a fool, Postic," said I severely. 'How can a sensible man believe all that nonsense about mermaids?'

"'But all the same, Monsieur l'Inspecteur, if this accursed hair belonged to a woman, she would still be here. We should at least have discovered her body. So you see it must have been a mermaid. Ah, a mermaid is quite a different thing! She is at home in the sea, and it did not take the fiend long to get back to it after she had disposed of her lovers.'"

"I have repeated all this conversation," continued the inspector, "to give you an idea of the strange mentality of some of the lighthouse keepers in the year of grace 1903, and to show you that no hypothesis, however crazy, however improbable, had been set aside by us or by the magistrates who continued the investigation. From this investigation, however, nothing clear resulted. For several days the lighthouse must have sheltered, besides Quere and Talabardon, a third person whose hair, found by Postic, showed clearly enough the sex. But it needed more than a hair to bring us out of that labyrinth. It was necessary to find a woman with hair like this, as long, as fine, as golden. But that woman, after three years' search, I have made up my mind, does not exist. There remains Postic's theory."

"The mermaid?" asked Maude, with that indescribable smile upon her thin lips, which harmonized disconcertingly with the cold, virgin clearness of her eyes, green as a sea-nymph's.

"Yes, the mermaid, the siren, as you please," answered Monsieur Lemale nervously.

"And have you renounced the mermaid theory?" asked Archibald in his turn.

"I have and I have not; every mermaid does not have a fish's tail; she sometimes wears a woman's petticoat."

"Monsieur Lemale is a Norman," I explained to Sir Archibald.

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"I don't understand," said Archibald. "But have you still that extraordinary hair, Monsieur Lemale?"

"I am never without it," answered the inspector, springing the catch of a little antique silver locket he wore on his watch chain. "This is it."

It seemed to me that, for a moment, Mrs. Macleod's eyes lost a little of their serenity. A shadow dulled their calm brilliancy. As for Archibald, his hand no sooner lighted upon the inside of the locket, than he cried:

"It is exactly like Maude's: that's strange! Will you allow me to take the locket a moment? I should like to compare it more closely."

"Willingly," said Lemale, as he detached the trinket and gave it to Archibald.

As luck would have it, Mrs. Macleod, at this very moment, took it into her head to seize her husband's arm; and this movement, whether calculated or involuntary, (it is true that the boat was rolling heavily), caused Archibald to relax his hold and the locket dropped into the sea. There, five fathoms below the surface, it was safe from any attempt at recovery.

I looked at the superintendent; he had become extremely pale. The deep had swallowed up, before his eyes, the only piece of evidence against the instigator of the death of the two keepers. Maude, on the other hand had entirely recovered her composure, and there seemed a tone of defiance even in her excuses.

"Oh, what a pity! Such a pretty trinket! Archy, you must make that up to Monsieur Lemale. Really, my awkwardness was inexcusable!"

Captain Pasquion, an old sea-wolf, red and squat as Triton, from the bridge, apprised us of our approach to the sinister rock. Upright, gray, metallic, the tower of the lighthouse outlined itself against the horizon with the rigidity of one of those great mortuary candlesticks which are placed upon catafaques; its sight evoked in us only thoughts of murder and mourning.

"For myself," said Mrs. Macleod to Lemale, "this is how I should explain the affair. I do not believe in mermaids. I am too practical for that. I should say that a young, charming and perhaps coquettish woman—like myself, if you wish—was rescued from a wreck by your keepers whose life she shared for a whole week. Was it her fault, if those rough, uncouth men, who had never come in contact with any but ugly women, became infatuated with her—if the old one became violently jealous of the young one because she appeared to notice him with a little interest—if, one night, the two engaged in a savage and merciless struggle before her very eyes?—if both of them, at last, meet a tragic death? Do we not hear such stories every day? The woman remained in the lighthouse alone after the death of its keepers. At night she lit the lamps as she had seen her companions do. She did not wish any ships to perish through her fault. Fearlessly, she awaited the coming of the inspector and the inquest of the French magistrates. Nevertheless, she preferred not to be the point of interest in a sensational judicial drama. It always reflects upon one's reputation to be even a little splashed with mud; so, when an occasion presented itself for her quietly to leave the lighthouse, she eagerly seized it, first taking the precaution to tear out the leaves of the record that would betray her identity. It was a fisherman who saw and responded to her signal. She had plenty of money in her purse. This she promised him if he would keep silent and land her at a neighboring port from which she could arrange to return to her own country. The fisherman proved trustworthy, and the conditions of her return were as favorable as she could desire. And so you see, Monsieur Lemale, how I, without the intervention of the myths of the sea, arrive at a perfectly clear explanation of what you call the mystery of the Roches Douvres. Oh, that would be a good title for a novelist —'The Mystery of the Roches Douvres,' by Wells or by Conan Doyle. But you are not a novelist, Monsieur Lemale; you are a practical government engineer. Yours is a practical profession, Monsieur Lemale."

The inspector bowed his head without answering. Mrs. Macleod passed lightly to another topic of conversation and asked Archibald if the oysters and the sauterne we had brought from Lazardieux had been set to cool. A little later, when the others were descending to the small boat, I found Lemale in a lonely corner leaning against the larboard railing.

"Are you still thinking of the mermaid of the Roches Douvres?" I asked him with a smile.

He looked at me reproachfully.

"What now! are you angry with Mrs. Macleod?" I persisted. "That's not good manners! You were plagued by a hair; she has freed you from it."

"I was thinking," answered Monsieur Lemale with emphasis, "of that strange force that drives all criminals, mermaids or plain human beings, to come back and prowl around the place where they have spilled blood."

"Has he a mind of his own?"

"If he has it's in his wife's name."

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Auto Notes

Driving a little Six Winton, George F. Young, Winton agent at Modesto, arrived in the city the latter part of last week. Mr. Young states that the roads are indescribable. His little Winton plowed through mud, sand and chuck-holes without the slightest mishap but he says that he would not advise any one making the trip in the present condition of the roads.

Charles A. Cooper whose home is in New York but who is spending the winter in Pasadena, took delivery of a Little Six Winton here recently. He left immediately for Pasadena in his new purchase. Although the roads are bad at this time of the year he does not anticipate any trouble in making the trip.

That a little "Hup", can walk up steep hills despite the fact that it is a small car, was shown at several severe demonstrations of hill-climbing this week. The way the little Hupmobile negotiated the steep grades astonished many, some of them owners of much larger cars.

The Howard Automobile Company have delivered to their Oakland agent, Mr. Carl Christenson, a 1910 Buick 40 Touring Car and a 1910 Buick White Streak. These cars will in turn be delivered by Mr. Christenson to their respective purchasers, both having been sold at the Oakland Automobile Show. The Buick exhibit at the Oakland show attracted a lot of attention, especially the racing car which was shown, as this Buick "40" was the only regular racing machine at the show.

With two carloads of Oaklands shipped the latter part of last week, according to advices from the factory, those who have had their order in for some time for this popular car, will soon receive their machine.

The number of new cars on the row this season has caused it to be invaded by several of the eastern factory officials, but none has displayed a more lively interest in the local automobile situation than F. A. Babcock Jr. of the Babcock Electric Carriage Co. of Buffalo. He is a recent arrival and is making his headquarters with the Pioneer Automobile Co., local distributors for the Babcock electric. Mr. Babcock has been visiting agencies all over this country and Canada this winter, and he expresses himself as highly pleased at finding himself in a city where there is no snow and ice. He is here particularly to study local conditions from the standpoint of the electric car maker, as there has been more or less of a prejudice against the electric automobile in this city which he is determined to dispel. In speaking of the electric business he said, "The electric business is booming in the southern part of the State and the experience of the users of electrics there ought to convince anyone of their practicability. Los Angeles has set the pace and it is now up to her northern neighbors to get into the game. The stock argument of those opposed to the use of electrics in this city is to point out the hills with the declaration that the electric cannot climb them with any degree of satisfaction. In answer to this I would point out that we have found the best markets for our cars in Kansas City, Seattle, Duluth and Cincinnati and every one knows that San Francisco has nothing on those cities in the way of hills. In all of these cities the electrics are giving the utmost satisfaction."

Harry Bogen has completed arrangements whereby the H. W. Bogen Company has secured the coast territory for the Empire and Black Crow cars. In Los Angeles he placed the Black Crow agency with Corsins and Bushnell, one of the best known auto firms of the southern metropolis. Cousins became known to the coast trade as sales manager for the Durocar. The Empire agency was placed with the Munn Auto Co.

The Howard Automobile Company report the delivery of 1910 Oldsmobile Specials to Charles H. Sawyer and J. T. Casper. Both of these gentlemen have been owners of Olds cars in the past, and they both bought their cars completely equipped. Mr. Casper, whose home is in Walla Walla, Wash., is taking his car to Los Angeles with him. He will tour around the southern part of the State for the next couple of months, and then intends to drive up the coast from Los Angeles through to Walla Walla.

In order to look over the northwest territory which he controls for the Empire and Black Crow cars, H. W. Bogen has left this city to attend the automobile show at Portland.

The term, "anti-skidding," is applied to a variety of automobile tires having a rough treading surface of rubber or other material, designed to resist the side slip which now and again has been known to result in an automobile driver suddenly finding himself facing squarely about, on some slippery street. One trouble encountered with the original development of anti-skidding tires having a treading surface of steel studs, or rivets, was to make that tire resilient enough not to be a drag on the power of the machine, or uncomfortable to ride upon. The Diamond Grip Tire is of the style mentioned but the manufacturers have succeeded in so incorporating the tread of steel and leather, as to overcome their tendency to materially reduce the tire's resilience.

With the first appearance in this city of aeroplanes has come the necessity for airship repair shops, the first one of which is established in the mechanical department of the Standard Motor Car Company. Ivan L. deJongh, manager of the Standard Motor Car Company, reports that owing to the thorough equipment of his repair department the company has already received a commission to make certain repairs on one of Paulhan's aeroplanes. "We had two experts at Tanforan," said deJongh, "to assist the mechanical corp of experts of Paulhan's and we will make arrangements to equip our repair shop to take care of any work necessary to aeroplaning." DeJongh also stated that he expected that aeroplanes would be made by automobile manufacturers and would be eventually sold for $1000. "The present fight between Wright and Curtiss will result in another Selden Patent Contest," said deJongh, "and it will be several years before the practicability of the heavier than air machines is proven."

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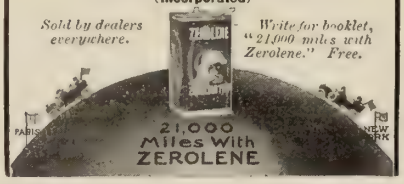

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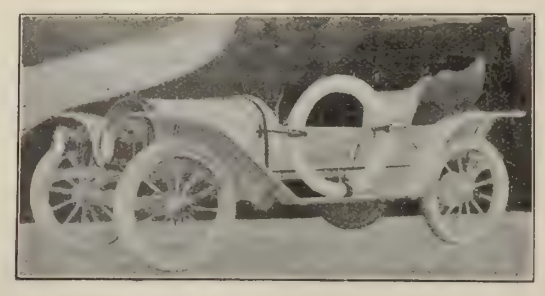

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Letters

The Life of a Virginia Gentleman

Though the Biography of William Fitzhugh Gordon described as a Virginia gentleman of the old school, will most naturally appeal first to the Gordons and their numerous connections, it is not without interest to the general reader, if only for the demonstration of the persistence of good blood and the inclination of like to seek like. Born in 1787 and living until 1858, the subject of the biography, active in his participation in both state and national government, was associated intimately with the many statesmen of the early years of the republic. He knew Jefferson and Calhoun, Jackson, John Randolph of Roanoke, Henry Clay, John Marshall, Houston, Crockett and a host more, and the pen pictures of these worthies as described in letters home are extremely interesting. The doctrine of States Rights, the early discussion of the slavery question, the national banks, the establishment of the University of Virginia, were all new topics in his day, and it was William Fitzhugh Gordon who devised the Sub-treasury scheme. One gets curious side lights on customs and manners, when the head of the household is commissioned to buy bonnets for the adornment of wife and daughters, "unsight unseen," and when Shelley's lack of conventional morality is deemed a sufficient reason for banishing his poems, and Byron's Life of Moore was characterized as an amusing book but licentious and wicked in many passages, this not by a narrow and bigoted prude but by a man well versed in literature and accustomed to associate with his fellows in military camps and legislatures. There are some amusing and characteristic anecdotes incorporated in the biography which, being written by Armistead C. Gordon, Rector of the University of Virginia, and dedicated to Mason Gordon, a son of its subject, is naturally of a laudatory description. Published by the Neale Company.

"Race Adjustment"

Professor Kelly Miller ranks with Dr. Booker Washington and W. E. B. DuBois as one of the three distinguished negroes who are to be regarded as authorities on the condition of their race in the United States. His "Race Adjustment," therefore, calls for serious consideration as a candid study of facts by one who sees them from the inside and asks for a square deal for his people. Evidently he has none of the animosity which seems to pervade so much of the discussion of the race matter, and there is no question but that he is able to state his facts forcibly and clearly. We, on the Pacific Coast, know virtually nothing of this from our own experience for even our sporadic uprisings against Chinese and Japanese immigration are purely labor questions uncomplicated by other considerations, and we have been, for the most part, content to leave the settlement of the problem in the hands of the southerners who have it to deal with. Naturally Mr. Miller takes issue with Thomas Dixon, but, for the matter of that, so do the Southern whites and the conservatives on all hands who see nothing to be gained by stirring the members into a fierce flame. It is a little singular that all these writers, white and colored, make such a point of the fact that slaves were not schooled in book knowledge. It is, of course, indisputable that it was regarded as against public policy to educate them, but they were no worse off than the Irish who, under the penal laws of Great Britain, were virtually forbidden to educate their children, to practice their religion or to own property above a nominal value. Much is made of the miserable accommodations of the post-bellum negro schools, lacking in all the essentials save pupils, teachers and a roof, but such deprivations excite only the laughter of the Pacific Coast rural teacher of the last generation, whose summer school house was often only a bush shed and whose winter "academy" was constructed on the lines of a refugee shack minus the coat of green paint, while each parent furnished the seating accommodations for his own brood. Privileges are valued in proportion to the difficulty of enjoying them, and the "old field" schools of the south and the six-weeks-in-winter of New England turned out better scholars than our palatially equipped schools of today, for the older generation at least gathered a respect for learning and were well grounded in the elements. Lincoln studied by the light of a pine knot and "cyphered" on the back of a wooden shovel. Henry Clay set his book up before him and snatched a sentence when his work brought him within eyeshot, but the pampered youths of the twentieth century spend their time in organizing strikes and conducting mass meetings whenever there is an attempt to divert enough time from their activities to give a little of it to study. The country farmer still harnesses his team on Sunday morning and takes his family to "meetin'" but his city brother, with a church around the corner, cannot spare the time from his newspaper, and the probabilities are that if negroes had been schooled from that distant day four hundred years ago when they were first landed in America up to the present, they would not have been further advanced relatively, while they would be deprived of their plea of lack of chance. The plain truth is that above a certain point the mass of the people irrespective of color are ineducable and it is a waste of time and effort to attempt the impossible. Much sport as is made of the bombastic misuse of language by the negro preacher and politician, he is not so far behind his white brother. It is a little singular that no negro of the pure black blood has ever risen to eminence, and it is likewise noteworthy that when the theorist comes to put his theories into actual practice he usually abandons the field. Apparently the negro of the philanthropic stranger, the average child of the professional educator and the general horse of the book-farmer are three of a kind and all come under the same classification as that made by Mark Twain in speaking of Cooper's Indians, "an extinct race that never existed." If all those who take part in the debate of the race problem were as temperate and judicial as Professor Miller there would be more light cast upon the question and less heat generated. The solution of it is yet a long way in the future. Neale Publishing Company.

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"This is an age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker.

"Permit me to suggest," interrupted the toastmaster, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that last word."

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

KNOW ALL MEN BY THE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of

J. S. BARTOW & CO.

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit:

J. S. Bartow, residing at 781 15th St , San Francisco, Cal.

Henry M. Hastings, residing at 457 Oakland Ave., Oakland, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this first day of February, 1910.

J. S. BARTOW.
HENRY M. HASTINGS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this First day of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ten before me, M. V. COLLINS, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S Bartow and Henry M. Hastings, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the within and annexed instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2 5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Murphy, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of P. A. Bergerot, Esq., No. 110 Sutter Street, Room 505, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased. MARY MURPHY,
Executrix of the Last Will of Dennis Murphy, also known as D. B. Murphy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 505, No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26551, Dept. No. 3.

DONALD COOK and MARY COOK, His Wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
HERBERT N. BUSH and MARIA I. BUSH, His Wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County

The People of the State of Oalifornia Send Greeting to Herbert N. Bush and Maria I. Bush, his wife, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior ourt of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BISHOP, HOEFLER, COOK & HARWOOD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 12-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, Deceased—No. 8943, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned George S. Sexton, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. M. Owens, Room 412, Mechanics' Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased.

GEORGE S. SEXTON,
Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Sexton, formerly Augusta Prag, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administrator,
Mechanics' Savings Bank Bldg., 948 Market St.,San Francisco. 1-22-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomry Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, sometimes known as SAMUEL LEOPOLD KOHN, Deceased—No. 8913, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the Will annexed at the office of Otto Irving Wise, attorney for said Administratrix with the Will annexed, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased. EMMA W. BRODY,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Samuel L. Kohn, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administratrix with the Will Annexed, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

In the battle of tongues woman can hold her own.
Yes, she can but never does.

PETITION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 6228, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of John H. Grady, praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to him certain real property belonging to said estate, which said William Hale had agreed to convey to said John H. Grady by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been duly filed herein, and said real property being situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbers Eight (8) to Twenty (20), both inclusive, and Twenty-nine (29) to Forty (40), both inclusive, in Block number Three Hundred and Eighty (380), as the same are laid down, delineated and numbered upon a certain map on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, entitled "Map of the O'Neill and Haley Tract."

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 17th day of February, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., in Department No. 10 of said Court, at the Courthouse in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition.

It is further ordered that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, as Administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, personally, by delivering to and leaving with said administrator a certified copy of this order at least ten days before such hearing.

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, January 12th, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 12, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. J. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN HIGGINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix as the office of Jeremiah V. Coffey and Edward I. Coffey, 557 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

HUGH HIGGINS,
MARY A. HIGGINS,
Executor and Executrix of the Estate of John Higgins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1910.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD J. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
557 Mills, Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-5-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an Incompetent Person.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Superior Court duly made on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, will, on or after Monday, the 14th day of February, A. D. 1910, sell to the highest bidder, at private sale, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street), distant thereon Ninety (90) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Thirty (30) feet and thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Eight Hundred and Fifty-four (854).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable as follows:

Ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany the bid and the balance thereof to be paid on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, deed to be at purchaser's expense; all bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned guardian at the office of W. W. Allen, Jr., attorney for said guardian, room 508 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, January 22nd, A. D. 1910. NELS RASMUSSEN,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Petrea Rasmussen, an Incompetent Person.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, W. W. Bedford, Room 8, 966 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased

SARAH J. CHURCHILL,
Executrix of the Estate of Norman B. Churchill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29th, 1910.

W. W. BEDFORD, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 8, 966 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John N. Colter, executor of the Will of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Carroll Cook, Esq., Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH J. COLTER, deceased.

JOHN N. COLTER,
Executor of the Will of Elizabeth J. Colter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 25th, 1909.

CARROLL COOK, ESQ., Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 1603, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverst to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Corner Montgomery Ave. and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point fo commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of December, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIO NICORA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EMILIO NICORA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

ANGELA NICORA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Emilio Nicora, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gift Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4965, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, Deceased.

Mary A. Barry, the administratrix of the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made;

It is here ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, do appear before this Court on the 28th day of February, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of four thousand and five hundred ($4,500) dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary A. Barry, the said administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars. Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Parcel "A"—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, running thence easterly along the southerly line of Eighteenth street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.); thence at right angles westerly thirty (30) feet to the easterly line of Noe street, and thence at right angles northerly along the last mentioned line one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) to the southeasterly corner of Eighteenth and Noe streets and the place of beginning; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "B"—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth street, thirty feet distant thereon easterly from the easterly line of Noe street, thence along said southerly line of Eighteenth street easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.); thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "C"—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Noe street, distant thereon one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) southerly from the southerly line of Eighteenth street and running thence southerly along said line of Noe street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and five (105) feet to the easterly line of Noe street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 21st day of January, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, January 21, 1910.

MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney for Administratrix,
Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

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British Schoolboy "Howlers"

The University Correspondent, London, recently got up a competition for schoolboys. Some of the "howlers" found in their disquisitions have already come to print, but not all of them. Here is a choice selection:

Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the Invisible Armada.

Shakespeare founded "As You Like It" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."

King Edward IV had no claim by geological right to the English throne.

George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genii.

Henry I died of eating palfreys.

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

The Rhine is boarded by wooden mountains.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

Geometry teaches us how to bisex angels.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and do not meet unless you bend them.

The whale is an amphibious animal because it lives on land and dies in the water.

A parallelogram is a figure made of four parallel straight lines.

Horsepower is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

The press today is the mouth-organ of the people.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the pope lies.

Martin Harvey invented the circulation of the blood.

A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

The isles of Greece were always quarrelling as to which was the birthplace of Homer: Chaos has the most right to claim him.

A Lover's Envy

I envy every flower that blows
Along the meadow where she goes,
And every bird that sings to her,
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That moves her heart at eventime,
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night
That paves her path with moonbeams white,
And silvers all the leaves for her,
And in their shadow weaves for her
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires;
I only long to live to her,
I only ask to give to her
All that her heart desires.

You look tired out, old man.
I should say so! My wife has just given birth to twins.

Swinburne and Joaquin Miller

"Joaquin Miller was an American of whom I saw much in London. He tells this characteristic story of Swinburne. Swinburne was very susceptible to boredom, it seems, and suffered a good deal of it at the hands of inquisitive strangers who intrduded upon him out of mere idle curiosity, and took up a good deal of his time, giving nothing in return. One of this kind of bores, an American and friend of Miller, was anxious to be taken to Swinburne's house. Miller was under obligation to Mr. Lion-hunter and did not like to refuse him. He knew Swinburne's peculiarities and dreaded the result; still he went and sent his card to Mr. Swinburne—'Joaquin Miller and Friend.' After a little delay the maid-servant returned, but in such evident confusion that Miller knew at once matters were not smooth up-stairs, and that she had a message she did not like to deliver. This, with some persuasion he got out of her, and it was to the effect that Mr. Swinburne would be very glad to see Mr. Miller, but his 'friend' might go to hell!"—Laurence Hutton.

Victor Hugo on Immortality

One day Schoelcher, an old friend of Victor Hugo, who did not believe in a future life, expressed this opinion rather forcibly. Victor Hugo was not slow to retort: "You are right, Schoelcher," he said; "everyone is not immortal. One day Dante, having written two verses on a sheet of paper, went out for a little walk. Then the first verse said to the second: 'It is very nice to be a verse of Dante, for we are immortal.' The second verse in return replied: 'It is not at all sure; do you really believe we are both immortal? Whereupon Dante returned, re-read his two verses, found the second worthless, and erased it!"

How on earth does Scribbler grind out so much verse?
With the wheels in his head probably.

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A dainty dish for the breakfast table!

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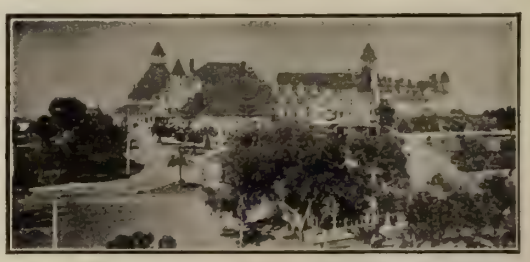

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, February 12, 1910 | No. 911

MARIE BOOTH RUSSELL

Leading woman of the Robert Mantell company at the Columbia Theatre.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
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A Banker and a Prophet

The central bank scheme which has Senator Aldrich for its chief sponsor, and which is to have the United States Government for a backer, does not meet with the approval of our most worthy citizen, the Hon. James D. Phelan. He has said so in a public address, giving reasons, which, unfortunately, are altogether in the nature of conclusions and therefore somewhat unsatisfactory. "The central bank," he says, "would be a menace to the independence of our banks"; it would "tend to damage the commerce of the States"; it would "create fictitious prices"; it would "seriously interrupt the ordinary course of business," et cetera. How Mr. Phelan knows these things he does not condescend to disclose. His sagacity is of course profound, he has a great mastery over the abstractions of political economy, to him the "commerce of imperceptibles" is an open book, as an authority on finance he makes Ricardo, James Mill and Adam Smith look like pawnbrokers; but unfortunately he has lost the Socratic gift of instantaneously exciting and impressing the minds of the common herd. Doubtless he is able to perceive all the evil consequences that he has pictured with the air of a prophet, but we fear that he will not be taken seriously in Washington. There is a well authenticated tradition that Mr. Phelan is the enemy of every dollar that isn't his own, and it may have reached the ears of Eastern financiers who are inclined to favor the central bank scheme on the theory that it will make panics impossible. Moreover Mr. Phelan's warning may be discounted by the report, which tends to confirm the tradition, that he is in favor of all other kinds of government control. The circumstance that he is himself a banker may cause his opposition to the central bank scheme to be regarded as significant of an inspiration wholly selfish, particularly in view of the fact that he is one of the principal stockholders of the First National Bank which enjoys a monopoly of federal government business in this city and which may lose this business in the event of the central bank scheme going through. We believe that it is only Mr. Phelan's intimate friend (if any there be) who know that his views as a publicist are never inspired with self interest.

The President and the Press

President Taft has been treading on the toes of the magazine publishers. All publications, legitimate in character, intended to give news, instruction or pleasure are permitted to go through the mails at one cent a pound. As it costs about nine cents to carry this class of matter the President is in favor of raising the tariff with a view to reducing the deficit in the postal department. Consequently the publishers are up in arms. They have organized opposition at Washington, and they have all joined hands in a propaganda against the projected reform. The staple of their argument is that the deficit in the postoffice is due in a large measure to the exorbitant prices paid to the railroad companies and the abuse of the franking privilege by public officials. Of the truth of this there is no question. This is a matter that should engage President Taft's attention, and probably it will now that he realizes that the postoffice should be conducted on business principles; but because the railroads are favored at public expense it does not follow that magazine publishers should be similarly pampered. Nor should the President be abused for calling attention to the low rate at which second-class mail matter is carried and demanding that the rate be raised. On the contrary, he should be applauded. In this matter he has exhibited exceptional courage. Seeing what he conceives to be his duty, he has dared greatly in defiance of the despotism of the press. Yet there is nothing of spectacularity in President Taft's attitude toward the tyrannical leaders of public opinion; it is not characterized by any of the vulgar heroics that formerly were symbolized by the shrewdly flaunted big stick, but it bespeaks the true courage that "scorns to vent her progress in a storm of words," the intrepidity that has for her citadel a serene, firm and dauntless mind. Napoleon once said that four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets; yet Napoleon was a despot with a despot's power, whereas President Taft is only the servant of a people whose judgment is formed by a free press which he has dared to offend.

Ingenious Journalism

The Examiner assists us to a conception of what President Taft incurred when he advised an increase in the second-class postal rates. In that typical American journal in its issue of Friday of last week was printed an editorial on the subject of mail contracts, from which we excerpt this insidiously worded paragraph:

> So he (Taft) says that the magazines—those that hire the muck-rakers that sometimes venture to criticise Ballinger and others—must pay more.

This is a specimen of what the virtuous publishers who deem their publications "legitimate in character," who protest pharisaically against the awful crime of poisoning the public mind, call artistic invention. It is a sample of the ingenious journalism that makes a hostile newspaper the dread of soldiers and statesmen. Verily the envenomed, unscrupulous pen is mightier than a thousand bayonets! Ever since President Taft advised the raising of postal rates the hostile press has been drawing liberally on the resources of its fertile inventive faculty for subtle imputations calculated to place him in an unfavorable light before the people. Industriously the insinuation has been propagated that his motive was to harass especially the magazines that encourage the insurgents and abuse his Administration. But far be it from Mr. Hearst to confine himself to insinuations when engaged in his favorite style of warfare. That upright patriot scorns half-way measures of reprisal. When on one of his missions of character assassination, no dainty rapier for him, but always the trusty and brutal bludgeon. How puerile to attribute motives by insinuation! How much more effective to fabricate incriminating language and insert it between the victim's jaws! If Napoleon had known the proprietor of the Examiner he would have said that one hostile newspaper edited by a Hearst was more to be feared than a million bayonets.

Substitutes for Catalogues

Let us consider whether the publications that have organized to defeat the will of President Taft are, as their proprietors claim, "legitimate in character." If we admit that in nothing in the nature of subterfuge can

legitimacy be conceived then the majority of these publications are not what their owners affirm. This we say because the postal laws exclude from the privileges of second class mail matter all publications that have not a bona fide circulation. The catalogues of mercantile houses, for example, are not admitted as second class mail matter. The law contemplates that there shall be something more than a quiescent receiver of second class mail matter; that a publication shall actually be subscribed for, not that an advertising medium shall be carried at the the rate of one cent a pound for the benefit of advertisers and the enrichment of publishers. If the interests of publishers and advertisers were regarded as of paramount consideration, and it were possible to send a magazine through the mails as second class matter to persons who had not subscribed for it the country would soon be flooded with gratuitous publications. This is not a surmise. The postal authorities have dealt on more than once occasion with publishers who sought to achieve a fictitious circulation by forcing their wares on persons who had not subscribed for them. Now certainly there is not a great difference between a magazine that is sent free to non-subscribers and one that is sent to persons whose subscription has been purchased with a set of books. The circulation of none of the big eastern magazines is either proof of popular demand or evidence of merit. The revenue derived from circulation bears no approximate relation to the cost of circulation. The purpose of these magazines is not as Mr. Hearst, inspired by his interest in the Cosmopolitan, tells us in the columns of his Examiner, "to give news, instruction or good reading to the public." Their purpose is to establish a basis upon which to command an enormous advertising patronage. Incidentally they enable advertisers, who otherwise would have to solicit trade through the medium of catalogues, to evade the postal laws. They are distinctly advertising mediums. They are in the worst sense of the term commercial journals designed not to instruct or to edify the people but to coddle the mob by truckling to its ignorance and its prejudices. The only interest which they have in their readers is that which proceeds from their zeal for advertising patronage. Their policy, however, is subject only to criticism. The principle of a free press insures them the privilege of prostituting themselves in the manner which has given them distinction in an epoch of journalism of their own making, but they are not entitled to any subsidy from the government; they are not privileged to violate the spirit of the postal laws.

Rockefeller Asked to Foster Genius

Despite Mr. John D. Rockefeller's liberality and the multifarious objects of his philanthrophy he finds it hard to spend his money in ways that suit everybody. He is constantly receiving sage advice and shrewd suggestions from persons who though they have not had the patience or taken the trouble to accumulate as much superfluous coin as he has, have stored up much wisdom richer than Peruvian mines, which they dispense with that princely liberality characteristic of men who find it easier to be wise for others than for themselves. Mr. Rockefeller, it is said, always gives ear to these rivals of his in philanthropy, and he is reported to have under consideration at this moment the suggestion that he smooth the way for genius by establishing an institution in which youthful talents may be relieved of the burden of breadwinning pending development. He is advised that such an institution would increase the artistic production of this country. If this theory is sound then genius is not what men of genius have believed. It has always been supposed that one of the characteristics of genius is the power of lighting its own fire. Genius is essentially an aptitude to patience. It is developed by infinite painstaking, by unremitting labor and diligence, and it does not find its own road or carry its own lamp until from experience in frequent trials it acquires confidence in itself. An institution that would enable young men of talent to escape "necessity's sharp pinch," might be conducive to artistic production of a certain quality, but that the artificial stimulation of genius would be of benefit to mankind is a theory that is not borne out by the experience of the world. The greatest works of art are those in which there is the most profound depth of feeling, and capacity for expressing feeling is not to be developed artificially.

Dollar Diplomacy

The proposition recently made by the State Department regarding the Manchurian railroads discloses something more than the end toward which American policy in the Far East is directed. Secretary Knox's proposition was to make the Manchurian railway neutral by having China purchase it from Russia and Japan with money furnished by an international syndicate of bankers who would agree to operate it on a purely business basis and not for political or strategic purposes. From this proposition it may be inferred that diplomacy has linked arms with high finance. This is precisely what has happened. The United States has abandoned the old shirt-sleeve style of diplomacy that used to amaze the statesmen of Europe in the days agone when we had no thought of becoming a world power, when it was an article of our political faith that to keep out of foreign entanglements was one of the most sacred duties of the nation. We are now right in the midst of foreign entanglements; and as we have more money than we can find use for at home we are eager to assist in the development of foreign parts and to expand our trade in lands across the sea. So now the State Department is extending its paternal influence to Wall street for the greater glory of all of us. Revolutionary is the new policy, but logical nevertheless, and strictly on the lines of the diplomatic policy of Great Britain, France and Germany. And as it is customary for us to do everything on a big scale we may be expected to take the

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Mean Uniformity of Work.

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JEWELERS' BUILDING
Post Street, Near Kearny, San Francisco.

lead in dollar diplomacy, making Washington the centre of the world's international negotiations and New York the theatre of the world's finance. This, indeed, is exactly the consummation that has been resolved upon by American statesmen and American financiers. Behind the State Department is the American bank syndicate, of which John P. Morgan is the head, representing a capital of $758,000,000. It is this syndicate that has been chosen to co-operate with British capital in effecting the neutralization of railroads in Manchuria, to the end that Chinese political integrity be maintained along with equality of commercial opportunity. The plan originally proposed by Secretary Knox having been rejected by Russia and Japan, another scheme has been hit upon to thwart their monopolistic purposes. American and British capital supported diplomatically by the United States, under a franchise granted by China, will parallel the existing line that Russia and Japan decline to give up. This is not the only coup of dollar diplomacy. Secretary Knox has forced England, France and Germany to let Wall street in on a loan of $30,000,000 guaranteed by the Chinese Government for the building of a railway in the interior of China, and he has also had them agree to put Central and South American governmental finances under the supervision of the United State. European bondholders of Southern republics must do their financiering hereafter through New York. There are features of dollar diplomacy which doubtless will not meet with general approval, though it can hardly be gainsaid that dollar diplomacy is beneficial to the commercial interests of the whole country. Whether the benefits to be derived will be sufficient to offset popular objection to official recognition and aggrandizement of the money trust remains to be seen.

The Hammers

Hark to the merry hammers,
  List to the tune they play,
Nailing the joists and timbers
  On the new house over the way!
Beating the march of labor
  On planks of pine and oak,
Now with a gay glissando,
  Now with a measured stroke.

Hark to the busy hammers!
  Building for love and life,
Rearing the beams and rafters
  To shelter a fair young wife,
Laying the floors and stairways
  For little feet to roam;
For the tune of the cheery hammers
  Is the song of home, sweet home.

—Minna Irving.

Perspective Impressions

Joe Cannon may go, but cannonism will survive the insurgents in accordance with the law of nature.

Thereupon Judge Lawlor consulted the code—Daily Paper. Judge Lawlor never consults anything else. The code is his bible, and he can quote it to suit his purpose.

In these days of high prices it is well to remember the old proverb, He that eats but one dish never needs a physician.

Without genius for self-praise the man of merit is nowadays lost in the crowd.

The Russian lion and Japanese lamb were preparing to gorge themselves with Chinese dainties behind the Closed Door when they were disturbed by Knox.

MERELY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL LAWS
New York Herald.

Now that the astronomers are telling us that Halley's comet is charged with cyanogen gas that may snuff out life on this planet we may find consolation in the New Testament which tells us that fire is the element which is to put an end to all things.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, interviewed in Paris on her return from this country, said, "Nothing is reported in American newspapers but dollars, dollars, dollars." Which leads to the suspicion that Yvette didn't carry home a dropsical purse.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
Philadelphia Record.

The Cost of High Living

A Rather Scolding Article on Extravagance in its Relation to the Current Agitation About High Prices, with a Suggestion or Two for the Benefit of Those Economically Disposed

By Robert McTavish

Prices are still going up and the spirits of the housekeeper are still going down. The daily struggle to make both ends meet without going hungry, seedy and cheerless continues in all parts of the country, although no section is suffering from what we usually call hard times. There are meat boycotts in many States; there are food syndicates in many others; there are complaints, protests, indignation meetings everywhere. Discussion of the high cost of living has become a habit and is conducted in newspapers and magazines, on lecture platforms and street corners with more interest and intensity than were ever given to the tariff or a presidential election. It is a manifestation without parallel in American history.

There have been many explanations of the hard conditions which obtain in the butchershop, the grocery store, the fruit stand and the poulterer's. Archbishop Ireland blames the American woman. Her extravagance, he says, has made it impossible for her husband to square his expenditures with his salary. There is some truth in this, undoubtedly. It would not be human nature for a woman to admit that it was the millinery bill and not the butcher bill which caused the deficit at the end of the month. She is pretty certain to feel that her dressmaker is reasonable while her groceryman is extortionate. But at the same time it is unfair to place all the blame upon the woman. Feminine extravagance would not proceed very far without the connivance of an indulgent husband or father. When a woman brings suit for divorce and swears that she cannot live on less than $50,000 a year, it is safe to say that her husband has let her have at least that much money for her expenditures. It is almost equally safe to say that he has used his generosity as a cloak for his own extravagance. What is true of the wealthy is also true to some extent of the family in moderate circumstances. Archbishop Ireland was correct but he told only part of the truth.

James J. Hill came much closer to the inwardness of the situation than his intimate friend Archbishop Ireland when he declared: "It is not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living which causes all the trouble." "Jim" Hill is our national Jeremias; through some defect of vision he finds it very difficult to see the silver lining of the cloud. But in his pessimistic preachments there is always a strain of hardheaded commonsense; and it looks as though he has tapped the nail squarely on the head this time. There can be no doubt that American life proceeds at a fast pace nowadays. The republican simplicity of the forefathers has become a tradition, theoretically admired but actually despised. Let anyone with a penchant for statistics ascertain how many automobiles are owned in San Francisco at the present time and then find out how much per month it takes to keep an automobile. It is safe to say that about half of those who are maintaining expensive machines in this city can really afford them. The others are exceeding their incomes; buying gasoline with the money which ought to be spent for meat. Yet there is no wail about the high cost of gasoline from our highfliers any more than there is indignation among the ladies about the high cost of bonnets. Men and women are doing without the necessaries of life in order that they may afford the luxuries. What the comparatively affluent man wastes on an automobile, his clerk spends on the theatres and cafes, on the teas and bridge parties given by his wife. Extravagance in a graduated scale runs through all degrees.

Of all the diverse causes of the high cost of living, the high price of meat has come in for most denunciation. Yet the high price of meat can be traced directly to extravagance, if we accept the authority of W. B. Kincaid who is one of the largest cattle raisers in Texas. According to Mr. Kincaid beef on the hoof is selling now for $45 to $60 per head, as against $25 to $30 five years ago. Mr. Kincaid gives as the reason for this big advance the present extravagant mode of life of the cowman as compared with the manner in which he was content to live not long ago. "Not many years ago," says Mr. Kincaid, "the cattleman lived on his ranch, ate his corn bread and beans and drank his black coffee. If he wanted something extra, biscuit and dried apples furnished it. Now we have all kinds of canned goods and all these newfangled things that are advertised. Another thing, we have moved to town to live, have our servants, our electric lights and telephones, our ices, and a lot of us have to have our autos and chauffeurs." Mr. Kincaid, in truly masculine fashion, refuses to let the women off. "Women folks used to be satisfied with good calico dresses and doing their own work, and the daughters helped. Now they all have to have their silks and satins, their plumes, and they have to have their servants and teachers for the children, and parties and receptions." All these things, it appears, have advanced the price of beef on the hoof. The inoffensive bovine takes on an artificial value in order to pay for an automobile and a cowman's wife's reception. It is very pleasant for the cowman, his wife and his children; but it is hard on the ultimate consumer. That unfortunate individual derives no consolation, as he whittles at a tough steak of exorbitant price, from the reflection that the cattleman is drinking champagne instead of black coffee and eating biscuit tortoni instead of dried apples.

But it may be objected that this extravagant cowman or that extravagant capitalist with the divorced wife who costs $50,000 a year is not the "average citizen." That is true, but in a lesser degree the same conditions hold true of the average citizen. Does the wife of the average citizen do her shopping in person nowadays? Very seldom. She shops over the telephone. The art of marketing is a lost art. It was not so long ago that the housekeeper, no matter how high her social position, no matter how large her husband's bank account, took a pride in doing her own marketing. She may have trudged on foot or she may have driven in her carriage, but every morning, bright and early, she made a tour of her provision dealers, pricing, examining, comparing, even haggling. She understood the way to order the best cuts of meat; she knew good fowl from poor; she had a critical eye for vegetables; she appraised fruits at a glance; and knew when the prices were exorbitant. At the proper time she laid in potatoes and flour and sugar, buying by the sack or barrel to save money. There was no complaint of the cost of living in those days. But now, how different it all is! The housekeeper, attired in kimono or house gown, sits at the telephone and orders her daily supplies. She may or she may not ask prices; it makes little difference. The probability is that she does not know what the bills are until the statement is brought at the end of the month. The chances to overcharge are many; the chances of detection almost none. Perhaps if the housekeeper would like to save money by buying

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LADIES' DEPT---Eddy and Van Ness Ave. only

a barrel of sugar or a sack of potatoes she lives in an apartment and has no place to store them.

Spartan simplicity seems to have gone, never to return to American life; but it is not too late for a recrudescence of commonsense attention to economy. Undoubtedly the current discussion of the high cost of living will awaken this slumbering virtue in many breasts and the ravening beast of extravagance will be beaten back toward his lair. If this happy event comes of the agitation under way at present, it will not be because man has convinced woman that she is living beyond her means or vice versa; it will be because man and woman will cheerfully acknowledge to each other their equal blame and will sincerely try to assist in the return to normal conditions. The time may come when men and women will economize in the matter of luxuries instead of in the matter of children. It will be a fine day for the country.

Rodin on Religion

An Inspiring Statement from the Great Master

By Paul Gsell

One morning, when I had gone to Meudon to see Rodin, I was told in the corridor that he was ill and was resting in his room. I had already started to withdraw, when a door opened at the head of the stairway and I heard the master call out to me, "Come up! I shall be delighted."

I could not help accepting the invitation, and I found Rodin in his dressing-gown, his hair rumpled, his feet in slippers, before a blazing wood fire.

"This," said he, "is the time of year when I beg leave to be sick. During all the rest of the time, I have so many engagements, so many duties, so many cares that I can harly get a moment to breathe."

As I listened, I observed leaning against the wall a great cross, to which was nailed a Christ, three-quarters life-size. It was a painted image, of noble beauty. "You admire my crucifix?" said Rodin. "Isn't it marvelous? Its realism recalls the one in the chapel del Santissimo Cristo at Burgos."

Seeing my host's devout feeling, it occurred to me to ask him if he were a man of religion. "That depends on what you mean by a religious man," he replied. "If you mean a man bound to certain practices, bowing down to certain dogmas, then I am not at all religious.

"But to my mind religion is something altogether different from mumbling a creed. It is a consciousness of the unexplained and the inexplicable, an adoration of the unknown force that maintains the various types of living creatures, a suspicion of a natural world beyond the reach of our senses, of the whole vast domain that neither the eyes of the body nor those of the mind are capable of seeing; it is the upleaping of our consciousness toward the infinite, toward eternity, toward limitless truth and love—promises that may be illusory, but nevertheless give wings to the soul in this life. In that sense I am religious."

Rodin gazed for a moment into the fire; then resumed: "If no religion existed I should have to invent one. True artists are the most religious of mortals. People fancy that we live by our senses, and that the world of appearance suffices us. They take us for children, intoxicated by flashing colors, amused by forms, as a child is amused by dolls. They don't understand us. Lines and shadows are to us only the signs of realities that lie hidden. Our minds plunge beneath the surface and into the soul of things, and then, when we reproduce contours, we enrich them with their spiritual content.

"The artist worthy the name must express the total truth of nature; not merely the truth of its exterior, but also and particularly that of its inner self. When a good sculptor models a human torso, it is not only the muscles that he represents, it is the life animating them —better than the life, the power that fashioned them and endowed them with grace or vigor or amorous charm or untamed fury.

"Michael Angelo made creative force thunder in living flesh. Luca della Robbia made it smile divinely. Thus every sculptor, according to his temperament, lends to nature a terrible or very gentle soul.

"The landscapist goes further, perhaps. Not only in living beings does he see the reflection of the universal soul; he sees it also in trees, in shrubs, in plains, in hills. What is only earth or forest to other men is to a great landscapist the face of an immense being. Corot saw goodness strewn far and wide over trees and meadows and lakes. Millet saw suffering there, and resignation. Everywhere the great artist hears mind answering his own mind. Where will you find a more religious man?

"Does not the sculptor perform an act of adoration when he perceives sublimity in the forms he studies; when, amid fleeting lines, he discerns the eternal type of each being; when he seems to see in the very bosom of divinity the unalterable models according to which all creatures are formed? Look, for instance, at the masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture, whether figures of men or of animals, and tell me if the accentuation of essential contours doesn't produce the effect of a sacred hymn. Every artist who has a gift for generalizing forms—that is to say, of getting at their meaning without blighting their living reality—calls forth the same religious emotion for he communicates to us the quiver he himself felt when within the grip of immortal truth.

"Mystery," he went on, "is the atmosphere that bathes the loveliest works of art. They express the total experience of genius when face to face with nature. They represent nature with all the clearness, all the magnificence that a human brain can discover. But inevitably they encounter the immense unknowable that envelops that little sphere, the known.

"Every masterpiece has this mysterious character. You always become a little dizzy as you gaze. An interrogation point floats over all Leonardo's pictures. Or take Giorgione's 'Concert Champetre.' It overflows with the joy of living; but to this is added a sort of melancholy intoxication. What is human joy? Whence does it come and whither go? The enigma of existence! Or again, take Millet's 'Les Glaneuses.' One of those women toiling miserably in the blaze of the sun looks up and scans the horizon. And we read the question, 'To what purpose?' Mystery hangs about that picture. What purpose has the law that chains human creatures to life only to make them suffer? What purpose has the eternal glimmer that makes them love life despite its anguish? An agonizing problem!

"And it is not only the masterpieces of Christian civilization that produce this mysterious impression. You have the same feeling when you come into the presence of the masterpieces of antique art—for instance, the 'Three Fates' of the Parthenon. I call them the 'Three Fates" because that is the current designation, though savants believe them to be statues of quite different goddesses. Let that be as it may, they are nothing but three

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The Hour of Temptation

By Zygmunt Rozycki (From the Polish)

The president's young widow, exhausted by emotion and many sleepless nights, finally fell into a long heavy slumber from which her maid, after long and frequent knocking, with difficulty aroused her. She arose, and with trembling fingers fastened the collar of her long mourning gown, which had been sent to her a few hours ago from one of the most fashionable establishments in the city. She then caught up an embroidered handkerchief, emitting a strong odor of heliotrope, with which to hide her tear-swollen eyes.

The clergy had just arrived to perform the last rites, and the odor of incense, mingled with the perfume of flowers and burning candles, filled the whole house, creating that heavily charged atmosphere peculiar to the chamber of death.

Below on the first floor of his mansion lay the deceased magnate. His face seemed made of wax; his convulsively drawn lips were covered with a brownish skin resulting from a consuming fever.

In their silver candelabra the tall white wax candles burned quietly and majestically. The magnificent oak coffin was somewhat raised, so that the head of the dead man, resting on its satin pillow, was brilliantly illumined.

The pale young wife stood at the head of the coffin between high palms and dark-green, luxuriant orange trees. Her dry eyes rested on the sharp waxen features of the dead, forming such an unpleasant contrast with the snowy back-ground on which they reposed. Her gaze then wandered to the hands crossed on the breast, in which had been placed a small silver crucifix, and to the flowers and wreaths piled up on all sides, and almost completely concealing the remains of the dead, attired in its rich uniform.

The crowd of visitors increased every moment. Condolences were exchanged in subdued voices, but none had the courage to approach the young widow, standing so motionless and dry-eyed.

The mourners entered the room with lighted torches, the coffin-lid, heavily clamped with silver, was shut and screwed down. There was a grating sound, and the coffin rested on their shoulders. Pitying arms were outstretched towards the delicate, trembling figure of the woman, who sobbed violently as she slipped to the thickly carpeted floor.

In the boudoir of the late magnate's wife burned a lamp beneath a red silk shade, softly illumining the room, which was furnished with every possible luxury and comfort. On a divan lay the young widow—by her side stood a tall young man anxiously feeling her pulse.

He counted "one, two," but smiling to himself was obliged to stop, as the lovely white arm, emerging from the soft black lace adorning her gown, trembled so strangely, whenever the sensitive, vibrating fingers of the man pressed her pulse. Finally he succeeded in counting the rapid, uneven pulsations, and pushing his chair back from his patient's side, he wrote a few words in his note-book.

"Calm yourself," he said. "It is nothing—only the emotions of the last week. A small dose of bromide will bring you quiet and sleep."

"But suppose, in spite of your infallible remedy, I should not be able to sleep?" she said, and the red lips pouted slightly. Then with the voice of a spoiled child, she continued: "I am so frightened—I seem to see those penetrating eyes everywhere. They gaze at me from every corner, so that I dare not lift my eyes. I constantly have his waxen face before me, and feel the touch of his icy fingers." And, as the doctor took up his hat preparatory to leaving, she stretched out her hands to him pleadingly. "Oh, don't go! Please remain a little while longer."

"If you will permit, with pleasure," he answered, placing a slight emphasis on the last word.

Drawing up a low stool to her side, he inquired: "May I ask if you have been married long?"

"Yes—no—that is, it depends how one counts. According to the calendar I have been married only two years."

The young man, somewhat embarrassed, pulled his carefully arranged black mustache; a deep red dyed his energetic face. Then he asked:

"How did it happen that you, so young, so beautiful—the president was old enough to be your father?"

She lay awhile motionless. The warm red glow of the lamp fell upon her small, regular, girlish face, to which an expression of sadness lent an added charm at the same time that it awakened pity. Finally she opened her eyes. They met the doctor's gaze. She looked at him a moment as if frightened by something she read there, and again lowered her lids. There was a moment's silence; then she commenced to speak, with eyes still closed, in short, broken sentences.

"It happened as such things happen a thousand times in life. I was poor—he was rich. To be poor is nothing, but to be poor and at the same time be obliged to keep up the appearance of wealth, that is the most terrible poverty! To bear a good old name, without the necessary means to uphold the family prestige; to entertain sumptuously, but to have hunger lurking at the door; to keep servants and horses, but to tremble at each sound of the door-bell, fearing a creditor has come to claim his own! Debts! Debts! What a series of humiliations and moral torment from all sides! A terrible, hopeless condition of affairs!

"The president was the friend and companion of my father's youth, and was in the habit of spending most of his evenings with us. Then father's health began to fail and physical suffering was added to the torment of seeing the remainder of his slender capital dwindle away. He worried about my future, for as most girls in my position, I was brought up to shine in society, without practical knowledge in any one direction. A superficial musical education, and the knowledge of several languages, fitted me at most to be a governess. But the thought of my becoming a breadwinner was most distasteful to my father.

"One day upon entering his room I noticed two empty champagne bottles on the table. I was astonished at this unusual evidence of extravagance, but was not long left in ignorance as to its cause. Father, whose cheeks were flushed with wine, informed me that the president had done me the honor of asking for my hand, and as he was very wealthy and would insure me a brilliant future, he had given his consent. I cried out in horror and dismay: 'I, a young girl of seventeen, with that?' I threw myself at my father's feet, but he knew no pity. I was told that the president was an excellent match, and that, as a portionless girl, I could ask no more.

"Besides, he loved me. Yes, he loved me—shortly after that he informed me so himself! Despite my opposition, I became his wife.

"But my marriage did not kill the passionate longing of my heart. I still remained a child, whose whole being cried out for love and love's caresses. My husband was extremely jealous, and kept me entirely out of society. His relatives formed the circle in which we moved. But even they regarded me with disfavor, fearing that through me their hopes of a large inheritance would be

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INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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The Spectator

The Dislodgment of Irish

To persons familiar with the history of the siege of the naval office of California it will seem incredible that the gallant garrison has at length capitulated. The truth is, however, that Colonel Irish is about to evacuate the sinecure in which, it was believed, he was impregnably intrenched. Many moons have waxed and waned since Colonel Irish took possession of the naval office. His induction was an episode of a former generation, an incident of the triumph of a party that has almost perished from inanition, that is believed to be beyond resuscitation. Presidents have come and gone since Colonel Irish went into office, with no perceptible effect on his tenure thereof. Repeated assaults made on the Irish citadel served only to strengthen the impression of their futility. In time the Colonel took on the dignity of tradition. In the public mind the thought grew that his term of office was destined to stretch out to the crack of doom. Certain, it appeared to be, that panting Time toiled after him in vain. All these memorable years the newspapers, whose disapprobation Colonel Irish regards as praise indeed, were barking on his trail, hoping to contribute to the dislodgment of him. Incidentally they pictured him as a tenacious jobholder who spent most of his time circumventing hostile politicians. Now the truth, which looks well in print occasionally, is that Colonel Irish during his whole official career never stood on the order of his going.

Some Historic Interviews

The supposition is that all office holders are jobchasers. The office that seeks the man is believed to be a poetic conception. Nevertheless it was not the instinct of office that led Colonel Irish to his sinecure; nor was it by wire-pulling that he protracted his hold thereon. Few men were held in so high esteem by Grover Cleveland as was Colonel Irish. Grateful for services rendered on the platform by Colonel Irish, Grover Cleveland urged him to become a member of his official family. First he offered him the Mission to Chile, then the Mission to Japan, then the Superintendency of the Census. All were declined with thanks. Colonel Irish told the President that he did not want any office. Shortly after his return from Washington he received a letter from the President asking him to take the naval officership and he took it. Now for the story as to how he held the job. A solid money advocate, he stumped the Middle West for McKinley. Some months after McKinley's election Colonel Irish attended a convention in Washington, and one day he met the President in the company of several friends. The President grasped him by the hand, saying, "Colonel Irish, I believe that I owe more to you for my election than to any other man in this country." The Colonel blushed. The California delegation heard the news, and when they failed to persuade the President to appoint a Republican to the naval office they knew the reason why. Next came Theodore Roosevelt; also another demand for the Colonel's removal. One day the two Colonels met. Said Roosevelt: "Colonel Irish, all the Californians in Congress insist on your removal." Colonel Irish made reply: "Mr. President, I realize that it would be embarrassing for you to ignore their demands. My resignation is at your disposal." Thereupon, Teddy: "Colonel, I like embarrassment." Now the question is, If Taft and Irish had met would the latter still be the beneficiary of a large and salutary neglect?

An Unspendable Fund

There is still a little money in the fund that was raised for the celebration that was given on the occasion of the return of California's heroes from the Philippines, and it is causing trouble. That was a great celebration. It came up to expectations without consuming all the money contributed by a prodigal public. Mr. M. H. De Young attended to the raising of the money, and gathered $65,000. When the last gun was fired and all the bills were paid there was enough money on hand to inspire Douglass Tilden, the sculptor, and to pay for the casting of the bronze monument that now gives delight to lovers of the beautiful as they pass the intersection of Van Ness avenue and Market street. Nor was the money that was spent on the statuary all that remained in the hands of the trustees. They had enough to give Jim Smith a banquet when he first returned from the islands, which was some years after the disbanding of his regiment. As Mr. De Young was not in town at the time, the other trustees, the Hon. James D. Phelan and Mr. Martin, were unable to obtain his consent to the spending of the money on the Smith banquet, but on his return he approved what had been done. And still there was money in bank drawing interest, and the trustees did not know what to do with it. When money was being raised for the fleet celebration and Mr. Phelan as chairman of the executive committee was experiencing difficulty in persuading local capital that patriotism should overcome the repugnance excited by his personality, it occurred to him that in the enthusiasm of the moment he might induce De Young and Martin to part with the two thousand dollars in the California Regiment fund. But much to his disappointment they turned his proposition down. Untouched the money went on drawing interest. No meeting of the trustees occurred again until a few weeks ago when Mr. Phelan had another proposition to submit. He had a little bill of $996 which he would like to settle. It was the bill for the reception which he gave to General Jim Smith at the Fairmont. Martin and De Young looked at him in amazement. That reception was distinctly a Phelan affair. Mr. Martin had not even been invited to it. And although Mr. De Young had heard something about it, never for a moment did he suppose that it was in the nature of a public function. Again Mr. Phelan was turned down, and again he went blithely on his way clothed in all the purity of his vestal modesty.

His Need of Relaxation

Mr. Phelan, by the way, is soon to take himself to Europe, there to soothe the melancholy of his political ambition amid restful scenes congenial to the poetry of his nature. Mr. Phelan is a great lover of foreign parts; not because home has lost its hold on his affections but because the burdens that his aspirations impose are en-

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ervating. Bathed unremittingly in the limelight, ever mindful that the eyes of a fickle constituency are upon him, as fearful of being understood as some sensitive souls are of being misrepresented, he feels periodically the necessity of unswitching himself from his surroundings, going in quest of emotions, and bathing his spiritual self in refreshing waters. He relates of himself that when he gets aboard an Atlantic liner with glad gasps he takes the air of freedom into his lungs; and his friends say that in the bracing atmosphere of the Old World he chases about in pursuit of pleasure like a young bull. But this time he is not going abroad for any exciting whirl.

A Pilgrimage Planned

Rumor, which is always busy with our foremost citizen, gives out that he will spend most of his time on this trip in the atmosphere of literature and the arts. It is said that he will be introduced as the protege of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and that the distinguished novelist will lead the way on a pilgrimage to the shrines of notable children of the muses. Mr. Phelan has long enjoyed the distinction of being Mrs. Atherton's most constant reader as well as her best entertainer. When she is in San Francisco he is always doing something in her honor. The homage that he pays to this talented woman is as great as any homage that he could wish to be paid to himself, which, of course is saying a great deal. In the circumstances it is perhaps quite natural that the friends of the novelist and the millionaire should speculate as to whether the friendship that is rooted in a lively appreciation of genius might not eventually have a delightfully sentimental efflorescence. For the gossips still insist that Mr. Phelan is not hopelessly a bachelor.

Banks—Why do you ask for a straw with your highball?
Tanks—Because I've promised my wife that I'll never again put a whisky glass to my lips.

Religious Differences in Families

When I read a few days ago that the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hitchcock, the Protestant clergyman who conducts the well-known military academy, had made her "profession" as a sister of the Holy Name in Oakland, I was reminded of the striking differences in religious belief which may exist in families without arousing feelings of alienation or bitterness. This I take to be one of the signs of the times pointing to a charitable tolerance which is far from being an indication of indifferentism. Those who are most sincerely attached to their faith are always willing to admit that others, even their own kin, may find consolation in dogmas radically different. This is a kind of broadmindedness which has nothing to do with latitudinarianism. One of the most striking instances of this condition with which I am familiar is that of Judge Joshua B. Webster of Stockton and his son Father Royal B. Webster of Menlo Park. Judge Webster, besides being one of the best known lawyers in the San Joaquin Valley, is a strict Methodist and has always been prominent in the activities of his church. Yet when his son expressed a desire to join the Catholic church and enter the ministry as a Sulpician, Judge Webster interposed no objection but simply told his son to follow his conscience. Father Webster is a professor in the seminary at Menlo. Another son of Judge Webster, by the way, rose to great distinction in the Steel Trust before his death and left his father an interesting bit of jewelry. It is a gold locket presented to him by Mrs. Langtry and containing on the cover a charm made up of seven splendid stones. These are, in order, a Diamond, an Emerald, an Amethyst, a Ruby, another Emerald, a Sapphire and a Topaz. The initial letters of these words spelled together indicate that the Jersey Lily held the dead steel man in high regard. Judge Webster wears in the locket a photograph of his baby grandson and applies the charm to the child.

The Renascence of Morehouse

From Nevada comes the news that Harry Morehouse, a distinguished citizen of the Sagebrush State, is likely to succeed Senator Nixon in the sober and sedate upper house of Congress. This Harry Morehouse is no stranger to us. This Harry Morehouse is none other than the statesman who was wont to point with pride to his stainless heart. He hailed from San Jose, and by the good citizens of that garden of the valley he was elected to the Senate of the State, where he became a conspicuous figure. A lawyer of some talent and a friend of the people, he bravely championed the people's cause and brought confusion upon its enemies. But unfortunately right in the midst of his virtuous activities, just as he was becoming infatuated with his own sterling qualities somebody broached a barrel of drachmas, and then was the mighty fallen in the midst of battle. The barrel was one of the moving accessories of the senatorial contest which ended in the squelching of Colonel Dan Burns and the election of a harmless old gentleman by the name of Bard. It was an ending that surprised Bard more than anybody else. The fact is that Bard was elected with the aid of the barrel without his own knowledge. The barrel was the personal property of a San Francisco millionaire with no love for Bard but with that intense hatred toward Burns that none but one of his blood could indulge. When the contest was over Senator Morehouse, who voted for Bard, came to San Francisco under a cloud and undertook to create a drouth along the cocktail route. From the pace he set it was evident the devil was driving. The Down and Out Club opened its hospitable portals and h[illegible] it was thought, had seen his star set fo[illegible] til after the earthquake did any of h[illegible] get track of him. Then they heard th[illegible] himself together and was pushing [illegible] self-reclamation in Goldfield. As a practicing attorney, the lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places. He has made a lot of money; enough, indeed, to be able to run for the Senate in opposition to millionaire Nixon.

Flint is After Figures

From one of Senator Frank Flint's friends I learn that before the edge was worn off the young statesman's appetite for more glory at Washington he gathered some interesting data touching the cost of making a senatorial fight under the beneficent direct primary. It is ab-

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solutely reliable data, for it was obtained from two gentlemen who have had experience under the direct primary. One of them is Senator Raynor of Maryland. His seat was not contested, but in complying with the law which requires the circulation of petitions and other things that are not to be had without money he spent $18,000. Senator Bourne is the other man by whom Flint was supplied with data. This gentleman is a reformer of the millionaire brand. He professes great love for the people and great scorn of wrongdoing. He had to fight for the job, and it cost him $80,000. Most of the money was spent in the promotion of publicity. Bourne found that publicity was best obtained by oiling the press. He piped the oil through the interior of Oregon, and wherever he could do so he contracted not only for publicity but for exclusive publicity. Thus he kept the names of his opponents out of many rural newspapers and created the impression in some sections of the State that a man by the name of Bourne, the idol of the masses, was the whole show. He heartily commends his method to all jobchasers. That the wise ones will adopt it there is not the slightest doubt. The direct primary is certainly a great boon for the palladiums of our liberty. By them it was recognized as such even befoure Bourne began the promotion of publicity.

McNab for Governor

Some weeks ago I reported that the McNabs were coming—particularly Gavin and James. Now, looking into the seeds of time, I discern signs warranting the prediction that the political ambition of John of that clan will bear fruit before the end of the year. Keep your eye on the youngest of the McNab brothers, and watch him as he dances down the middle. I don't keep a card index, but I am in touch with political weather bureaus up and down the State, and all of them report a Scotch plaid banner floating in propitious breezes. John McNab has not had much experience in politics, but for that very reason he "looks good," all the other aspirants for gubernatorial honors being political hacks whose days of promise have passed. What vitality they seem to possess is blown into them by henchmen imbued with a lively sense of favors to come. So long have they been in the public eye, doing nothing but gorging themselves at the public crib, that they have become a weariness of the flesh. From the rural districts comes a demand for new blood, and this is significant. McNab himself is truly rural. Raised as a rancher, he educated himself in the law as a diversion while pursuing his labors in the field, and when he was examined for admission to the bar he made a most brilliant showing. If it be asked what service he has rendered to his party the answer is that he stumped the State for Taft and for Gillett and that he proved himself a whirlwind campaigner.

No Call, No Cry

Since Governor Gillett's announcement of his intention to withdraw from politics the Republican organization has not determined upon a candidate, and so far the Lincoln-Roosevelt League has experienced nothing but difficulty in finding a man to make the fight on the assurance of its moral backing. Mayor Mott of Oakland has been deemed almost able to satisfy both the machine and the league of his preeminent fitness for the job, yet he has not been called. Nor is he likely to heed a call from the league if it be unaccompanied by one from the machine. For Mott is thoroughly appreciative of the cost of glory under the direct primary. Phil Stanton of Los Angeles has announced that he is a candidate, accompanying the announcement with the explanation that his candidacy is to be considered as an expression of his devotion to the interests of Southern California. Phil doesn't care for the job; not at all. He is moved by nothing but geographical considerations and a keen sense of the claims of a patriotic constituency on his time and talents. Four hundred persons, not more than three hundred and ninety of whom expect jobs, have petitioned this shrinking violet to emerge from the umbrage of his Arcadian seclusion and lead the charge of the Los Angeles brigade. "On to Sacramento!" cries Phil, but echo answers not either from the holy of holies of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League or the throne-room of his Satanic majesty of the machine. No Macedonian cry summons Phil to the chair of State, but geography must be upheld.

Critic—My dear Pounder, you ought to play only for an audience of Beethovens.

Pounder—Ah, I thank you. Such appreciation—

Critic—Oh, don't mention it. Beethoven, you know, was deaf.

Lawlor's Latest Exhibition

Judge Lawlor's denial of District Attorney Fickert's motion to dismiss the indictments against Patrick Calhoun was precisely what might have been expected. Yet the motion was not unreasonable, nor was it unusual. It is the duty of the district attorney, whenever he considers it futile to prosecute a case to move that it be dismissed. Moreover it is customary for judges to grant motions of this character. Not to do so is to imply a lack of confidence in the judgment or integrity of the prosecuting officer. Judge Lawlor has frequently granted motions on the grounds set forth by District Attorney Fickert in the Calhoun case. Motions of a similar character in graft cases, made by Mr. Heney, were granted without hesitation or comment. Why, then, was Judge Lawlor visibly agitated when District Attorney Fickert moved to dismiss the Calhoun case? Why did he mutter incoherently something about the possibility of the district attorney's attitude being made the subject of inquiry? Finally, why was his decision

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precisely what might have been expected? These are all pertinent questions. In the right answers will be found an abstract of the causes that led to the repudiation of the Graft Prosecution. Judge Lawlor was agitated because he takes a profound personal interest in the Calhoun case, which renders him impotent to give the defendant a fair trial. His covert threat against the district attorney was the expression of an unbridled partisan feeling that disqualifies him from acting impartially. He makes it clear that he would like to discredit a district attorney elected by the people, yet it is notorious that he co-operated enthusiastically with a conscienceless rascal who prostituted the office of public prosecutor while on the pay-roll of a private individual. In view of these facts the answer to the third question as to why the decision was precisely what might have been expected is obvious.

Rockefeller Wanted to Emulate Spreckels

Let us for a moment leave the court presided over by Judge Lawlor, and through the medium of the Associated Press glimpse the tribunal of Judge O'Sullivan of New York. In the despatches of the 5th inst. it is reported that John D. Rockefeller Jr. has become so interested in the evils of the "white slave traffic" which the grand jury of which he is foreman has been investigating, that he offered the other day to donate $25,000 out of his pocket to prosecute a thorough inquiry and bring the guilty to justice. The proposition was made to District Attorney Whitman and Judge O'Sullivan, by both of whom it was rejected. "Judge O'Sullivan," says the despatch, "informed Mr. Rockefeller that for that sort of inquiry the public should pay." In other words Judge O'Sullivan holds that a public prosecution cannot be converted into a private enterprise. Mr. Rockefeller doubtless made his proposition on the assumption that what is tolerated by the courts of San Francisco is in strict accordance with the principles of American justice.

The Principle That Brought Discredit

That illustrious freebooter of journalism, the Boughten Bulletin, informs its readers with a sardonic chuckle that District Attorney Fickert's motion was what the people voted for last November. This is quite true. The people were sick and tired of the graft prosecution. And if District Attorney Fickert had moved to dismiss the Calhoun case on the ground that he had been elected to make the motion he would have been acting in accordance with the most salient fundamental principle upon which Fremont Older's employers conducted the graft prosecution. This principle, in a nutshell, is precisely what was the matter with the graft prosecution. It was the cause of the nausea that finally revolted the people. The graft prosecution was started not in the courts but in the newspapers. The newspapers organized themselves into a graft prosecution, and they did not go into the courts until they had agreed upon a policy of intimidation. When in time it was found that Spreckels, Phelan and Older were dominating the combination, and that the punishment of grafters concerned them less than the gratification of their spleen and vindictiveness the journalistic sanhedrim was dissolved. But from the beginning until the end the policy of the Graft Prosecution was to achieve results not by enforcement of the law but by coercion of the courts through the medium of public opinion. The courts and the officers of the courts were expected to heed the voice of the people, and the consequence was that the prosecution was resolved into a contest for popular support. As a consequence, too, the people were tormented with frame-ups and with all sorts of theatrical contrivances. They saw muck-rakers brought out from the East to gather material for articles abusive of the community, they witnessed the maligning of their highest tribunals, they saw trials attended by claqueurs, they beheld trial judges behaving like bitter partisans and they heard prosecuting attorneys appealing to the mob. It was inevitable that the people should weary of this continuous scandalous performance. Unquestionably they voted to put an end to it; but District Attorney Fickert is not acting out of deference to public opinion. He does not share the sentiments of Fremont Older, who was urging at one time that the voice of the mob should prevail over the conscience of a judge. He has asked for the dismissal of the Calhoun case because he knows that he cannot conscientiously ask for the conviction of the defendant on such evidence as he is able to produce.

It May Serve For Political Purposes

If Calhoun could not be convicted when "Jim" Gallagher was on hand, when Burns and his spies were attending to the impanelment of juries, and when Judge Lawlor was able to co-operate confidentially with the prosecuting officer, there is surely not much likelihood of his being convicted now. Gallagher having been sent abroad for his health, the records of the district attorney's office having been destroyed, and Fickert being disinclined to pack a jury, the situation is certainly not what Judge Lawlor would term propitious. But all the potentialities of the Calhoun case for political purposes have not been exhausted. Rumor has it that the men who were behind the graft prosecution are taking a lively interest in the coming State campaign, and that they would like to keep the Calhoun case before the people as an object lesson of some kind.

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Mantell and the Corporal

Corporal Hamilton H. Dobbin of the park police station is the proudest man in town this week, and he has no hesitation in explaining that Robert Mantell is the cause of his superexalted state of mind. Corporal Dobbin and Robert Mantell were born and raised together in Belfast, Ireland, and have always maintained the friendship begun in tender years. Corporal Dobbin's whole interest in the theatre centers in the career of Mantell and for the past year he has been supplying his friends with the Eastern papers in which Mantell's productions have been reviewed. For the opening performance at the Columbia Corporal Dobbin engaged a proscenium box and occupied it with Judge Cabaniss, Lewis H. Bvington, Thomas M. O'Connor and J. McNamara as his guests. After the performance Corporal Dobbin escorted his party behind the scenes and presented them to Mantell. The actor was as glad to see Dobbin as Dobbin was to welcome the actor.

Beardslee for Lieutenant-Governor

While other republicans ambitious to hold high State offices are pulling all the wires they can lay their hands on and sitting up nights devising political combinations that will facilitate their quest, Robert L. Beardslee of Stockton has announced himself a candidate for lieutenant-governor and is making his campaign in the spirit of the direct primary law. Beardslee has not asked permission to run for Warren Porter's job; he has simply jumped into the fight without consulting anything or anybody except his own desires. Whether the performers will look upon his candidacy with favor, Beardslee so far has had no opportunity of learning; he is equally in the dark regarding the attitude of the reformers. The reason is that he has not asked either side for an indorsement or a sign of encouragement. Interpreting the direct primary law in its simplest sense he has started out to let the voters know what he is after. He has begun with Stockton and San Joaquin county where he is immensely popular and ere long will be embarked on a rattling campaign. Aside from Charley Curry and John McNab I cannot recall any other aspirant for State office who has adopted the true spirit of the new election law in applying it to his personal canvass. All others are willing to circumvent it by starting with the indorsement of an extra-official convention of some sort, just as was done during the election in this city. Beardslee will prove a formidable candidate. He was city attorney of Stockton for one term and served through three legislatures in the lower house. He was speaker of the assembly in 1907 and chairman of the ways and means committee afterwards. During his chairmanship, for the first time in our legislative history, the general appropriation bill did not have to be amended in the assembly. Beardslee would make a thoroughly competent president of the senate. But Warren Porter is still to be heard from.

Servant—Professor, there's a thief in the dining-room.
Astronomer—Tell him I'm too busy to see him.

The Vaughan-Lytell Engagement

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Evelyn Vaughan, the beautiful leading woman at the Alcazar, to Bertram Lytell who used to be the leading man in the same theatre and who is now at the head of a stock company in Rochester, New York, is a source of melancholy satisfaction to the girls and boys who make up the matinee audiences at the Sutter street playhouse. Month after month the rumor crept from lip to lip that Bertram Lytell had captured the heart of Miss Vaughan and that their frequent love passages behind the footlights were not merely mimetic in character. Denied with every ingenuity of emphasis known to the press agent, the rumor persisted. Among the matinee youngsters it was the transcendent topic of conversation. The girls rather hoped that the handsome Bertram whom they worshiped with heart and soul would not forsake the state of single blessedness, although they admitted that Miss Vaughan was a worthy object of his affections. The boys were intensely jealous of Lytell and swore that he was not worthy of Miss Vaughan. The absorbing theme was debated at dances, at parties and in every candy store in town. Girls have been known to let the fudge burn while engaged in the discussion; boys, to have snubbed their cotillon partners when a difference of opinion arose in the matter. The query editors of the daily papers grew weary announcing to "old subscriber" and "high school girl" that Mr. Lytell and Miss Vaughan had not been married. And then Lytell went away, leaving the mystery behind him. It was whispered that he had been jilted and would bury himself in Broadway to assuage his grief. Some of the more knowing hinted that the marriage had already taken place and that it did not square with the Alcazar tradition to have a married man playing leads, because it destroyed the glamor in which the matinee girl lives. But it's all over now; the engagement is announced. The girls are free to confess that Mr. Lytell was very nice but that Mr. Ince is perfectly adorable.

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Whether any of them or none of them use it at a particular moment the company must make it; must have the costly equipment for the maximum demand, must pay taxes on the whole outfit, and bear the depreciation, although the full capacity of the plant is taken by consumers only two or three hours a day.

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The Return of Two Favorites

The Novelty Theatre was crowded on Tuesday night by an audience which looked exactly like the audience which used to gather of a Monday night at the old Alcazar in O'Farrell street. This was not remarkable because the occasion was the return to San Francisco after an Eastern success of Florence Roberts and White Whittlesey. Miss Roberts is not so fleshy as when last seen here and White Whittlesey is the same old White except that—whisper it softly—there is a tiny round bald spot on his left temple. What a tragedy the first insidious touch of the imp of baldness must be to a matinee idol like Whittlesey! It was difficult to determine which of the two favorites the audience was more pleased to see. Both received ovations of almost equal enthusiasm, Miss Roberts, I think, having a shade the better of the welcome. Mayor McCarthy with Mrs. McCarthy and a party of guests occupied a box. The Mayor arrived during the first act when the theatre was darkened and took his seat unobserved but after the first act, when he was noticed, a voice yelled "McCarthy" from the rear of the theatre, there was handclapping and the ever ready executive arose and made a brief oration.

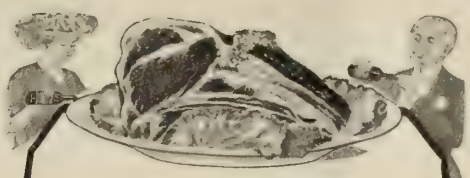
Did Rex Beach Crib from Hughes?

The first presentation here of "The Transformation" gives rise to an interesting question of plagiarism or unconscious cerebration, to use a fashionable euphemism. In the fourth act of this play the hero becomes blind and the heroine is made aware of his condition when he attempts to cross the stage and walks into a chair. Later the heroine starts to leave the room but stops at the door. Thinking that she has departed the hero speaks aloud and for the first time she discovers that he loves her. Now these identical episodes figured in a story by Rex Beach published in Collier's two or three weeks ago. "The Transformation" is the work of T. Ciconni, an Italian playwright presumably, and was adapted for the American stage by Rupert Hughes. It was produced long before Rex Beach's story appeared. Was Beach indebted to the play for his inspiration? It is interesting to recall in this connection that Beach was threatened with snow-blindness as the result of his long stay in the white north.

"That man couldn't make a success of anything."
"What makes you think so?"
"Why, he actually made a failure of a butcher shop."

The Halsey Case

Judge Dunne has succeeded in creating the impression that a deception was practiced on him by three reputable physicians who, he would have us believe, perjured themselves in the interest of Theodore Halsey, the official of The Pacific States Telephone Company who is under indictment for bribery. As a result of Judge Dunne's attitude and conduct in this matter, I am told, the physicians who have suffered a grievous injustice at his hands are considering the advisability of resorting to some means of obtaining a vindication. The fact is that their diagnosis of Halsey's condition had not been disproved; nor has their testimony been contradicted to the extent



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Judge Dunne would have his audience in the gallery believe. For example, the fact is not disputed that Halsey is suffering from tuberculosis. The disease is said to be quiescent as a result of the treatment which he has been undergoing, but that he has so far recovered that his life is not to be endangered by a long, tedious and debilitating trial is something to which no physician will testify. But even admitting a disagreement among doctors it does not follow that some of them are lying, as Judge Dunne assumes. Some years ago several doctors of high standing testified in a local court that a woman who was suing a railroad for damages for personal injuries had a tumor which had probably been produced by the accident in which she had figured. She won the suit, and a few months later was delivered of the tumor which proved to be a twelve-pound baby. Now even admitting that the doctors in the Halsey case—Gallwey, Shumate and Williamson—have erred in the very slight degree in which they have differed from three other physicians it does not follow that they have prevaricated. Professionally they are men of much greater experience than the gentlemen who have given Judge Dunne occasion to bloviate, and certainly there are not many men in the medical profession in California whose reputation for honesty is to be compared with theirs.

The Doctors Are After Him

Now, as I have said, these gentlemen whose honesty has been impugned, are not disposed to remain under a cloud. They believe they are entitled to vindication, and from what is said by their friends, in seeking it they may make Judge Dunne's court-room the storm-centre of another scandal. These physicians are not to be awed by magisterial frowns. They are in an aggressive

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mood, and if their indignation does not cool the situation may take a curious turn. How dramatic it would be if Judge Dunne as a result of his efforts to disparge medical opinion should find himself under the scientific examination of expert alienists! Now as a matter of fact this thought has been seriously indulged. Many years ago Judge Clough whose aberrations were by no means as offensive as Judge Dunne's was examined by physicians and pronounced insane. As a consequence he lost his job. So the situation does not lack a precedent. But there is one thing to be said for Judge Dunne: his mental condition is the same now as it was when he was elected to the bench. Ever since his elevation to the bench he has been crotchety, capricious, querulous and peevish; all of which, however, may be accounted for on the hypothesis that lacking a serene, judicial temperament and the capacity to master the intricacies of the law, whenever he finds himself in a maze of technicalities he experiences brain storms. But from these a man may suffer without going daft beyond the reach of hellebore.

Chinese Lotharios and White Girls

The body of a Chinese was found cut to pieces in the picnic grounds at Lodi a few days ago and investigation by the sheriff of San Joaquin county showed that the murder had been committeed by another celestial who was jealous of the dead man's attentions to a white girl. The further the authorities went into the case the blacker were the details which they uncovered. It may seem incredible that a Chinese Lothario should be able to fascinate white girls, but though the supposition does violence to some of our preconceived notions about the gulf which separates the white and yellow races, it is amply borne out by documentary evidence in the present case. One of the officials who had charge of the investigation following the murder told me that the dead Chinese had a bundle of letters from white girls of San Francisco and elsewhere. The letters contained endearing expressions and indicated that the most intimate relations had existed between the Chinese and the unfortunate girls who wrote them. The letters of course will never be made public, for no good purpose would be accomplished by such an exposure. The murder, however, has called the attention of the San Joaquin authorities to an unusually shocking state of affairs and without undue noise measures will be taken to deal with the situation.

Father—So you've failed again in your examinations. How was that?

Hopeful—Because they asked me the same questions as before.

Goldsmith's and Swift's Birthplaces

All lovers of English literature with a touch of sentiment in their makeup will rejoice to learn that a movement is on foot to restore the birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith in the village of Lissoy. Pilgrims who have visited the original of "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain" must have been saddened by the ruin which neglect has spread over this historic home. It is indeed a deserted home in "the deserted village." Now that the Westmeath County Council has taken steps to save it from destruction it will be a more cheering landmark for travelers to visit. Poor old "Nolly" had so much of melancholy in his hard career that as much brightness should be shed over his memory as possible and the restoration of his birthplace is a move in the right direction. There is another birthplace of a distinguished Irishman which has been crying aloud for the hand of the restorer for more than a century. This is the wretched hovel in Hoey's Court, Dublin, where Dean Swift first saw the light. A dirtier spot than Hoey's Court it would be difficult to find in the region of slums near Dublin Castle and the house which is pointed out as the birthplace of Swift is probably the most uninviting spot in the court. The visitor need not be reminded that Swift's parents were desperately poor, for Hoey's Court has evidently been a dwelling place of the poor for centuries; but imagination refuses to picture its present squalor in connection with the abiding there of the proud and well-connected Swifts. Why the authorities of Dublin have never done anything to make this landmark presentable is a mystery that defies solution. A bust marks the home of Thomas Moore, Balfe's birthplace is kept in good condition and other natives of Dublin have been honored in the streets of their childhood, but one must go to St. Patrick's to find a memorial to Swift. Why does not Dublin follow the example of Westmeath?

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The Retirement of Warships

Does the average utility of a cruiser extend only over a period of fifteen years? Will the fighting ships whose keels are laid this year be antiquated in 1925? These questions may seem preposterous, yet they are amply warranted when attention is given to the fate which has already overtaken vessels that were the pride of the navy during the war with Spain. Some of these cruisers have been dismantled, others have been condemned to retirement as out of date and several have sunk to the inferior position of reserve ships whose utility is confined chiefly to affording practice ground for naval recruits. The building of a big cruiser is a costly undertaking and its life is by no means in proportion to its cost. The rewards for improvements in the implements of war are so much greater than those offered for improvements in the tools and instruments consecrated to peaceful industry that new guns, new armorplates, new explosives are constantly superseding others of recent invention. If these improvements could be applied to the old vessels of the navy, ships of war would not age so quickly, but in most cases it seems that the new gun or the new explosive can only be utilized in a larger vessel or at least in a vessel of different pattern. Hence the dreadnaughts of today are not supplementing the cruisers and battleships of yesterday but are replacing them; the strength of our navy is not increasing in the direct ratio of the number of new vessels launched. The elder vessels become decrepit more rapidly than the new vessels can be built.

Eighteen Antiquated Cruisers

It may seem surprising that eighteen cruisers which were adequate for offense and defense in the war with Spain should now be out of date and practically useless, yet that seems to be the case. It was only a few years ago that the cruiser Brooklyn was considered the pride of the navy. Launched in Philadelphia in 1895, only fifteen years ago, boasting a speed of 21.9 knots, the Brooklyn came into prominence during the war with Spain. As flagship for Rear-Admiral Schley she was first identified with the flying squadron at Hampton Roads but later she became famous as the vessel picked out by the Spanish admirals for their concentrated fire when they made their sortie from Santiago, and she led the pursuit of the Cristobal Colon. Today she is lying, partly dismantled, at the yard where she was built and will probably never see active service again. Her hull is perfectly sound, her engines are in good condition and she seems to be in every way as seaworthy as she was a dozen years ago. But the navy department has ruled that the Brooklyn is out of date and she will be allowed to go into disuse. The Olympia was Dewey's flagship at Manila Bay; now she is held in reserve at Annapolis. The Baltimore is out of commission at the New York yard; the Boston at Puget Sound; the Chicago will be turned over to the Massachusetts Naval Militia to be used as a practice ship; the Atlanta is used as a barracks for the torpedo men at Charleston. The cruisers Minneapolis and Columbia are out of commission at Philadelphia; the old flagship New York is in reserve at the same place; the Cincinnati is out of commission at Mare Island; the Detroit at Boston; the San Francisco at Norfolk; the Denver and Galveston will be retired at Mare Island and Puget Sound respectively; the Milwaukee and St. Louis are in reserve at Bremerton; the Philadelphia is used as a receiving ship at Puget Sound. It is a melancholy list and is eloquent of the terrific cost of naval protection.

Beerbohm on Dale

Max Beerbohm, dramatic critic of the Saturday Review of London and a literary artist of distinction, has been discussing, apropos of the exhibition of temper into which Alan Dale provoked Lawrence Irving, the ethics of dramatic criticism, and incidentally the manners of Mr. Dale. He says: "I doubt not that Mr. Irving, as he bowed himself off the stage, felt he had dealt the enemy a deadly blow. I wish he had. For that enemy I have no regard whatsoever, and will not by naming him add my quota to the fine advertisement he has received from Mr. Irving. His gibes at Mr. Irving and at Mrs. Irving were vulgar and unjust. Again I judge by cabled fragments; but these are in exact accord to the manner which I have sometimes, with gloomy curiosity, sampled at full length in the newspaper which it adorns. I can construct from them the quality of the whole article. The writer is a man not endowed with humor and clever-

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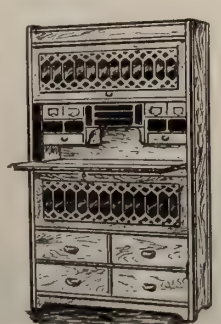

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ness. But he has made his reputation by using these gifts mainly in the cause of crude insolence, and by the elaborate process of going out of his way to give such offense as right-hearted critics try to refrain from giving even when they are bound to blame. The matter of what he says is sometimes right enough; more often it is shaped to fit the manner; and always the manner is deplorable. Criticism of acting differs from criticism of other arts, in that it is necessarily far more personal. You can condemn or ridicule a book, or a painting, or a piece of music, in terms which, while they would be brutal and indecent as applied to the work of an actor, leave personally unscathed the writer, or painter, or composer. Art and honesty demand that the actor shall not be judged more leniently than other artists. The actor himself, in common self-respect, demands this though always, of course, he would rather it were denied him. Humanitarianism, on the other hand, demands that our judgment of the actor shall be so worded as not to wound him. It is very difficult and delicate, this task of telling the truth innocuously. It is not impossible, but it takes a lot of time and tact."

His Strictures on American Journalism

Mr. Beerbohm has also taken occasion in connection with the foregoing to discuss American journalism. His views on this subject are expressed in the form of a speech which he thinks would have been more effective than the one delivered by the actor. "Mr. Irving," says Beerbohm, "should have stood surveying the house, and then, very slowly, have said, 'I have spoken strongly about this man. But I do not hate him. Rather do I pity him. He delights to bark and bite. It is his nature to. One does not hate a mad dog. But, if I came to a city where mad dogs were allowed to be at large, it would be not enough for me that the citizens should say 'Yes, aren't these dogs a nuisance?' I should blame these citizens for their incivism. The critic whom I have named tonight is an extreme case, no doubt. But the fact remains that a great part of American journalism is unseemly, a peril and pest, unworthy of a civilized nation. Why do you stand it? Do you wish me to be forced to the conclusion that you are not yet civilized? You deplore the corruption of your politics, just as you deplore the vulgarity of your 'yellow press.' Why don't you stop it? You could. No one has ever accused you of lethargy. You are a very vital and vigorous people. I have an immense admiration for your immense potentialities. If we in England had such politics as yours, or such a 'yellow press' as yours, I should feel desperate indeed. For we in England are growing old: our organism might not be able to cast off such maladies. But you, the young and buoyant, the aquiline and star-spangled, very surely you have the power to set your house in order. Apparently you have not the will. I pray you, be calm. Resume your seats. There is no use in your attempting to storm the foot-lights. I need but raise my hand and there would appear from the wings a strong force of armed police whom the Mayor has very kindly placed at my disposal for this evening, with orders to shoot if you show the slightest disposition to tear me limb from limb. I ask you to ponder well what I have said to you. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a very good-night.' If Mr. Irving had said something of this sort . . . but no, Mr. Irving would have been best advised to say nothing at all."

The Robert Burns Anniversay Banquet of St. Andrews Society was the auspicious occasion at which the Dewar prize bowls were presented for contest on the green of the Golden Gate Scotch Bowling Club. Mr. Jas. S. Webster, to whose efforts the success of the Harry Lauder week and St. Andrews' banquet is largely due, made a suitable reference in his address at the dinner, to the friendship of Sir Thomas Dewar for Mr. Harry Lauder and to Sir Thomas' handsome trophy of a box of prize bowls to be contested for on the green of the Golden Gate Scotch Bowling Club.

"Your wife used to sing and play the piano. Now we don't hear her at all. How's that?"
"She hasn't the time. We have two children."
"Well, well. Children are a blessing!"

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Poetry of the Week

A BOY'S BELIEF

It isn't much fun a-living
  If grandpa says what's true,
That this is the jolliest time o' life
  That I'm a-passing through.
I'm 'fraid he can't remember,
  It's been so awful long.
I'm sure if he could recollect
  He'd know that he was wrong.

Did he ever have, I wonder,
  A sister just like mine,
Who'd take his skates or break his kite,
  Or tangle up his twine?
Did he ever chop the kindling,
  Or fetch in coal and wood,
Or offer to turn the wringer?
  If he did, he was awful good!

In summer, it's "weed the garden";
  In winter, it's "shovel the snow";
For there isn't a single season
  But has its work, you know.
And then, when a fellow's tired,
  And hopes he may just sit still,
It's "bring me a pail of water, son,
  From the spring at the foot of the hill."

How can grandpa remember
  A fellow's grief or joy?
'Tween you and me, I don't believe
  He ever was a boy.
Is this the jolliest time o' life?
  Believe it I never can;
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy
  As a really grown-up man.

WE ALL KNOW HER

She warbled the soprano with dramatic sensibility,
  And dallied with the organ when the organist was sick;
She got up for variety a brand-new church society, and
  Spoke with great facility about the new church brick.

She shed great tears of sorrow for the heathen immorality,
  And organized a system that would open up their eyes;
In culinary charity she won great popularity, and
  Showed her personality in lecturing on pies.

For real unvarnished culture she betrayed a great propensity;
  Her Tuesday-talks were famous, her Friday-glimmers great.
She grasped at electricity with mental elasticity, and lectured
  With intensity about the marriage state.

But with the calm assurance of her wonderful capacity,
  She wouldn't wash the dishes, but she'd talk all day on rocks,
And while she dealt on density, or space and its immensity,
  With such refined audacity, her mother darned the socks!

Man wants but little here below,
  He is not hard to please;
But woman—bless her little heart!—
  Wants everything she sees.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Pioneer Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.

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April 6, 7 and 8	OMAHA	$ 60.00
May 11, 12, 13, 14, 25, 26, 27	KANSAS CITY	60.00
June 2, 3, 4, 24, 25, 26, 30	CHICAGO	72.50
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 25, 26, 27	HOUSTON	60.00
August 1, 2, 3 and 4	NEW ORLEANS	67.50
Sept. 1, 2, 3, 11, 12, 13, 14	NEW YORK	108.50
	BOSTON	110.50

Tickets sold on April dates for New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, New York and Boston.
Good for 15 days' trip going. Return limit three months from date of purchase. Stopovers, choice of routes, and accepted for passage on either of the Great Overland Flyers.

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PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. — THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

AGOSTINA TARDELLI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Raffaello Tardelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
House No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal — 2 12-5

Lady—You'll have to wait a little longer for your wages.
Maid—I thought as much when you didn't discharge me last night.

Odd Things in the World

Levi P. Morton, now in his eighty-sixth year, sits at his desk in the Morton Trust Company from 10 o'clock to 3, and before leaving for the day calls Harry Francis, the company's secretary, and asks:

"Have you anything more for me to do?"

"Nothing until tomorrow morning, Governor," replies Mr. Francis.

The same question and the same reply have concluded Mr. Morton's business day since his term as Governor of this State ended more than a decade ago.

What became of the Duke of Cumberland's sword, which was lost or stolen at the Haymarket Theatre on January 16, 1749? It was on the night of the great "Bottle Hoax." According to advertisement a man was to "play on a common walking cane the music of every instrument now used to perfection; get into a quart bottle without equivocation, and while there sing several songs," besides doing other things only a little less marvelous. More marvelous that the theatre should have been packed with spectators, including many of the nobility and the Duke of Cumberland—of Culloden fame. The conjuror did not appear, but one of the theatre officials did and informed the house that all money would be returned at the doors. "Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage," a contemporary account tells us, "and called to pull down the house. He drew his sword and was in such a rage that somebody slipped in behind him and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say, Fools should not have chopping sticks. This sword of his has never been heard of, nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas of reward are offered for it."

There is no city on earth where the tip system is more deeply rooted than in Paris; and yet, if we are to believe M. Jabouyant, secretary of the Chambre Syndicate Ouvriere des Limonadiers, the cafe and restaurant waiters desire nothing better than to see the abolition of the pourboire. "When that day arrives," he says, "our comrades will realize the necessity of grouping themselves together for the purpose of obtaining a fixed salary from their employers. Today we receive no salary, only the pourboire, and not always that. Some employers, finding that we make too much, deduct as much as 40, 50 and even 60 per cent of our tips. I could tell you of one cafe where eighteen employes hand over to the house over $12,000 a year. Most employes are paid for working; we others pay for the privilege."

A Government poultry expert who has just completed an extensive tour of the several States of the Australian Commonwealth has issued a report containing certain recommendations designed to increase and cheapen the production of eggs. The expert's idea is, briefly, the creation of "egg circles" in the States which have not yet adopted that plan. One of the States has already twenty-one of these centres, consisting principally of small farmers. The secretary of each centre receives, tests and grades the eggs, pays cash for them at the current market rate, and sends them to the Government cool stores. The Government does the marketing, and at the end of each quarter any profits are divided among the suppliers. The secretary of each centre receives one cent a dozen for the eggs he handles. Under this method there is no middleman's profit. The grading and testing is very strict, and no egg under two ounces in weight is passed. The expert claims for his scheme that it will increase the production of eggs and table poultry throughout the commonwealth by 300 per cent.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market has experienced during the week a vast amount of liquidation by pools, commission houses, short selling and manipulation by important market interests, with the result that transactions have been on a heavy scale. Low prices on the present decline were recorded in the middle of the week with a strong rally in values at the close of business. Some of the leading railway stocks have shown a distinct accumulation by bankers on weak spots in the market, and this is an excellent and hopeful sign that the decline in securities is nearing the end. There is also reported some heavy buying of speculative issues by interests who are credited with making the important swings of the market; hence it would appear that stocks may go somewhat lower on manipulative drives in the immediate future, yet we are drawing to the point where we believe that any of the good dividend payers can be bought for much better prices in the coming spring months.

Wheat—Markets were lower and popular sentiment bearish. Disappearing sales of cash wheat, continued enormous receipts at primary centers outside of Chicago and much uneasiness on account of the unsettled conditions of the market for securities were decidedly against confidence in the present values of wheat. Thus far in February the cash demand is much poorer than probably anyone in the trade had anticipated. With spring-like weather only a short distance off it is no wonder that the trade has begun to think about weak spring markets. Bearish sentiment continues to run ahead of actual conditions, nevertheless. The Chicago market for futures is hammered on the first excuse, although prices here are relatively lower than elsewhere, and all contract grades of wheat are at a large premium over deferred deliveries. The trade, of course, knows full well that if it waits until the large marketings of cash wheat have wiped out premiums at the other smaller centers and started the stream of wheat this way, there will be little chance to sell wheat around current levels. Speculators, therefore, are constantly trying to anticipate the conditions that they expect. It remains to be seen what the first hand owners of wheat, the producer, will do with it.

Corn—Further heaviness in corn was apparent last week. Prices at the lowest were almost precisely 5 cents below the high prices reached in the recent bulge. The weather has been good, railroads have made great progress in moving the grain to market, and the arrivals at primary centers, and particularly at Chicago, have been enormous. Demand from consumers has not kept pace with the marketings and heavy accumulations of supplies are being made.

Cotton—The news of the past week concerning the spot situation was more encouraging and contracts advanced in consequence. The spot markets of the South have been and are very firm, and even in some parts it has been said that holders are selling at concession and have been buying futures as a hedge. Cotton cannot be bought in the South as cheap as in New York and this certainly has looked strange. Futures have been too far below the parity of spots. What has been or is to be the upshot of all this? Reflective men are pondering the question with a great deal of interest. The spinners have been buying futures in New York and even Liverpool liquidated straddles by also buying in New York.

Some advices are to the effect that there has not been enough rain to put a good "season" in the ground. If, as is generally claimed, it is a case of supply and demand it would seem that the crop is totally inadequate and we would certainly have no surplus to carry over to the new crop. Yet, on the other hand, there has been and will continue to be such economy on the part of the spinners that this situation may be met, especially as to the far months. There is no question that the sentiment in the trade is bearish, while that of the statistically posted speculative crowd is most bullish. It is safe to wait until more reliable reports as to the weather conditions in the cotton belt are received before any heavy commitments are made and we advise a careful study of such reports and the possibility of an increased acreage. Prudent information should be the guide. For the present, at least, we continue to see the best kind of a scalping market and advise taking advantage of the dips and bulges which the present conditions of the stock market will go no little way to help.

Copper—It is apparent to everyone that there has been liquidation in the copper market in the past week, but this has been a naturally sympathetic drop with the New York Stock Exchange securities superinduced by selling by very large interests and it seems improbable at the time of going to press that the depression is yet completed. At any rate, the time is not yet a propitious one to look for an immediate bull movement. The seeming attitude of the administration against corporations in itself would preclude any hope for an immediate revival, even one based on the supply and demand of the staple. Yet it is more than probable that this phase of the situation has been misrepresented and made to serve as a scapegoat. At any rate, confidence has been severely shaken and the tariff troubles among foreign nations do not make for a feeling of security with exporters. We prefer to take the position that the coppers should now be bought on any further declines, but despite our wish to take a favorable view, we cannot feel that the time to put this into general practice has arrived. Of the Boston coppers the Lake stocks have had a particularly sharp break, though, by comparison, no more so than Anaconda and Amalgamated on the big exchange. There have been some false reports put out in regard to different Boston coppers, such as Calumet and Hecla, but on good authority we may state that there is no truth in them. As soon as conditions on the Stock Exchange become normal, the Boston coppers will show an improvement. The basic condition of the spot market strengthens our belief that the purchase of any of the dividend paying or good standard copper stocks will soon prove a remunerative investment.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Sensation in Pink Tights

The Mardi Gras was a revel. Society went in for a good time regardless of the lines that divide and subdivide "sets," and the result was a hilarious success that recalled the old Art Association balls and went them one better. No one denies that the palm for popularity was carried off by the two ladies in tights. Who they were remains a mystery, but most of the men in the room followed in their train. Even the dignified Joseph Sadoc Tobin was interested. Toward the end of the evening there was a shocked exclamation from one of the boxes: "Look at Joe!" Every one in hearing looked, and there, waltzing happily with the pink tights, was Mr. Tobin. Ned Greenway also succumbed to her well revealed charms and that the judges recognized them was evinced by their awarding her the prize for the least striking costume and this should be explained. There were necklaces and jeweled pendants to be given to those wearing the handsomest and most original costumes. Florence Roberts, the actress, suggested a "booby prize." She donated one of her photographs to be awarded the least striking. The literal minded judges could find no one who wore less than the lady in pink tights and to her the picture was awarded. At supper the fascinating unknown was the center of a group of six devoted admirers. and through the popping of corks was heard to say: "Stop, I'll be black and blue." Another unknown was the flag lady whose extremely short skirt and rotund figure created a sensation. She and her interesting legs disappeared at unmasking, because as one man said, "She didn't have the courage to own up to them."

Prize Winning Costumes

Mrs. Jack Spreckels who was voted the one wearing the most original costume certainly merited the distinction. She was "an auction" in a white gown hung with red flags which bore the legend "Tonight at 12." About the bodice and skirt were hung tiny chairs, cook stoves and other household furniture and from her tight Sis Hopkins braids hung small tin cooking utensils. Mrs. Vincent Whitney was an adorable kitten, and calls of "Here puss" followed her. Her tight-fitting black gown was covered with small white cats and on her head was a furry white puss, its long tail curled about her neck. Mrs. Alexander Douglas who won the pearl necklace for the handsomest costume was an Oriental princess in bouffant bloomers and satin overdress all heavily embroidered and jeweled. She wore the face veil of the harem and a wonderful jeweled head dress. Miss Alice Hager's flag costume which won the second prize was a long trailing robe fashioned from a huge American flag and Miss Hager wore it with stately grace. The clever idea of going as a pint of Mumm to Mrs. Gus Taylor's quart, was elaborated by Miss Jennie Crocker. Miss Crocker is petite and bubbling over with spirits and while Mrs. Taylor is of stately height, she is equally effervescent. No one had a better time than these two in their bottle green and white gowns, covered with gold net. Miss Crocker, by the way, donated most of the pearls that went to make up the necklace given as first prize. It is made in three strands from which hang pendants of pearls set in clusters. The necklace won by Royden Williamson is a valuable ornament of many gems given by the patronesses of the ball and fashioned in beautiful designs. For this Miss Crocker gave several of her rings and each of the other members of the auxiliary donated some jewel from her collection.

How the Mere Men Masked

Royden Williamson won the oriental necklace valued at $1200, which was raffled during the evening and there is no end of speculation as to its ultimate disposal. For the most part the men wore dominos over their evening clothes but one cheerful coon enjoyed his disguise. He proved to be Harold Bingham, famous as the author of "Wont You Be My Buster Brown." Roderick Macleay who won a jeweled cigarette holder for the handsomest man's costume, came from Portland to be present. He is the brother of Mrs. Joe Grant and belongs to an old Scotch family. It was the plaid of his clan that he wore and he made a hit with his kilts. Cyrus Pierce was given a cocktail set for his Italian organ grinder. The judges felt he deserved a reward for his trouble with the monkeys. They proved unruly and threatened to make Mr. Pierce unpopular.

Photo, Genthe

MISS MARGUERITE BURNS

The beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burns who has taken an active part in the social festivities of the season.

Lenten Penitence in Society

Now that the last strain of the last waltz has died away and the season of penitence has come, it is consoling to know that our swagger crowd is engaged in

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setting a good example for the unfortunates who have never penetrated the sacred circle. The excluded polloi, never having experienced the delights of the fashionable corral, find it easy to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil for the Lenten season; but think how difficult it is for the exclusive few to do this. Yet are they sternly strewing their brows with ashes, donning sackcloth of the most recent design and tripping it with every appearance of devotion to religious services. It is a splendid exhibition of piety. To tell of all the sacrifices which are being made this season would occupy too much time and might detract from the merit of our devotees who realize that good should be done by stealth

Photo, Scharz

MISS GEORGINA SNEATHAN

One of Oakland's most beautiful society girls who won applause by her singing of the Swiss Song in the Oakland Kirmess.

and not heralded abroad. Yet I must mention what some of our best people are doing in this holy season. One dame of the Burlingame set has resolutely vowed that she will not swear at her maid, no matter how awkward Marie may be. Another of the same section has retired one of her automobiles and if it be true, as some have said, that she has dispensed with the machine in which her husband is wont to joyride, that does not argue a lack of self-sacrifice, for hubby needs to do penance and it is penance for her to suffer his society. One of our charming matrons has resolved that she will drink no highballs during Lent and confine herself to one cocktail before dinner. Another has reduced her allowance of cigarettes to six a day. Still another is denying herself the solace of a box of novels which she brought over recently from Paris. I could name half a dozen of the younger girls who are making it a practice to walk to church during Lent instead of driving in their motor cars.

Piety Not So Rare

Let it not be thought that I am sneering at the sincere piety which is to be found among the elite of our gaiety-loving town. There are plenty of instances where girls of apparent frivolity are actually observing the Lenten season with sincere but unostentatious devotion. One beautiful belle with a host of admirers who regularly embower her home with orchids and other precious blooms, has arranged to have the flowers transferred every morning to the altar of a certain church. Another is devoting her entire allowance to the poor and is doing good in this way that could not be accomplished by a regular charity worker. You see, she has the instinct for gentle deeds and she not only helps but edifies her beneficiaries. The maids and matrons who have told me that they will not indulge their love for bridge, the theatre, sweets and other innocent diversions in Lent are so many that I could not readily count them. At least half of them, I am assured, will persevere in their good intentions. Piety is not dead in society, the scoffers notwithstanding. The best of it is that these fair penitents will be the gayest of the gay when the season of repentance is over.

About Miss De Sabla

Miss Vera De Sabla and Gerald Halsey—these are two members of society who have been talked about with the greatest interest in the gatherings of the past week. At the last Greenway ball the charming heiress of El Cerrito danced no less than nine successive dances with the popular young fellow and of course that was more than enough basis for the rumor of an engagement which immediately sprang to life and has been growing ever since. As a matter of fact Mr. Halsey has been very devoted to Miss De Sabla ever since the famous De Sabla ball. He is a very eligible young man, his family connections including Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Rixford. Many of Miss De Sabla's friends think that an engagement will be announced before the young lady leaves for her European tour. By the way, Miss De Sabla leaves this week for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hope and Miss Dunsmuir of Victoria.

Miss Bourn's Engagement

The bavardes were much upset when the announcement of the engagement of Miss Maud Bourn to Frederick Vincent followed on the heels of their announcement that this charming young lady had given her heart to Richard Tobin. As a matter of fact the erroneous story published by the bavardes was responsible for the official announcement of the disposition of Miss Bourn's affections much sooner than had been planned. It was Dick Tobin who played fairy godfather to Miss Bourn's romance. On the occasion of Miss Bourn's last visit

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abroad Dick Tobin gave her a letter of introduction to the Vincents. In New York Miss Bourn met Fred Vincent and they crossed the Atlantic on the same steamer. On that trip he proposed and was accepted, so that when they reached the other side it only remained to tell the interesting news to the Vincent family. Young Vincent is the son of a colonel in the British army.

The Comte Housewarming

Mr. and Mrs. A. Comte Jr. welcomed thirty-five of their friends last Saturday evening at a housewarming in their beautiful new home at 3851 Clay street. Two hours or more were devoted to cards, the winners receiving handsome prizes. A musical entertainment followed and later an elaborate supper, the guests all seated about a huge round table. The decorations in the dining-room were scarlet carnations, making a striking effect against the ebony paneled walls. The beautiful hostess was radiant in white silk. Many clever speeches were made felicitating her and her distinguished husband on the happy occasion.

Miss Burns Entertained in the East

Miss Marguerite Burns, the strikingly beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burns, has been spending a month or so with Lieutenant and Mrs. Cassidy in Providence, Rhode Island, and has been extensively entertained in the naval set there. On her way back to this city Miss Burns will stop in Los Angeles as the guest of her uncle, James P. Burns, a prominent merchant of the southern city. Miss Burns is a graduate of the Sacred Heart Convent of this city and is a young lady of unusual culture, possessing many interests outside the social world which claims much of her time. Before her departure for the East she was at most of the season's big functions and on her return many delightful affairs will be given in her honor.

The Norris-Preston Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston are spending their honeymoon at Portola Hall, the Preston country place at Woodside. On their return they are to live in Devisadero street near the Worthington Ames home, and not in Santa Barbara as reported. The wedding last Monday was a small affair but it loomed large in interest. There has been a certain atmosphere of romance about the personality of Mrs. Frank Norris as the widow of the brilliant young novelist, and on her own account she is clever and fascinating. Then Frank Preston was one of the popular bachelors of the younger set who might have been expected to select a bride from the debutante assortment. Instead he supplied society with the surprise of the season in the winning of Mrs. Norris who had perversely remained unwon by any number of eligibles. Altogether the wedding was one of unusual importance to society. Only eight guests witnessed the ceremony in St. Luke's church and these included Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mrs. Isobel Strong who accompanied Mrs. Norris from Santa Barbara. Mrs. C. V. Ferguson, the bride's mother, gave her away and there were no attendants. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Droun, Mrs. Preston, little Miss Jeanette Norris, the bride's daughter and her sister Miss Black. Later there was a jolly wedding breakfast for thirty at the Ames residence at which Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, Miss Kathleen De Young, Joe Rosborough and Charles De Young were among those present.

Polo at the Potter Country Club

Society in general from Monticito and Santa Barbara, with a goodly sprinkling of San Francisco social folk, gathered at the Potter Country Club polo field to witness one of the most exciting contests of the season. La Monaca's band played on the club house verandah and there were a number of beautiful luncheons given there before the game. The Hotel Potter was also the scene of many brilliant dinners given after the game and prior to the ball of Saturday night. Among the polo players in this game were Earl Graham, E. J. Boeseke Sr., E. J. Boeseke Jr., J. I. Colby, Ernest Winchenden, F. W. Fraser, F. D. Leadbetter, Edgar Park, J. M. Warren, R. Cameron Rogers, Reginald Rogers, Ed. Boeseke and C. E. Perkins. The prizes were handsome cups donated by Mr. Sam Perkins, proprietor of the Tacoma Ledger who spends his winters in Santa Barbara at the Hotel Potter. Because of the warm and delightful climate of Santa Barbara the Potter is a favored resort for San Franciscans and there will be a large colony of them there during Lent. Among those who usually go down are Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters, Mayo Newhall and family, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Eugene De Sabla and Mrs. De Sabla, Mrs. Barron, Ward Barron and many others.

The Sharons in Flooded Paris

Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon who are at their home in Paris have reassured their San Francisco friends who have been concerned for their welfare. The Sharon residence was not damaged by the flood although for several days the danger was great. Mrs. Sharon has subscribed $4000 to the relief fund and has given much assistance to Ambassador Bacon in his work of distributing the contributions of American residents of Paris. Miss Mary Eyre is in Paris but will soon join Mrs. Walter Hobart in Italy. Admiral and Mrs. Swinburne who are well known in this city were also among the Americans who passed the trying days of the flood in the French capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin were at Del Monte last week on their bridal tour. Mr. Goodwin is the secretary of the Alexandria Hotel company.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst entertained twelve guests at dinner on Tuesday at the Fairmont. William R. Hearst and his wife were guests of honor. The Hearsts have been staying at the Fairmont prior to the completion of their home.

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In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Lewis Risdon Mead entertained at the Hotel Fairmont for Miss Von Schrader on Monday at tea. Miss Von Shrader is a daughter of Col. F. Von Schrader of the U. S. army. Among those present were Miss Von Schrader, Mrs. Von Schrader, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Berry, Miss Lally, Mrs. Wm. Ford Nichols, Mrs. Harold Naylor, Mrs. Charles Free, Mrs. Porter Pfingst, Mrs. L. D. Mead, Miss Stone, Miss McEnery, Miss Flarel, Miss Ruth Sadler, Miss Ellen Barry, Mrs. C. M. Sadler, Mrs. Henry T. Ferguson, Miss Farnsworth and Miss Gregory.

ON THE VERANDA OF THE POTTER COUNTRY CLUB, SANTA BARBARA.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Critchill of Chicago are guests at the Hotel Victoria where they have planned to spend a month or so Mr. Critchill is a representative of the Springfield Fire Insurance Company.

Other recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria include E. W. Bunker of Des Moines, W. Montgomery of Chicago, and G. N. Hauptmann. F. Ralph Fisher of New York, a representative of the New York Auditing Company, is in town for a short stay. He is a guest at the Hotel Victoria.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Mrs. Randolph P. Scudder, Leo Alexander, Miss M. Bevins, W. J. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Clay, A. B. Merrill, Harry Alexander, A. P. Quinlan, I. B. Williams, Henry M. Morris, W. R. Young, Charles Brown, Morgan A. Gunst, William Rogers, E. P. Kennedy and Mrs. R. A. Kenzie.

Miss Kathleen De Young has returned from an enjoyable stay at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, where she was visiting Miss Nina Jones.

A special exhibition of the paintings of Mr. Joseph Raphael began on Tuesday at the San Francisco Art Institute and will continue for two weeks.

Mrs. Geo. D. Toy gave a pretty luncheon in the tapestry room of the Manx Tuesday afternoon. The arrangement of the table was very original and attractive, showing a minature lake. The decorations were white and yellow with a green background. Those who enjoyed the luncheon were Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mrs. E. J. Bowen, Mrs. Mamie Casey, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. D. Dolliver, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. James Jordan, Mrs. W. S. Davis, Mrs. J. W. Edwards, Mrs. Geo. Tyson, Mrs. Chas. De Young, Mrs. Crawford Clark, Mrs. W. Y. Tomier, Mrs. Clinton Jones, Mrs. Chas. Wadsworth, Mrs. Geo. Willicut, Mrs. Frances Lucas, Miss Jennie Stone and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton.

Mrs. W. F. Morris of the Hotel Victoria has been spending the past week in Southern California. Mrs. Morris contemplates going as far south as Coronado before her return to the Hotel Victoria.

The Beringer Musical Club announces its fourteenth piano and vocal recital for the evening of February 23, under the direction of Prof. and Mme. Joseph Beringer, at Kohler & Chase Hall. Prof. Joseph Beringer, Mr. Harry Samuels. Miss Frances Westington, Miss Sadie Bultmann, Miss Zdenka Buben, Miss Irene De Martini, Mrs. H. J. Widenmann, Mr. Harry Bultmann and Melton Mowbray will be the participants.

Among the San Franciscans who have been at Del Monte recently were E. B. Strong, Miss Sue Payitte, Miss Genevieve O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wills, Ivan Beer, H. P. Nye, J. M. Kidd, J. B. Kidd, Mrs. L. Kidd, Mrs. Jos. Marsden, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Thorpe, Margaret Barry, Blanche Leviele, V. A. Cawer, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lynch, T. G. Poston and R. A. Pabst.

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Sharpe of San Francisco were among the week-end visitors at Del Monte. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Rush spent several days at Del Monte. Mr. Rush is a prominent merchant of Evansville, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Fryman motored to Del Monte last week. Mr. Fryman is the well-known proprietor of the Haywards Hotel in Los Angeles. The Frymans were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jenkins, also of Los Angeles.

Signor De Grassi and Madame De Grassi have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Henry of Monterey. Mr. Henry is the cashier of the Bank of Monterey. On Sunday Mr.

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Sites already occupied and improved show just the character of improvements to be maintained under our restriction of sale, which requires a definite expenditure in home building—the minimum limit being $10,000.

And we have a suggestion to make to those who are not yet quite ready to build but who contemplate building in a few years. That suggestion is:

Buy now; plant your tract with trees and shrubs, and let Nature do your improving while you get ready to build your house. Others who have purchased sites in the tract are doing this now.

But whether you are ready to buy and build, or whether you do not intend to build for a few years, we feel confident in saying you cannot find anywhere about San Francisco bay a home site that possesses so many splendid features as a site in the Crocker Tract.

We will not sell sites in this tract to mere speculators. Our appeal is solely to those who intend to build exceptionally beautiful suburban homes. To all such, our advice is: Buy now, while you have the widest choice in making selections.

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Henry entertained his guests at a luncheon at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Purdy, accompanied by their three charming daughters, have taken apartments at Del Monte for an extended visit. Mr. Purdy will leave his family there until his return from a business trip to the southern part of the State.

Mr. J. C. Ford, president of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, arrived at Del Monte in his private car recently, accompanied by his wife and several friends. They will spend several days here before continuing their trip through Southern California. Mr. Ford is very fond of golf, and expressed himself as greatly pleased with the links.

Major John A. Garden, U. S. A., was an army visitor in town during the week. He registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel from Los Angeles are Colonel J. B. Lankershim, Bradner W. Lee, Geo. H. Peck, A. N. Childress, Charles Weir, H. J. Marietta and J. S. Riley.

G. H. Holmes of Salt Lake City accompanied by Miss Holmes is at the Palace Hotel. Frank Knox, a banker of Salt Lake City, is also a guest at the Palace. J. V. Lydick and Mrs. Lydick of Seattle are at the Palace on their wedding journey. Mr. Lydick is connected in a prominent way with the Alaska Steamship Company of this city and is making a trip of both business and pleasure.

Under the patronage of the aristrocratic set of San Francisco and with the warm support of discriminating musicians, Ivan Shedd Langstroth will give a concert in the Colonial Ball Room of the St. Francis, rendering a program of his own composition. He will be assisted by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Giulio Minetti, Arthur Weiss, and Harold Pracht. Langstroth is one of the most brilliant artists that the city has produced and will be given an enthusiastic reception at this public appearance. Among those who have already engaged boxes are Mrs. Charles Frederick Baker, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. James D. Fry, Mrs. John Brice, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Edwin Newhall and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann.

Miss Margaret Kemble entertained a group of the smart set in the Blue Room of the St. Francis Monday afternoon, with an interpretative musical lecture, "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," a musical story in three acts by Paul Dukas, which is to be given this winter at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. This is the modern version of the old Bluebeard tale, made acceptable to a suffragette period by letting Bluebeard's wife go down into the dungeon and rescue her unfortunate sisters. The opera was sung by Maurice Maeterlinck's wife, Georgette Leblanc at the Opera Comique in Paris.

The Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel took on added beauty on Monday when a score or more of the friends of Mrs. G. H. McNear enjoyed her hospitality at luncheon. The great round table was set in the center of the south side of the Court and beautifully decorated with daffodils and other flowers of the spring time. Among the guests were Mrs. Fred McNear, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss McMahon, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss McNeil, Mrs. Thos. Kurtz, Miss McCabe, Miss Gibson, Mrs. Ellinwood, Mrs. Frederick Scott, Mrs. Greer, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Van Vorst, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Page, Miss Baldwin and Miss Jean Tyson.

Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick whose wedding to Alan McDonald will take place April 14 entertained twenty of her young friends at tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont on Tuesday.

Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara who is en route to New York, where it is announced she will study for the stage under the personal direction of David Belasco, is in San Francisco for a few days and as usual is making her home at the Fairmont. Mrs. Graham is always largely entertained when in this city where she has many friends.

Judge and Mrs. Erskine M. Ross of Los Angeles are at the Fairmont where they will make their home during the term of the United States Court over which Judge Ross is presiding.

Mrs. W. F. Dohrman was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday, entertaining twelve guests.

A wedding of interest on both sides of the bay will take place today when Miss Nina Crittenden, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Crittenden, will become the bride of Austin Carrington Scott, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harrison Scott. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. M. Bakewell at Trinity Church, Oakland. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present. Mr. Philip Landsdale who married pretty Mary Nichols, daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Nichols, will be the best man while Miss Kate Crittenden Scott, the groom's sister, will attend as bridesmaid. Both the bride and groom are members of an old and exclusive southern family. The father of the bride belongs to the family of the late A. P. Crittenden.

The friends of Rosa Hooper Plotner have received letters from her describing her exhibition of miniatures at the rooms of the Kilohana Art League in Honolulu. Mrs. Plotner's exhibit was a social as well as a financial success.

Mrs. Eleanor Doe and her daughter Miss Margaret will spend the summer in Santa Barbara, having rented the handsome new home of Mrs. Harriet P. Miller.

Mrs. Harriet P. Miller and her son Earl will spend the summer abroad.

The Fairmont is the scene of dozens of jolly informal teas, luncheons and dinner parties. Among those noted the last few days were the following: Mrs. P. E. Bowles entertained at luncheon for a half dozen of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore were hosts at dinner to six guests, Mrs. and Mr. Robert Hayes Smith had a jolly party at dinner, Mrs. Williar had six friends at luncheon, Madame Carreno, the talented pianiste, entertained for eight and Mrs. Arthur Silverberg had a large dinner party in the grey room.

Mrs. Wallace Everson and her daughters, the Misses Marian and Elsie, of Oakland, will leave early in April for a tour abroad. They will be gone for a year. Miss Elsie Everson was hostess at a delightful tea last week. About thirty of her young friends were present.

Among those who entertained at dinner at the Hotel Victoria were Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. H. D. Green of Portland and Commander and Mrs. Blue.

The stork is hovering over the home of the Lathrop Ellinwoods. Mrs. Ellinwood was formerly pretty Miss Louise Stone, youngest daughter of Col. George Stone.

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Arabian Justice

By Karl Melite

Si El hadj Ahmed ben El hadj Ahmed was a celebrated personage at Temassin, the sacred city of the great desert of Sahara. Indeed, he was known all over the north African continent, through the Tell region, the great desert, the Soudan, the valley of the Niger, and as far as Bernou, the Kordofan, and many other Moslem countries. The pilgrims on their way to Mecca or simply coming to Temassin to pay their respects to the great Marabout priest had contributed not a little to spread his fame, and the taleb sang his praise in poetry. Everybody called him Si (My lord), in mark of respect and admiration—of gratefulness, I should say. Truly he was a hadji (pilgrim) son of a hadji, and on his hand and his forehead were to be seen the marks in shape of a cross indicating that he had visited the tomb of the prophet at Mecca. His reputation, however, was not based on this point. He was the chief cook of the great Marabout, had charge of the "diffa"—this first meal of hospitality offered to the passing travelers—and his talent as a culinary artist in preparing the couscoussou, the national dish made of mutton, hominy, raisins, figs, chicken and aromatic spices, was responsible for his popularity in the Moslem world. Si El hadj Ahmed had all the qualities of a master cook; his only defect—was it a defect?—consisted in being a gourmand. Possibly he owed to this his talent as a cook; being fond of good things, he naturally thought that the guests of the great Marabout experienced as much satisfaction as he did while licking the sauce dripping from his fingers in the delicate task of ascertaining the degree of perfection of his culinary combinations.

One day there was a great dinner at the Zaouia and some geese had been provided by the great Marabout at a great expense. The guests being very hungry, the cook feared that nothing would be left for him, and therefore he put away a whole goose for his own delectation. Unfortunately the theft was discovered and he ran away to avoid punishment. Swift runners of the desert were sent to capture him.

Si El hadj Ahmed could have easily escaped if he had kept on his way without stopping, but he was a good Moslem, and when he saw a poor Dervish trying to lift his donkey, fallen under the weight of the offerings of the faithful, he offered his services. Taking hold of the donkey by the tail, while the Dervish took the animal by the head, he pulled with all his might to raise the beast. He pulled so hard, indeed, that the tail remained in his hands, but the donkey remained on the ground. The Dervish was furious, and he chased the unfortunate cook, crying for justice. Si El hadj Ahmed could hear his pursuers, and wielding his traveling club to increase his speed, resumed his flight in earnest. He met a Roumi Christian around the curve of the road and inadvertently ran his staff through the infidel's eyes. The Roumi joined the chase, also crying for justice.

"I stole the goose, left the Dervish's donkey without a tail, blinded a Roumi," thought the cook, "I may as well kill myself." Seeing a tower near by, he made for it, ascended the inside staircase, and confiding his soul to Mohamed, jumped from the summit head foremost. Fortunately or unfortunately for him there were two Armenian brothers sleeping at the foot of the tower and he fell on one of them, killing him instantly, without hurting himself. He was soon a prisoner, and brought by the howling mob of pursuers before the Cadi for trial.

For some cause the Cadi appeared to be from the start slightly in favor of the accused. The great Marabout was the first to formulate his complaint.

"The goose fled through the window," said the cook.

"How could that be?" objected the Marabout; "this goose was cooked."

"Oh, man of poor faith," exclaimed the Cadi, raising his hands toward heaven; "do you not know that Mohamed has the power of making a dead goose fly without feathers? Go thou and repent."

The Dervish came next relating his misfortune. What could he do with a donkey deprived of his tail?

"This complaint deserves attention," decided the Cadi. "The Dervish will give the donkey to the cook, who will return it as soon as the tail shall have grown again."

The Dervish would not submit to the decision and went away with the tailless animal.

The Roumi related in his turn how he lost his eye.

"One eye of a Moslem," declared the Cadi, "is worth the two eyes of a Roumi; the Koran says so. Therefore, I order that Si El hadj Ahmed put out at once the other eye of the Roumi, who then will have the right to deprive the accused of one eye."

The Roumi politely declined the offer.

The complainants were dumfounded; they thought, however, that the cook could not escape punishment for the murder of the Armenian.

The brother of the murdered man explained with tears in his eyes how his brother was killed at the foot of the tower.

"This accusation is not denied," asserted the Cadi, after hearing the witnesses; "therefore justice will be done."

The complainants began to congratulate themselves.

"Therefore," continued the judge, "I will apply the law according to the Koran, which says 'eye for eye, tooth for tooth.' The Armenian will go to the top of the tower and jump head foremost on Si El-hadj Ahmed, who will lay at the exact place where the Armenian brother was killed. In this way Si El hadj Ahmed will meet death according to the Koran."

The Armenian went at full speed for the tower, but never reached it. The cook, as a good Moslem, followed, but found no one to jump on him.

Later on it was whispered that Aicha, the good wife of the cook, had left at the tent of the Cadi a good slice of the stolen goose and a little bag full of coin of the realm.

HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA

Robert Mantell in "Louis XI"

By Edward F. O'Day

Readers of "Quentin Durward" are able to fill out the picture of Louis XI painted by historians with vivid details of cruelty, superstition and craft while those who are familiar with Balzac's droll story of the monarch in his frolicsome mood can add to the portrait certain other characteristics that are more human but still repulsive enough. Nevertheless, ordinary familiarity with French history in the fifteenth century and with the Louis of Scott and Balzac is not sufficient to prepare a theatregoer for the Louis of Delavigne's drama as represented by Robert Mantell. This is solely due to defective power of imagination. All the traits of this great monarch shown by the dramatist are to be found in the histories and fictions, but it is only when excellent dramaturgic and mimetic art visualize them for us that we come to know how Louis looked to the people of his court, how he acted and why he was at once the power and the horror of his age. Delavigne's "Louis XI" is a great play, as those of the present generation who attended the performance at the Columbia on Monday night learned with considerable surprise. Robert Mantell they already knew as a great actor of Shakespearian parts, but surely they were not prepared to see him vitalize this old play (for it is nearly a century old) with such transcendent art that it stirred in them feelings seldom touched by modern acting. Our theatre seems almost to have outlived that katharsis or purging of the emotions which, in the teaching of Aristotle, is the chief end of drama. The dramas of today grip the emotions strongly, stir them up, whirl them about but do not purge them. The contemporary playwright deems his effort successful if he sends the audience away with doubt and unrest; he likes to alarm, to unsettle convictions, to excite controversy. That is not what Delavigne aimed to do and most assuredly that is not the effect of his play as given by Mr. Mantell. Here is a king approaching the end of a long and stormy reign. Conscience has played havoc with his mind; evil passions, restless activities and continuous warfare have wrecked his body. His long struggle for the unification of France and the humiliation of its enemies is crowned by the death of Charles the Bold; his mistrust of the dauphin's fidelity is removed. France is safe, the succession is assured and it would seem natural that the aged king who has always feared God and whose faith, clouded though it be by vile superstitions, has never ceased to be a lively influence, would turn his thoughts to penitence and religious preparation for death. The king's first appearance shows how far this is from being the case. His terrible rage, directed characteristically enough at a dishonest taxgatherer, shows what a strong hold his passions still possess and it is only when his physician impresses on him the bodily effect which his anger will produce, that he abates his fury. Louis loves life for several kingly reasons, but paramount is the consideration of religion that to die means to be judged and possibly to be condemned, and he is not ready for the awful ordeal which his faith teaches him that he must inevitably endure. That is the mainspring of the action and with its gradual uncoiling comes that purging of the emotions which makes the strength of the play. We see the king kneeling to recite the Angelus and rising to continue the development of a plan of murder; the hand that has touched with awe the metal images of his cap toys in sardonic glee with the noose of his hangman. We see him working upon the innocence of a girl's trust to encompass the death of her lover and entering the chapel to abase himself before heaven. We see him exulting in the death of his arch-enemy and dispatching his generals to pillage, burn and slay while the auspicious occasion lasts and then ordering prayers and mourning for the dead. We see him begging, cajoling and blaspheming to exact the miracle of long life from a wonder-working friar, confessing the murder of his father and his brother and the barbaric torture of countless enemies, yet refusing to insure forgiveness by an act of mercy. We see him crawling abjectly at the feet of one whom he has wronged terribly, begging for life and then sending out his butchers to kill when his life has been spared. Finally we see him on his deathbed, too weak to resist the importunities of those who demand one good deed from him, and with a last spark of kingliness embracing his son, asking for absolution and commanding his subjects to pray for his soul. These are all terrible pictures of royal perversity; old-fashioned and unnaturally colored, many will call them; but they are founded in history and more important than that, they are grounded in human nature and strike home with unerring certainty to the heart of the beholder. Mantell's impersonation of Louis is a wonderful achievement, consistently appalling, repellant, full of grim savagery and ferocious humor. His makeup is almost unparalleled in its shocking ugliness. The thin dark hair, the black beetle-brows above red-lidded bloodshot eyes, the livid blotches on the unhealthy skin, the loose twisted mouth exposing the yellow fangs, the flabby neck, the clawlike hands, the lean legs stiffened and bent with decrepitude, the whole frame rickety with decay—all these details are presented with a daring insistence on complete physical degeneration which at first gives a distinct shock, and continuously appals but none the less impresses with its absolute necessity to the proper delineation of the fearful character. The makeup is sensational, something to be noted in the annals of the theatre as unusual, an extraordinary challenge offered to an audience. Yet Mr. Mantell carries it so splendidly and fits the gestures, the grimaces, the intonations, the words and actions of the part to this makeup with such consummate care that one feels that a lesser emphasis of the horrible details would be inartistic and lacking in conviction. If there were anything physically attractive about Louis it would decrease the sense of terror inspired by his crimes. At the same time, if there were no redeeming characteristic, the play would be too gloomy for presentation. Mr. Mantell's Louis is redeemed by the fine contrast between his body and his mind. Superstitious, vindictive, cowardly, treacherous though the king be, he is still a king, full of care for the interest of France, eager to crush its enemies, ambitious to guide its destinies to a glorious ascendancy. That is as much the Louis of history as the other is. Mr. Mantell knows this and his fine intellect enables him to show it to the audience. There is a keen brain working through all the infirmities of the body and soul. This is made particularly apparent in the last act when the king is dying. He gives France into the care of his son and when the weeping lad with the crown clasped in his hands bows his head to receive the blessing of a father who has never shown him any love, we behold the living symbol of that wonderful idea of royalty which was embodied for centuries in the French monarchy. Mr. Mantell's Louis is never so much a king as in taking leave of life. After the fitful fever he sleeps well. The spectacle of that hideous physiognomy relaxed in death is one never to be forgotten.

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Stage

Miss Roberts in "The Transformation"

There are not as many tears in "The Transformation" as there were in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" which Florence Roberts used to pilot through an ocean of feminine lacrimation at the old Alcazar, but the opportunities for wet lids are profuse, nevertheless, and the play must be acclaimed a crying success. Miss Roberts has grown used to dying in the last act, but in the latest offering she varies this proceeding by sighing out her soul in the first. Deathbeds behind the footlights are always good for copious weeping and the lace handkerchiefs did their duty. Those unfamiliar with the plot may have experienced some alarm at the unusual spectacle of the star passing away at the beginning of the play, but there was no particular cause for uneasiness. Miss Roberts appeared again in the second act, not as the pure and noble sempstress who died in the first but as her physical double. Colinette was too good for this world but Elika was in no such embarrassing predicament. On the theory that the good, represented by Colinette, die young, Elika should live to a bad old age. There are no tears in the second act wherein the badness of Elika is demonstrated, but in the third plenty are turned loose on both sides of the footlights to the memory of the good Colinette. It is natural that Elika who is taking a vacation from badness to pose for the unfinished portrait of Colinette should resent the chaste memory of her dead double, and she does for a while. It is not quite so natural, perhaps, that she should grow to love the husband who cherishes the memory of Colinette but she does this too. That brings about the transformation of the title. Elika becomes a second edition of Colinette in goodness and demands that the widower marry her to keep her good. Can you blame the poor man for refusing, even when she makes an awful threat that if he persists in spurning her proposal she will return to her badness? 'Tis a ticklish situation and would make any man or any actor ridiculous, but White Whittlesey carried it off very well indeed. In the fourth act the tears are turned on full force again, for the widower is blind and another transformation takes place. The widower has grown to love Elika as much as she loves him, but he will not burden her life with his terrible affliction. It is only when he has sent her away and thinks that she has left the room (though she is weeping against the jamb of the door), that he lets the secret out. Of course the audience smiles through its tears at this happy conclusion. It will be seen that this is the sort of a play in which Florence Roberts should be pretty nearly at her best. I have always thought that she was at her very best in those two very different classics, Wycherley's "Country Girl" and D'Annunzio's "Gioconda." But for her second best the emotional weepy play is the thing. Miss Roberts enacts her dual role very well; the faults are not hers but the playwright's. Forgetting all about the incongruities of the play and regarding it merely as a vehicle for emotional acting I do not see that Miss Roberts' interpretation of the two heroines could be improved on. She has always been a capable actress and experience has brought her a maturity of art which softens the glare of her emotional flame without lessening its warmth. In the scenes wherein Miss Roberts depicts Elika as a primitive woman battling for love, the effect is electric. No doubt an Elika, aroused and transformed, would act in just that way. White Whittlesey has always been a very capable actor, a fact which stands out in strong relief on an occasion like this when he returns after a long absence. We were so used to him that many of us underestimated him; but he was always effective and he has gained additional strength and repose. Homer Miles is a stranger who deserves to be made welcome. He has a portly mein and a very natural manner lending itself to hearty good humor and convincing seriousness. He would be a great man for the Alcazar. —Edward F. O'Day.

Mantell's Second Week

For the second week of his engagement at the Columbia Robert Mantell will offer seven different plays, as was the case during the past week. On Monday night "Richelieu" will be played and as it is remembered as one of the greatest performances of Mantell's former season here, there is sure to be a crowded house on hand to enjoy the great actor's interpretation. The Tuesday night bill is to be "Othello" and at the Wednesday matinee Shakespeare's "As You Like It" will be staged for the only time during the present engagement. On Wednesday evening "Richard III" will be given, and on Thursday "Macbeth" is to be the bill. "Louis XI" will be repeated on Friday night and the matinee on Saturday will have "Hamlet." "Richelieu" is announced for the Saturday night bill. Seats for all the above performances are now on sale.

The Schumann-Heink Concerts

Sunday afternoon at the Garrick Theatre, that greatest of contraltos, Mme. Schumann-Heink will again sing for our music lovers. In addition to arias and scenes from Mozart's "Titus," Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah," Meyerbeer's "The Prophet" and Wagner's "Gotterdamerung," the artist will sing songs in German by Schubert, Carl Loewe, Richard Strauss and Felix Weingartner and in English by Ethelbert Nevin (The Rosary),

MISS JOSEPHINE D'ARCY

Who will appear with Bert Leslie in "Hogan in Society" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

George Chadwick, Carrie Jacobs Bond and Rudolph Ganz. Next Thursday night, February 17, a quite different but equally great program will be given and novelties by Max Reger, Richard Sahla and L. Stein will be introduced. A group of five Schubert gems will include "The Erlking" and "Death and the Maiden." Dreamland Rink has been secured for the farewell concert on Sunday afternoon, February 20.

"The Virginian" at the Savoy

Rose Melville will make her last appearances in "Sis Hopkins" at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and commencing at the Sunday matinee "The Virginian," a drama that has always been eagerly welcomed in San Francisco ever since its first production at the Columbia Theatre before the fire will begin a week's engagement. It is said that the better the novel the harder it is to make a good play therefrom, but "The Virginian," as dramatized by the author, Owen Wister, and Kirke LaShelle, is an exceptionally good one and holds the attention from curtain rise to fall. The Kirk LaShelle Company enjoys the reputation of giving the public the very best in stage presentations and this season has an organization of superior players, including William L. Gibson, Marshal Farnum, Charles R. Gilbert, Harry Halliday, J. R. Furlong, Mabel Wright, Eleanor Wilton, Jane Carleton, Marie Dantes and others. The usual bargain matinee will be given on Thursday. "The Right of Way," a dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's stirring story of the same name, will follow "The Virginian" at the Savoy.

Another Week of "The Test"

At the Van Ness Miss Blanche Walsh continues in her newest play "The Test," starting the second and last week of her stay on Monday night. Miss Walsh has created no small furore and is doing the finest work of her career. As Emma Eltynge she runs the gamut of emotions, portraying the character of a woman more sinned against than sinning. The play aims to expound the theory that a man who has done wrong in the eyes of the world and society is as guilty as a woman who has sinned no less, and the argument is all in favor of the woman. The only matinees during the Walsh engagement will be this Saturday afternoon and next Saturday. McIntyre and Heath, the oldest team of funmakers on the stage, follow at the Van Ness for a two week engagement. They have been called "Klaw and Erlanger's laughing trust," and certainly merit the title, for as comedians they take first rank. Their production this year is called "In Hayti" and concerns a humorous revolution on the Ethiopian island. The stars impersonate a couple of colored politicians and are said to be funnier than ever.

"The Man of the Hour" Continues

No surprise will be caused by the announcement that "The Man of the Hour" is to remain another week at the Alcazar. That the great American play of love and practical politics would exceed the regulation seven days' run was assured by the opening performance, when the audience demonstratively pronounced it one of the most complete presentations ever made by a stock company anywhere. Indeed the general verdict was that in both acting and staging it was fully up to the original production, seen in one of the local high-price theatres about three years ago. Certain it is that in no instance was the acting inferior, and the scenic investiture had the advantage of newness and greater elaborateness of detail. The Alcazar players have never done better team work than in this "play of today." For next week is announced a revival, in response to popular request, of "The Two Orphans," which was last presented in San

SCENE FROM "THE VIRGINIAN"

That absorbing drama of the West at the Savoy Theatre next week.

Francisco about eight years ago. The pictorial side of the production promises to be worthy of the cast which will be another revelation of the versatility of the Alcazar players.

Slang Artist at the Orpheum

Bert Leslie, the great artist in slang, will give the Orpheumites one of their greatest laughs next week in his classic "Hogan in Society." He is backed by a highly competent company which includes Josephine D'Arcy, one of the prettiest and cleverest actresses in vaudeville. Leslie in the part of Hogan, a Bowery bartender, has great opportunity for his peculiar style of expression and makes use of it at every turn. John T. Thorne and Grace Carleton will appear in a skit called "The Soubrette and the Yap" which is so presented as to draw a laugh at the end of every line. La Veen-Cross and Company will present their second edition of "Roman Sports and Pastimes." It is a beautifully staged act in four scenes in which they appear as Roman gladiators and perform marvelous feats of strength. Charles Kenna, "The Street Fakir," is a monologist with an original idea which is proving an immense hit. The fifth new act will be Emma Francis, one of the most charming little dancers in vaudeville, and her two Arabian boys who will introduce something new in the singing and dancing line. Next week will be the last of the Five Mowatts and Seldoms' Venus.

Another Week of "Brewster's Millions" at Ye Liberty

In response to popular demand the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will repeat "Brewster's Millions" next week. It was in this celebrated comedy success that the transbay stock company achieved what was probably the most pronounced hit since their organization nearly six years ago, the business towards the end of the week reaching such proportions that hundreds were unable to secure seats. The announcement that the play is to be repeated next week will be a welcome one to playgoers of Oakland and the surrounding cities. George Friend and Blanche Hall will again be seen in the leading roles of the play, and the same splendid cast and production as before are assured. After the seven nights of comedy "The Warrens of Virginia" will be be the attraction for Washington's Birthday week.

Three Stars for the Macdonough

Rose Melville will appear in her delightful rural comedy, "Sis Hopkins," at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, this Sunday, February 12, giving a performance in the afternoon and another in the evening. Her success in this city was unusual and will probably be duplicated in the sister city. From February 16 to February 19 inclusive, with a matinee on the latter date, Mrs. Leslie Carter will present her extraordinary emotional drama "Vasta Herne" at the Macdonough. This play by Edward Peple, author of the delightful "Prince Chap," made a deep impression on the critics who saw it at the Van Ness and Oakland theatregoers are undoubtedly impatient to enjoy it. On the following Monday, February 21, Blanche Walsh will be seen in her latest triumph, "The Test."

SCHUMANN-HEINK

CONTRALTO

This Sunday Afternoon (Feb. 13) at 2:30 and Thursday Evening (Feb. 17).

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Seats Ready at Box Office Monday.

Sunday Afternoon, February 27—Second "Pop" Concert.
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Sunday Matinee and Sunday Night ROSE MELVILLE in "SIS HOPKINS"
February 16, 17, 18, 19, Matinee Saturday, MRS. LESLIE CARTER in "VASTA HERNE."
Following Monday, February 21, BLANCHE WALSH in "THE TEST."

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE OAKLAND. Direction H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, February 14,
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"No, mother, he just matches my new furs."

The Well-Dressed Man

What to Wear, When and Where

For the benefit of those men who have neither the time nor inclination to study the art of Dressing correctly, we will publish a series of weekly Fashion Chats.

From a London Letter of "The Haberdasher" We Gather the Following:

Formal dress for day and night wear is much where it was. The overcoat is a single-breasted dark Chesterfield, preferably without pattern. The day coat is a black frock coat with ample skirts and the waist well defined. The waistcoat is collarless and single-breasted, matching the coat, and the trousers are the usual dark striped cashmere. Of course the hat is a silk hat of the prevailing fashion, and the collar is a wing collar of which the points must be small and may be either rounded or sharp at the points. A loose-ended knot pulled by no means tight, and worn without a pin, is the best cravat, though you often see a waterfall secured by a gold safety pin. This is the strictly formal afternoon wear. It is the outfit in which to call upon a family where a man is not absolutely familiar. But it is important to remember that etiquette in the matter of formal dress is relaxed a good deal of late years, and no degree of absolute intimacy is implied by a morning coat, which will be worn with a dark striped single-breasted Chesterfield overcoat, a silk hat and a waistcoat of its own material, the waistcoat being cut rather higher in the neck than a waistcoat worn with a frock coat. The same collar will be worn as with a frock coat, but the cravat should be a loose-ended knot. A plain straight-across watch chain may be worn with a morning coat, but should not be worn with a frock coat.

Evening dress similarly does not admit of the watch chain. This year it is best in tone, when quite formal, if the waistcoat is black. The dress coat of the season has the skirts rather long and full. It should be made of a fine black vicuna with the lapels silk to the edge, the collar being of the plain cloth. The trousers are a little looser than those worn in the daytime, and evening shirts are now generally made with square corners to the cuffs. For quite formal evening dress the military upright collar is best, although many people wear a wing collar with sharp points. The overcoat may be a dark Chesterfield, an Inverness, or even a frock overcoat, which is practically not worn at all now except in the evening. The hat should be an opera hat. Silk hats for evening dress are quite out of fashion. This is the evening dress wear for practically every occasion out-of-doors. The dinner jacket is making its usual effort this winter but I never see one at a theatre, even when men are alone, and never see one at a dinner party unless it is a very informal affair confined to men.

The most interesting fashion news in London just now relates to small oddments. For instance, colored silk handkerchiefs are selling very largely and are made very large. The note in this department is the all-over color. I mentioned last month the general invasion of the handkerchief trade by color even in cambric, but the movement just now is toward colored silk handkerchiefs, many of the old bandanna patterns having been revived.

Knitted goods of all sorts again are getting a decided revival. Even the knitted knot seems to be showing some vitality, though the better class of fashion wears its rue with a difference. The large loose and shapeless knot of popular trade has no sanction west of Bond street; instead, very rich silk very finely knitted and selling for anything from half a sovereign—from $2.50 to $5.00 that is—is the only thing. It is best in a plain color, often bright, though a diagonal stripe is not without adherents. Then the knitted waistcoat is making a fight with the blanketlike material which I mentioned last month, and evening-dress mufflers are generally knitted, but in the best trade they are of very fine silk so that the fabric has very little of the knitted appearance. Of course these things are not hand-knitted. I fancy none of the fashionable knitted goods are other than machine-made.

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Rodin on Religion

(Continued from Page 8.)

seated women, but their pose is so serene, so august, that they seem to be a part of some enormous, invisible mystery. Above them floats the immaterial eternal Reason, which all nature obeys and of which they themselves are the celestial servants.

"Thus all the masters come to the locked door of the Unknowable. Some of them beat their heads against it very lamentably; others, of a more smiling imagination, believe that through the wall they can hear the singing of birds in the secret garden."

"Master," I said, "you talk of other artists, but not of yourself. And yet you are one of those who have put the most of mystery into their art."

"My dear Gsell," said he, "if I have translated certain sentiments in my works, it is wholly useless for me to try to put them into words, for I am a sculptor, not a poet; people should be able to read them easily in my works; otherwise it would have been as well if those sentiments had never been mine."

"Just so. It seems to me that what especially appeals to you in human beings is the strange unrest of the soul imprisoned within the body. In your Balzac, genius, haunted by gigantic visions, shakes the ailing body like a rag, drives it into insomnia, and condemns it to the toil of a convict. And your busts have often reminded me of Rembrandt's portraits, for the Dutch master has also made us conscious of the appeal of the Infinite."

"What! You compare me to Rembrandt? A sacrilege! He is the colossus of art. Think what you are saying, my friend! But you are right when you see in my works the up-leading of the soul toward the perhaps chimerical realm of limitless truth and freedom. It is mystery that moves me most. Are you convinced, now, that art is a sort of religion?"

"Yes," said I.

Then he added slyly: "But you must remember that the first commandment of the religion, for those who would praise it, is: Learn absolute skill in the modeling of an arm, a torso, a thigh.

In the Limelight

Among the feminine stars to play engagements at the Columbia Theatre in the near future are Hattie Williams, Margaret Anglin, Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore.

Marie Booth Russell's performance as Rosiland in "As You Like It" has evoked the highest praise in the East and her appearance in that role during the present engagement at the Columbia is sure to attract special attention.

At the second of Will Greenbaum's Sunday "Pop" Concerts Miss Dorothy Pasmore will play a group of rarely heard violincello works. The Lyric Quartette will play Haydn's charming No. 10, and with the assistance of F. M. Biggerstaff, pianist, Edgar Stillman Kelly's "Quintette" for piano and strings.

Myrtle Elvyn, a young American piano virtuosa, will be the next musical star to visit us. She is said to possess unusual talent and has made a success both as a recital artist and with the big Eastern symphony orchestras. Miss Elvyn opens here Sunday, March 6 and will also be heard in Oakland during the week.

Theatregoers will be pleased to learn that Henry W. Savage is to send Mabel Wilber, George Dameral, Oscar Figman and the other people of last year's "Merry Widow" cast to the Columbia Theatre for the presentation of the Lehar triumph.

My dear Bess:—

As I wrote you last week I should, I have been to the foothills not only once but several times. Each time something new appeals to me; each lot I've wandered over offers its own special attraction.

Really it is very hard to decide whether it is hill view, or water, or both without any trees in the ground—or a little higher in the hills with some galuptuous oak trees—I think after all it will be the oaks that will win the day. Have not even spoken to an agent yet, for I wanted to roam over the ground, unhampered as to time, and really choose for myself. This week however will settle the matter I'm sure for I simply can't and wont postpone the joy of acquiring a home of my own any longer. Each time I've been over it has been so warm that the earth was fairly shrieking at me to hurry and put in plants. All about in the lovely Crocker Tract I could see gardeners at work and it made me envious to think they had something to work on—which I hadn't.

Are you too getting interested? But never mind, you will be if you are not already—and then my haste to acquire, will be as a snail compared to yourself.

I'll write you again next week; in the meantime let me hear from you,—what you think of my plans.

Yours as ever,

—Claire.

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The Hour of Temptation

(Continued from Page 9.)

endangered. Oh! if they only knew how little I cared for money! I would gladly give up all the treasures on earth for one true, loving heart!"

The low, monotonous voice ceased. A soft flush suffused her face, her eyes shone through gathering tears. With a quick movement she stretched out her hand for the decanter, but the young man anticipated her wish, and pouring out some water into a crystal glass, handed it to her. For a moment his dark eyes glanced into hers, and again, this time obviously frightened, her lids fluttered and fell.

The young man bent nearer—the end of his soft beard brushed her face. A deep crimson wave dyed her white, blue-veined neck; slowly spreading over her whole face to the very roots of her golden hair. Her heart throbbed violently, her breast rising and falling with each palpitating breath. Then as if actuated by a great fear, she sprang up and ran to the window.

It was profoundly quiet. The city seemed like dead—only among the branches of the chestnut-tree, whose shadow was sharply outlined on the brilliantly moonlit street, could be heard, as though awakened from their slumber, the soft chirping of many birds. The moon cast its rays over the neighboring roofs, sliding along the walls of the houses to the deserted streets The soft wind played among the lilac bushes, whose fragrance filled the whole room. The refreshing breeze somewhat cooled the burning cheeks of the young woman as she sat in the window-embrasure, completely under the spell of the spring night.

The doctor had followed her to the open window. His senses drank in the intoxications of the night. The proximity of the beautiful love-starved woman made his heart beat furiously. He realized that he was under the influence of a charm of which he had not dreamed the day before, and which the following day might dispel. This young creature by his side was so different from all the women he had hitherto met! A wild, passionate desire took possession of him to clasp in his arms the beautiful form that lay half reclining on the window-seat, with wide-open shining eyes turned towards the moon, whose soft rays seemed to wrap her round as if with a shimmering silver mantle.

"Of what are you thinking?" he asked, leaning towards her as though he wished to read her answer in her eyes.

Without reply, she lowered her eyes. How soft and alluring his voice sounded. It had vibrated with suppressed passion, which seemed to this woman, hungering for affection, like a message from some enchanted, mysterious land, a passionately longed-for world of love and happiness, hitherto unknown to her. Her whole frame trembled beneath his burning gaze. Pressing her hands to her tumultuously beating heart, she sprang to her feet, full of a vague terror.

"Are you angry with me?" he asked. And upon her answering in a gentle, caressing tone, "No, no!" he drew her to him, covering her white neck and arms with burning kisses.

Carried away by his passion, he paid no attention to her despairing entreaties. Firmly but delicately he imprisoned her hands. with which she vainly endeavored to push him away, murmuringly reassuringly:

"But, my dearest, we are no longer children, but grown man and woman, free from prejudices, recognizing as sole master our own will and desires."

Though she did not fully comprehend the import of his words, she was seized with a great fear, and with a violent movement wrenched herself free from his encircling arms.

A large moth flew through the open window and began to circle round the lamp, nearer and nearer the deadly flame, until with a last flutter of its poor, singed wings, it fell lifeless to the floor. Like one in a dream the young woman stood spellbound, regarding this pathetic picture of destruction. The man at her side laughed mockingly.

"You are strangely sentimental," he said. "The death of that insect has unnerved you, as if the same fate did not often befall us human beings. And we are drawn by the glare of light, of love and beauty—and we burn our wings. You have pity for the insignificant little insect, but my passion fails to move you. Be reasonable, dearest. I love you!"

Indignation, terror, disgust and loathing took possession of her. All traces of emotion disappeared from her face. She stood pale and motionless, like an angry goddess, with extended arms ready to repulse him. The veil which had obscured her senses lifted, the charm vanished; she saw clearly. No, a thousand times no! That which she could expect from this man was not the life-giving nectar her starved heart longed for. Only her present unhappiness and solitude could have thus paralyzed her will, making her an easy prey to his brutal passion.

They stood yet a moment confronting each other in silence. Then the young man reached for his hat and gloves and slowly went towards the door. Reaching the threshold, he turned around once more, as if hoping to be recalled, but she placed her small trembling hand on the silver bell. He understood, and without a word left the room.

She drew a deep breath—a breath of deliverance and safety. The enervating, sweet odor of heliotrope had given place to the cool, fresh air of the spring night.

Only the poor little burnt insect lay with outstretched wings, stiff and still on the carpet at her feet.

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Auto Notes

An unsolicited testimonial for Diamond Tires has just been received by The Diamond Rubber Co. from Mr. F. O. Baum of Willows who writes that up to date he has received 11,000 miles each from his two Diamond front tires on his Locomobile and that they look good for two or three thousand miles more. Not a puncture has been made in them as yet.

After looking over the anti-skid devices on the market Mr. E. Oppenheim, Sacramento County agent for the E. M. F., has concluded that the new Diamond Grip casings are what he wants for his car and has placed his order for them. Among the many other recent purchasers of this popular type is W. W. Westover of Alameda.

A. R. Mires, Modesto agent for the E. M. F. car, writes that after covering some 20,000 miles over all kinds of roads and trying several makes of tires, he finds the Diamond Mountain Tread to give more mileage and better satisfaction than any other tire he used.

That the country offers the best market for motor cars is the opinion of H. P. Eakle of Woodland who has recently secured the agency for the Ford and Velie cars in that territory. Eakle purchased a late model of a Velie, driving the new car home, and reports having made a perfect score over the rough muddy roads. Besides purchasing a Velie, the Woodland motor agent reports having secured enough inquiries for new Ford machines to warrant his taking an extra allotment.

The automobile dealers' organizations of both Portland and Seattle have taken an important step in effecting an agreement to discontinue the taking of second-hand cars in exchange for new machines. The effect of this move is far reaching, and while it cannot be denied that it works a hardship on the automobile owner, it is the one solution to this most perplexing problem and without a doubt it is only a question of perhaps a very short time until the automobile dealers of San Francisco will be forced to take similar action.

Mr. A. G. Schindler of Fallon, Nevada, has purchased an E-M-F which he is having shipped to Nevada where he will use it in connection with his large land holdings.

Mr. Charles Dumphy of San Francisco has purchased an E-M-F.

J. L. Whitmore, agent for the Pioneer Automobile Company at Stockton, is in this city placing orders for cars. Mr. Whitmore states that there is a heavy demand for cars in and around Stockton and that the prospects for the coming season are excellent.

H. Holman, a retired merchant, has purchased a three passenger Babcock electric coupe from Calvin C. Eib, sales manager of the Pioneer Automobile Company. Mrs. Holman will be taught to operate the car and she expects to use it frequently about her new home near San Mateo.

The Hudson Motor Car Co. plans by the middle of next summer to be manufacturing automobiles in a new factory which it proposes to erect at a cost of $400,000 in the district known as old Fairview. This announcement was made Thursday by President Roy D. Chapin. The move, it is pointed out, will make of the adjacent territory an auto city, as factories to manufacture auto parts are expected to follow the erection of any one large plant. The Michigan Central railroad has promised to build a freight and passenger station in the vicinity.

W. H. Turner, mechanical expert from the Thomas factory, has arrived here after an extensive tour of the Northwest during which he visited the Thomas agencies. Mr. Turner reports that there is a heavy demand for cars in the Northwest and that the outlook for the coming year could hardly be better in that territory.

W. C. Hood, the coast representative of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Car Company, will not return to San Francisco as he has been promoted to the general sales managership of the company succeeding Lee Counselman, who becomes vice-president of the corporation. During his brief stay on this coast Hood became very popular among automobilists and while rejoicing in his success they will be sorry to lose him.

Sonoma County is buying Buick "White Streaks" these days. Two carloads are being unloaded and delivered simultaneously, one at Petaluma by G. W. Rodehaver, and one at Santa Rosa by the Santa Rosa Garage, agents in their respective vicinities for Buick automobiles. Following their usual custom on similar occasions, the cars were unloaded and all paraded through the streets together, creating considerable interest and even excitement.

The P. & C. Auto Company of Santa Rosa have taken the agency for the E-M-F and Flanders "20" cars. They will get twenty cars for the season, and have already taken delivery of a number of E-M-F cars.

Word has been received by Ivan L. deJongh, manager of the Standard Motor Car Company, from H. W. Schuman of the above company, who made a run to Coalinga, to the effect that he arrived there after a strenuous trip from this city, in a Ford touring car. Schuman made the tour via Oakland and Gilroy and maintained on the trip an average of twenty-seven and one-half miles to a gallon of gasoline. Considering the rough condition of the roads the time made and the absence of trouble with the car is considered a remarkable test of the durability of the new Ford.

The one factor which has perhaps most of all assisted the development of the automobile has been the production, at reasonable cost, of steels that are exceptionally strong. Closely linked to this development of better steels has come the development of the annular ball bearing, which has helped to increase reliability. In the designing of a modern car, such as the new Thomas Model "M," plain bearings are proportioned to have long life, all bearings are of liberal sizes for the loads thrown upon them, axle strengths are in proper ratio to the weights to be carried, and, in a general way, the present day automobile is a combination of parts that are logically designed to take the working stress, so that today when a man purchases a motor car he can expect so many thousands of miles of use with practically no repairs and he can almost know in advance the total mileage that his car, if given reasonable care, will cover.

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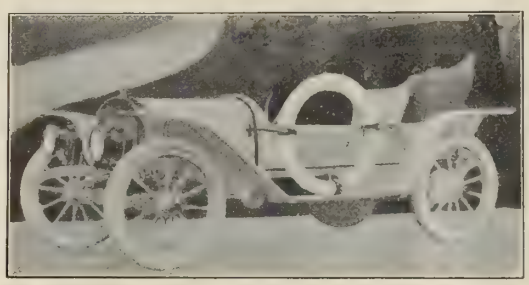

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED TO THE EXECUTOR FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5260, Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Valentine J. Smyth, as the Executor of the Last Will and Testament of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, having this day presented to this Court a verified petition praying for an Order authorizing and directing him to sell, as a whole or in parcels, and at either public or private sale, the real property and the whole thereof belonging to the Estate of said decedent, which is in said petition particularly described, and it appearing to this Court, from such petition, that it is necessary to sell the real estate and the whole thereof belonging to said estate for the purpose of paying the debts against said estate and the expenses and charges of administration, and it also appearing from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate, and those interested therein, to sell the said real estate and the whole thereof, for the purposes and reasons set forth in said petition; and this Court having thereupon and now and here directed that said petition be filed herein, and the same now having been filed accordingly, and being now on file herein:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court at the Courtroom of Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 15th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor for the sale of the real estate, and for the sale of the whole thereof, and for the sale of the same at either public or private sale, as said Executor shall judge to be most beneficial for the said Estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the said 15th day of March, 1910, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., this 7th day of February, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-510-511 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

Letters

Some Good Books for Girls

Amy Brooks has added another volue to her popular "Dorothy Dainty Series." This time it is "Dorothy Dainty in the Country," where the little girl and her dear friend Nancy spend a long summer at a fashionable seaside hotel. Vera Vane, "the weather vane," reappears, and her madcap flightiness is productive of the usual disasters. Dorothy and Nancy make a new friend in a little French maid, the child of a farmer in the vicinity, and the gentle manners and unaffected good breeding of the two little heroines, which never stand in the way of their having the best kind of a time, is a great contrast to the pert rudeness of some of the other guests.

The "grown up" girls will welcome another chapter in the history of "Helen Grant," and regret that one more volume will bring her career to a close. Helen Grant, now graduated from college and having completed her post-graduate year, is spending her first year as a teacher in charge of a newly organized high school in a small town. Heretofore she has spent her time chiefly with girls, and the boys, who are amongst her pupils, are a new species with whom she must make acquaintance. While they are neither tough nor vicious, but "just boys," they manage to give her some disquieting moments growing out of their lack of earnestness and discipline, while the older girls, though less openly indifferent to their studies and opportunities, are decidedly more inclined for social than for scholastic triumphs. Miss Grant discovers, as most teachers speedily do, that the parents are in as much need of restraint as the children, but all's well that ends well, and a somewhat discouraging prospect at the beginning of the year ends in a highly gratifying retrospect with even greater promise for the future. All the old friends are accounted for in this volume and several new ones introduced. Helen Grant has proved a wholesome companion for the girls in their middle teens, and it would be a work of charity to divert the bewildered book buyers from the futile love stories usually presented to them as "girl's books," and call their attention to the Helen Grant Series by the well known author, Amanda M. Douglas.

"American Patty" can be commended to girls of all ages and to their mothers as well. It is another of Adele E. Thompson's patriotic stories and deals with the war of 1812 and the hardships imposed upon a family of Americans who had settled in Canada. They were just beginning to take some comfort in the new clearing when the war broke out. New neighbors, who had come direct from England and taken up a clearing within a mile of them promised companionship for the children, and with the friendship of the Indians and the good will of the other settlers, the Carters seemed to be happily and permanently settled. When war was declared everything was changed. Neither Mr. Carter nor his eldest son, Alson, would take the oath of allegiance to the king, and as both were liable to conscription and forced service, Alson having been actually drafted and taken into the army despite his protests, after which, because of their known sympathy with the Americans, the family was rigorously boycotted, they decided to leave Canada and return to the United States to begin again almost empty handed. The Carters were a real family, and their adventures, when the American fugitives were concealed in the house and the busy mother's little flax wheel played such an important part in securing their safety is a part of history. There are any number of other stirring adventures both before and during the winter journey across the frontier, where Patty, now that her father and brother were gone, though scarcely sixteen, had need for all her courage and wit. Adele Thompson's tales are especially commendatory because she deals chiefly with the domestic life of the women and children in the families of the absent patriotic fathers and brothers, and gives an insight into the trials and fears other than those of battle and siege, and it is in the home life that the history of nations is written. Of particular interest, after the main events in this volume is the contrast between the simple log house which was to be the home of the Morants, the new English emigrants, and the elaborate furniture which they had brought so far, with so much difficulty, only to find that they could scarcely find room for their wardrobes and mahogany tables in their restricted quarters, and that, without the ready, practical suggestions of young Alson Carter, who was only a big boy, though used to frontier existence, they could never have brought much of it indoors at all. There is need for such books as these, now that the older generation has passed away, and children can no longer gather about their grandmothers by the fire place in the evenings to listen at first hand to tales of Indians and wolves, of venison fresh killed from the doorstep, bread baked in the "kettle," herbs gathered from the fields and spices crushed in the mortar. Very few twentieth century children could tell what is meant by a "spider" or a "creepie," and before long we shall need glossaries to help them to understand these other days. All from the press of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK KIRBK, Deceased—No. 9057, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PATRICK KIRBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PATRICK KIRBY, deceased.

BRIDGET MANNION,
Administratrix of the Estate of Patrick Kirby, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1910.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, W. W. Bedford, Room 8, 966 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased

SARAH J. CHURCHILL,
Executrix of the Estate of Norman B. Churchill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29th, 1910.

W. W. BEDFORD, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 8, 966 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, sometimes known as SAMUEL LEOPOLD KOHN, Deceased—No. 8913, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the Will annexed at the office of Otto Irving Wise, attorney for said Administratrix with the Will annexed, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased.

EMMA W. BRODY,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Samuel L. Kohn, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administratrix with the Will Annexed,
Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, Deceased—No. 9065, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the underisgned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased.

JOHNSON HARDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Millie Rice Tait, also known as Millie S. J. Tait, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, Deceased—No. 9067, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the will of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-706 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Post, Montgomery and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased.

GEORGE M. AHRENS,
Executor of the Will of Cathrine Weihmann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,
Rooms 701-706 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Murphy, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of P. A. Bergerot, Esq., No. 110 Sutter Street, Room 505, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased.

MARY MURPHY,
Executrix of the Last Will of Dennis Murphy, also known as D. B. Murphy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 505, No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN HIGGINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix as the office of Jeremiah V. Coffey and Edward I. Coffey, 557 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

HUGH HIGGINS,
MARY A. HIGGINS,
Executor and Executrix of the Estate of John Higgins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1910.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD J. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
557 Mills, Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-5-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER and FERDINAND A. LORENZ, the Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 17th day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the courtroom of said Superior Court, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell at private or public sale the whole of the real estate of the said deceased. And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, February 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for Petitioners. 2-12-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING ADMINISTRATOR TO CONVEY REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 6228, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALE, Deceased.

The verified petition of John H. Grady, praying for a decree of this Court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, to convey to him certain real property belonging to said estate, which said William Hale had agreed to convey to said John H. Grady by a written contract set forth in said petition, having been duly filed herein, and said real property being situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbers Eight (8) to Twenty (20), both inclusive, and Twenty-nine (29) to Forty (40), both inclusive, in Block number Three Hundred and Eighty (380), as the same are laid down, delineated and numbered upon a certain map on file in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, entitled "Map of the O'Neill and Haley Tract."

It is hereby ordered that Thursday, the 17th day of February, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., in Department No. 10 of said Court, at the Courthouse in the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition.

It is further ordered that notice thereof be served on Frank Shay, as Administrator of the estate of William Hale, deceased, personally, by delivering to and leaving with said administrator a certified copy of this order at least ten days before such hearing.

It is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four successive weeks before said day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which publication is hereby adjudged to be sufficient notice of said hearing.

Dated, January 12th, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 12, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. J. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, Deceased—No. 8943, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned George S. Sexton, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. M. Owens, Room 412, Mechanics' Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased.

GEORGE S. SEXTON,
Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Sexton, formerly Augusta Prag, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administrator,
Mechanics' Savings Bank Bldg., 948 Market St.,San Francisco. 1-22-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8722, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an Incompetent Person.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Superior Court duly made on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, will, on or after Monday, the 14th day of February, A. D. 1910, sell to the highest bidder, at private sale, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said PETREA RASMUSSEN, an incompetent person, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street), distant thereon Ninety (90) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Twelfth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Thirty (30) feet and thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of Lawton Street (formerly "L" Street) and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block Number Eight Hundred and Fifty-four (854).

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable as follows:

Ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany the bid and the balance thereof to be paid on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, deed to be at purchaser's expense; all bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned guardian at the office of W. W. Allen, Jr., attorney for said guardian, room 508 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, January 22nd, A. D. 1910. NELS RASMUSSEN,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Petrea Rasmussen, an Incompetent Person.

W. W. ALLEN, Jr., Attorney for Guardian,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-3

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

KNOW ALL MEN BY THE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of

J. S. BARTOW & CO.

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit:

J. S. Bartow, residing at 781 15th St , San Francisco, Cal.
Henry M. Hastings, residing at 457 Oakland Ave., Oakland, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this first day of February, 1910.

J. S. BARTOW.
HENRY M. HASTINGS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this First day of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ten before me, M. V. COLLINS, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S Bartow and Henry M. Hastings, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the within and annexed instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) M. V. COLLINS.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2 5-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverst to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Corner Montgomery Ave. and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,

vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point fo commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of December, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIO NICORA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of EMILIO NICORA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro, in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

ANGELA NICORA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Emilio Nicora, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 15th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-15-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gift Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December. A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4965, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, Deceased.

Mary A. Barry, the administratrix of the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made;

It is here ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, do appear before this Court on the 28th day of February, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of four thousand and five hundred ($4,500) dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary A. Barry, the said administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars. Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Parcel "A"—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, running thence easterly along the southerly line of Eighteenth street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.); thence at right angles westerly thirty (30) feet to the easterly line of Noe street, and thence at right angles northerly along the last mentioned line one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) to the southeasterly corner of Eighteenth and Noe streets and the place of beginning; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "B"—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth street, thirty feet distant thereon easterly from the easterly line of Noe street, thence along said southerly line of Eighteenth street easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.); thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "C"—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Noe street, distant thereon one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) southerly from the southerly line of Eighteenth street and running thence southerly along said line of Noe street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and five (105) feet to the easterly line of Noe street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 21st day of January, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, January 21, 1910.

MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney for Administratrix,
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Banquets Given to Statues

A Parisian lady who died recently won a certain amount of notoriety in the French capital by entertaining at dinner for over a decade a marble statue of her late husband. From the day of her partner's death until her own decease she always dined with the statue, which was five feet in height, placing it at the head of the table and setting before it food and viands by way of oblation.

The late King of Bavaria always had a bust of Marie Antoinette by his side when he sat down to dinner. He regarded the stone image absolutely the same as if it were the Queen herself, placing the most costly viands for its consumption and speaking to it in tender tones.

There is an old gentleman living near Glasgow who has for several years dined daily with a statue. He is a bachelor, and the statue is a counterfeit presentment of his sister with whom he lived and who died suddenly of heart failure. At her death an exact model of her in a sitting posture was chiselled by a sculptor, and this was attired in her clothes and placed by her bereaved brother in a chair in his dining-room. From that day to this the statue has occupied a seat at his dinner-table, with a maid-servant standing beside it, whose duty it is to place food and drink for it at every meal.

It will be remembered that Mr. Clyde Fitch, the dramatist, gave a banquet once at which there were a number of half-human-size dolls, dressed to represent the female characters in certain of his plays.

Cases of sculptors falling in love with the figures they chisel are by no means uncommon. One sculptor became so entranced with one of his works that he used to worship it in a most extraordinary fashion. Another knight of the mallet chiselled a Venus, and fell in love with it to such an extent that on several occasions he entertained it at dinner-table, inviting his fellow-sculptors to toast it in bumpers of champagne.

Strange Engagement Rings

During the hearing of a breach of promise case tried at the Macroon Quarter Sessions, County Cork, it transpired that the engagement ring which the defendant had presented to the plaintiff was originally made for the purpose of putting through a pig's nose.

In another case heard some time back, the defendant stated that he did not consider himself called upon to fulfill his promise to marry the plaintiff as the engagement ring on which much of the evidence turned came from the interior of a Christmas cracker. The jury, however, while not traversing the truth of this statement, showed by the verdict that they did not consider that the defendant's meanness had invalidated the significance of his gift.

No niggard spirit was it that prompted a young man to have his fiancee's engagement ring made from a portion of an old horse-shoe which he found when on his way to the lady's house to put the fateful question.

Another iron substitute was a section cut from the barrel of a pistol which many years previously had been the instrument of avenging the outraged honor of a member of the bridegroom's family. In this instance, however, the dull hue of the grim memento was relieved by the insertion of a ruby, an opal, a sapphire, and an emerald, the initial letters of which gems formed the bride's Christian name.

By the advice of a lady on whom his affections were fixed, a Liverpool gentleman was rash enough to engage in a law action. Though he gained the day, the nominal damages of one farthing left him a heavy pecuniary loser. When subsequently he became engaged to his fair adviser, he had the small bronze coin that had constituted his legal award made into a ring, which was accepted by his future wife in the same spirit of humor in which it was offered.

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Novelist's Wife—I don't know, but we were married in November!

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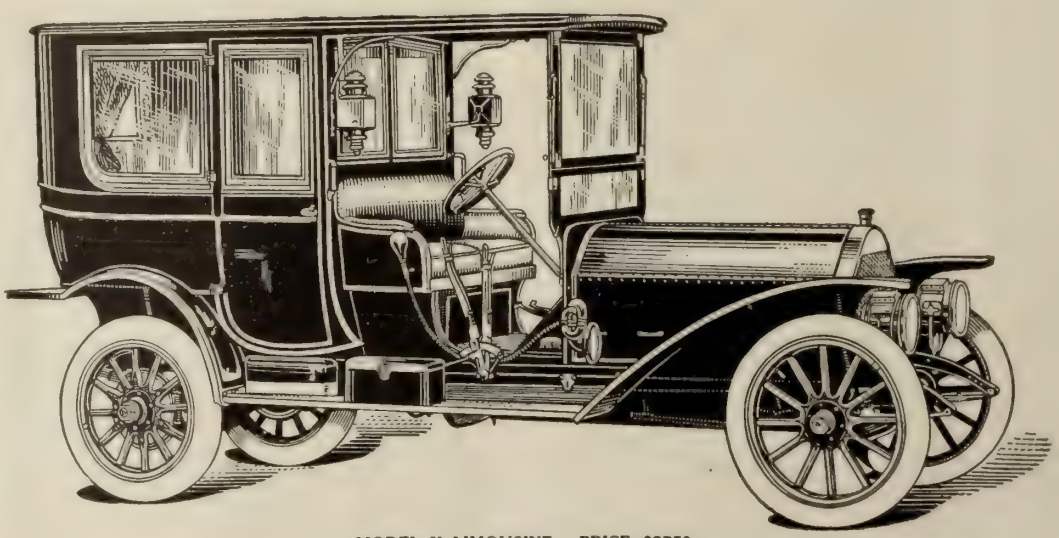

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Vol. XVIII. No. 912 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 19, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, February 19, 1910 | No. 912

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Taft Speech

In his Lincoln Day speech President Taft credited his illustrious predecessor with having by means of "what almost may be compared to a religious crusade, inflamed the people against the aggressions of corporate greed" and put public opinion in "an apt condition to bring about the reforms needed to clinch his policies and make them permanent in the form of enacted law." This is quite true, and doubtless if President Taft had gone no further the average worshiper of Roosevelt would be inclined to applaud, but the President added that we find "as an inevitable aftermath of such agitation a condition of hysteria on the part of certain individuals, and on the part of others a condition of hypocrisy, manifesting itself in the blind denunciation of all wealth and in the impeachment of the motives of men of the highest character and by demagogic appeals to the imagination of a people greatly aroused upon the subject of party and honesty in the administration of government." Thus the President has described exactly the staple ingredients of strong Roosevelt sentiment wherever it is to be found. And consequently no Roosevelt boomer is to be found applauding the President's observations. No man likes to be branded either as a hypocrite or a victim of hysteria. Concurring in the President's views, the only comment that we care to make thereon is that candor unrestrained by the sacred obligations of friendship might have prompted the President to reprobate the systematic frenzy of the astute politician to whom he gave just recognition as the author of the hysteria and the inspiration of the hypocrisy which now infest the country.

A Reformer's Revelation

Once more we are permitted to take a peep into the soul of a reformer; and, as is usually the case, we are struck with the ugliness of it. On the witness stand in Congress Mr. Louis R. Glavis related that when Land Commissioner Dennett was in Seattle he used one Spalding as a stenographer, and that he (Glavis) instructed Spalding, who was his own stenographer, to furnish him with carbon copies of all letters written by the commissioner. Several of these letters, obtained by Glavis in the manner described, were introduced in evidence in the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation. Mr. Glavis gave his testimony without a blush. Apparently he was absolutely unconscious of the significance of his conduct. This is the Glavis who was dismissed from the forestry service by President Taft for suppressing evidence favorable to Secretary Ballinger, against whom he had leveled certain accusations. By his own confession with reference to the Dennett correspondence he has borne out President Taft's estimate of his character. Nevertheless he is still a reformer in good standing. He enjoys the confidence of Gifford Pichot, the esteem of Collier's Weekly and the admiration of all incorruptible guardians of the public weal.

Our Transit Problem

From the dailies we learn that thousands of people have had their spirits depressed by the news that the United Railroads has concluded that it would not be wise to expand its street car system for the benefit of some of our new residential districts. These people have built homes remote from the center of the city believing that extensions of the street car service would soon be made for their benefit. Not to have this service is to these people a calamity; and to the merchants in the downtown district it means a considerable loss. For this deplorable situation who is to blame? It is attributed entirely to our passion for experiment in municipal ownership, a passion artfully and systematically engendered by appeals to popular prejudice. As we have resolved to engage in the street car business and to absorb all street railroads as quickly as the franchises expire, the stockholders of the United Railroads have naturally come to the conclusion that it would not be sound business policy to spend money on property from which they must part before it can be made to produce a profit on the investment. These public service magnates have no philanthropic impulses so far as the dear people who have been taught to hate them are concerned. Realizing that it would be folly from the business standpoint to spend any more money than is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the roads now in operation, they have resolved to husband their resources. So as a result of our eagerness to teach the United Railroads a lesson we have learned one much to our own disgust. We have learned that municipal ownership has a tendency to discourage private enterprise and stop the flow of coin into the channels of trade. To be sure in the course of time the transit problem of this mighty city will be solved by its removal forever from the sinister shadow of the bloated bondholder. In that distant, millennial day when the straphanger will be enjoying the luxury of an upholstered chair, the pampered proletariat will be pacified, but meanwhile a distressing dilemma confronts us, and we can do nothing more than appeal to the sagacious, omniscient advocates of municipal ownership for advice. They were most generous with their counsel up to the final election at which the people voted to issue bonds for the building of a railroad on Geary street. Since then they have been preoccupied with other matters of vital importance, except occasionally when they could find time to execrate the United Railroads for its indifference to the interests of the dear people. Now it may be extremely edifying to abuse the octopus, but the material advantages to be derived from the pastime are somewhat shadowy. The indications are that unless we can soon have municipal railroads on many thoroughfares we shall be in a badly crippled condition. To be saved from what appears to be our fate is what most deeply concerns us now. We do not believe that redemption is to be effected by means of denunciation or by such silly threats of reprisal as the Examiner has been indulging in. "Spend your money and lose it or we'll take your roads away from you," shrieks the Examiner. Mr. Hearst's paper is on the rampage. Having spanked Judge Murasky for not punishing small boys that steal Mr. Hearst's nickels, the Examiner purposes disciplining Capital in the same way.

Astronomy and Scripture

According to some astronomers there is a possibility of us all being asphyxiated by the tail of Halley's comet. In contemplating a catastrophe of this character the scientists seem to be indifferent to the teaching of Christianity; for we are told by the New Testament that the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, not as a comet whose approach is to be reckoned by mathematicians. Also we are told that in that day "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the

elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Between Scripture and the speculations of astronomers every man may take his choice. Nowadays there are many people who place more confidence in science than in religion and who are under the impression that the attitude sustained toward each other by science and religion is one of hostility and distrust. The truth is that there are not a few men of high and wide culture on both sides, who, above the din and strife, are able to discern a meeting place for the scattered rays of life which fall on either side. Learned men, among them William Gladstone, have reconciled geology and Genesis. They have interpreted the Bible narrative as we have interpreted psalms and prophecies, liberally and often figuratively, and they have seen many points of accord between the story of Creation written in the Bible and the story written on the strata under their feet. Though the principle of evolution is believed to be in conflict with religion Mr. Darwin never admitted that there was any irreligious tendency in his views. And astronomers, basing their reasoning upon ascertained facts, have concluded that the Galilean fisherman knew what learning for thousands of years had failed to discover; that, as Shakespeare expresses it—

"The great Globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve."

But admitting this conclusion to be correct it does not follow that Halley's comet is not about to destroy some life on this planet. Who knows but that this comet is the great epoch maker of the universe? Perhaps Halley's comet played havoc with the earth before the advent of man. Perhaps the comet's tail was what extinguished the lives of those curious animals that roamed the earth thousands of years before Adam found himself in the Garden of Eden. All of which we have suggested with a view of indicating that there is a connection between science and religion, and that science is a means of quickening our curiosity in religion. New problems in science may embarrass us for a time, but they turn our thoughts to God, whip up the reserved forces of the religious nature and keep it from stagnating. More than once in the history of the world science has arrested the decay in religion.

Woman's Dependent Independence

One of those gentlemen, interesting as they are courageous, who deliver afternoon lectures before women's clubs, has been explaining to the cultured members of the California Club the task which woman is destined to accomplish in the twentieth century. From fragmentary reports of his remarks it may be gathered that that task is little less than the general reformation of the world. The accomplishment of this task, however, is not a foregone conclusion, for, according to the lecturer, it depends on two things; the recognition of women's rights as identical with those of men and at the same time, the adequate protection of women by men. Here we have a very interesting statement, one which may be supposed to have made instant appeal to the members of the California Club if those intellectual women share with others of their gentle sex a dislike for the processes of logic. Reduced to its simplest form the statement means that women must be recognized as independent of men and at the same time dependent on them. Surely this is no distortion of the lecturer's position. If women obtain the ballot and other privileges now limited to the masculine sex, they will cease to dominate the world as they do now, by indirection, and will acquire a direct and independent influence over events. But if at the same time they are to insist that their peculiar feminine functions entitle them to the protection of the sterner sex, they will still be to a very serious extent dependent. It looks as though this will be rather an anomalous situation and yet that it is a situation desired by the women of the California Club may be inferred, for none raised her voice in objection to the lecturer's words. It may be that the lecturer intended to convey the idea that women are to be independent during one part of their lives and dependent during another. In spinsterhood and in certain periods of married life, perhaps, women are to exercise all the rights enjoyed by man; that is, they are to pursue the learned professions, devote themselves to the arts and sciences and to the problems of government and even, if they see fit, to the winning of daily bread side by side with men. But during the period of gestation and the subsequent period when the care of the child monopolizes their attention, (provided of course they consent to accept these responsibilities), they will forego the exercise of the rights which they have wrested from man and demand his protection. It would be difficult to determine by the a priori method whether this situation would be less anomalous than that of simultaneous independence and dependence. There is a possibility that in her determination to focus all her activities on her newfound independent rights woman would refuse to accept the responsibilities of marriage or, horrible thought! refuse even to enter into the married state. In that event man would be compelled to hire a housekeeper as he at present hires a stenographer and as for the perpetuation of the human species, that could be accomplished only by an Amazonian arrangement. But the complications are too dreadful to contemplate. Will the ladies of the California Club kindly refrain from suggesting these unpleasant trains of thought?

The Vitality of American Oratory

Once more we are told that for parliamentary purposes oratory is no longer of any value. For proof of this assertion Congress is cited. In the nation's legislature there are several gentlemen who pride themselves on their eloquence, who indulge in verbal cannonading, without having any influence on legislation. They are heard

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but not heeded. Their speeches are printed in the Congressional Record and nobody reads them. All this is quite true, yet it does not follow that oratory is no longer of any value. To hold that what passes for oratory in Congress is the art that was practiced by Demosthenes, by Burke and by Webster, is as absurd as to confound one of Marie Corelli's sloppy novels with the literature of Balzac and Scott. There is a vast difference between facility in declamation and the power of moving people and bringing conviction to their minds. It is the difference that existed between Cicero and Demosthenes. After listening to one of Cicero's diffuse and published speeches his Roman admirers remarked, "What a splendid speech our orator has made." But when the Athenians heard Demosthenes they were so imbued with the subject matter of his oration that they forgot the orator and went forth breathing defiance to their enemies. In oratory the greatest art is to conceal art, and it consists of something more than fine phrases. The popular harangue may be effective in the passionateness of its outbursts; the mob has been often moved by nothing more than melodious thunders of loquacious wrath, but the greatest orators were men skilled in the unfolding of the didactic process, the aim of which is to appeal to intelligence as well as to feeling, to prove something, to compel conviction. It is not enough for the orator to rouse emotion; he must have dominion over the critical faculty. To be an influential parliamentarian he must be skilled in debate, deft in elaborating set speeches and quick at repartee. In discussion he must be able to exhaust argument, illustration, ingenuity and research; he must have a demonstration to persuade the incredulous, an enthusiasm to inflame the cold and indifferent. If his purpose is to win admiration for his rhetorical powers he will accomplish nothing else. They that hold that oratory is no longer of any value err not only from misapprehension as to the art of oratory; they have embraced the delusion that the people having become much enlightened are quick to detect the smell of the lamp or inkhorn and are immune to the powers of eloquence. This idea is akin to that which is indulged by people who, while conceiving it to be to their credit that melodrama cannot stir their emotions, are easily susceptible to the baldest kind of theatrical balderdash when it is flung at them under the name of comedy drama. These people are of the nil admirari cult, their affectation is the peculiarity of puny minds, the coxcombry of the conceited illiterate. Now as a matter of fact the people at large are not immune to the powers of eloquence. On the contrary, they are susceptible to the appeals of grandiloquent claptrap. That the eloquence which shows nothing more than that the orator can talk has a hold on the people is evident from the money that is accumulated on the Chautauqua circuit by such distinguished bloviators as William J. Bryan and "Battle Bob" La Follette. Measuring success by the pecuniary standard Bryan is the most successful of all American orators, yet it is hardly to be said of him that his tongue drops manna, or that upon the canned honey of it any intelligent man ever hangs as the bee upon the flower. His words are not like syrens' notes, nor yet like notes of dying swans, yet he charms the sense of the mob and commands the loyalty of millions of his enlightened countrymen. He is not a statesman grounded in the science of government, he has not the eloquence of a Burke or a Webster; with all his immeasurable yards of talk he has given us but one sentence that lives in memory and that one does not even deserve to be compared to sounding of brass or tinkling of cymbals. Oratory lives wherever Bryan circulates and his circuit is as the circumference of his country.

Perspective Impressions

A poet has been singing of "The Charms of Cold Storage." That's probably where his Muse belongs.

It is said that the reception to be given to Mr. Roosevelt on his return "will be the greatest thing of its kind ever seen here or anywhere else." Quite natural. Everything that Roosevelt figures in is by virtue of that circumstance alone the greatest thing of its kind. He has a monopoly of superlatives and his trust is above the law.

HE WILL HURT THEIR BUSINESS

—Houston Post.

The Hon. Francis J. Heney scored another characteristic triumph in Portland. It is entitled, "Jury Disagreed."

A poll taken by the Chicago Tribune shows that there are more Republican editors for Roosevelt than for Taft. In view of the election of Gaynor, Fitzgerald and McCarthy in spite of newspaper opposition, what does it avail a man nowadays to have the support of the degenerate daily press?

SYMPATHY

—New York World.

The New York Premiere of Strauss' "Electra"

(Richard Strauss' "Electra" was recently produced for the first time in America at the Manhattan Opera House. This opera has caused almost as great a stir among musicians and musical critics as the same composer's "Salome." "Electra" is founded on a drama by Hugo von Hoffmansthal, a young Austrian author who has treated this favorite theme of the Greek tragedians after the "atmospheric" fashion of Maeterlinck. In preparing a musical setting for the drama Strauss has outdone all his previous eccentricities of counterpoint. He employs forty-three themes with numerous variants and developments and shuffles the orchestral instruments in a bewildering manner. Madame Schumann-Heink who sang in the original Dresden production described the opera as a grand unsweet song of shrieks, groans and sighs, and declared that she would never take part in it again. The following critique of the New York premiere is from the pen of Miss Helen M. Stocking, a gifted musical critic of this city.—Editor's note.)

By Helen M. Stocking

With one's spirit still turbulent with the fever of an enormous excitement, one's nerves tense from an almost unparalleled experience, the first impression of the music tragedy of "Electra," as just given at its New York premiere, seems almost indescribable. At least, one feels justified in using extreme adjectives. For to begin with, the audience was remarkable—as would be expected at the first performance of this most conspicuous of modern artistic sensations. There was more than the customary glitter in the Manhattan Opera House boxes, but nothing so frivolous as the display of jewels or beauty, could hold sway on such a night. Nothing less than the arrival of one after another of the most conspicuous figures of the artistic elite of New York could fix the attention of the restless and feverishly expectant audience. There were those who came full of abhorrent curiosity, bristling with indignation against the composer's morbidity of subject matter. Of those acquainted with the audacities of Strauss' style, there were his over-zealous admirers ready to justify the offensiveness of the drama, and defend him against familiar accusations, and the others with their tirade on the decadence of modern music. Of course, there were, too, the inevitable sensation lovers, excited by a morbid emotionalism. But the larger part of the audience was composed of the greatest musical minds of the city come to judge this most discussed and prodigiously complex and ingenious of all modern scores. But surely those for whom it was the first hearing of the Strauss opera, must have found a calm, judicious critical consideration difficult, for it would seem that only he who could for the moment lose sight of the fiercely waged aesthetic battle and yield to the supreme mastery of emotional effect, could do entire justice to his own judgment or to the opera. For bow as we will or not, to its tyranny, there are some preconceived ideas which must fall before its subjecting force.

From the moment the curtain rises on the one scene and act of the opera, one is under the influence of the dominant mood and atmosphere of the Hoffmansthal version of the ancient Greek tragedy of "Electra," and the music, from first to last, is steeped in the colors of horror, brutality and revenge. Nevertheless, from the snarlings and hissing of the orchestral opening, Electra's intense and passionate apostrophy to Agamemnon, her murdered father, rises so full of dignity and tenderness, that one is made to feel that a certain nobility may underlie even mad revenge, and that the mighty fury which consumes the haggard, disheveled Electra is an intellectual rather than a sensual one. One becomes dimly conscious of some tremendous material power, an elemental force, an inevitable Fate which makes the succeeding tragedy of crime fall short of the anticipated overpowering horror.

For the wild shrieking, the orchestral thundering of horrible dissonances in antagonistic keys, we have been prepared by the sensational stories from abroad which heralded the advent of the work here. And there are many such long, dull, dreary wastes for the suffering ear to endure. But the extraordinary significance and characterization of tone combination which robs some of the most brutal cacophonies of their hideousness, and makes them unbelievably acceptable, must remain undreamt of until heard.

Such memorable passages as the orchestral prelude to the entrance of Klytemnestra, in which are heard the footsteps of the sacrificial beasts, or the lurid orchestral background to the digging for the ax, or the unimaginable effect of those appalling moments of suspense during the murder when one ceases to hear and only feels the throbs of the orchestra as heart-beats; all these must influence one's conception of dramatic music and open a new and unimagined vista.

But no doubt the moments least expected, and of the greatest surprise to many were those of eloquence of orchestral song when a benignity of sweet musical beauty, a radiance of definite humanity illuminates such superb and pathetic passages as that which accompanies the recognition of Orestes by Electra.

The realization is borne upon one how inadequate any analysis of the motives, or description of the method of construction is towards a preconception of the richly-hued orchestral characterizations. Who could attempt to describe the broadly delineative and extraordinarily minute orchestral enforcement of dramatic action; the sardonic satire of Electra's meeting with Aegisthus and his murder, of Klytemnestra's death, and finally of the overpowering and mad emotion of Electra's marvelous dance of death which leaves one gasping, unable to realize how, out of the undeniable morbid horror of it, one has been carried to real inspirational heights of dramatic exaltation.

Trembling from the relaxation of the excessive tension of two hours, the first thought of the audience was for the wonderful woman who had accomplished the seemingly superhuman performance of impersonating Electra with such amazing force, endurance and vivid realism, and whose supreme moments were touched with a genius worthy of a Bernhardt.

Waves of applause swept over the house, men and women stood and shouted bravos as Madame Mazarin appeared with the other artists, the conductor of the orchestra leaped upon the stage and embraced her.

One feels grateful for the cheerful clapping of hands, the smile on that tragic mask of Electra, in those haunting, burning eyes. And then, as the audience cheered, Madame Mazarin swayed, and, amid gasps of sympathy, fell fainting to the floor and was carried unconscious behind the curtain. A hush fell over the standing crowd, and not for some minutes did the people begin, slowly, reluctantly, to leave the theatre, murmuring breathless words of "marvelous," "extraordinary," "astounding" and their equivalent in various languages. Sensations to the very end! Could Strauss himself have wished it more effective?

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A Resemblance

You ask me why I smile and sigh
  To watch you as you come and go;
I love you, child, and this is why:
  You seem what I was long ago.

Your shadowed eyes are quick with gleams
  Of changing hope and joy and woe,
And deep with light of inward gleams:
  You seem what I was long ago.

Your head in Grecian marble pure,
  In Attic summers made to glow,
Where snows in azure skies endure;
  You seem what I was long ago.

Each day I stretch my hands and cry:
  "I give you all the love I know!"
Each day you laugh and pass me by;
  You seem what I was long ago.

—Sully Prudhomme.

Philogeorgos, or Concerning Bribery: A Platonic Fragment

By A. D. G.

Going down the other day to the Kerameikos, I met my friend Philogeorgos, who is at present one of those who desire to hold office in the city. And I said to him:

"Philogeorgos, you look sad; is it because you fear lest you should not be elected Archon?"

"No, Socrates," he replied. "It is not that which saddens me; it is the baseness of those who try to prevent the people from choosing me."

"In what way do they act basely?" I asked.

"There is a certain wine-seller," he said, "who is offering what the Hyperboreans call Free Drinks (that is, you know, draughts of wine without payment) to all those who will vote for Misogeorgos, but not for me."

"That is very unkind of the wine-seller. But why do you say that the transaction is base?"

"Why, of course it is base. How can it be anything else?"

"When we predicate baseness of a transaction," I said, "we must also predicate baseness of those who are concerned in it, or at least of one of them. Now, Philogeorgos, let me ask you a question; for you are accustomed by this time to answer questions. When you wish for a pair of shoes or a flute, how do you obtain one?"

"How else," he said, "except by buying it from a shoemaker or a maker of flutes?"

"How else, indeed?" I replied. "So, then, the tradesman gives you something which he possesses; and you give the tradesman in return something which you possess. And this exchange is advantageous to both of you, and honorable; is it not?"

"I suppose so."

"And neither of you becomes base?"

"Neither."

"Then it is not a base transaction?"

"No."

"Now consider in this way: Does a vote belong to the man who possesses a vote?"

"Yes, Socrates; but I am afraid that you are going to quibble, as usual."

"It is only by dialectic," I replied, "that we can arrive at the truth. And the wine belongs, I suppose, to the wine-seller?"

"It would seem so, at least."

"Then, when the wine-seller gets the voter's vote in exchange for his own wine, they simply give each other what each possesses; and such a transaction, as you have said, is advantageous to both parties, and honorable, and not base at all."

"I said," he replied, rather angrily, "that you were going to quibble. Of course, the case is quite different. A vote is a sacred thing; and it ought not to be exchanged for the satisfaction of mere bodily desires, such as the desire for drink."

"Nor for any other material comfort?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Nobly spoken, indeed!" I said. "But I confess, all the same, that you rather surprise me; for only this morning I heard the herald proclaiming in your name that all the citizens would have Free Food if they voted for Philogeorgos. And I remember how some years ago either Phaidrolithos or one of those around him used to promise at elections that everyone should have three acres of land and a cow, on condition that the city kept him and his party in power. You do not mean to tell me that what Phaidrolithos or his friends did was base?"

"No, indeed," he replied. "But surely, Socrates, even you must see that this is a different matter altogether."

"How different? You say that votes must not be exchanged for material comforts; yet Free Food is a material comfort; and so are three acres, because they produce food; and so, I presume, is a cow. And these things were offered to the voter in exchange for his vote, just as the wine-seller now is offering draughts of wine."

"No, Socrates, it is not the same thing at all. When I talk of Free Food, and when men like Phaidrolithos talk of land and cows, we do not give these things immediately in exchange for votes. We could not; they are not ours to give; we have not got them."

"That is very true," I said. "For I remember when Phaidrolithos and his party were put in power many people used to come to those in authority and demand that they should now receive three acres of land each and a cow; and when they did not receive these things they were indignant, as having been deceived. And I daresay that when you are in power men will come expecting to receive Free Food, and will not get it. But, as far as I understand your argument, it is honorable to promise in return for a vote that which you cannot give; but when one promises that which he can give, as the wine-seller does, that is base, and that makes you sad. Is it not so? And the reason seems to be that when the wine-seller offers Free Drinks for a vote, then the vote is sold; but when you offer Free Food for a vote, then it is not the vote which is sold, but only the voter."

"Socrates," said Philogeorgos, "you are a philosopher; and no philosopher ever understood politics. But I am busy, and have really no more time to waste upon you and your dialectics."

"Farewell, then, Philogeorgos," I said; "but please do not be angry with me for being so stupid. And if I were you," I continued, "I do not think I would be angry with the wine-seller either; for perhaps the draughts of wine will make the citizens drunk, especially when they need not be paid for; and when a citizen is drunk he will run the risk of voting for you rather than for Misogeorgos. Do you not think so?"

But Philogeorgos was already out of hearing.

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The Strong-Box of the Humberts

By Maurice Leblanc (From the French)

At three in the morning there were still a few carriages waiting in front of a private house on the Boulevard Berthier. The door of this house opened and a group of guests emerged. The carriages were at once filled and whirled away, leaving on the street only two gentlemen who walked together as far as the rue de Courcelles, where one of them lived, and the other was left to proceed on foot to his home near the Porte Maillot.

This gentleman crossed the Avenue de Villiers and walked rapidly. He found a pleasure in walking on this clear, cold winter's night, and his footsteps resounded gaily on the stones as he advanced.

After a few minutes, however, he felt the unpleasant sensation of being followed, and, indeed, when he turned around he saw a shadow gliding through the trees. He was not a coward, and yet he hastened his steps, hoping to arrive the sooner at the guardhouse of the Ternes. Then his pursuer began to run, and, quite disturbed, the gentleman thought it advisable to draw his revolver from his pocket and face the individual. He was too late, for the man attacked him violently, and a struggle began on the deserted street, a hand-to-hand struggle in which he felt at once that he was at a disadvantage. He cried for help and tried to escape, but was thrown backwards violently upon a pile of stones and seized by the throat while his adversary thrust a handkerchief into his mouth. His eyes closed and his ears began to buzz; he was about to lose consciousness. Then suddenly the grip on his throat loosened and the man, under whose incubus he was suffocating, rose to defend himself against an unexpected attack from a new-comer.

He received a blow from a cane on his wrist and a kick on his ankle, then, howling with pain, he fled, limping and swearing.

Without deigning to pursue him, the new-comer leaned over and asked:

"Are you wounded, monsieur?"

He was not wounded, but badly shaken up and unable to proceed on foot. Luckily one of the men on duty at the guard-house now arrived, having heard the cries for help. He went for a carriage and when it drew up, the gentleman and his rescuer got in and were driven to the former's house on the Avenue de la Grande-Armee.

When they stopped before the door the injured man was himself again and expressed his thanks most effusively.

"I owe you my life, monsieur, and you may be sure that I shall never forget it. I do not wish to alarm my wife at this time of the night, but I shall not be satisfied unless she expresses her gratitude to you this very day."

He begged him to come to the house to lunch and introduced himself as Ludovic Humbert, adding: "May I know to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"Why certainly," replied the other. "My name is Arsene Lupin."

Arsene Lupin had not at that time, five years ago, the notoriety that came as the result of the Cahorn case, his escape from the prison de la Sante and so many other sensational exploits.

Thus it was that when he awoke a few hours later, he recalled with infinite pleasure the invitation that had been extended to him. At last he was approaching his goal. The Humbert millions, what a prey for such an appetite as his!

He dressed especially for the occasion, a threadbare frock coat, worn trousers, a silk hat of antiquated shape, frayed collar and cuffs, the whole quite clean but indicating poverty. Thus equipped, he descended the stairway from the lodging he occupied at Montmartre. At the third floor he rapped in passing on the panel of a door, using the head of his cane for the purpose. Reaching the street, he made his way to the exterior boulevard and leaped into a passing tram. A man mounted behind him. It was the lodger from the third floor, and they sat down side by side.

After a moment, this man said to him:

"Well, boss?"

"I am going there to lunch."

"You are going to lunch with them!"

"You ought not to expect me to expose for nothing a life as valuable as mine. Did I not save Monsieur Humbert from the sure death you were about to inflict upon him? Monsieur Humbert is a grateful man, and he has asked me to lunch with him."

After a moment's silence the other ventured:

"Then you cling to your original idea?"

"My dear boy," said Arsene, "after having planned that little hold-up and taken the trouble to stay awake until the early hours of the morning so as to rap you on the wrist and kick your shins, thus running the risk of injuring my only friend, do you imagine that I intend to abandon the advantages of an affair so well begun?"

"But what about the rumors that say their fortune is a farce?"

"Let them say what they will. For the last six months I have been making inquiries, studying the case, questioning the servants, the money-lenders and the puppets they employ. For six months I have been shadowing both husband and wife. Whether the fortune comes from old Brawford, as they claim, or from any other source, I know that it exists, and, since it exists, it shall be mine."

"The devil! A hundred millions!"

"Call it ten, or even five, what is the difference? There are great bundles of stocks and bonds in the strong-box. There will be the devil to pay if one day or the other I do not find the key."

The tramway stopped at the Arc de Triomphe.

"What am I do do now?" asked the subordinate.

"Nothing. I shall let you know later."

Five minutes afterward Arsene Lupin was climbing the stairway of the luxurious Humbert mansion, and Ludovic presented him to Madame Humbert. Gervaise was a nice, plump little woman and very talkative. She received Lupin most amiably.

"I preferred that we should lunch alone in honor of our rescuer," she said.

"Our rescuer" was immediately placed on a footing of intimacy and treated like an old friend. By the time dessert was served the intimacy had become absolute and confidences were freely exchanged. Arsene related the story of his life, told about his father, a magistrate of sterling integrity, the sorrows of his childhood and the troubles of the present. Gervaise also told of her girlhood, her marriage and the kindness of old Brawford, the hundred millions she had inherited, the obstacles to her enjoyment of this fortune, the loans she had been forced to take at exorbitant rates, her endless difficulties with Brawford's nephews, the injunction and, indeed, the whole story.

"Just think of it, Monsieur Lupin, the stocks and bonds are there, in the next room, my husband's office, and if we cut off a single coupon we lose it all!"

Monsieur Lupin felt a slight tremor.

"Ah, so they are there," said he, but his throat was so dry he could hardly utter the words.

An acquaintance thus favorably begun could only become more intimate. When delicately questioned, Arsene Lupin confessed his poverty and distress. At once

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Spectator

Mrs. Carter and a Dramatic Critic

Mrs. Leslie Carter has a tumultuous personality which involves her private career in actions as bizarre as any that she portrays behind the footlights. The unexpected flows as naturally from her restless temperament as a bromide does from the pen of her latest playwright. Mrs. Carter has a carmine disposition which flashes with emotions even as her shock of hair scintillates with color. No seer may ever hope to guess what Mrs. Carter will do next; even from herself that interesting secret is often hidden. Impulse is the breath of her nostrils; surprise is her second nature; to achieve the commonplace is beyond her power and alien to her desire. When Mrs. Carter was here recently with her laudanum melodrama of " Vasta Herne" she received the kindest consideration from the dramatic critics of the morning press. These gentlemen vouchsafed her play the compliment of serious attention, lavished their most flattering adjectives upon her acting and devoted a page in the Sunday papers to her views on art and David Belasco. The Carter-Belasco quarrel has two sides, like most quarrels and it was fitting that Mrs. Carter should give her version of it. But at least one critic did not satisfy Mrs. Carter in his report of her self-justification. That critic is Mr. Ralph E. Renaud of the Chronicle and in consequence of his failure to please he has just been treated to a bewildering view of the Carter personality.

An Interchange of Letters

Mr. Renaud is a discerning critic, not only of acting but of human nature; hence I take it that he was not unduly surprised when he received the following curious communication:

Sunday, February 13.

Dear Mr. Renaud:—

Of course you did not mean me to consider seriously your effort in my behalf in last Sunday's Chronicle. I thank you though for any trouble you took and am glad if I was of service to you in your copy. Usually I should feel inclined to resent libel!—but in this instance it only made me laugh.

The ax was so apparent that it didn't even hurt, and after all I gave you a chance to exploit—yourself! But seriously, if you did anything for me please accept my thanks.

Faithfully,

—Leslie Carter.

Mr. Renaud's reply was couched in the following terms of admirable restraint:

My Dear Mrs. Carter,

Permit me to thank you for your graceful acknowledgement of my interview with you. Naturally I did not mean you to consider seriously my effort on your behalf, as I was not aware either that I had made one or had implied making one. My effort was solely on behalf of the readers of The Chronicle. Incidentally, however, I am glad that it carried with it the rare privilege of making you laugh. We are now on common ground, for your suggestion of "libel" affords me a similar privilege. If you are still in a humorous mood, I will be pleased to furnish you with a transcript of my notes, which I chanced to keep with no anticipation of the mutual satisfaction they might give us. The original draught will prove, I think, that I did not quote you for one word you did not utter. "By their acts shall they be known," it is said; I am sorry that you should spell it "ax."

With renewed assurances of esteem and regard, believe me

Sincerely yours,

—Ralph E. Renaud.

If Mrs. Carter sees fit to reply her answer should be very interesting.

The Carter Temper Rebuked

During Mrs. Carter's recent engagement at the Van Ness one of her audiences was treated to an exhibition of her continuously outcropping temperament—or perhaps temper is the more fitting word. It was on Wednesday night, the third of her engagement. On that occasion Mrs. Carter was visibly perturbed and her disquieted mind found solace at the expense of her luckless leading man. From time to time during the progress of the hectic melodrama she vented her dissatisfaction with his acting in despairing gestures and audible exclamations addressed to the audience. Quite plainly by word and action she let it be understood that his acting displeased her and that she pitied the audience for having to put up with it. Now even a leading man will turn on a star if the provocation be sufficient and this leading man was indubitably provoked beyond endurance. His opportunity for revenge came in the last act when the heroine is supposed to die in his arms. Instead of adhering to the "business" the leading man held aloof and allowed Mrs. Carter to execute her death pangs in solitary agony. As she lay near the footlights Mrs. Carter cried at him, so that the audience might hear, "I'll get you for this."

"I got my wife through advertising."
"Then you'll admit that advertising pays?"
"I'll admit that it brings results."

Sandy McNaughton and the Police

Great has been the wonderment of the Tenderloin over the daring displayed by Sandy McNaughton, proprietor of "The Breakers," in bidding the dance go on in his underground resort despite the interdict of the police. Time was that this caterer to the thirst of the underworld respectfully heeded the moralists of the police commission when they commanded that the giddy waltz and the insinuating twostep be banished to the ocean beach and the Barbary Coast and that in all resorts within the city limits the sound of music and dancing cease at one in the morning. But now it is different. Sandy McNaughton has discovered that the prohibition is based, not on a city ordinance, but on a mere police order which he thinks he may with impunity disobey. It is no wonder that the contumacy of one of their number, based on a fine-drawn distinction between an ordinance and a police order, should fill the cafe proprietors with amazement. Not for them the dialectical subtlety with which Sandy McNaughton fends his novel position. Little they care whether the supervisors or the police make the rules of the game they play; enough that the police are

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on the job to enforce them. Eager to preserve their standing and their liquor licenses, they frown on the gay spirits who yearn for a whirl and restrain the ardor of the musicians who would play after one o'clock. But Sandy is game.

Vaudeville in the Cafes

Places like "The Breakers" are intended for rounders, college boys on a spree, touts, cadets, demimondaines and all the pale-faced crowd that lives by night. Because they furnish a sort of entertainment that appeals to these elements they have won to an enormous extent the patronage of the so-called respectable classes. Men of family have tarried there and women have not hesitated to invade them on slumming tours. The music in these resorts has usually been unusually good and it is pretty well known that the latest song successes of New York are heard there long before they creep into vaudeville programs or cross the continent to the music stores. Of course these places do not compete with the high class restaurants and cafes where the theatre crowds go for supper, but nevertheless they draw hundreds who enjoy the atmosphere of the pace that kills which may be breathed for the price of a highball or two. But now it has come to pass that the high price restaurants are competing with the resorts of "The Breakers" type. When one of the cafes engaged Rigo some time ago the prescient Sandy McNaughton may have read the handwriting on the wall; certainly he realized its import when another cafe introduced vaudeville. The result is that the throngs which used to frequent the Tenderloin resorts have transferred their patronage to the cafes where good food may be discussed in luxurious surroundings to the accompaniment of vaudeville. The element of riskiness has been removed, the atmosphere is better, the entertainment of a higher grade—no wonder Sandy McNaughton should attempt to lure his old customers back, at the risk of being closed up, by holding out the inducement of dancing. He and others have lost money; they cannot compete with the vaudeville restaurants; so it is plausible that one, more daring than the others, should balance his license against his lease.

A Restaurant Revolution

There is no doubt that the business of satisfying the hunger and thirst of San Franciscan diners-out and suppers-out is passing through a revolution. The introduction of vaudeville in some of the big cafes has had the immediate effect of making them tremendously popular and of drawing regular patrons from some of the others. The other night I supped after the theatre in one of the most beautiful rooms in town, the dining-room of one of our biggest hotels. The room was brilliantly lighted, the orchestra discoursed excellent music and the regular after-theatre supper was of a quality that could not be duplicated elsewhere for twice the money charged for it. Yet there were not more than ten people in the room, not enough to pay for the music. Later, as I passed the entrance of one of the cafes where vaudeville is given, I saw that the place was crowded to the doors with spectators who had dropped in for the last and best number of the program but who could not find seats. You see, Sandy McNaughton and his class are not alone in suffering from the introduction of vaudeville. The situation will right itself in time. Fashions pass and time-honored institutions do not entirely pass away. No doubt there will be a readjustment which will give back to the hotels and to the Tenderloin resorts the patronage which they have lost for the time being. The crowd that loves exclusiveness will go back for its supper to the hotels and cafes that have good chefs; the habitues of the Tenderloin will go back to the highball and the banged piano; the restaurants with vaudeville on the side will retain their very ample clientele.

"I've got a broken tooth that aches horribly," said the garden rake, leaning against an old tree.

"I've got a decayed root that nearly drives me mad," answered the tree.

The Spreckels Brothers

Now that Mrs. Claus Spreckels has gone to join her husband in the other world there is no longer any sentimental or other kind of restraint on their belligerent sons, and we may therefore look forward without peradventure to as fine a scrap as was ever pulled off in a court of justice. John D. Spreckels and Adolph Spreckels are of course elated over their triumph in Judge Coffey's court, but the fires of passion are not extinguished. As to what their future course will be much depends on the nature of their mother's will, which at this writing has yet to be filed. But the probability is that it will provoke a contest; for Mrs. Spreckels was in warm sympathy with her two younger sons, and it is the belief of those that were familiar with the state of affairs immediately prior to her death that she has disposed of her property after the example of her husband. A fact not generally known is that Claus Spreckels' will was made in accordance with the wishes of his wife. It was when they learned this fact that John D. and Adolph Spreckels withdrew the contest in which they had raised the question of undue influence. The charge made against Rudolph and Gus would have been easily disproved by the widow's testimony, as she would have sworn that she persuaded her husband that justice demanded a will in the terms of the one admitted to probate.

A Mother's Love

Mrs. Spreckels never approved of her husband's attitude of hostility toward Rudolph and Gus. She was a heart-broken woman during all the years of their estrangement. She longed for reconciliation with all the fervor of that mysterious maternal love that nature kindles and that endures when all else passes away. Dreary was the blank in her home when she ceased to be the rallying point of filial affection and obedience. Often in the company of a few intimate friends she was overcome by storms of emotion and poured out the sorrow of her seared heart. Often she tried to assuage her husband's vindictiveness but he seemed inexorable. Once when Rudolph lay sick almost unto death but a few blocks from the old folk's home, the grief-stricken mother, burning with desire to soothe and comfort him in his illness was on the point of hastening to his side, but the stern husband demurred and she did not go. When

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finally the reconciliation was effected Mrs. Spreckels felt that all her sorrows had been banished, and in the last years of life she seemed to be intent upon doubly recompensing with affection the children to whom it had been so long denied.

Weinstock for Governor

With unmixed satisfaction I have read the news that Mr. Harris Weinstock has had under advisement the flattering offer of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League to back him with all its finest and chaste energies for the gubernatorial job. Mr. Weinstock's engaging personality would contribute tone to a gubernatorial campaign and inspire some very worthy citizens. Round him would rally the forces of invincible righteousness with unbridled enthusiasm. Enjoying as Mr. Weinstock does the confidence of our uplifters, as a candidate for Governor he would command their ardent support, and as a consequence the State would witness a repetition of scenes that have been more or less peculiar to this eccentric city in recent years. The battle for civic purity would be fought up and down the State, and Boke, Heney and Johnson, and, mayhap, Spreckels and Wheeler, would be tearing passions to tatters at every crossroads within the confines of our glorious commonwealth. In addition to being one of the few men upon whom all our illustrious patriots can agree, Mr. Weinstock has many qualities that commend him to the favor of divers elements in the body politic. A merchant who has made a success of marking down goods to magic figures, he has a smattering of many isms and is regarded in culturine circles as a philosopher of profound depth, nearly wool and a yard wide. A Jew, he is a great lover of Christ; an employer, he is a champion of organized labor, to the trade of which he caters with unselfish enthusiasm. He is chock full of the spirit of optimism and good will to every laudable labor union. He would run without any hope of benefit, real or imaginary, to himself, but would consecrate his talents to the preservation of organized labor, which, for some unaccountable reason, he conceives to be in danger of disintegration. With no thought of improving his political chances, he lectures wherever he can get the opportunity and with all the heroic zeal of a Don Quixote, on the importance of keeping organized labor intact. Nobody more thoroughly appreciates the demands of public interest growing out of the relations of capital and labor than Harris Weinstock.

Patriots at War

In the haunts of politicians where always is to be found a keen sense of humor the risibles of men have been in a state of agitation ever since the news got out that those two bright plumaged birds of a feather, Professor Boke and Fremont Older, were engaged in a clawing match. Friends of other days, these eminent reformers animated equally with the benevolent purpose of shaping the destinies of political parties and the morals of the people became estranged as a result of a difference of opinion as to the man that should be chosen standard bearer of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Boke is for the Hon. Francis J. Heney and Older is for the versatile and vociferous Hiram Johnson. Singularly enough, though both Johnson and Heney have said they would not run, neither Boke nor Older has for a moment placed the slightest credence in their avowal. Boke insists emphatically that he knows Heney and that by virtue of this knowledge he has no hesitation in assuring everybody that the flexible idol of his heart is susceptible to the right kind of overtures. Older is equally dogmatic with reference to the man from Sacramento whom he has known for many years, both as a performer at the capital and a reformer in the metropolis. And Mr. Older, serenely unconscious of the significance of his scepticism, demands that Mr. Johnson be given full opportunity to be prevailed upon to accept the nomination.

How the Professor is Affected

It grieves the tender soul of Professor Boke thus to meet with opposition in the camp which, through long, weary and tempestuous months he edified with his counsel and his sympathy. Indeed the Professor is absolutely sick at heart. He harbors the harrowing suspicion that he is not appreciated. He feels that he rendered eminent service to the cause of righteousness in the hour of need; that to a great extent he imparted character to the mottled sanhedrim that ruled the parish in the two years of its plagued plight; and now that he is embarked upon a fresh crusade to rescue the sacred pillars of government he smarts under the ingratitude that cavalierly ignores his warmest wishes. It is particularly galling to him to learn that he is being ridiculed behind his back by Fremont Older, who, in his opinion, did more to impair confidence in the late lamented moral project than anything or anybody else remotely or intimately connected with current reform movements. In the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the Professor, whose normal temperature is comparable only with that of an Alaskan glacier in the long Arctic night, is boiling over with emotion.

The Inspiring Sack

In the conflict between Older and Boke has been generated an exuberance of rumors respecting the plans and

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prospects of the two reformers as well as the animating principle of their current zeal. As to Older it is said that he is for Johnson because the sack that is to be available for campaign purposes will not be opened for any other man. The young millionaires whose sentiments he reflects, it is said, have come to the conclusion that for conjuring purposes the name of Heney has lost its charm. The explanation of the curb that this consistent loser has put on his political ambition is that nobody has volunteered to finance his campaign. Now this is information that has never been conveyed to Professor Boke who, it is said, has had visions of himself accepting high office at the hands of Governor Heney, and who as a consequence holds firm to the conviction that without Heney in the gubernatorial chair everything will go to the devil. Hence the dolorous apparation that he makes, as he goes about uttering warnings and strange noises, as though he were personifying Bedlam on two legs. Verily the situation has a touch of comedy that makes the whole State grin.

"She seems to have recovered entirely from the death of her first husband."

"Yes, everyone thinks so, excepting her second husband."

Must Pay for His Negligence

According to Samuel Regensburger, the attorney, there were very few precious stones lost in our big fire. Regensburger had occasion some time ago to make inquiry about the losses suffered by jewelers, and he learned that not only the big jewelry houses but also the pawnbrokers managed to get their diamonds and pearls beyond reach of the flames. In one or two instances vaults were relied upon for the safekeeping of some articles of jewelry, and even in these instances a total loss was not suffered. John Hammersmith was one of the jewelers who placed confidence in a vault, and among his losses was that of a diamond belonging to a woman, which she valued at $300. Regensburger brought suit for her to recover that sum, and judgment was obtained, the court holding that as Hammersmith had plenty of time to remove his stock he was guilty of negligence in not removing the diamond. He admitted that he carried away about $15,000 worth of diamonds but the lost one was left in his vault. Regensburger's client has collected her judgment.

The Strange Story of a Pearl

The story is told that one jeweler reported the loss of a pearl valued at $2,000 which he had in his repair shop. Now pearls of this value have an individuality and they are well known to all jewelers. Singularly enough the pearl that was believed by its owner to have been consumed in the flames turned up not long ago. It was sold in this city, and the news reached the ears of the owner. He went at once to the jeweler in whose custody it had been placed, and after some little discussion he was given a check for $2,000. The jeweler was greatly surprised when he heard that the pearl was ornamenting the scarf of a New Yorker. Strange are the things that happen in the jewelry business.

A Bird of a Heroine

Not often do I have leisure for the reading of ephemeral literature, but occasionally I come across a novel of the style of Mr. Horace Newte's "Sparrows, the Story of an Unprotected Girl," and I dip into the story and learn something of the life that is mirrored to the satisfaction of persons that regard nothing as exhilarating that does not deal with purple passions and iridescent intrigues. Mavis Keeves is the unprotected girl of this story. She was educated at an institution where the girls read Ruskin and "tubbed" regularly. She went to work in a store managed by a man named Orgles who had sinister designs on young girls that looked good to him. Mavis was one of them, but she baffled him. "It's men like you," she said, "who drag poor girls down. It's men like you who bring them to horrible things which they'd never have dreamed of if it hadn't been for you. It's men like you who make wickedness. You're the worst man I ever met, and I'd rather die in the gutter than be fouled by the touch of a horrible old beast like you." This is pretty stiff language for a young girl to address to a man who was fond of her. It is compact, however, of hints as to the character of Orgles. And it conveys by an easy route a characterization that otherwise might not be clear without elaboration: You are made to realize by a few strokes of the pen that Orgles is the type of man that Evelyn Thaw ran up against, and your curiosity is filliped. You would like to know just what his particular style of debauchery was. But perhaps it is enough to know that the wicked and aged Sadist (if that's what he was) knew Mavis in no unrighteous way; that on the contrary, he knew after his overtures failed that she was not for him. He caused her anger to blaze up "into a final flame"; and "this gave her strength to throw the old man from her; he crashed into the grate; she heard his head strike against the coal box. Mavis cast one look upon the shapeless and bleeding heap of humanity and left the room." From all of which it is to be inferred either that Orgles is a feeble, burnt-out old sinner in whom what passion that remains is largely reminiscent, or that Mavis is hardly a fitting name for the heroine whose physical achievement is more suggestive of a Hercules than a song-thrush.

She Gets Protection

We next find Mavis in Mrs. Hamilton's house, a place where one might expect to find only a very worldly-wise or a very unsophisticated girl. Now Mavis who was wise as to old Orgles was completely deceived as to the Hamilton establishment. If one were inclined to be hypercritical one would say that Mr. Newte was guilty of an unpardonable inconsistency in putting his heroine, who knew so much about bad men, into Mrs. Hamilton's house. But if she had not strayed into Mrs. Hamilton's she might never have met Mr. Windebank. This circumstance while pointing an unpleasant moral is nevertheless conducive to the heart interest and romance. Windebank fell in love with Mavis, and with his assistance she escaped from her evil surroundings. Then Windebank went away with his regiment and Mavis returned to the country where fresh dangers assailed her repeatedly until Windebank's return, when he said a trifle hoarsely, "Little Mavis, I love you more than I

ever believed it possible for man to love woman." With all her experience Mavis was not struck with the pale conventionality of these words; on the contrary they and the kiss that went with them, cause "a delicious inertia to steal over her senses." When they were married Mavis said to her husband: "It's love I want—love. Nothing else matters. Love me, love me, love me!"—three times, just like that. Of course Windebank did as requested. He used to visit Mrs. Hamilton's house.

Bruguiere Sees the Tables Turned

The bar of one of our biggest hostelries was the scene of a merry party a few nights ago and the object of general badinage was Emile Bruguiere. Many corks had popped, 'twas the hour of unstinted expression and the members of the party which was made up of various gilded scions of plutocracy, found delight in chaffing Bruguiere on his financial infelicities. The care-free heir of the wealthy house of Barron was particularly apt in flinging the barbed arrow of banter into the breast of the indifferent Bruguiere. His words were winged with wit and carefully delivered, eliciting roars of laughter from the other members of the gay party. It was great fun while it lasted, but never was the old adage that he who laughs last laughs best so admirably illustrated. In the midst of the lingual melee a stern-faced gentleman strode into the bar, called young Barron aside and whispered excitedly in his ear. The episode was too strange to escape observation and although Barron returned to the fray with every appearance of nonchalance, he was forced to explain the mystery. With a wry face he confessed that his bank account had that day been attached by a prominent haberdashery for a long-standing bill of goodly proportions. Emile Bruguiere, chivalrous knight of the Order of St. Jacques, forebore revenge.

Husband—If you hadn't taken so much time with your toilet, we wouldn't have been late.

Wife—And if you hadn't made me run, we wouldn't have to wait so long for the next train.

Mrs. Atherton on Tamalpais

Those who were aware that Gertrude Atherton was engaged in the writing of her book, "Tower of Ivory," during her stay on Mount Tamalpais may be surprised to learn that the gifted novelist would never have written the book in any other place. It seems, from her own statement, that it had to be Tamalpais or nowhere. Speaking to an interviewer in New York recently, Mrs. Atherton described the novel which is soon to appear as a story of Munich and England. "I had to come 7,000 miles to Mount Tamalpais," she continued, "as I made up my mind I could write it nowhere else. There were long draughty corridors in the deserted hotel where I could take long walks in my heaviest coat. It was good exercise and the three leaks in the roof of my bedroom did not even give me a cold. But fine weather came before I had finished and with it people. I had to go down to San Francisco to finish." Of San Francisco also Mrs. Atherton speaks with enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of one who finds it admirably suited to her temperamental needs. "In summer it is an ideal place for work," she says; "it is cold and foggy, windy and bracing; the people go away and I have it to myself. It's very stimulating."

Her Views on Suffragettes

Mrs. Atherton spoke of suffrage and suffragettes with as much vivacity as she applied to the draughty corridors and the leaking roof of her Tamalpais abiding place. Mrs. Atherton is a believer in the cause of suffrage and is a member of the Equal Franchise Society, but she has a mean notion of the intellectual capacity of the most conspicuous American advocates of women's rights. She believes that the cause is bigger than its American leaders. Her description of a visit to a suffrage meeting is not lacking in piquant interest. "The last meeting I attended was very large and distinguished," she begins. "The house was packed to hear the eminent women leaders who were to speak. One of them, very prominent indeed, made a long, windy, monotonous speech composed of much rhetoric and a few facts. My mind wandered, but I was brought back by a long curved sentence—I seemed to see arcs thrown off into the air—containing the statement that one of her reasons for wishing the franchise was that 'women of talent and genius could go out into the arena and command the same price for their wares as men.' This was too much for me. I dislike speaking in public, but when she and the other two distinguished leaders had finished speaking I arose and said that I believed in giving the devil, in other words man, his due; that in the twenty years of my life as a writer of fiction I had never found it any disadvantage to be a woman. I then stated certain facts—that the royalties of any author are determined by his market value, in other words by the demand of the public for his work; that whereas a publisher might give a woman clerk in his office less than a man he would not dare underpay a popular woman writer. I have never known him even to demur. If he is dishonest he won't pay anybody, men or women. I believe it to be the same in any of the arts—mind you I emphasized 'arts,' and said nothing about wage earners; it is all a matter of having the goods. Never have I heard any woman writer use such dreadful cuss words when anathematizing publishers as men. If anything she has the best of it. It may be observed that more male artists of all sorts have starved than women. If a publisher today hesitates over two first manuscripts 10 to 1 he takes that of the woman. Not only is he human and

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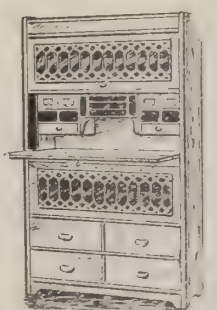

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susceptible, but women's fiction often makes a more subtle appeal to women. When I had said a few more words to the same effect the first speaker arose and denied that she had ever made the statement that called forth my remarks. When I quoted her words she arose again and said, 'Well, go down and try making shirtwaists and see how you like that.' Then one of her colleagues hastened to the rescue and asked the obvious question: 'Why, if women stood on an equal footing with men, did George Eliot take a man's name?' I replied that that was fifty years ago and we were talking about today. Then she said: 'Well, if the lady thinks it just as easy to be a woman as a man let her try preaching for a while.' I subsided, especially as they made haste to give some one else a chance to be sat upon, but I had received a fine object lesson in the logic, the courtesy and the sense of fair play, also the thirst for facts of three eminent leaders of the suffrage movement."

Knicker—Are you sure that was your wife's spirit?
Hempekt—Yes; it announced itself by knocks.

Judge Cooper's First Case

From an attorney who is an intimate friend of Judge Cooper of the Appellate Bench I heard a few days ago the story of the judge's first clients and it is too good to be kept out of print. As an ambitious young man Judge Cooper went from his home in Santa Rosa to practice law in Ukiah. The young lawyer's shingle was up for some time before it attracted clients, so that when a message came from Willits, calling him to the defense of three young men who had been arrested for larceny, he responded with alacrity, well knowing that it would be an interesting and difficult case. For months the three youths under arrest had been the terror of Willits and although they had long eluded detection and were now in jail only on a larceny charge, it was certain that efforts would be made to mete out to them arrears of punishment for a formidable list of transgressions. All the way from Ukiah young Cooper meditated the best policy of defense and he was in deep thought when the stage rolled over the bridge just outside of Willits. The exclamations of his fellow passengers aroused Cooper from his legal trance and with mixed feelings he realized that there was no more case for him. It was a coroner and not an attorney that the three terrorists needed; their dead bodies were swinging from the truss of the bridge.

Our Coast Artillery

Nowhere has the work of our Coast Artillery been raised to so high a state of efficiency as at this port. Such is the judgment of a military authority of high rank who objects to being quoted in matters of comparison affecting this branch of the service. He says further that in personnel and equipment the Coast Artillery of the United States is unsurpassed. Wonderful is the progress that it has made in the past ten years. The devotion of officers and men to their work has led to constant improvements in their target practice, range finding and mine laying, and from experience vast improvements have been made in material and methods. The country, says my authority, can rest satisfied that the money spent on the improvement in the organization and administration of this branch of the army has brought in an adequate return. Target practice is the final test of Coast Artillery efficiency, the capacity to hit is the criterion of all its training, and in this respect there has been a gradual improvement during the last ten years. and in the last year a very marked improvement. This improvement is noticed not only in cannon of various calibres but also in mortars, and indeed is greater in the latter than in any other, which is a very important fact, inasmuch as the mortar projectile attacks a warship in its most vulnerable part, namely the deck, and because the accuracy of fire of mortars was at one time seriously questioned.

Mortar Firing

It will doubtless astonish many people to learn that our mortars (firing singly) can make nearly a hit a minute. If we remember that our mortars are arranged in groups of four and eight and that the mortars of entire groups are to be fired simultaneously in actual battle the effectiveness of this weapon will become apparent. No battleship can safely venture to come within the range of fire of our mortar batteries, with their projectiles weighing 1,C00 pounds, carrying about sixty pounds of high explosive. There is no longer any doubt regarding the accuracy of fire of mortars, and this is particularly pleasing to the military authorities because our coast defences are more generously supplied with this weapon than those of any other nation. Perhaps the greatest strides that have been made are in the submarine mine service.Six years ago there was no practical mine laying carried on except at the school for that purpose at Fort Totten, Willets Point, N. Y. (and that on boats improvised for such work); today it is conducted

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¶ But in both cases the percentage is very small.
¶ We are trying all the time to make it smaller.
¶ No industry in this city has nearly so many customers as this company has local consumers.
¶ Yet we venture to say that each of the other large industries receives more complaints daily than this company does for poor service and other defects that are sometimes so emphasized.
¶ We don't want immunity from criticism; we invite criticism based on accurate statements.

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at every Coast Artillery fort where mines would be laid in time of war by regular mine planters built for the purpose. Among other improvements by our Coast Artillery in this domain may be mentioned the automatic anchor for submarine mines, which will enable mines to be planted rapidly in any depth of water without knowing the depth beforehand. The importance of this can hardly be appreciated by the layman. Heretofore soundings had to be carefully made, cables cut to proper lengths, and much other work done before mines were planted in any area, but by this improvement that is no longer necessary. Most of the European nations have been studying this problem for years without satisfactory results. With all the improvements that have been made more are to come, as it is the desire and intention of our military authorities to perfect our system of coast defense in order to liberate the navy for its highest duty of seeking the enemy's fleet on the high seas freed from all concern for the coast protection.

Promoting the Greater Good at Discretion

Mr. Gifford Pinchot has again uncorked the vials of his devastating wrath. This time the object of his righteous rage is Solicitor McCabe of the Department of Agriculture at Washington who was temporarily put in charge of the forestry department after Mr. Pinchot was dismissed by President Taft. The specific charge against Mr. McCabe is that he prostituted the law by his refusal to continue making payments for the education of forest rangers at some of the State universities. This charge was made by Mr. Pinchot at a banquet given in his honor by the National Arts Club in New York, and the speech embodying it was warmly applauded by that tedious but honest old gentleman, Dr. Lyman Abbott and many other reformers of the same kidney. The inspiration of the speech and the principles and sentiments set forth by Mr. Pinchot are worthy of consideration, constituting as they do a luminous index to much of the bewildering conduct of our self-constituted salvationists. From Mr. Pinchot's speech we learn that when he was autocrat of the forest service he deemed it advisable to educate rangers, and this he did without legal warrant at public expense. He did not follow the system pursued at our military academies; that is, he did not pay for the education of young candidates for admission to the service, but he picked out men on Uncle Sam's payroll and sent them to college. Nor was their pay discontinued while they were being educated at the expense of the government for government jobs. They went on feeding at the public crib while acquiring the education that was necessary to fit them for the jobs in which they were already lodged. A fine snap, indeed! And Mr. Pinchot characterizes the discontinuance of it as an outrage. He argues that the expenditure "came clearly within the agricultural appropriation bill which provides for 'all expenses necessary for the administration, protection and improvement of the national forests.'" Obviously his interpretation of this language is broad and liberal. This style of interpretation is a habit with reformers. They hold that it is for them to determine first what the greater good is and then to stretch the law to suit the case. This is distinctly Rooseveltian doctrine, and hence the wonderful elasticity of the law under his dispensation. So elastic was it that private servants of the Tennis Cabinet were kept on the government payroll as clerks in federal departments in Washington. The colored valet of a certain idol of the masses was thus taken care of without cost to the patriot whom he served. All of which makes it quite reasonable for Mr. Pinchot, who breathed the atmosphere of liberal construction for several years, to regard the discontinuance of free education for rangers as outrageous. Unquestionably he is sincere when he says: "I am not concerned with this indefensible sacrifice of the public welfare. It is a typical illustration of a certain way 'to obey the law.'"

Californian Retires from the Army

The United States service lost a valuable officer last Saturday when Lieutenant-Colonel Ormond M. Lissak retired from active duty on account of disability. Lieutenant-Colonel Lissak belongs to the old and well-known Lissak family which has been identified with San Francisco for many years and has a long record of honorable achievement. He was appointed to the Military Academy from this State in 1878, was graduated in 1882, being No. 8 in a class of thirty-seven, and was assigned as a second lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery. He was promoted to first lieutenant in January, 1889, and three months later was transferred to the Ordnance Department. He became a captain in 1898, major in 1904, and lieutenant-colonel in 1908. Lieutenant-Colonel Lissak was appointed chief ordnance officer of volunteers, with the rank of major, in July, 1898, and accompanied the expedition to Porto Rico. He commanded the ordnance depot at Ponce from August until December, 1898, and then went to Santiago, Cuba, where he commanded the ordnance depot at that place until February 28, 1899, also acting as chief ordnance officer of the Department

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of Santiago. From that place Lieutenant-Colonel Lissak went to Havana, where he commanded the ordnance depot, and was also chief ordnance officer of the Division of Cuba. He was honorably discharged from the volunteer service in May, 1899. Lieutenant-Colonel Lissak was graduated from the Artillery School in 1886.

Naval News for San Francisco

The many friends of Captain Lucien Young in this city will be interested to learn that the former captain of the yard at Mare Island who has been in Washington since his recent detachment from duty on this coast, has been ordered to duty as commandant of the navy yard at Pensacola, Florida. Orders have been issued assigning Rear-Admiral Giles B. Harber to duty as commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet with the armored cruiser California as his flagship. He has been recently in command of the third squadron of the fleet. Rear-Admiral Harber will relieve Rear-Admiral Uriel Sebree of supreme command and Sebree will be retired for age next week. Rear-Admiral Harber's retirement for age will take place in September, 1911. Lieutenants Donald B. Craig and Lamar R. Leahy who served as Harber's aides on the Charleston will have the same position on the California.

A Remedy for Fatigue

It would be unjust to withhold from my readers the very latest remedy for "that tired feeling" which has so long commanded the attention of quacks and pill-mongers. The newest method for dealing with this disagreeable condition of the body was suggested by a Mrs. Mildred Manley Easton in a recent lecture at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York in the following words: "When you go to your room tonight, first remove whatever clothing in any way impedes the freedom of your movements and then rest the tips of your fingers very lightly on the crown of your head. Fix your mind that the touch you feel is one end of a cord and that an angel is holding the other end and swinging you gently through space. This thought if sustained sufficiently long will gradually raise the body just enough to do away with all the sagging and drooping which come from overfatigue. Every organ will be elevated to its proper position and capable consequently of performing its function as nature intended it to do." When Edward Bok reads that lovely thought about the angel he will simply die of envy.

What the Wellesley Girls Read

There is a pleasant fiction that college girls allow themselves only the most serious and uplifting literature; that their favorite authors are Maeterlinck, Ibsen and Shaw. This fiction is particularly prevalent in the effete East and is frequently applied to the fair students of Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley and other noted women's colleges. To puncture it once and for all some of the Wellesley girls recently took it upon themselves to interview the 450 students of that institution on the subject of their favorite reading. Their report shows many interesting facts. Daily reading of the newspaper, generally in a superficial way, was found to exist, but very few girls pleaded guilty to perusal of editorials. Two hundred and fifty of the girls read the weeklies with some thoroughness. Every girl reads some monthly magazine, usually for the fiction. About five per cent read some religious magazine thoroughly. One-fifth of the 450 girls read Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and Jane Austen. About half of them read the light modern novels. Out of the 450 only thirty-two read Maeterlinck, Ibsen and Shaw. Meredith, Stevenson, Kipling and Mrs. Wharton are much more popular. The report shows that the great majority of college girls are content with the culture influence of their chosen or prescribed studies and that their extra reading is done for amusement solely. Evidently they do not find Maeterlinck, Ibsen and Shaw amusing which, in the case of two of these authors, is by no means surprising. No more do their brothers.

The Neglect of Grieg's Music

There is food for thought which some of our professional musicians ought to chew and digest in the fact that when Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite was heard in its entirety for the first time in Rome quite recently the audience was so enthusiastic that all the four movements had to be repeated. It may seem strange that the exquisite "Peer Gynt" music had never before been heard in Rome, but this is only one rather startling illustration of the neglect of Grieg by professional musicians. The suite founded on Ibsen's drama is well known here but there are many other beautiful compositions by Grieg which are as strange to our musical audiences as this

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suite was to the Romans up to a few weeks ago. For some reason or other players refuse to put them on their programs, preferring to render less meritorious pieces by older masters. Schiller said something to the effect that the gods themselves would struggle in vain against the stupidity of professional musicians and the treatment accorded to Grieg seems to bear him out. Our own Edward MacDowell has been condemned to a similar fate; the public hears some of his best songs and piano pieces only at the greatest intervals. It has been the fate of many musicians to be neglected during life but posthumous neglect is even more inexcusable.

Von Dorn Hotel Leased

The word has gone forth that Colonel D. S. Dorn, president of the Boosters' Club, has leased the Hotel Von Dorn to George A. Eastman for a term of five years. Mr. Eastman is an oldtime hotel man and will conduct the hotel in the most approved manner. Colonel Dorn will henceforth have more time to devote to the activities of the Boosters' Club and other enterprises in which he is deeply interested.

Mr. Robert B. McMillan, attorney-at-law, has moved his offices from the Chronicle Building to rooms 1607 to 1609 Claus Spreckels Building.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

BONES IN THE HUMAN SKELTON

Bones of the Head

In the head of an adult 22 we trace—
8 are in the cranium, 14 in the face:
1 frontal, 1 occipital, parietal bones 2,
2 temporal, 1 sphenoid, 1 ethmoid—that will do;
The facial bones are hard to name; these most in pairs you'll see,
Except the vomer—that is 1, and maxillary 3;
2 lachrymal, 2 palatal, 2 nasal bones between,
2 turbinated, malar 2—which just makes up 14.

Bones of the Trunk

Spinal column 26, ribs 24;
Sternum, os hyoides—of each of them 1 more;
Ossa innominata 2; and now I hope you'll find
These 54 bones in the trunk are also in your mind!

The Upper Extremities

Clavicle or collar bone—this works like a charm!
Scapula, the shoulder-blade, and humerus, the arm;
The ulna and the radius from elbow down to wrist,
And there the 8 small carpal bones must none of them be missed;
5 metacarpal bones are in the hand; and next are seen
The thumb and finger bones, which are phalanges, just 14.

The Lower Extremities

The femur bone is in the thigh—the strongest bone of all;
Then the patella in the knee, triangular and small;
The tibia and fibula below the knee are found,
And then the 7 tarsal bones together tightly bound;
5 metatarsal form the foot; and then, within the toes
14 phalanges will be found—
With these the list you close.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4630, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELLEN BRUCE, Deceased.

JOHN H. GRADY, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN BRUCE, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Executor, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon Sixty-five (65) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Twentieth Street and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Howard Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northerly Thirty (30) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches to the Easterly line of Howard Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission Block No. 56.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 22nd day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Three Thousand ($3,000.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, February 16th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Executor,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

Charles Frohman has arranged to send Otis Skinner direct from New York to San Francisco with his latest success, "Your Humble Servant."

The Editor in His Anecdotage

Audubon's Accuracy in Details

A young artist once called upon Mr. Audubon, the great student of birds, to show him some drawings and paintings. Audubon was much interested, and after examining the work, said:

"I like it very much, but it is a little deficient in details. You have painted the legs of this bird nicely, except in one respect. The scales are exact in shape and color, but you have not arranged them correctly as to numbers."

"I never thought of that," said the young artist.

"Quite likely," said Audubon. "Now, upon this upper ridge of the partridge's leg there are just so many scales. You have too many. Nature does her work perfectly. Examine the legs of a thousand partridges, and you will see that the scales are the same number. All partridges are made alike."

This is how Audubon became great—by patient study in small things.

Holman Hunt's Struggles in Art

The career of Holman Hunt illustrates the proverb, "What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." When a school-boy of twelve, he told his father that he wished to become an artist. But his father, holding the opinion that artists were a dissolute, reckless set of fellows, would not listen to his son's wishes, and placed him as a clerk with an auctioneer and real estate agent. The usual result followed. The clerk drew portraits instead of auction announcements. The auctioneer was himself found of art, and painted whenever he could get a chance. On days when there was little to be done, he and his clerk used to shut themselves in the office and paint. The tables were turned upon Hunt's father; the employer, instead of instilling into the boy commercial principles, was encouraging him to become an artist. Hunt left the auctioneer to become a bookkeeper in a Manchester warehouse. His duty was to sit in a little back room, looking out on three blank walls, and make entries in a ledger. But another artistic friend turned up in the person of a fellow clerk, who occasionally designed patterns for the firm's calicoes. Hunt tried his hand at designing, and attained sufficient proficiency to justify the friend in making use of several of his designs. When he had nothing to do, Hunt drew flies upon the roughened surface of the ground-glass window. Day by day the number increased, till one day one of his employers, coming in, said: "I cannot make out how it is; every day I come into this room there seems to be more flies in it," and stepping toward the window, he took out his handkerchief to brush them away. Hunt's father allowed him to spend his small salary in taking lessons of a painter, thinking it would amuse the boy and keep him out of mischief. One day the son told the father: "I will be an artist, and nothing but an artist, and if you keep me in a clerkship till I am twenty-one you'll only be taking away so much of my chance of doing any good in the future." The father, secretly proud of his son's resolution, told him to go to the Academy, but he must support himself. He applied for admission, as a student, to the Academy schools, sending in several drawings of antique statues. They were rejected. He tried again, and the Academy again refused to admit him. Then his father told him that he was wasting his time and must go back to a clerkship. Hunt tried a third time, was accepted, and entered the school at eighteen years of age. His paintings, among which are "The Light of the World," "The Shadow of the Cross," and "The Scapegoat," indorse his choice of art as his profession in life.

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For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y. THOS. H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A very strong covering movement occurred in stocks at the close of the week and as a result of operations by insiders who gave the market substantial and definite support the middle of the week. Too much bearish sentiment on the part of a large professional contingent recently with much hysterical selling by commission houses has put the market in shape for a strong rally in values and such has occurred before the holiday. On any further rise, a distribution of support stock will come on the market again. Mr. Taft spoke in New York on Lincoln's birthday and it is said words of reassurance will be forthcoming in regard to future legislation. Here is the fact for the rally in the market. However, we feel like saying with some authority, that there will be no change in the administration plans and that important banking and business interests are still against Washington on the subject of too much lawmaking and that eventually the security market will sink to a lower level as a result of this very unfavorable factor.

Grain—Increasing dullness in the flour trade and continued large receipts brought the necessity of special support for wheat early in the week in the Chicago market. This was forthcoming, the shorts were easily put to rout and confusion, and values ranged moderately upward, holding most of the advanced ground without difficulty. The latter has been selling enough recently to keep a big stream running to primary markets. It has required much shifting of positions to keep this supply from piling up. It remains to be seen if the last week's movement will be easily disposed of. Certain it is that the leading Northwestern millers are converting a great deal of wheat into flour. Millers occupying a less conspicuous place in the trade in that section and elsewhere, are not doing as much and are still complaining of lack of shipping directions on rather old sales.

Corn made some improvement speculatively last week, but little headway in the merchandising branch of the trade. In fact the movement of corn to market was so large that discounts widened materially and cash corn piled up in various directions. The speculator at present seems quite willing to discount present conditions and to look ahead a little. Big discounts on low grade corn here are because of the comparatively limited capacity for handling such a rush as has been on for several weeks, since the fine weather permitted the railroads to get back into a more normal way of handling business. The speculator assumes that this rush is now near an end, that the next change will be in the way of an improved demand for corn from the East.

Cotton—The cotton market the past week has been a very dull uninteresting affair with prices fluctuating in a very narrow range. Outside trade in the market has been very light, and while there has been some buying of the nearby futures by the southern speculator, the volume of business was so light that the local traders who are bearish had no trouble in checking the advance around 15 cents. The news in the main was generally of a bullish tone. Receipts at the principal southern ports were very small compared with last year, and spinners were good buyers taking all the offerings at a slight advance in price. The visible supply continues to show a fair decrease each week and if the present demand continues for spots it will become a very bullish factor later on. The foreign market has kept pace with our market and it seems to be working into a stronger position. Demand from abroad has been good not only from the continent but also from the orient. The price however must not be overlooked, fifteen cents for cotton is high and the market could easily break a hundred points from these figures and with the present agitation against prices of all commodities, and the unrest in Wall street over what Congress is going to do in regard to the trusts makes the situation a very dangerous one. The weather, while a little too dry in western Texas is generally considered favorable and with the high prices received for last year's crop makes a big acreage for this year a certainty, and as the distant futures are selling well above the average prices at this time of the year it looks as if the short side of the new crop months would be profitable.

Copper—The unsettled condition of the New York stock market has tended to reduce the trading in the Boston copper shares and has also given a rather heavy tone to that market. There have been but few changes in the copper metal situation as regards supply and demand and fundamentally conditions are the same at this time as they were several months ago when copper stocks were all selling much higher. The formal merging of the leading copper companies awaits only the passage by Congress of a favorable federal incorporation law. When conditions in New York adjust themselves, the market for copper stocks will be relieved of this outside influence and values should once more move upward. For the present it is said that a rather dull, traders' market will prevail for copper stocks with but few important changes.

Local Securities—The market for local stocks and bonds continues to be a dull affair and shows but few important changes. About the only real live trader for the past week or so was Associated Oil. On an abundance of rumors that the company would declare a 4 per cent dividend at the next meeting, the stock was advanced during the latter part of last week from 45 to 53 but since that time it has been pounded down to within a few points of where it started from. Spring Valley Water has many friends in the local market and it has had a steady advance. Alaska Packers has quieted down and it is said will remain so for a short period. Pacific Telephone stocks, in sympathy with the unsettled state and decline of the New York stock market, have had rather sharp recessions but lately have recovered some of their losses. The past week has seen only a nominal demand for Pacific Gas and Electric issues at unchanged prices. Both Bank of California and Fireman's Fund Insurance have recently made upward strides and the

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latter stock has exceeded its high price record since the big fire. Hawaiian Sugar stocks have rather lessened in point of activity but their prices as a whole have remained very firm. As tax day approaches, the bond list assumes a more lively appearance and a number of issues on it have increased in price. Associated Oil 5s, California Gas and Electric 5s, City Electric 5s, Pacific Telephone 5s, Peoples Water 5s, Southern Pacific Refunding 4s, Spring Valley 4s and United Railroads 4s seem to be the most popular and with one or two exceptions are all higher.

Odd Things in the World

It happened in Tennessee. Last summer a mountain preacher returning from his first visit to the city told his neighbors he had seen a piece of "made ice" a foot thick. His church stood for purity and was strong on discipline. He was promptly dismissed from the pastorate for lying. Shortly after a member of the discipline committee visited the city and saw the same miracle. On returning he broached the matter cautiously by saying that they might have been too hasty in turning out their preacher. Forthwith action was brought against him and he escaped by paying the fare of the committee to the city. On the testimony of five men that mountain church now believes in the possibility of ice in summer.

The working of the Oriental mind was delightfully illustrated in a story which Professor Turner told the British Mathematical Association recently. He had been spending the Christmas vacation in Egypt to supervise the erection of a telescope at Helouan. Captain Lyons, who was in charge of the instrument, said that he had found that at noon every day a gun was fired and was anxious to know how the system worked. Accordingly he interviewed the gunner and asked how he knew when to give the signal. "Oh, I look at my watch," said the official. "And how do you correct your watch?" asked the Captain. "I take it to the maker in Cairo and he tells me the error." Forthwith Captain Lyons interviewed the watchmaker and asked him how he checked the error of the watch. "I get the correct time from the gun," said that simple craftsman. And thus time was told in Egypt.

The estimated area of southern Nigeria is 77,000 square miles, that of northern Nigeria, the hinterland of southern Nigeria, is estimated at 255,000, and the native population of the two combined at from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000, yet any effort at scientific agriculture or mining is confronted by the labor question. The wants of the natives are few, and on account of their primitive custom of acquiring only personal property, and that in the form of cattle, wives and children, depending on the latter in old age for support, they give little thought to laying aside money for use in time of illness or old age. In the far interior traders say that the natives often refuse money in exchange for their products, gathered where they have not sown, but will receive tobacco, spirits, cotton goods, etc., when they desire them for immediate use. In some parts of the hinterland tobacco is an absolute necessity in trading with the natives.

Uncle Sam's campaign for "moral uplift" among his vast army of Indian wards has been chiefly significant because of the almost total suppression of the sale and use of "firewater" among the braves and the consequent diminution of warlike outbreaks on the reservations. Washington officials evinced much interest in the report to Assistant Indian Commissioner Abbott that 700 Navajo Indians went recently to their "white father" superintendent and, surrendering an enormous stock of gambling paraphernalia, enrolled their names alongside those of the "simple life" exponents. These gambling devices of varied sorts and descriptions were shipped to Washington and have been placed on exhibition with the immense collection of relics and trophies at the Indian bureau.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Miss Crocker's Pearls—the Last Phase

Always in the history of mysterious affairs there comes a time when the final word is spoken, when the darkness is made light and obscure unintelligible facts are ranged in an order which is so simple that it carries their explanation. Many have been the theories of the police, many the conjectures of amateur detectives as to the ultimate fate of that wonderful string of pearls belonging to Miss Jennie Crocker which disappeared on the evening of the great Alexander ball at the St. Francis. We were entertained with rumors of a social highwayman, of a feminine Raffles operating under the disguise of haughty exclusiveness and of any number of other picturesque figures variously delineated according to the imagination of their creators. Then we were told in a whisper that the pearls had not been lost at all and there were diverse reasons advanced for the continued hue and cry over baubles supposed to be reposing securely in the Crocker vault. But now the time has come when it may be frankly stated that the pearls are now in Miss Crocker's possession. They were lost by a very simple accident that might have happened to anybody, and yet one that might have inspired the pen of a Margaret of Navarre.

Miss Crocker Lost a Diamond

For a short time during the mad romp of the Mardi Gras it looked as though Miss Jennie Crocker was going to supply the city with another jewel mystery. There was a great deal of suppressed excitement for a few minutes among the members of her party, but before the news spread to others the missing jewel was found. The nimble feet of the frolickers had chased midnight two hours away when Miss Crocker who was dressed like a pint of Mumm and who sparkled like a glass of that enticing beverage, noted that one of her diamond earrings was gone. Miss Crocker's diamond ear-rings are valued at $3,000 apiece; so the loss of one of them, while not so serious as the loss of a $50,000 pearl necklace, was sufficient to cast gloom over the merriment of Miss Crocker's set. The news of the disappearance of the bit of jewelry was whispered to Miss Crocker's friends and a quiet search was immediately commenced. It was a despairing sort of a search, as such searches usually are, but it would have been continued with thoroughness, had not Miss Crocker suddenly announced that the ear-ring was recovered. There were congratulations and inquiries as to where the precious gaud had lain hidden. The felicitations Miss Crocker received with joy, but the inquiries she answered only with a blush and a smile and, in the case of the ladies, a whispered word. Strangely enough it was only a few moments before all of Miss Crocker's masculine friends knew just where the ear-ring had been found. It had not left her person.

No Cigarettes at the Ball

The energetic ladies who managed the Mardi Gras overlooked a source of considerable profit when they neglected to have cigarettes on sale at the affair. When men are dancing and drinking they must also smoke and cigarette cases were quickly emptied. The result was a cigarette famine while the ball was in full swing. There were men running about everywhere, all looking for a cigarette. Overcoats were rummaged, attendants were appealed to and there was a general scramble for anything in the form of tobacco that could be twisted into material for a few puffs. Some of the girls proved their mettle by smuggling dainty Turkish cigarettes to their escorts and there was a good deal of piquant banter when these miniature "pills" were sported between masculine lips. One millionaire borrowed a paper from one waiter and a sprinkling of tobacco of the crudest sort from another and sighed luxuriously as the smoke curled up. He never dreamed that his beautiful daughter was dispensing imported cigarettes to her men friends from a well-filled gold case. If he had, it would have spoiled the Mardi Gras for him and Lent would have been a genuinely penitential season for the vivacious young lady. Too bad the lady-managers had not taken the precaution of laying in a stock of high-priced cigarettes. If they had done so their charity would have benefited to the extent of a goodly sum.

Photo, Belle-Oudry

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It Was a Motley Throng

Looking back to the ball and remembering some of the men and women whom I saw among the revelers I am forced to the admission that it was a very inclusive throng, to say the least. The advance announcement in one of the papers that unmasking would not be obligatory was made for the purpose of encouraging the attendance of those who have no social standing. For the

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cause of charity the exclusives were willing to rub elbows with the beauties whose day begins at sundown and whose capacity for buying and consuming champagne is professionally cultivated. They were there in large numbers and there was hardly any resentment of their rather wild hilarity. Only a few prudes objected; the rest of the crowd enjoyed the novelty of the contact. The situation reminded me of some piquant tales by De Maupassant which illustrate the curious bond which occasionally

Photo, Maurer

MRS. THOMAS ROBINSON MINTURN

Who before her recent marriage was Miss Dorothy Everett, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett.

draws the extremes of life together in friendly intercourse. Some of the older men opened their eyes very wide when they observed the terms of friendship on which their sons met certain very gay ladies, but no doubt they remembered their own days of wild-oat sowing, for they very wisely refrained from interposing. Those who knew the name and personality of the merrymaker in pink tights found added zest in the spectacle of her popularity with married men whose behavior is usually discreet; the rest were just as happy in their ignorance. The speculations as to her identity indulged by the innocent ladies were very funny. I know of only one or two men who had the courage to tell their wives and sweethearts who she really was.

Ladies in the Fizz Campaign

The ball showed one very startling circumstance and that is that the battle of fizz water which is being waged in our midst has extended to the ladies. It may be inferred that the campaign of the rival beverages has become sharp and critical when feminine recruits must be enlisted to assist the fighting agents. The pulling and hauling which took place before the wines were chosen for the affair would make a story all by itself. It was a spectacular triumph for Ned Greenway and Tom McCann, the leaders of the Mumm forces, and for Willie O'Connor, the generalissimo of the Clicquot troops, to induce such women as Mrs. Gus Taylor and Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Oscar Cooper to garb themselves in the semblance of these embattled vintages. Nothing of the sort has ever occurred anywhere before. The announcement in the papers of the character of these costumes was an advertisement not only invaluable to the agents but absolutely unique. Of course all their friends had to keep in tone with these charming maskers by ordering the wines which they represented. By the way, it might open your eyes if I told you how many quarts of the costly stuff were quaffed that night.

Bridge is a Mania with Them

For those who look upon card playing as a mere pastime it is amusing to watch the antics of the "bridge fiends" who play as though life depended on their winning. At a recent card party one lady whose acquaintance with the game is slight and uncertain, kept her table in a state of nervous irritability by continually consulting a tiny manual which she had fastened in the lace of her dress. This novel expedient so delayed the game that her opponents lost their self-possession and played badly with the result that the lady who followed the book captured the first prize of the afternoon. This lady will not enjoy another such triumph for a long time to come for she has been boycotted by the "fiends." The bridge boycott is a peculiar institution which operates very effectually in the card playing sets. Another lady who has been boycotted is considered to have earned that punishment by her extraordinary conduct during the past season. On entering the card room it is her habit to examine the place cards and if she finds that an inexpert partner has been assigned to her, she substitutes one to her satisfaction. At a big bridge party a week ago this lady appealed to her hostess to give her a better partner and was very sharply told that if she did not like the arrangements she might retire from the game. It is quite common for players who pride themselves on their bridge to ring up their hostesses in advance to ascertain who will be present. If the company does not come up to their notions they send their declinations. There will not be so much bridge playing during Lent, some hostesses considering it inappropriate to the penitential season and others being glad of the excuse to avoid the outlays required for the expensive prizes without which no bridge party is considered worth while.

Mrs. Graham and Belasco

The announcement that Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara intends to place herself under the tutelage of David Belasco to the end that she may satisfy a long-cherished yearning for footlight distinction serves to remind me that she was not so well disposed toward the so-called wizard ten years ago. It was only a short time before that Mr. Graham had made his big strike in Pennsylvania oil and with his wife he was registered at the old Palace. One day Mrs. Graham created no end

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of a sensation about the hotel by pouring the vials of her wrath upon the name of David Belasco. Mrs. Graham explained to all who took an interest in her plaint that Belasco had appropriated a playlet which she had submitted for his approval and that he was using it as a composition of his own. She declared that she was going to bring suit against the playwright. Mr. Graham, however, quieted his wife and refused to allow her to engage in litigation. He does not relish that sort of publicity. I am of the opinion that he will not approve the histrionic ambition of his interesting helpmate.

The Kip Divorce

The divorce of the "Larry" Kips was unsensational to a degree. Mrs. Kip secured it on the ground of desertion and the whereabouts of her husband is not known. The decree was granted without any undue display of family linen or emotion. Mrs. Kip was deserted in 1904 and since then has done dressmaking to earn a livelihood. "Larry" Kip was formerly one of the most prominent beaux of society. He is the only son of the William Kips, and grandson of the late Bishop Kip. One of his sisters is Mrs. Guy Edie of Washington, wife of Dr. Edie of the army who for a time was medical adviser to the Roosevelt household. Another sister, Mary Kip, was a great belle here and in New York. She also married in the army. The Kips belong to the well-known New York family of that name and are relatives of Henry Spies Kip whose wife recently secured a Reno divorce. The I. Lawrence Kips, prominent in New York society, are their cousins. Larry Kip, at last accounts, was in Boston. Several years ago he was conspicuous in Honolulu where he figured in a romance that supplied much material for gossip. Even before his marriage young Kip was the hero of many heart affairs. Twice his engagement was announced, once to an Oakland belle who has since married. When he did finally take a bride she proved to be an estimable young woman quite without social pretensions. Their marriage was a surprise to society and after it Larry enjoyed a semi-obscurity for several years. Mrs. Kip was Miss Willa Dick. Her sister is married to J. D. Hayes, son of old Michael Hayes who was widely known as the "father of Hayes Valley."

A Taxi Story on Billy O'Connor

The story of Billy O'Conner and the taxicab is told by the hero on himself. It was in the early hours after a late evening that Mr. O'Connor found himself with a friend approaching the Fairmont in a taxi. The Fairmont is where Mr. O'Connor makes his home, so it was the natural end of the journey and the place of financial settlement. Reasoning thus Mr. O'Connor searched his pockets for the fare. They were empty. "You'll have to pay, Joe," he explained to his friend, "I've spent all my money." "Spent all mine too," responded Joe; "What'll we do?" It is known that taxi-drivers are given to taking strange gentlemen who ask for credit to the nearest police station, a custom which, when one is personally unknown to the driver, it is well to respect. Mr. O'Connor and his friend believed that they were personally unknown to this particular driver and they respected the custom. The situation was rapidly reviewed as the cab climbed California street. The result was a determination to avoid the police, if possible, and a decision to finish the night in the taxi. It would be a simple matter to get money to pay for it in the morning. Almost at the last moment, then, a hurried order to turn about and drive to the Cliff House. It was a long trip and nothing at the end but an order to drive to the ferry. Through the park and down Market street rolled the cab with its weary occupants. By the time the ferry was reached fatigue had made them reckless. They were ready to risk jail. "To the Fairmont," they said boldly. Arrived, the two tired travelers alighted, the friend assuming an air of detached irresponsibility. "Charge it to me," said Billy lightly, the terrible tension of the moment well concealed. An easy "All right" from the driver floated back to them as the cab sped away in the gray light of dawn. The two looked after it. "Never hesitated," remarked the friend disgustedly. "You might have done it hours ago." Which considering all things and the taximeter, Mr. O'Connor believes was a display of cruel ingratitude.

Mrs. Frank Leslie and Wilde

In reviewing the history of Mrs. Frank Leslie on the occasion of that remarkable lady's arrival in this city the newspapers omitted to state that she was once the wife of Willie Wilde, the brother of Oscar. Yet Mrs. Leslie's marriage to Willie was a sensation of the days when Oscar himself was the reigning sensation of two continents. Mrs. Leslie was proud to be the brother-in-law of the great epigrammatist, esthete and playwright and when his plays were taking London by storm she was always conspicuous in a box with her young husband. But Willie Wilde shone only in a reflected light and was a very lazy and extravagant fellow, defects which Mrs. Leslie could not endure. So their married life was neither happy nor of long duration.

Giacomo Minkowsky's Success

Those who had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Giocamo Minkowsky, the composer, during his visit to this city will rejoice to learn that he has achieved a great artistic success in Berlin. Minkowsky paid a visit to this city when he was comparatively unknown, went about a great deal in artistic circles and was really discovered by our cognoscenti. His visit had a romantic outcome for he fell in love with Miss Galland, the sister of Barney Galland, and they were married. Minkowsky's great hit in this country was made with his comic opera, "The Smugglers of Badayez" which was sung by the Bostonians. Afterwards he became the director of the Metropolitan Vocal School in Carnegie Hall, New York. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Minkowsky in Berlin is necessitated by the fact that the composer's latest opera, "Die Liebesprobe" will be produced at the Theatre des Westens next season. The libretto for this work was written by the celebrated Dr.

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Rudolf Lothar, the author of "Tiefland." Mr. Minkowsky is also under contract to write eight more operas and will busy himself with this work during his stay in Berlin.

In the Social Spotlight

The recent death of Mr. Egbert Judson Benedict was a severe shock to a large circle of old friends. Mr. Benedict was noted for his unostentatious charities and was a sincere supporter of philanthropic enterprises. He was the first San Franciscan to subscribe to the fund for the Messina sufferers. A great traveler, Mr. Benedict was exceedingly fond of San Francisco. His widow has been in a state of collapse since his death and her condition causes great concern among her friends.

In the party which will tour Europe with Mr. James Phelan will be Mrs. Atherton, Miss Phelan and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedburg are sojourning in Los Anbeles and are registered at the Hotel Alexandria.

The following guests spent Saturday and Sunday at "The Tavern of Tamalpais": Mr. and Mrs. James K. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. O. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, Ralph B. Sinclair, Mrs. S. Alice Morgan and daughters, Miss L. May Baker, A. J. Brandenstein, Robert Capell and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy, Miss L. E. Callahan and the Misses Sutherland, Australia.

Ralston White entertained Mrs. William Boericke, the Misses Ruth and Dorothy Boericke and William Falley at dinner at the Tavern recently.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Mrs. B. H. Pratt, F. A. Long, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gilbert, Sumner Hardy, M. E. McLoughlin, Mrs. W. J. Hotchkiss, Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, Charles E. Wilson, C. F. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Baldwin, John W. McCarthy Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Roval D. Hawley and Leo Alexander.

Mrs. Leslie Carter with Mr. W. L. Payne, her husband, has returned to the Fairmont after a week in some of the smaller towns. They leave for the South in a few days.

John Gayley, vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, has been in San Francisco for the past few days and is making his home at the Fairmont.

Among the well known navy women who have been at the Fairmont for the last week are Mrs. Sheldon Evans, Mrs. Chester Wells of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Robert Morris of Coronado, Cal. Mrs. Morris is en route to the North where she will join her friends for a prolonged visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara who have been at the Fairmont for the few days spent in this city have left for New York and from there will go to London where it is reported that Mrs. Miller has taken a house for the coming season and will entertain with lavish hand. Mrs. Miller was the motif for a number of functions while at the Fairmont.

Henry Stephens, Mrs. G. D. Stewart and Miss Campbell of Detroit. Mich., motored down in their Peerless from Oakland and will spend some time at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Beaver and their daughter, Miss Marian Beaver, came down to Del Monte for the week-end from San Francisco. Mr. Beaver is an enthusiastic golfer and spends much of his time on the links.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Boyer and their two sons are at Del Monte from Detroit, Michigan.

C. E. Grosbeck, manager of the San Diego Gas and Electric Co., was a recent visitor to San Francisco and stopped at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hutchins of Montreal, Canada, were recent arrivals at Del Monte.

Mr. V. S. McClatchy, the well-known newspaperman of Sacramento, is registered at Del Monte with his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A Smith and their two charming daughters, Misses Myrtle and Adeline Smith of Minneapolis, arrived at Del Monte during the Week. Mr. Smith is the president of the Smith Lumber Company of Minneapolis, and is here with the intention of extending his interests.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. B. Wilcox and their young son, T. B. Wilcox Jr. of Portland, Oregon, are at Del Monte. Mr. Wilcox has been coming to Del Monte for many years and finds it an ideal spot at this time of year.

Mr. Thornwell Mullalay entertained a small party in the Green Room of the Fairmont Hotel at a late supper on last Friday. Included among his guests were the following: Mrs. William Miller Graham, Mr. John Lawson, Miss Martha Calhoun, Mr. Blanchard Howard Chase, Miss Virginia Jollife, Mr. William M. Graham, Miss Marion Newhall, Mr. Arthur Cheeseborough, Miss Elisabeth Newhall, Mr. Richard M. Hotaling, Miss Julia Langhorne, Mr. J. Gayley and Mrs. Blanchard Howard Chase.

The polo players of the Twelfth Hussars of England out here to play the Burlingame team and later to go to the South to compete for honors, were guests at the Palace during the week. The party included Colonel F. E. Gill, Major and Mrs. Hobson, Major Robert Lee and Lieutenant Hurndall.

The Palace is the favorite place of residence for most of the prominent visitors from the northern cities. Among the recent arrivals are J. C. Ford, Mrs. Ford and Miss Ford of Seattle. Mr. Ford is the president of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company whose steamers ply between San Diego, San Francisco and the North. M. M. Carrahar, a prominent real estate operator, and W. D. Perkins, a banker and broker of Seattle, are also at the Palace.

In the old days before the fire the Palace was noted as the headquarters for mining men from all parts of the Pacific Coast and all over the world. So it is again. In the court, as in days gone by, one finds the mining men whenever they are in town. Among the guests at the Palace in the last few days were John B. Hobson, a man of great mining interests in and about Victoria, B. C., John D. Keating who is heavily interested in mining properties at Redding, Cal., Dr. F. M. Archer who also has mines at Redding, J. A. Yerington who is constructing one of the largest smelters in Nevada.

Adolph Meyer, one of the largest growers of coffee in Guatemala, is at the Palace on his annual visit to San Francisco. Mr. Meyer is accompanied by his daughter.

C. F. Whiteley, general manager of the Atlantic Smelting and Refining Co. of Salt Lake, is at the Palace. Mr. Whiteley is accompanied by his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bates celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary on Saturday evening, February 12, with a large and elaborate bridge party at their home in Clay street.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hickman of Sausalito recently celebrated the anniversary of their golden wedding by an elaborate function at their beautiful home on the hill. About five hundred people were present. Mr. and Mrs. Hickman were formerly residents of Stockton. They purchased their present home from Wakefield Baker.

An event of the near future is a large reception which Mrs. Warren S. Palmer will give in Alameda in honor of Miss Renee Kelly whose engagement was recently announced to Edward Alexander Palmer.

Mrs. J. F. Humburg and two children of San Francisco are registered at Del Monte.

The wedding of Miss Lalla Wenzelberger and Lieutenant Shea will take place in the fall. Mrs. Dulce Bolado Ashe will

HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

John S. Baker and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hacker of Tacoma, Washington, are registered at Del Monte.

give a tea in honor of Miss Wenzelberger on Sunday afternoon at her home in Sausalito.

Ensign Charles C. Hartigan, U. S. N., returned during the week with the Pacific Fleet. His marriage to Miss Margaret Thompson will take place after Easter. Miss Thompson is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James A. Thompson of this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Ingram, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ingram of Oakland and Dr. William Leon Channell.

Mrs. Lawton and her sister Mrs. Kierulff have issued cards for a large bridge party which they will give at their home in Haight street on Friday afternoon, February 25.

Mrs. Ramon Wilson and her daughter Miss Marion will leave in May for a lengthy tour abroad. Miss Wilson possesses a very fine soprano voice and will pursue her studies abroad.

Miss Genevieve King is at present the guest of Mrs. Horace Hill in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Churchill and their attractive daughter Miss Marie have taken a house in San Mateo where they will permanently reside. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Churchill and their young son Thomas J. Churchill Jr. will also reside in San Mateo.

My dear Bess:—

At last my dream is to be something more than a dream. I can hardly believe it myself! But the first payment is made and I feel at least half as important again.

Hunted up an agent and last week he drove me out in a machine. We started on the Lake Shore drive, I believe it is called, passing Lake Merritt, and then on slowly, higher and higher, into the foothills, through the most lovely road, lined on either side so thickly with eucalyptus, oaks and palms, that it presented an almost tropical appearance.

Everything is so beautifully green that it is like buying your ground with the lawn already there.

I have finally chosen a lot with some lovely old oaks on it, and my house is entirely planned (of course). Part of it I will tell you of: the dining room will open with French windows on to a terrace facing the hills and to miss nothing, the living room will open with the same fascinating windows, likewise on a terrace facing the Bay and Mt. Tamalpais. Both views are so lovely there is little to choose between them.

My garden I shall begin at once whether we build this summer or not. My fingers are itching to get at it now, and see in reality the pergola covered with scarlet passion vines, the shallow fairy pool with purple iris nodding their lovely heads above it, the old mission benches here and there with their background of hollyhocks. And oh! the thousand and one charming effects I have in my mind, already, to transfer to my garden.

I can easily see from your last letter that you are more than interested and I fully expect we shall be deadly rivals, as to the beauty of our respective places.

Yours,

—Claire.

WHAT I MEAN, MISS, BY KISSABLE LIPS!

By John P. Doran

(The following verses were written in answer to the lines, "What Do You Mean, Sir, by Kissable Lips?" which appeared in the Sunday Call a week or two ago).

"Kissable lips, Sir! Pray, what may they be?"
Coyly, you ask, Miss. And I,
Challenged to tell what the words mean to me,
Venture to say in reply:

Lips that are red with a cherry-like glow,
Lips that are luscious as wine;
Lips whose rare grace and fine symmetry show
Traces of fingers Divine.

Lips that bespeak the pure fragrance of Spring,
Lips that are mansions of prayer;
Lips fraught with sweet benedictions that bring
Hope to the soul in despair.

Lips whence flow sage admonitions of love,
Lips ever prompt to condone;
Lips as unstained as the Seraphs above;
Lips—to be brief—like your own.

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Dark Brindle Pedigree Reasonable

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In the Limelight

William Collier has produced with unbounded success a new comedy called "A Lucky Star." The comedian is appearing at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and at the close of his run there comes to the Columbia Theatre.

On Sunday afternoon, February 27, Edgar Stillman Kelly's "Quintette" for piano and strings will have its first performance in this city at the second of Will Greenbaum's "Pop" concerts at Kohler and Chase Hall.

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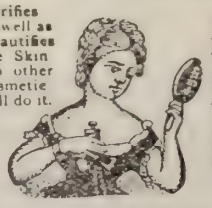

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Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by mail

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased—No. 9132, N. S., Dept. No. ——.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Mary A. Farren, Administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, Esquire, Room 545, Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased.

MARY A. FARREN,

Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Farren, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, A. D. 1910.

NEAL POWER, ESQUIRE, Attorney for Said Administratrix, Room 545, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

Mantell in "Richelieu"

By Edward F. O'Day

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Robert Mantell would rather attain perfection in a mediocre play than approximate perfection in a masterpiece. This, it seems to me, is a dilemma calculated to give pause to all but the greatest and sincerest artists; a sort of touchstone for the trying of the precious metal of the theatre, warranted to indicate the precise quantity of alloy. It is not such an easy dilemma to resolve as it may seem; there is much to be said for either horn of it; indeed it goes to the very root of the difficult matter of artistic achievement. While on the one hand perfection is the aim of every artist, on the other it may be argued that to reach perfection in any but the highest field is to suffer comparative defeat. But to leave abstractions and to reduce the question to concrete terms, let us consider Mr. Mantell's Richelieu in comparison with his King Lear. In King Lear Mr. Mantell is not perfect; no player ever has been perfect in that tremendous role. Perhaps Mr. Mantell is not so near to perfection as others have been, but certainly his interpretation of the role brings him measurably close to the goal. In Richelieu, in my modest opinion, Mr. Mantell has a character which he is capable of delineating perfectly; not for one moment during the five acts did his characterization sag from the high plane on which he started it. It need not be pointed out that "King Lear" is a masterpiece while "Richelieu" is a very inferior play. "Richelieu" is not even Bulwer Lytton at his best whereas Shakespeare wrote nothing greater than "King Lear." So the dilemma may be restated in more particular terms. Does Mr. Robert Mantell rejoice more in his Richelieu than in his Lear? Does he feel that in mastering the part of the cardinal, in wresting from it the last iota of effectiveness, he is doing a greater thing for the stage than in striving mightily, yet failing, to conquer King Lear? I have not much doubt in my own mind as to the answer which Mr. Mantell would return if this question were addressed to him. I think he would say that it is more glorious to give an interpretation of any Shakespearian role which commends itself to competent critics as excelling the generality of respectable interpretations than to apply the perfection of art to the imperfect work of an inferior dramatist. More than any other art that of acting is a constant striving toward an ideal which eludes. Of this picture or of that poem it may be said, "it is perfect of its kind; there is no room for improvement," but of the greatest actors delineating the greatest roles who has the authority so to speak? How can comparisons be made and decision be passed with certainty when memory, the memory of one man who has seen only the great actors of his time and must take the achievements of the others on the testimony of other men, enters so essentially into the discussion? However, it is not so difficult to pass judgment on a play like "Richelieu." The limits of this drama are easily fixed, its possibilities easily explored and while easy treatment is not applicable to its interpretation, still there is not a great deal of difficulty attached to the problem of judging how far an actor has satisfied its requirements. There have been a great many more bad Richelieus than good ones; before Mr. Mantell I never saw one whom I could by any stretch of the meaning of the word call perfect. Mr. Mantell is first of all an artist in makeup and in the present case he is every inch a cardinal, full of that characteristic dignity of mien one associates with prelates, though it is puzzling to know just what features it resides in. The churchman breathes in every look, every gesture, every word of that charming second scene of the first act where the cardinal wins the confidence of his ward and hears her romantic secret. It is a very pretty picture that Mr. Mantell and Miss Booth Russell make in this scene; the white hairs and ashen face and trembling hand of the cardinal contrasted with the raven locks and the pink and white beauty of his ward as strikingly as the cardinal's piercing eye and subtle speech are set off by the girl's modest melting gaze and silken utterance. In that scene Mr. Mantell strikes the keynote of his interpretation; ecclesiastical dignity combined with human sympathy, the benignity of an aged man of the world with the domineering ruthless strength of a monarch. Never for an instant does he fall short of the characterization thus begun. Through every succeeding scene his control is sure; there is no faltering or letting down; it is the most polished impersonation imaginable. One naturally waits with interest for those familiar situations which have helped to keep "Richelieu" on the stage. One is curious to see how Mr. Mantell will deliver the tags about the pen and the sword and the lexicon of youth; how he will treat that really great speech about the curse of Rome. The first two were impressive; the last tremendous. A real cardinal could not have struck more terror from the words of that awful menace. In leading up to these well-known speeches Mr. Mantell's art is to conceal art, but one who studies him carefully with a mind on the sequence of the play cannot but admire the skill with which he prepares the background for his picture, by what careful steps he advances from one vantage point of intensity to another until the audience is caught in the grip of his situation and yields completely to his spell. I do not know who was the great original Richelieu, but I think that if Bulwer Lytton could have had the privilege of witnessing Mr. Mantell in the role he would have expressed himself as perfectly satisfied.

The third act in "The Round Up" presents one of the greatest sensations ever seen on the stage—a battle between two white men and a band of marauding Apache Indians in the "bad lands" on the Mexican border. Twenty Indians appear in this act with their ponies.

EDITH HINKLE

Who will appear in Oliver White's one-act play "Superstition" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Stage

What Lamb Said About "King Lear"

All the local dramatic critics having referred in their criticisms to Charles Lamb's famous assertion that "King Lear" cannot be acted, Robert Mantell was inspired to point out to an interviewer that Lamb referred only to the mechanical part of the production. According to Mantell Lamb's statement was made at a time when peas were shaken in a box to imitate the sound of rain and the flash of a dark lantern represented lightning. But this is most emphatically not what Lamb referred to, as is evident from his words. As Mr. Mantell seems to have forgotten their purport, it may be well to quote:

ANGELO ANTOLA
Baritone with Lambardi Grand Opera Company coming to the Columbia Theatre.

"The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear;—we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur, which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old!' What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show." Having quoted this much for the benefit of Mr. Mantell it may be well, for the benefit of the critics, to repeat the words with which one of the greatest of dramatic critics, William Hazlitt, commenced an article on this play: "We wish that we could pass this play over, and say nothing about it. All that we can say must fall far short of the subject; or even of what we ourselves conceive of it. To attempt to give a description of the play itself or of its effect upon the mind, is mere impertinence; yet we must say something."

—The Theatregoer.

Florence Roberts in "Gloria"

Florence Roberts has been creating something of a furore at the Novelty Theatre with her work in Rupert Hughes' strong drama, "The Transformation." The play will be withdrawn with Sunday's night performance, and on next Monday evening, February 21, Miss Roberts will be seen in "Gloria," a new and successful comedy by James Bernard Fagan. The versatility of the star is well known, and her work in comedy is equally as fine as in emotional roles. "Gloria" is a comedy of the romantic type, with the scenes laid in Italy in the sixteenth century. Miss Roberts appears as Gloria Capponi who, being both beautiful and rich, is sought after

MISS FLORENCE ROBERTS AS "GLORIA"
At the Novelty Theatre commencing Monday, February 21.

McINTYRE AND HEATH "IN HAYTI"
At the Van Ness Theatre next week.

by many admirers. The action of the comedy centers around Gloria's efforts to get rid of her assorted suitors by making them ridiculous. All sorts of ingenious and deliciously humorous incidents naturally follow. The Messrs. Shubert have given the play a most lavish production in every detail. The capable supporting company, including White Whittlesey and Maude Granger will be excellently cast.

McIntyre and Heath at the Van Ness

The new musical fun-maker "McIntyre and Heath in Hayti" will be seen at the Van Ness beginning Monday night for two weeks, with a special matinee on Washington's Birthday and regular matinees on Saturday only. The story concerns two rollicking negroes who by force of circumstances become involved in a financier's plot to control the markets of Hayti and the resultant rocket-like revolution is one that lends itself well to the comic personalities of McIntyre and Heath. Musically the piece is expected to make a big hit, for the many numbers are said to have the appeal of a vivacious rhythm which is highly effective in the voices of the sprightly chorus. Among the typically modern musical numbers are "Bamboo Lane," "Chickens," "Romeo and Juliet" and the spectacular "Good Bye, Miss Liberty." The company is unusually large and includes many stage entertainers of importance, among them being Julian Rose and Marion Stanley.

Mantell's Last Week

The third and final week of Robert Mantell's season at the Columbia Theatre will begin on Monday night, February 21 with a presentation of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" in which the star will appear in the role of Shylock and Miss Marie Booth Russell as Portia. This will be the last presentation of this play during the engagement and it should attract a big audience. On Tuesday night "Romeo and Juliet" will be played and at the matinee on Wednesday the bill is to be "Richelieu." "Macbeth" is announced for Wednesday night and on Thursday evening and at the Saturday matinee the play is to be "King Lear." "As You Like It" is announced for Friday night and on Saturday evening as the closing bill of the engagement Mr. Mantell will give his remarkable performance of "Louis XI." There is a big demand for seats for all the above performances.

Schumann-Heink's Farewell Concert

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give her farewell concert this Sunday afternoon at Dreamland Rink, presenting a program such as no other artist would dare attempt. Four great operatic arias will constitute the first group of works to be given. These are "Mittrane" by Rossi (1668), "Sapho" by Gounod, "Mignon" by Ambroise Thomas and "Samson and Delilah" by Saint-Saens. The second group will consist of two Beethoven works and three by Schubert and a dozen other great works will be included in the offering. A special feature will be six Hungarian Gypsy songs by Brahms. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and on Sunday the box office

SCENE FROM "THE RIGHT OF WAY"
Sir Gilbert Parker's wonderful story of Canadian life at the Savoy Theatre.

will open at 9 a. m. at the Rink. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have over 1000 seats at $1.00 and 500 at $1.50, so that hundreds may be accommodated at these moderate prices.

Lambardi Grand Opera at the Columbia

San Francisco is to have a limited grand opera season this year for Gottlob, Marx and Company announce that the Lambardi Grand Opera Company will stay at the Columbia Theatre for eleven performances only, opening on Sunday night, February 27 with their production of "Madame Butterfly." This will be followed on Monday

BLANCHE HALL
Leading lady with the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

by "Gioconda" and on Tuesday night we are to hear for the first time here Mascagni's beautiful Japanese opera "Iris." "Lucia di Lammermoor" is announced for the Wednesday matinee and on Wednesday night "Aida" will be sung. "Faust" will be heard on Friday night and "Iris" again at the matinee on Saturday. On Saturday night the company will be heard to fine advantage in "Il Trovatore" and a double bill composed of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will be offered on Sunday afternoon. "La Boheme" will be the bill on Sunday night. Seats for the entire eleven performances will go on sale Thursday morning at nine o'clock.

"The Right of Way" at the Savoy

The last performances of "The Virginian" will be given at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the Sunday matinee "The Right of Way," with the original Klaw and Erlanger production, will begin an engagement limited to one week, with a special matinee on Tuesday, Washington's Birthday. So many dramatized novels have fallen by the wayside in recent years that the success of "The Right of Way" is gratifying, the more so because Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, from which Eugene W. Presbrey made the play, is an uncommonly fine one. P. Aug. Anderson, one of the best of our "character actors," plays Joe Portugaise notably well. The Charley Steele of Hallett Thompson is said to be the best of this favorite's stage portraits. He makes Steele's regeneration and ultimate return to a consciousness of his past life, as well as his heroic self-sacrifice, really impressive. The company, which includes Arleen Hackett, is an unusually good one and the pictorial side of the production very beautiful. The usual matinees, in addition to the one on Washington's Birthday, will be given on Thursday and Saturday. "The Spoilers," a dramatization of Rex Beach's famous story of Alaskan life, will follow "The Right of Way."

Civil War Play at Ye Liberty

At their offering for Washington's Birthday week the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will stage "The Warrens of Virginia" on Monday evening next. The piece will run throughout the week with a special holiday matinee on Tuesday. This production is one that transbay theatregoers are sure to show a good deal of interest in, because it will be the first appearance of the celebrated David Belasco play in Oakland. Unlike any other Civil War play, "The Warrens of Virginia" deals with the starvation side of warfare. The period is just before the close of the struggle, when nothing but the arrival of an expected supply train can save the Confederate forces under Lee from surrender. Strange as it may sound, it is around the fortunes of this supply train that the story revolves, and that it has proven of interest is best attested by the success of the piece. Manager Bishop intends to give "The Warrens of Virginia" a production next week thoroughly in keeping with its importance. Scenically it will be as fine a one as Oakland has ever seen, and the cast, to be headed by Blanche Hall as Agatha Warren, Sydney Ayres as

BLANCHE WALSH
In "The Test" at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, February 21 to 25.

her Northern lover and Robert Harrison as General "Buck" Warren, is certain to be of adequate strength. After one week of the war play, James M. Barrie's "Little Minister" will be revived.

Good Bill at the Orpheum

The Orpheum program for next week will have two headliners, Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge" and Fred Lindsay, the Australian bushman and stockwhip expert. Mr. Kelly, in the opinion of many, is the most entertaining monologist on the vaudeville stage. For many years he has been a favorite in this country and last season he gathered fresh laurels in London. His performance is a review of a day's doings in a courthouse in the South, presided over by a characteristic Virginia judge. When Fred Lindsay came to this country last year under Martin Beck's direction he was quite unknown, except in certain circles of sporting men and big game hunters. He astonishes his audiences with the marvelous feats he performs with a thirty-foot whip with two-foot dock, such as is used by Australian bushmen. Charles W. Bowser, Edith Hinkle and their company will appear in a strong modern one-act play by Oliver White called "Superstition" which the Eastern theatrical critics praised highly. The Reed Brothers, unique gymnasts, will be included in the coming attractions. Next week will be the last of Thorne and Carleton who will appear in a new skit called "American Justice." It will also conclude the engagement of La Veen-Cross and Company, Emma Francis and her Arabian Boys and Bert Leslie in his slang classic, "Hogan in Society."

Blanche Walsh at the Macdonough

After two weeks of great artistic success in this city Blanche Walsh will go to the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland with "The Test," the play in which she has scored one of the finest triumphs of her distinguished career. Of Miss Walsh's artistry nothing need be said but it is interesting to note that she considers her supporting company the strongest with which she has ever been surrounded. "The Test" will be seen at the Macdonough Theatre for a limited engagement of five nights commencing Monday, February 21 with a special matinee on Washington's Birthday.

"The Two Orphans" at the Alcazar

Great interest has been aroused by the announcement that the Alcazar company will appear this coming week in "The Two Orphans." This play by the celebrated D'Enery is recognized as a classic of the English-speaking stage although it came originally from France. Its opportunities for fine ensemble effects is so great that it has been a favorite drama for all-star production and some of the greatest players of this country have appeared in it. The production at the Alcazar will be a sumptuous one and all the favorites of the stock company will have sympathetic roles in which they will be able to display their powers to the greatest advantage.

With the return of the Lambardi Grand Opera Company to San Francisco will come Madam Ester Adaberto, an old favorite in this city who, since her last appearance here three years ago with the same organization, has become one of the world's most famous dramatic sopranos. She went from the Lambardi company to the Metropolitan and there became a star in a night when she sang Leonora to Caruso's Manrico.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

GREAT FAREWELL PROGRAM

This Sunday Afternoon February 20 at 2:30

DREAMLAND RINK

Prices: $2.50 to $1.00. 1000 seats at $1.00. Box Office at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Sunday after 9:30 at Rink.

Sunday, February 27, Second "Pop" Concert. Seats Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

Coming—MYRTLE ELVYN—Pianiste.

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Beginning Monday, February 21, Third and Farewell Week
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Monday, "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"; Tuesday, "ROMEO AND JULIET"; Wednesday Matinee, "RICHELIEU"; Wednesday Night, "MACBETH"; Thursday, "KING LEAR"; Friday, "AS YOU LIKE IT"; Saturday Matinee, "KING LEAR"; Saturday Night, "LOUIS XI."

Special Prices at Wednesday Matinee.

Sunday Night, February 27—LAMBARDI GRAND OPERA CO. in "MADAM BUTTERFLY"; GIOCONDA"; "IRIS," etc.

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness Ave. and Grove Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs. Phone, Market 500 and S 1661

Two Weeks, Beginning Monday Evening, February 21, Special Matinee Washington's Birthday. Regular Matinees on Saturdays Only.
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A New Musical Diversion by John J. McNally. Music and Lyrics by Jerome and Schwartz.

A Melange of hilarious fun and fluttering femininity, set in musical peals.

Prices: 50c to $1.50. Seats on Sale.

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Sunday Night, Last Time of "The Transformation."

Starting Monday, February 21, Regular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Special Matinee Tuesday, Washington's Birthday
SAM S. and LEE SHUBERT, Inc., Present the Distinguished Actress

FLORENCE ROBERTS

In James Bernard Fagan's Brilliant Comedy

"GLORIA"

A Strong Supporting Company, Including WHITE WHITTLESEY.

Prices—Evenings and Saturday Matinee, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50. Wednesday Matinees, 50c, 75c, and $1.00

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This Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "The Virginian."

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, February 20. Special Matinee Tuesday, Washington's Birthday. Regular Matinees Thursday and Saturday.
The Dramatic Sensation of the Day

THE RIGHT OF WAY

Sir Gilbert Parker's Famous Story, with Klaw and Erlanger's Original Production.

Prices, 25c to $1.50. Bargain Matinee, Thursday, 25c to 75c. Seats on Sale at the Theatre and Emporium.

Starting Sunday Matinee, February 27—"THE SPOILERS."

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Monday Evening, February 21, D'Enery's Greatest Drama

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Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE

MR. WALTER C. KELLY "The Virginia Judge" — MR. FRED LINDSAY Australian Bushman and Stockwhip Expert

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The Strong-Box of the Humberts

(Continued from Page 9.)

he was appointed private secretary for the two at a salary of a hundred and fifty francs a month. He was to keep his room outside, but would come each day to receive orders, and, for the sake of convenience, would have at his disposition one of the rooms on the third floor, which he might use as an office.

He was allowed to choose, and curiously enough, selected one which proved to be just above Monsieur Humbert's office.

Arsene was not long in discovering that his position was something ridiculously like a sinecure. In two months he had only two trifling letters to copy, and was summoned to his employer's office only once, which meant that only once was he able officially to inspect the strong-box. He noted also that the incumbent of this sinecure was not regarded as worthy of mingling with the guests of the house, for never was he invited to participate in the mundane functions for which it was so famous.

He felt no regret on that score, however, vastly preferring to remain modestly in the background. Besides, he was not wasting his time. In the first place he made a number of clandestine visits to the office below and paid his respects to the strong-box, which, nevertheless, still remained hermetically sealed. It was an enormous block of iron and steel of stubborn front, against which neither files nor jimmy would avail.

Arsene Lupin was not impatient. He took the measures that were necessary and, after minute and careful soundings on the floor of his room, inserted a lead pipe which came out between two projections in the cornice of the ceiling below. Through this hole, this speaking-tube and eye-hole, he hoped both to see and hear.

Thenceforth he spent his hours lying face to the floor, and he did, indeed, often behold the Humberts in conferences before the strong-box, consulting their ledgers and handling their papers. When they turned one at a time the four knobs that controlled the lock, he tried to catch the combination by counting the click of the bearings. He watched their motions and listened to their words. He wondered where they kept the key.

One day, having seen them leave the office without closing the safe, he hastily descended and entered. They had already returned.

"Oh, excuse me! I have made a mistake," said he, but Gervaise stepped forward and caught him by the arm.

"Come in, my dear Monsieur Lupin. You should feel at home here. I wish you would give us your advice. What do you think we ought to sell—our government bonds or these foreign securities?"

"But what about the injunction?" said Arsene in astonishment.

"Oh, it does not affect all our assets."

She swung the door wide open and there in the pigeon-holes and piled up on the shelves were the imposing bundles fastened with tape. She seized one, but her husband protested.

"No, no, Gervaise, that would be a mistake, to sell our foreign securities. They are rising, while the government bonds are at their highest point. Don't you think so, my dear Monsieur Lupin?"

Dear Monsieur Lupin had no opinion, but advised the sacrifice of the government bonds. Then Madame Humbert took up another bundle, and from this extracted a document. It was a three-per-cent bond, the coupons of which called for 1,374 francs each. Monsieur Humbert slipped it into his pocket. That afternoon, accompanied by his secretary, he called upon a broker and sold it, receiving in return forty-six thousand francs.

Despite the remark of Madame Humbert, Arsene Lupin did not feel at home. Quite to the contrary, his situation in the mansion puzzled him. A number of times he was surprised to note that the servants did not know his name. They called him "monsieur." The master of the house always designated him thus: "You will ask monsieur to come down" or "Has monsieur arrived?"

Moreover, after their first enthusiasm had worn off, the Humberts harly spoke to him, and though they treated him with all the deference due to a benefactor, they never seemed to give him a thought. Once he was passing through the hall, he heard Madame Humbert say to a couple of gentlemen:

"He is such a hermit!"

"So be it," thought he; "now I am a hermit," and he gave up trying to explain the eccentricities of this family. He devoted himself to the execution of his project.

The event was hastened by the violent campaign against the Humberts, which was taken up by several papers. Arsene Lupin watched the development of the drama and noted the excitement of the Humberts. He concluded that further delay would ruin all his plans.

For five successive days, instead of leaving at six o'clock, as was his custom, he locked himself in his room, and the household supposed that he had gone. As a matter of fact, he was lying on the floor and watching Monsieur Humbert's office.

During these five evenings he did not find the favorable opportunity for which he was waiting. He therefore departed about midnight through the little door which opened into the yard, to which he had procured a key. The sixth day, however, he was informed that the Humberts, in reply to the malicious insinuations of their enemies, had offered to open the safe.

"This evening will be my chance," thought Arsene Lupin.

So it was indeed. After dinner Monsieur Humbert retired to his office where his wife joined him a little later, and they began an examination of the ledgers taken from the safe.

"Here goes!" murmured Arsene.

He opened the window over the yard. Without all was dark on this moonless and starless night. He took from his closet a knotted rope, which he attached to the balcony railing, and, climbing over, carefully let himself down as far as the balcony below his own. For a moment he stood motionless. Heavy portieres hid the interior of the offices, but Arsene listened attentively for a few moments.

Reassured by the silence within, he gave the glass doors a gentle push. If anyone had taken the trouble to try them, it would have been found that they did not fasten, for during the afternoon Arsene had tampered with the bolt so that it did not hold.

The doors parted slightly. Then with the utmost precaution he gradually increased the aperture until he was able to insert his head. Through a narrow opening between the loose portieres he could now see the Humberts seated before the safe.

They seemed absorbed in their task and only occasionally

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Imagine, if you can, a concern that would be willing to employ a purchasing agent who would work for nothing, provided he could secure his profit out of commissions paid by the house he buys from. You know that no one would agree to such a proposition, fully realizing that the poorer the material or goods sold by the dealer, the larger the inducement offered the purchasing agent.

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exchanged a few whispered words. Arsene calculated the distance which separated him from them, decided upon the exact motions that he would have to make to overcome them one at a time, before they could call for help, and he was just about to leap when Madame Humbert said:

"How cool the room has suddenly become! I am going to bed. Aren't you coming?"

"I am anxious to finish."

"Why, it will take you all night!"

"Oh, no. An hour at the very most."

She retired. Twenty, thirty minutes passed. Arsene pushed the door a little farther. The portieres stirred. He pushed again. Monsieur turned and, seeing the portieres moved by the wind, rose to close the door.

There was not a cry, not even the semblance of a struggle. By a few well directed movements, and without inflicting any real injury upon his opponent, Arsene rendered him unconscious, wrapped his head in the curtain, tied his feet and hands and accomplished the whole affair in such a way that Monsieur Humbert did not even see the face of his assailant. Then he walked rapidly to the safe, seized two bundles of securities and put them under his arm. That done, he left the office, walked down the stairs and, upon reaching the yard, went off through the servants' gate. A carriage was waiting in the street.

"Take these," said he to the coachman, "and follow me."

Both returned to the office, and in two trips they had emptied the safe. This done, Arsene climbed to his room on the third floor, removed the rope and effaced every clue to his exploit. It was ended.

A few hours later, Arsene Lupin with the aid of his companion had catalogued the securities. Having suspected the real state of affairs, he felt no disappointment on learning that the Humbert fortune was not as large as had been rumored. The millions were not to be counted by hundreds nor even by tens, but, after all, the total still reached quite a respectable figure.

"Certainly," he mused, "I shall have some trouble when I try to negotiate these securities. I shall be confronted by the injunction, and a good many of them will have to be sold for a fraction of their value. Nevertheless, with this little fortune on which to depend, I shall be able to realize certain plans that are very dear to me."

The next day Arsene saw no reason why he should not return to the Humbert mansion, but upon taking up his morning paper, read the startling news that his employers had disappeared.

The safe was opened with great ceremony. The magistrates found in it exactly what Arsene had left, which was very little.

These are the facts and this is the explanation which Arsene Lupin's intervention furnishes for some of them. He himself told me the story one day when he was in a confidential mood.

"All in all," said I to him, "that was your best haul, was it not?"

Without answering me directly, he continued:

"In this affair there are unfathomable secrets. Why did they flee? Why did they not take advantage of the assistance that I gave them? It would have been easy enough for them to say: 'The hundred millions were in the safe. They are not there now because they have been stolen.'"

"And have you never felt pity for these unfortunates?"

"I!" exclaimed he, starting. "Do you expect me to feel remorse?"

"Call it remorse or regret, in short, sympathy of any kind."

"Sympathy for them?"

"Yes, sympathy for people whom you robbed of a fortune."

"What fortune?"

"Those bundles of securities."

"Those bundles of securities! You mean that I took from them several packages of securities, don't you? A portion of their inheritance? Why, sacrebleu, my dear fellow, you should have guessed by this time that they were forged, those securities! Do you understand? They were forged!"

I looked at him stupefied.

"Forged!" he cried angrily. "The notes, the Paris bonds, the government bonds, paper, all of them, nothing but paper! And you ask me to feel remorse? Why, it is they who ought to feel remorse! They outwitted me like any country yokel! They plucked me like the simplest of their dupes! From first to last I had the worst of the bargain! From the very first, I tell you! Do you know the role that I played in the Humbert scandal, or rather the role that they made me play? That of Andre Brawford! And I suspected nothing!

"While I was posing as a benefactor, a man who had risked his life to save his fellow man from ruffians, they were passing me off as one of the Brawfords!

"How do you like that? This eccentric fellow, who lived on the third floor, this hermit that kept in the background, was Brawford, and Brawford was I! Thus, thanks to me, thanks to the confidence that I inspired under the name of Brawford, the bankers lent their money and the notaries urged their clients to lend:

He stopped bruskly and, seizing my arm, spoke to me in an exasperated tone, which, however, clearly expressed a suggestion of admiration and sarcasm:

"My dear fellow, at this moment Gervaise Humbert owes me fifteen hundred francs!"

The thing struck me as so ridiculous that I could not help laughing. It was really an extraordinary joke, and he, too, burst into a roar of merriment.

"Yes, my dear boy, fifteen hundred francs! Not only did I fail to receive a sou of my salary, but she borrowed fifteen hundred francs more from me! All the savings of my young manhood! And can you guess why she borrowed? I give you a thousand guesses! For her charities! It is exactly as I say—for poor unfortunates that she claimed to be helping without the knowledge of her husband!

"Just imagine me in such a position! It is humorous, isn't it? Arsene Lupin done out of fifteen hundred fracs, and done by the sweet lady from whom he was stealing four millions in forged securities! Then, too, just imagine the plots, efforts and clever schemes that I was forced to employ to attain this grand result!

"That is the only time in my life that I was ever outwitted, but fichtre, it was thoroughly done then and nothing was omitted to make it complete!"

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Auto Notes

C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co., has just returned from a flying trip to Los Angles. His visit was occasioned by the necessity of increasing the facilities of the Southern branch in order to take care of their ever increasing proportion of the Southern California automobile trade.

"Automobile shows are a pretty good index of the demand for different makes of tires by the consumers and the consequent demand of the distributers on the manufacturer," says Mr. Mathewson of The Diamond Rubber Co. "Speaking of the recent coast shows, the San Francisco, Oakland, Portland and Los Angeles unlicensed, the result of the count of all combined gives Diamond Tires 41 per cent of the total number of cars exhibited using pneumatics. The remainder was divided up among many different makes. This showing is highly gratifying as the big yearly increase in business done by us indicates our construction and quality are right."

Walker Graves, a capitalist of San Joaquin Valley who owns the town of Jameson, has purchased a Chalmers "40" from the Pioneer Automobile Company. He has never owned a car before that cost less than $5000, but he is convinced that the Chalmers has as good stuff in it and is as correct in design as any high priced car on the market.

J. L. Whitmore, the energetic and hustling automobile agent of Stockton, was in town recently and took two Chalmers-Detroit cars back with him, one being a landaulet which is to stand in front of the new Stockton hotel for hack service and the other a "30" touring car. The Chalmers-Detroit landaulet will be the first and only closed car in use in Stockton.

Dr. L. H. Wagner is now the owner of a Hudson "20" runabout which he purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company.

Dr. J. L. Maupin of Fresno, one of the best known surgeons of the San Joaquin Valley, has run his 6-40 Thomas Flyer of last year's vintage 14,000 miles and two of the original tires are still on the car. He declares that he has solved the problem of upkeep and if anybody has obtained more use with less expense out of a car he wants to know the machine.

Greater than either of the New York Automobile Shows is the Chicago Exhibition, according to word received by N. Cowan of the Hughson & Merton Co. here, from W. L. Hughson who is at present at the Chicago Show. In his telegram Hughson states that the Big Armory is one mass of trees and flowers and that the Ford and Velie cars are attracting a great deal of attention. The Velie car which is showing several new models, is reported to be the talk of Chicago, being one of the latest of the popular priced cars to be displayed there.

R. K. Roberts of the Howard Automobile Company, Pacific Coast distributors of Buicks and Oldsmobiles, has returned from an extended trip over the Northwest, visiting the agencies of the Howard Company in the states of Oregon and Washington. Roberts says: "We in sunny California have been congratulating ourselves on the unusually large automobile business that has continued unabated throughout the winter months, but if we look for a moment at the activity of the automobile market in those sections of the Northwest that are not so favored with climatic conditions, we may perhaps lose some of our egotism and begin to realize that the conditions which obtain in California, so far as pertains to the present activity in automobile sales, are general, and not peculiar to our climate. I started North with the expectation of being met on every side with complaints of a stagnation of business owing to the incessant rains or snow as the case may be, and my surprise was complete when I found that our Buick and Olds agencies, even at Spokane and Walla Walla with a foot of snow on the ground and a temperature hovering around the zero mark, were actually delivering all their cars as fast as they could get them and they could be unloaded."

The Comfort Starr Clark Company, a prominent real estate firm of Oakland, are among the latest to acquire a Hudson "20." The car was delivered this week and will be used as a runabout in their extensive business.

The Chalmers "30" is becoming very popular with physicians. Dr. R. B. Montgomery of Lemon Cove is the latest purchaser of a car of this type.

Mr. A. H. Noah, treasurer of The Diamond Rubber Co. of Akron, O., arrived in San Francisco recently. He expects to remain in California for a month and is combining business with pleasure. Not only is Mr. Noah a noted financier, but he also has considerable reputation as a golf player and will probably be seen on the golf links at Del Monte.

An important announcement to the automobile trade has been made by Ivan L. deJongh, manager of the Standard Motor Car Company, to the effect that owing to arrangements with the Ford factory, whereby the local concern secures an unusually large number of Ford machines for the coming season, together with greatly increased shipping facilities, the freight rates on Ford cars will be reduced from $125.00 to $90.00. In speaking of the reduction of freight which will necessarily mean the lowering of the price of Ford cars on the coast, deJongh said: "We have made every effort to follow out the policy of the Ford factory in giving purchasers of automobiles the very best car for the least money and I received word from Mr. Hughson who is at present at the factory, to the effect that he had closed arrangements with the Ford Company which would enable us to reduce the cost of the Ford car. This means that purchasers of cars of this type will have the same advantage in dealing with the local house that they would by purchasing direct from the factory, and in fact the freight rates to be charged by the Standard Motor Car Company are less than a purchaser could get by shipping a single car from Detroit."

J. A. Nikrent of the Los Angeles branch of the Howard Automobile Company, has been in San Francisco for a few days, renewing old acquaintances. "Nick" who is well known here, will be remembered as one of the Nikrent brothers who drove a Buick "40" to a brilliant victory in that grilling Los Angeles to Phoenix trans-desert race, and who later won the 50-mile free-for-all at Ascot Park, Los Angeles, with the same car. Asked concerning his greatest achievement, the Los Angeles to Phoenix victory, Nikrent said: "Without the slightest doubt, I could have materially reduced the time in that contest if it had been necessary to do so to win; there was never a point of the entire course where I was compelled to tax my car to its utmost, and never a time that I did not have power and speed in reserve, but I figured that I had the race won and that it was the part of wisdom to be content to hold my sure lead of four hours and take no chances whatever. Eleven hours and twenty-three minutes is a large enough slice to clip off any record at one time." Nikrent is enthusiastic over the one mile circular board track that is in course of construction at Plava-Del-Rey, near Los Angeles, and confidently expects to take several world's records with a Buick "40" during the coming season.

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Letters

"The Kingdom of Slender Swords"

The new novel by Hallie Ermine Rives (Mrs. Post Wheeler) has a Japanese setting. It is distinguished with a foreword by a Japanese gentleman in which he commends the author's depiction of the character of his countrymen and women, so readers may be assured that "The Kingdom of Slender Swords" will not prove to be a slight variation on that hackneyed theme, the temporary matrimonial arrangement between a visiting Occidental male and a trusting Oriental maid, with the inevitable purple-eyed baby to add poignancy when the "marriage" terminates by expiration of the contract. This is a very modern and up-to-date American romance which is worked out in Tokyo and Miss Barbara Fairfax, who is visiting at the American Embassy and under the protecting wing of her uncle, a missionary bishop who has spent nearly all his life in the Orient, suffers neither from the persistence of a Japanese wooer nor from the rivalry of a native daughter. She meets her fate in the person of young Daunt, an attache of the embassy, and succumbs immediately, her course of true love being, of course, interrupted by the advent of another suitor and some circumstances which place Daunt in an unfavorable light in her eyes. Miss Fairfax is technically the heroine, but she is hardly necessary to the unfolding of the plot save as an excuse for Daunt to "wake up." She is supposed to be an orphan, her father and mother having met and married in Japan, where the father died very soon after and his young widow returned to her own people in Virginia. Now, the daughter being grown, has determined to visit the land which is to her romance incarnate. One of her plans has been the erection of a memorial chapel dedicated to her father, a plan successfully carried out, somewhat to the private embarrassment of her good uncle who knows more family history than he has seen fit to reveal and suspects even more than he knows, for it seems that John Fairfax had not died in the flesh. He had discovered the secret of a certain golden lacquer, and was carrying on an extensive business as a maker of sacred images when his business agent, out of spite engendered by a disagreement, revealed the truth to the young wife, who, with a spirit we would more naturally associate with a puritanical New Englander, left her wicked spouse at once, and he never even knew that there had been a child. Perhaps, though, a thrifty New Englander would have encouraged the enterprise and salved conscience by large donations to the Board of Foreign Missions. At any rate, John Fairfax lost himself and his name, adopted Japanese costume and manners and became a semi-recluse living in an old temple across the street from the chapel erected to his memory, met and conversed with his unknown daughter as a stranger, drawn by subtle ties of blood. The character is evidently suggested by that of Lafcadio Hearn, even to the myopic sight, the shrinking sensitiveness to observation and the life of hardship and privation in his earlier years, as well as to the only picture of him being in profile. In these days when the laboratory dreams of one decade become the commonplaces of the next, the idea of the expert, Dr. Bersonin, of discovering that force of nature which is the opposite of cohesion, so that whoever is in possession of the secret may easily and effectively annihilate his enemy or his possessions, is not so far fetched as it may seem, and the scheme which he had in mind, seconded by the dissolute Paul Ware, of destroying two of the Dreadnaughts of the visiting fleet, and reaping a fortune through the consequent disturbances of the world's stock markets would be, in that case, feasible. It is in connection with Dr. Bersonin's cold-blooded plan that the Japanese side of the story is developed. He has in his employ a servant, apparently the usual dull-witted menial, but really an attache of the civil service department, alert, intelligent and devoted. Ishida, in social rank and descent, far above the servant class, is yet willing and ready to accept menial service in order to keep watch on a suspicious character. Haru, the Japanese girl, daughter of a samurai, and his only child, regrets like her father, that there is no son to give loyal service, but she makes a sacrifice greater than life itself when she sees that by so doing she can help her lover, Ichida to serve the empire, though she knows all of the resignation that must follow. Even the two little six-year-old playmates show themselves heroically ready though they do not understand what they are undertaking. The splendid appearance of the Japanese sailors in Portola week gives San Franciscans at least a credence in the feat undertaken by the cadets when, at the eleventh hour Haru, enlightened by the inebriate confidences of Philip Ware, makes her way in spite of opposition, to the residence of the Minister of Marine to disclose the Bersonin-Ware plot which is to work itself out automatically at sunrise. A storm has rendered the direct roads to Nagasaki impassible for vehicles and railroad traffic has been suspended, yet the infernal machine must be destroyed. Telegraph and telephone communication as well as wireless are all impossible likewise, and the feat to be accomplished is to beat time itself. One of Daunt's fads has been experimenting with aviation, and he, too, speeds to the rescue. The cadets make practically as good time as he, and though it is the Glider, acting as a battering ram, that actually averts the threatened calamity, it is by only the height to be scaled that he arrives first on the scene. Apart from the plot, "The Kingdom of Slender Swords" is worth reading for the bits of description of the streets of Tokyo, the old temple gardens, the various festivals and above all, the Imperial review of the national army. Old and new jostle elbows, and we have side by side the dignified, kimono-clad elders and the somewhat flippant and assertive modern youths, and at times a little of both mingling in the same individual. Readers whose taste takes them somewhat beyond the ordinary field will have no difficulty in recognizing at least the shadowy outline of some real personage behind many of the book characters. Illustrations in color are by A. B. Wentzell, who would have done well to have read with greater attention the descriptions of Haru's costumes. 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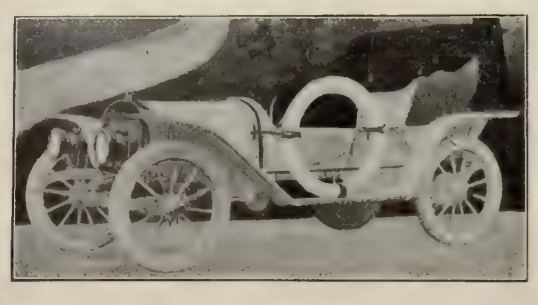

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 11th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Estate of LOUIS D. RADGESKY, deceased, the undersigned, GERTRUDE H. RADGESKY, the Executrix of the will of said Louis R. Radgesky, deceased, will sell at Private Sale to the highest and best bidder in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 7th day of March, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Executrix, Number 908 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said LOUIS D. RADGESKY, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Louis D. Radgesky, deceased, at the time of his death in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Haight Street, distant eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches Westerly thereon from the Westerly line of Broderick Street and running thence Westerly along said line of Haight Street fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said Northerly line of Haight Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 523.

2.—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, with the Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, thence running Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly along said Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 347 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

3.—Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, distant thereon fifty (50) feet Southwesterly from the Southwesterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly and parallel with Susquehanna Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lot No. 3 in Block No. 347 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

4.—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, with the Northeasterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, running thence Southeasterly along said Northeasterly line of Sumatra Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet to the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, and thence at right angles Southwesterly along said last named line one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lot No. 50 in Block No. 330 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated: February 19th, 1910.

GERTRUDE H. RADGESKY,
Executrix of the Will of Louis D. Radgesky, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, and WM. M. MADDEN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, Deceased—No. 9009.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Esq., Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, Southeast Corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased.

ORA PRENTICE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Zachariah H. Prentice, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased.

MOSES STERN,
Executor of the Estate of Frank Ignaz Sauter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19, 1910.

FROHMAN & JACOBS, Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GRACE SYMON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of H. M. Anthony, Number 374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased.

SAMUEL C. SYMON,
Administrator of the Estate of Grace Symon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

H. M. ANTHONY, Attorney for Administrator,
374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK KIRBK, Deceased—No. 9057, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PATRICK KIRBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PATRICK KIRBY, deceased.

BRIDGET MANNION,
Administratrix of the Estate of Patrick Kirby, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1910.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Murphy, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the office of P. A. Bergerot, Esq., No. 110 Sutter Street, Room 505, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said DENNIS MURPHY, also known as D. B. MURPHY, deceased.

MARY MURPHY,
Executrix of the Last Will of Dennis Murphy, also known as D. B. Murphy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

P. A. BERGEROT, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 505, No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

AGOSTINA TARDELLI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Raffaello Tardelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
House No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, Deceased—No. 9067, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the will of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-706 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Post, Montgomery and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased.

GEORGE M. AHRENS,
Executor of the Will of Cathrine Weihmann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,
Rooms 701-706 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN HIGGINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix as the office of Jeremiah V. Coffey and Edward J. Coffey, 557 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

HUGH HIGGINS,
MARY A. HIGGINS,
Executor and Executrix of the Estate of John Higgins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1910.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD J. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
557 Mills, Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-5-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) ....., Clerk.
By.....Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER and FERDINAND A. LORENZ, the Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 17th day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the courtroom of said Superior Court, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell at private or public sale the whole of the real estate of the said deceased. And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, February 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for Petitioners. 2-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4965, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, Deceased.

Mary A. Barry, the administratrix of the estate of ROBERT M, BARRY, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made;

It is here ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, do appear before this Court on the 28th day of February, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of four thousand and five hundred ($4,500) dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary A. Barry, the said administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars. Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Parcel "A"—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, running thence easterly along the southerly line of Eighteenth street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.); thence at right angles westerly thirty (30) feet to the easterly line of Noe street, and thence at right angles northerly along the last mentioned line one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) to the southeasterly corner of Eighteenth and Noe streets and the place of beginning; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "B"—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth street, thirty feet distant thereon easterly from the easterly line of Noe street, thence along said southerly line of Eighteenth street easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft); thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "C"—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Noe street, distant thereon one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) southerly from the southerly line of Eighteenth street and running thence southerly along said line of Noe street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and five (105) feet to the easterly line of Noe street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 21st day of January, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, January 21, 1910.

MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney for Administratrix,
Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

KNOW ALL MEN BY THE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of

J. S. BARTOW & CO.

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit:

J. S. Bartow, residing at 781 15th St , San Francisco, Cal.
Henry M. Hastings, residing at 457 Oakland Ave., Oakland, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this first day of February, 1910.

J. S. BARTOW.
HENRY M. HASTINGS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this First day of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ten before me, M. V. COLLINS, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S Bartow and Henry M. Hastings, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the within and annexed instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2 5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, Deceased—No. 9065, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the underisgned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased.

JOHNSON HARDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Millie Rice Tait, also known as Millie S. J. Tait, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, sometimes known as SAMUEL LEOPOLD KOHN, Deceased—No. 8913, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the Will annexed at the office of Otto Irving Wise, attorney for said Administratrix with the Will annexed, 912-918 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL L. KOHN, alias, deceased. EMMA W. BRODY,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Samuel L. Kohn, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Attorney for Administratrix with the Will Annexed, Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,392, Dept. No. 4.

ANTONIO DEVOTO, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANTONIO DEVOTO, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Powell Street with the Southerly line of Green Street and running thence Westerly along the said Southerly line of Green Street sixty-eight (68) feet; thence at right angles Southerly and parallel with Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet to the Westerly line of Powell Street; and thence at right angles Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Powell Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine inches (9) to the point of beginning. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 156.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Francisco Street with the Easterly line of Stockton Street, and running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Stockton Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches; thence at right angles Southerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the Northerly line of Francisco Street; and thence at right angles Westerly forty-one (41) feet and eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Stockton Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Lot No. 1515.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 9th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverst to plaintiff:

Names	Addresses
Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana	Corner Montgomery Ave. and Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-18-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point to commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of December, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, W. W. Bedford, Room 8, 966 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased.

SARAH J. CHURCHILL,
Executrix of the Estate of Norman B. Churchill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29th, 1910.

W. W. BEDFORD, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 8, 966 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,408, Dept. No. 1.

LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of LOUIS D. FRICHETTE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Monticello and Shields Streets, running thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Shields Street twenty-five (25) feet to the Easterly line of Monticello Street; and thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Monticello Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; the same being designated upon the Map of the City Land Association filed in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco as lot eight (8) in Block Ten (10) of said City Land Association.

SECOND PARCEL

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Powell and California Avenues, and running thence Westerly along the Northerly line of Powell Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westerly line of California Avenue; and thence at a right angle Southerly along the said Westerly line of California Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of lots numbers 352 and 353, Precita Valley Lands.

THIRD PARCEL

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate on the Westerly line of Cherubusco Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and designated as lot No. "342" upon that certain map known as "Gilt Map Number 3" filed by Harvey S. Brown in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1861, in Map Book No. 2.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 12-18-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED TO THE EXECUTOR FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5260, Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Valentine J. Smyth, as the Executor of the Last Will and Testament of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, having this day presented to this Court a verified petition praying for an Order authorizing and directing him to sell, as a whole or in parcels, and at either public or private sale, the real property and the whole thereof belonging to the Estate of said decedent, which is in said petition particularly described, and it appearing to this Court, from such petition, that it is necessary to sell the real estate and the whole thereof belonging to said estate for the purpose of paying the debts against said estate and the expenses and charges of administration, and it also appearing from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate, and those interested therein, to sell the said real estate and the whole thereof, for the purposes and reasons set forth in said petition; and this Court having thereupon and now and here directed that said petition be filed herein, and the same now having been filed accordingly, and being now on file herein:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court at the Courtroom of Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 15th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor for the sale of the real estate, and for the sale of the whole thereof, and for the sale of the same at either public or private sale, as said Executor shall judge to be most beneficial for the said Estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the said 15th day of March, 1910, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., this 7th day of February, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-510-511 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, Deceased—No. 8943, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned George S. Sexton, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, H. M. Owens, Room 412, Mechanics' Savings Bank Building, No. 948 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTA SEXTON, formerly AUGUSTA PRAG, deceased.

GEORGE S. SEXTON,
Administrator of the Estate of Augusta Sexton, formerly Augusta Prag, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 22, 1910.

H. M. OWENS, Attorney for Administrator,
Mechanics' Savings Bank Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco. 1-22-5

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Charms and Spells

The first three verses of the Gospel of St. John worn around the neck will ward off sickness.

A silver ring made of money that has been begged will preserve the wearer from ills.

Walk down stairs backward on the morning after an engagement to insure a smooth course to love.

A horseshoe nail driven in the upper lintel of a door will cure toochache. A double nut carried in the pocket is another cure and putting both stockings on the same foot is an infallible remedy.

Wear a red bean on a white string on an article of clothing ironed Sunday to cure nose bleed.

In the Highlands of Scotland a cat plunged into the water a sick person has been bathed in will run away taking the disease with it.

Amongst the lower classes in Mexico, where divorce is unrecognized, if a man proves to be a poor husband the only way to get rid of him is to make him die. The women do not resort to knives, pistols or poisons but rely upon other potent means. One of the favorite ways is to secure a ribbon and have it blessed by a priest on behalf of the saint whose name the husband bears. The man is measured with the ribbon while he is asleep. The ribbon is then cut and on the next morning a mass is ordered in honor of the man's namesake. While the priest is giving the final blessing the ribbon is burned and within a month the victim of the spell will die of some obscure maladv.

Dwellers in Tombs

It seems incredible that men should live in the tombs of their wives, yet there are several cases on record of men who have done this. Jonathan Reed, for instance, sat daily in a vault in Evergreen Cemetery, New York, by the side of the coffin containing the remains of his wife.

Mr. Reed, who was an eccentric gentleman of considerable wealth, erected a tomb at a cost of $3500, and, after placing the body of his wife in it, furnished it with a dressing-table and mirror, chairs, a table, china vases, boxes, and all the property belonging to his wife, including old gloves, balls of yarn, pieces of unfinished knitting, photographs, and boxes of letters.

The coffin stood on a shelf, and over this Mr. Reed threw a piece of cheap Japanese matting, gaudily painted with flowers. Regularly every morning the bereaved husband visited the tomb, and remained there until the cemetery closed at seven o'clock in the evening. He usually sat on a chair by the head of the coffin, but occasionally he would stand at the door of the vault with mementoes of his wife in his hand. The vault is an imposing structure of granite, and over the door is engraved "Jonathan and Mary E. Reed."

When Tolstoy Was Tipped

One day Count Tolstoy was standing on the platform of the railway station of Tula when an express train came whizzing up and stopped. A young man jumped out of a first-class compartment and hurried to the refreshment-room. A young lady followed him to the platform, calling: "George! George!" but George did not hear.

"Little grandfather," she said, turning to Tolstoy, who stood close by, "do me a favor! Run after that man and tell him that I want him. I will give you a tip."

Count Tolstoy did as he was bid and and received five copecks for his trouble. Meanwhile the platform had gradually filled with people and the young lady heard the passengers saying to each other:

"Look, look! There is Tolstoy!"

"Where is Tolstoy?" she hastened to inquire.

The great Russian writer was pointed out to her and with lightning speed she rushed towards him and begged to be forgiven.

"For God's sake, forgive me, count! I am so ashamed. Do forgive me, I beg of you," and she shamefacedly asked for the return of the five copecks.

"Oh, no," Tolstoy replied with a laugh, "the five copecks were honestly earned."

The School of the Future

She conducted her school on the strictest and most approved hygienic principles, and before she decided to take little Willie as a scholar she asked him the usual questions.

"Have you had your vermiform appendix removed?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am," said Willie.

"Have you your own sanitary slate-sponge, a disinfected drinking-cup, a certificate for inoculation for the croup, chicken-pox, and measles?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you possess a patent antiseptic dinner-box, and do you wear a collapsible life-belt, a camphor-bag round your throat, and insulated rubber-heels for crossing the electric tram-lines? And have you taken out a life insurance policy against all the encroachments of old age?"

"I can truthfully say 'Yes' to all these question, ma'am."

"Then hang your cap up on the insulated peg, and proceed to learn on sanitary lines."

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TOWN TALK

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Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, February 26, 1910 | No. 913

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TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Ralph A. Grover.....Manager
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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Johnson for Governor

We are looking forward calmly, nay, absolutely imperturbed, to the political campaign which is soon to set us all by the ears and make resupinate this glorious commonwealth. Two weeks ago we had visions of ructions and revolutions. They have vanished. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League has done the safe and sane thing in selecting the Hon. Hiram Johnson as its gubernatorial candidate. It might have nominated the Hon. Francis J. Heney, and then nobody would have known where we stood or where we were likely to stand. Mr. Johnson is a politician with perfect control of his emotions and no ideals to which he is uncompromisingly attached. In other words Mr. Johnson is a practical man whose ideals are subject to amendment in the light of common sense and in deference to the exigencies of a critical situation. Mr. Johnson is a reformer, not a long-haired reformer, but a reformer in whom there is a lively sense of the current tendency of the times. As a candidate he has many charms. Depend on him to contribute to the gaiety of the campaign. Singling out the iniquitous S. P. for especial invective, he will feed the popular appetite for redhot stuff. With his sheet-iron thunder and his cultivated ecstasies he will rumple things a bit for campaign purposes, and the multitude will listen feverishly with all their yawning ears, but take our word for it there is nothing to be alarmed about. Mr. Johnson is temperamentally so safe and sane that despite the promises he will surely make to paralyze the railroad and burst the ignominious bonds that bind we shall not be amazed to find him receiving the support of the machine on the strength of its confidence in his inherent reluctance to dislocate society. The machine moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

Raciness in Boston

News comes from Boston that gives us pause and impels us to grave reflection. It is news of "The Girl from Rector's," the audacious farce that suffused our young dramatic critics with blushes and sent them to the dictionary in search of epithets to enable them to characterize the grossness of it in terms eloquent of their outraged sense of decency. From Boston, the great center of esthetic culture and the gushing fountain of the nation's virtue, comes the news that the farce which shocked San Francisco has been playing there to crowded houses for seven weeks with no prospect of satiety on the part of the people. The news is almost beyond belief, justifying as it seems the suspicion that the home of Puritanism is becoming degenerate, and that the principles of a wax-doll morality are no longer upheld by the community that once prided itself on its chastity and its intolerance of the nude in art and the unexpurgated classics. It has always been supposed that though Boston could appreciate Socratic badinage it could never be persuaded that Aristophanic humor was palatable. But now we find the supersensitive community absolutely wallowing in what San Francisco regarded as dramatic pornography. It was "The Girl from Rector's" that sent the good dames of the California Club to the Supervisors in hot haste with a petition for an ordinance empowering the police to censorize the drama. And in deference to the demand for the immediate protection of public morals the farce was pruned of some of the devices through which it appealed to salacious caprice, after which it lacked even the falsetto of specious wit. But in Boston it is given in all its defiant viciousness, and none of the dramatic critics have felt it to be their duty either to render a fitting service to the cause of virtue or to stimulate an unrighteous pruriency. So we must conclude that notwithstanding our French restaurants and our waywardness in matters that excite the scorn of New England reformers, we are not half so gay as we have been pleased to believe. After all perhaps there is no danger of San Francisco becoming the Paris of America.

A New National Trait Discovered

According to one of the half-baked philosophers of Chicago University we are becoming a nation of cynics and sceptics. He says the incredulity that was once peculiar to the man from Missouri has become a national trait. Were this really the case we should not feel there was occasion for lamentation, but the Chicago professor's generalities are not convincing. How is this characteristic incredulity of the American people manifested? The professor has neglected to give us specific instances of a disposition to scrutinize and analyze before acceptance. So far as the public records show nothing has occurred to discourage men that live by their wits. Honest men may complain of dull times, but with swindlers business is always brisk; talent for sophistication does not go unrewarded. In the field of politics especially the achievements of this talent are notable and noteworthy. The man that makes broad his phylacteries is everywhere accorded the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens. To be successful in politics a man has only to study the humors of the multitude, flatter its prejudices, and take advantage of its foibles. All that we ask of candidates for our political support is that they assume the pose of moral superiority and enthusiasm for righteousness and claim no other motive than that of redressing our wrongs. This species of patriotism when it is manifested with unctuous pharisaism, and signalized with beating of tom-toms and shrieks calliopean, accompanied by the eructation of invectives and the other familiar devices that fascinate the public ear inspires faith and fealty more enduring than brass. We persuade ourselves that we despise nothing so much as cant and hypocrisy, and that we admire nothing so much as candor and humility, but all the while we are celebrating men for nothing more than their noisy pretensions to superior virtue. Were we a little less gullible, a little less inclined to accept as final the professions of men who appeal to our favor rather through our vindictiveness than our generosity life would be much more agreeable and civic affairs would attain a more elevated plane.

Newspaper Advice

As nearly two-thirds of the editors of Republican newspapers west of the Alleghenies have said that Mr. Taft is not their choice for President, the Boughten Bulletin considers it the part of wisdom for him to repudiate those statesmen with whom he is in sympathy and establish new and more advantageous connections. How strongly typical of American journalism is this advice; how characteristic of the average American newspaper which lives up to the motto, Give the people not

the kind of journal that edifies and instructs but the kind that appeals to ignorance, the kind that is most profitable. American journalism has no more leading characteristic than the desire to stand well with the multitude, to gain circulation not by scrupulous adherence to what is right but by propagating whatever error or sentiment happens to be most popular. Be successful is the maxim of American journalism, and consequently with few exceptions American newspapers are vulgar, dishonest and almost everything that is disreputable. Quite in harmony with the spirit and morals of American journalism, therefore, is the advice given by our local pervert to President Taft, the advice that he rule the country not with an eye to its best interests but with a view to making political capital for his own benefit. Assuredly this advice is informed with the principle of orthodox newspaper policy. If President Taft has not the approval of the majority of editors it is safe to assume that he is appreciated by the majority of honest and intelligent men, which is of course a small minority of the people. The judgment of the minority, however, invariably becomes the judgment of the majority. It is the privilege of the few only to do sound thinking. Always what is known as the second sober thought of the masses was formerly the exclusive possession of the minority.

Characteristics of American Journalism

What there is in the record of American journalism to justify either the arrogance of editors or the presumption that whatever opinion they mould should take precedence of the law of the land, is something beyond the ordinary powers of discernment. Our newspapers have been the scorn of honest and scholarly men for nearly one hundred years, and certainly they are not improving in tone or substance. Adoring no other God than the power of the multitude they have been drifting from bad to worse. With the growth of competition in their temple of worship more pronounced have those coarse characteristics become upon which De Tocqueville dwells in his work on "Democracy in America." Long after De Tocqueville came Matthew Arnold who says of our newspapers, "Taking the total impression and effect made by them I should say that if one were searching for the best means to efface and kill in a whole nation the discipline of respect, the feeling for what is elevated, one could not do better than take the American newspapers." It is the misfortune of this country that it must tolerate its newspapers, but it has been our good fortune that we have had men in public office who heeded the voice of conscience rather than the voice of the press. Mr. Taft is not the first President who incurred the disfavor of the press by the conscientious performance of his duties. For doing what he conceived to be right President Lincoln was held up to public execration and denounced with great fury by the patriots of journalism, but he pursued the even tenor of his way without faltering and without attempting to establish new connections for his own benefit. As timely allusion was made to Lincoln's experience by Speaker Cannon in his Lincoln Day address his words are most pertinent to this discussion. He said:

Lincoln's fidelity to the responsibility put upon him by the American people was no better illustrated than when reverses first came to our armies. In the most trying hour, when treason threatened anarchy, Lincoln stood practically alone as the leader of the people. * * * There is no more curious reading to be found now, in the light of subsequent history, than the files of the metropolitan press and magazines of that day, especially immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Go to any library where you can find these old files and read the editorials and news despatches from the front and from Washington if you want to find evidences of pessimism and panic among the moulders of public opinion. To me there is no more inspiring incident in our whole history, or one more pathetic, than that of the tall, gaunt form of Lincoln, with that sad but serene face, standing out against the darkening sky to assure the men in the field and their supporters at home that there was still manhood and real leadership in the place of highest responsibility. Had the people depended on the metropolitan press for guidance then they would have turned against Lincoln and anarchy would have followed. But Lincoln had not won the confidence of the people in a single brilliant campaign or by modern methods of publicity. * * * It is a humiliating historic fact that the three Presidents who have been struck down in office were murdered by foolish egotists hungering for that notoriety which they found in a sensational press. They were all of that type of shallow egotists who crave notoriety and in whose diseased minds is created a desire to appeal to the same sentiment that tolerates and even applauds reckless denunciation of those upon whom is laid the burden of responsibility.

The treatment President Taft is receiving at the hands of a mob-coddling press is more to be reprobated than that which President Lincoln suffered. For the press in Lincoln's day was not inspired by the mean, dishonest motives that actuate the newspapers of today.

A Victory for the People

Though the Examiner is usually felicitous in its appeals to class prejudice it can hardly be considered so in its discussion of the Danbury Hatters case. The Examiner cites this case as proof that "wealth has an undue advantage in our long-drawn and complicated court procedure. Nobody disputes that wealth has an advantage over poverty in litigation or in anything else. Nor is it to be disputed that this advantage will continue until man in his wisdom shall succeed in rendering negligible one of the mysterious designs of an erratic Providence. But the Danbury Hatters case does not furnish us with an illustration of the inherent advantage of wealth in courts of justice. The most striking illustration it does afford is that of the power of organized

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labor. It was this power that resisted for seven years the efforts of Loewe, the plaintiff in the Danbury Hatters case to obtain justice. During that period numerous combinations of capital have been broken. Wealth concentrated in salt trusts, in shingle trusts, in coal trusts and in oil trusts, wealth merged in railroad combines, has been brought to its knees in periods ranging from one to three years while the case against the gigantic labor trust was slowly dragging along from court to court. The vital issue involved in this case was the freedom of the individual; and the decision of the court affirming the inviolability of the right of every man to employ his capital in productive industry without regard to the imperial will of Mr. Samuel Gompers, is perhaps the most important that has been rendered in this generation. It is a decision no less important to labor than to capital, for it vindicates the right of every wage earner to sell the product of his hands without subjecting himself to the rule of a despotic oligarchy. The history of this case is instructive and interesting. The plaintiff was a hatter by trade. He worked himself up from the journeyman's bench to the ownership of a small manufactory. A man of high principle, free from sordid impulses he was admirably scrupulous in his treatment of his workmen. His relations with them were ideal, and there was no dissatisfaction among them. But as he insisted upon giving men employment without respect to any question as to whether they belonged to labor unions, he incurred the disfavor of the United States Hatters' organization by which he was ordered to discharge all non-union workmen. They had enforced a similar order in almost every big shop in the East, and they had almost ruined a Philadelphia manufacturer who was brought to submission after sinking a fortune in his fight for independence. But Loewe was not to be intimidated. He gave the union battle, and after seven years of litigation he obtained judgment for nearly a quarter of a million dollars. This is certainly a most gratifying triumph; gratifying not to Loewe only but to every American citizen who has a just appreciation of the fundamentals of his government. A man risen from the ranks of the people has won a great victory for the people—for all manufacturers and for the great army of unorganized American wage earners.

Perspective Impressions

The mountain labored and was delivered of a johnson.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has come out in favor of universal peace. And the dogs of war are in panic.

President Zelaya has resolved to write a book—a graceful concession to his enemies.

No vaudeville manager has yet thought of making the return from Elba a continuous performance.

The Hon. Chas. Belshaw has announced that he is out of politics. Everybody knew that, but what everybody doesn't know is whether politics is out of Belshaw.

According to Andrew Carnegie, multi-millionaires ought to be able to justify their existence. This they may do by giving away libraries suitably labeled.

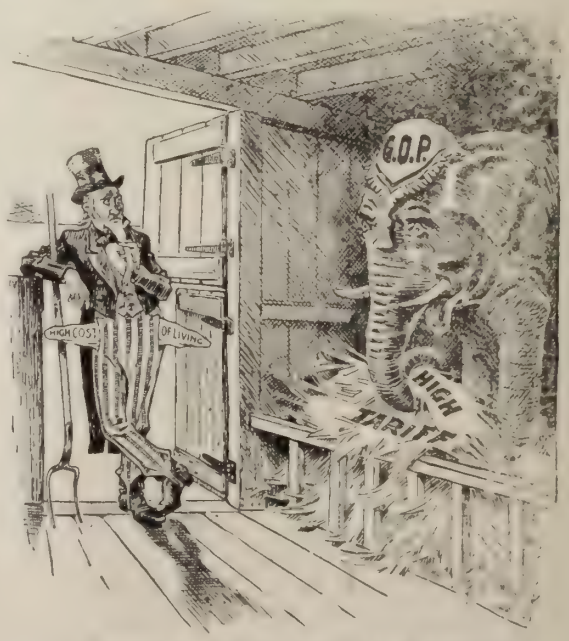
The burning moral question to be solved in the State campaign of 1910 is one of prodigious personal interest to the patriots that are holding the jobs and to the patriots that hope to get hold of the jobs.

"It seems to be my time to make the sacrifice and I am going to make it"—Hiram Johnson. "I go as the French noblemen went to the guillotine, with a song on my lips"—Mrs. Mary W. Kincaid. "It fills me with grief to see the poor going to jail"—Judge Dunne. And yet the world is full of pessimism and cynicism.

A Boston historian has discovered that Patrick Henry was a demagogue, that John Adams was a defaulter, that John Hancock was an embezzler and that Benjamin Franklin was a thief. This historian can hardly expect to interest us in these matters at a time when we are being entertained and edified by revelations touching contemporary patriots and reformers.

TROUBLE IN THE MENAGERIE

—New York World



IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP AN ELEPHANT

Philadelphia Record.

A Thunder Storm

Heavy and black along the western hills
The low clouds hang, their ragged upper edge
Touching the sun, that sends a golden wedge
Down through the dark; a thunder echo fills
The heated air; the birds sing in soft trills;
A wind wave shakes the river's reedy sedge
And stirs the bushes on the beetling ledge;
Then moaning storm-sobs every movement stills,
The clouds roll o'er the sun: the sturdy trees
Bend to the fury of the surging blast;
A fierce red flash shines on the sombre plain;
Then down the slopes, like high, foam-crested seas
That on some rocky coast beat hard and fast,
Comes the wild tumult of the rushing rain.

—Thomas Collier.

Stand and Deliver

Persons Who Object to Having Their Trade Secrets and Private Business Affairs Made Public Dismayed by Uncle Sam's Hold-Up Order, Known as the Corporation Tax Law

By Robert McTavish

There is agitation in commercial circles all over the land, not because of the keenness of competition, or the high price of living or the shortage of coin, or any of the current causes of dissatisfaction, but because Uncle Sam has called for a show-down on March 1. Under instructions from Washington the Collectors of Internal Revenue are notifying corporations, joint stock companies, associations and insurance companies of all sizes that the returns required by the Corporation Tax law must be filed on Tuesday of next week, and that the penalties provided by the act will be rigidly enforced in case of intentional omission. Hence the prevalent agitation.

Some corporations have asked for an extension of time on the ground of physical inability to complete the necessary work of computation before the date specified. Others have protested against the requirement which will make a public record of the returns and thus put the secrets of their business in the hands of their business rivals. It has been said that the returns will not be made public, but the law does not give the authorities discretion in this matter. It provides that the returns "shall constitute public records" and that they "shall be open to inspection." Naturally there is consternation in some quarters and more or less emotion manifest wherever business is done by corporations. From all parts of the country come demands that the law be repealed. Numerous suits have been begun in the Federal courts to test the constitutionality of the law, and the earliest that any of them has been set for trial is March 14, less than a fortnight after the last day for filing returns. Meanwhile it is hoped that Congress will pass an amendment extending the time for filing returns for at least sixty days, so that an opportunity may be had for a decision by the court before any damage is done.

The leading test case involving the question of the constitutionality of the corporation tax is that of Stella P. Flint as general guardian of the property of Samuel N. Stone Jr., a minor, against the Stone Tracy Company. The plaintiff in this case, appealing for the protection of her ward, points out that the new law if enforced will give an unfair advantage to a competitor of the firm in which the child is interested. There are two general merchandise stores in the town of Windsor in Vermont. The people of the country for miles around make their purchases from one or the other of the two establishments. Formerly there was but one store conducted by Tuxbury & Stone, dating from 1866. About fifteen years ago, in the ordinary development of the rural trade of which Windsor is the market place, Tuxburg & Stone dissolved, or rather resolved itself into the two firms of Stone, Tracy & Co. and Dwight Tuxbury & Sons. The former continued business at the original stand, on the main street of Windsor, at the corner of the lane leading to the railroad station. The latter built and occupied a new store next door. In this juxtaposition the two establishments have carried on an active competition in the same line of general retail mercantile business and have divided pretty nearly equally the trade of Windsor and an area of about twenty square miles of country tributary to the town. From cranberries and eggs to wheelbarrows and agricultural implements, each watches the business of the other with acute interest and intelligence, and each strives constantly for every legitimate advantage over its neighbor and rival. The difference between the two concerns has been merely one of formal organization, a factor hitherto unimportant. Dwight Tuxbury & Sons are an old fashioned partnership. Stone, Tracy & Co. incorporated ten years ago under the laws of Vermont as the Stone Tracy Company, with a capital of $20,000. Thus, if the corporation income tax is upheld by the Supreme Court, the Stone Tracy Company will pay a tax on its profits, while the similar concern next door will pay no tax to the Federal Government. Besides the secrets of the business of the Stone Tracy Company will become matters of public record, open to inspection by the alert competitor next door, unless the language of the sixth section of the act means nothing. There could be no better illustration of the glaring, destructive inequity of the proposed tax.

All these facts are set forth in the complaint, and the plaintiff informs the court that the consequences of this Federal discrimination will be fatal to the corporation upon which the law forces the burden of a discriminative tax and the disadvantage of publicity as to its private business. She says the company will have to dispose of its assets, wind up its affairs and go into voluntary dissolution. She asks that the law be pronounced unconstitutional on the ground that under its provisions private property will be taken for public use without just compensation; on the ground also that it "violates the right of the corporation to be secure in its papers, effects, books, records, private affairs and trade secrets against unreasonable searches and seizures; on the ground also that it infringes on State rights."

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The Siege of Baler

A Review of a Remarkably Interesting Book Entitled "Under the Red and Gold" in Which a Spanish Soldier Tells How His Small Detachment Resisted a Filipino Force During Eleven Months of Constant Fighting and Heroic Endurance

How many Americans have ever heard of the siege of Baler? Very few, in all likelihood. Yet the siege of Baler is the latest glorious achievement added to the Golden Legend of Spain and the Spanish heart glows with pride when it is mentioned. For Americans it should have a special interest because it happened on the Island of Luzon in the Philippines and during its progress the islands were ceded by Spain to the United States. The history of the siege of Baler, a summary of which will be given in these columns, was written by Captain Don Saturnino Martin Cerezo who commanded the detachment of besieged Spaniards and has been translated and edited by Major F. L. Dodds of the United States Army. The book was published by the Franklin Hudson Publishing Company of Kansas City with the title of "Under the Red and Gold." The narrative is compact of heroic deeds and almost superhuman endurance that suggest the mighty adventures recorded by Froissart, Comines and other chroniclers of the days of chivalry. The attention of the editor of Town Talk was first called to this volume by Major-General Funston who declared that "Under the Red and Gold" was one of the most interesting and inspiring works dealing with military exploits ever written. General Funston also declared that the siege of Baler was without parallel in military annals and that it would seem more like fiction than fact had not the details of the siege been carefully verified by various military authorities. Perusal of the book shows that General Funston did not exaggerate its interest or overemphasize the heroism of the siege. "Under the Red and Gold" should be better known, for it tells a story of self-sacrifice, devotion to country and jealous preservation of personal as well as national honor which is of universal appreciation. Too much credit cannot be given to Major Dodds for the pains which he took to procure the Spanish narrative and translate it into English. He has done his work excellently and the book is not only of absorbing interest but also attractively bound and illustrated. To repeat, it should be more widely known. It is the purpose of this extended review to introduce the book to readers who, it is quite certain, will not be satisfied until they have perused the entire narrative of this remarkable siege.

Picture a band of forsaken heroes fighting a desperate fight and winning immortal laurels in a cause which had ceased to exist, in defense of property which their own country had ceased to affect and against the ancient enemy which Spain had transferred to the newer foe with the land itself and you have the anomalous side of this amazing siege of Baler. Imagine a company of Spanish soldiers starving, suffering and dying from wounds and disease, withstanding for eleven long months the continuous efforts of a Filipino force to dislodge them from a little stone church and you will begin to apprehend the stupendous fortitude that made the siege of Baler so glorious an incident of recent Spanish history.

Baler is a little town on the east coast of Luzon distant one hundred and twenty miles from Manila. It is a desolate spot with mountain walls enclosing it on the landward side, the Pacific spread before it and an exposed and dangerous coast stretching away to north and south. Communication with Manila, over the mountains or by sea, is difficult and uncertain. The town stands on a point of land jutting from the shore of the Bay of Baler and is nearly encircled by a tidal stream which at times converts it into an island. It consisted, in Spanish days, of the church which was besieged, a priest's resident, a house for the governor, barracks for troops and a dingy tribunal of justice. These buildings were grouped about the plaza; the rest of Baler consisted of frail native houses surrounded by palm and bamboo.

For a year before the opening of the siege of Baler the Filipinos had been in insurrection against the Spanish Government. Toward the end of August, 1897, rumors reached Manila that the insurgents were taking advantage of Baler's isolated position to smuggle in arms and ammunition. At that time the Spanish garrison consisted of a corporal and four men; to these fifty men were added and the insufficiency of this force brought the insurgents out in numbers to capture the town. This lesser siege lasted for three months and in January, 1898, a relieving force brought it to an end. Thinking that only a few troops were needed to hold Baler, the Spanish authorities despatched fifty men commanded by Lieutenants Don Alonso Zayas and Don Saturnino Martin Cerezo and this force reached Baler on February 12, 1898. With the fifty men were one surgeon and a corporal and an attendant of the Hospital Corps. This small force took up its position in the church, as the strongest building in the town, with scant rations but a good supply of ammunition. The best part of the supplies consisted of 70 cavanes (a cavan contains 75 liters) of palay or unhulled rice and twenty-odd earthenware jars of water. It was on the first of July that the insurgent force became so threatening that the detachment was forced to shut itself up in the church. From the first of July, 1898, to the second of June, 1899, the detachment stood siege without receiving so much as a cartridge or a biscuit from the outside world. For three hundred and thirty-seven days that handful of Spaniards resisted a large force of insurgents; when the siege was ended there were only thirty-three of the detachment left. When they emerged from the church at last the Stars and Stripes had supplanted the Spanish flag in the Philippines.

The details of the beginning of the siege are told thus by Lieutenant Cerezo:

At daybreak the following morning (July 1) we found a letter which the enemy had left near the church. In it they told us that we ought to lay down our arms in order to avoid the useless shedding of blood, seeing that almost all the Spanish troops had done so, and that further resistance was rash. They added that their force present consisted of three companies overwhelmingly numerous and prepared to capture us. This letter produced no great impression.

As to the capitulation of almost all the Spanish forces, we thought the story nothing more than a stupid artifice on the part of the enemy. But as the manifestations of force were incontestable, and as the facts that we had been able to gather showed that the situation was critical and the peril very real, we understood that it was going to be a long story. We therefore exerted ourselves to prepare for it with every means that we could reach. Suspicion and hesitation had given way to certainty and decision, and something great had awakened in our souls.

On my part, I began again to insist upon the well; because, if we should be closely besieged and should be unable to leave the church, as happened afterwards, there would be nothing left for us but surrender at discretion. Las Morenas finally gave me authority, and, with five soldiers, we put our hands to the work.

The result showed very soon that I had not suggested an impossibility. At a depth of four meters we found water in abundance, enough for all the necessities of

Continued on Page 11

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A Case Without Precedent

By Federico De Roberto (From the Italian)

As the carriages drew up before the entrance of the house in course of construction, and disgorged the seconds, with their bundle of swords wrapped up in an old piece of faded green cloth that once had covered a gaming table, the company gathered in the Terminal Cafe directly opposite, across the square, became excited.

"There they are! There they are, over there!"

"Have they all come?" asked Monterani.

"All but the marquis. See there, isn't that Dr. Salandri?"

"How about the other doctor?"

"I haven't seen him come. And it is three o'clock already."

All eyes were riveted in that direction. Even the waiter, with his napkin over his arm, stood craning his neck in the doorway.

"What is the duel about?" inquired Corsi, the lawyer. "Can anyone tell me that?"

"No mystery about that. Luzzi made himself too agreeable to the marquise."

"And her husband could hit on nothing more original than to send him a challenge?"

"By the way," interrupted Monterani, turning to Baldassare Gargano, who had not yet opened his lips, "were you not asked by the marquis to serve as second?"

"Yes, but I could not accept."

"If the question is not indiscreet, what was your reason?"

"I made a vow, the last time that I was involved in an affair of honor, never again to serve as second for anyone."

"Why so? What had happened to you?"

"It was a scene that I shall not forget, to the last day of my life."

"Was one of the principals killed?"

"On the contrary, the duel never took place."

"Well, then, why—?"

"Tell about it! Go ahead, tell about it!" they all insisted with one voice.

"First of all," began Baldassare Gargano, "you must know the reason for the challenge. It was in Rome, one night, at the Sport Club, where I had dropped in quite casually for want of something better to do. I had glanced through the daily papers, chatted for awhile with a few acquaintances, and passed on into the billiard room. I was on the point of sitting down, being curious to see how a match between two of the club's strongest players was coming out, when I noticed, leaning against one side of the door way and almost hidden by the portiere, Count Von Bauern—the son, you know, of the Saxon minister.

"Ordinarily a meeting with him would not have stirred me one way or another; but the count had lately suffered a great bereavement, the death of his young wife, whom he had fairly worshiped during life, and still mourned inconsolably. The sad event, which came as a shock to all those who had known the countess, was not so very recent; it dated back perhaps five or six months. Nevertheless, this was the first time that the heartbroken husband had reappeared in public. This fact in itself gives you some idea of the intensity of his grief, the ravages of which I discovered, as soon as I saw the count, in his bowed form, his haggard features, his pallor, accentuated by the black of his clothing, his vague glance that seemed to swim in a mist of tears. The mourning of his outer garments was a true reflection of the mourning of his soul—of how many widowers do you suppose one may say as much? The fact is that the Countess Von Bauern, this gentle lady so early snatched away, united in herself all the qualities likely to render a man happy, if happiness is to be found at all in the present world. Beauty, grace, culture, nobility of birth and character, perfect dignity—all these she had. And I doubt whether a new Pygmalion, moulding to suit himself the partner with whom he should share his life, could make one any nearer to perfection. Everywhere and by everybody, Count Von Bauern had been regarded with something akin to envy, because of his possession of such a treasure. But all too soon the envy changed to pity, when the sudden extinction of so rare a being proved in a way that she was not fashioned for this world."

"See there, that is the marquis!" interrupted Monterani. The rattle of wheels did indeed make itself heard as a coupe approached and stopped before the house that was in course of erection. This now made three carriages, waiting close at hand, and inquisitive loungers were plying the coachmen with questions.

"Well," resumed the narrator, "as this was the first time I had seen the count at the club since his sad loss, I yielded to an impulse of curiosity. Without being really intimate, we were fairly well acquainted. At the time of his bereavement, I had called and left a card—a formality that has the great advantage common to all formalities, of enabling one to dispense with any further trouble. But now that I met him at the club, and saw how depressed he was, and realized from the look in his eyes how vainly he would seek diversion until he had conquered the habit of entrenching himself within his personal sorrow, I felt that I was doing the proper thing in approaching him.

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(Continued on Page 33.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

The Siege of Baler

A Review of a Remarkably Interesting Book Entitled "Under the Red and Gold" in Which a Spanish Soldier Tells How His Small Detachment Resisted a Filipino Force During Eleven Months of Constant Fighting and Heroic Endurance

How many Americans have ever heard of the siege of Baler? Very few, in all likelihood. Yet the siege of Baler is the latest glorious achievement added to the Golden Legend of Spain and the Spanish heart glows with pride when it is mentioned. For Americans it should have a special interest because it happened on the Island of Luzon in the Philippines and during its progress the islands were ceded by Spain to the United States. The history of the siege of Baler, a summary of which will be given in these columns, was written by Captain Don Saturnino Martin Cerezo who commanded the detachment of besieged Spaniards and has been translated and edited by Major F. L. Dodds of the United States Army. The book was published by the Franklin Hudson Publishing Company of Kansas City with the title of "Under the Red and Gold." The narrative is compact of heroic deeds and almost superhuman endurance that suggest the mighty adventures recorded by Froissart, Comines and other chroniclers of the days of chivalry. The attention of the editor of Town Talk was first called to this volume by Major-General Funston who declared that "Under the Red and Gold" was one of the most interesting and inspiring works dealing with military exploits ever written. General Funston also declared that the siege of Baler was without parallel in military annals and that it would seem more like fiction than fact had not the details of the siege been carefully verified by various military authorities. Perusal of the book shows that General Funston did not exaggerate its interest or overemphasize the heroism of the siege. "Under the Red and Gold" should be better known, for it tells a story of self-sacrifice, devotion to country and jealous preservation of personal as well as national honor which is of universal application. Too much credit cannot be given to Major Dodds for the pains which he took to procure the Spanish narrative and translate it into English. He has done his work excellently and the book is not only of absorbing interest but also attractively bound and illustrated. To repeat, it should be more widely known. It is the purpose of this extended review to introduce the book to readers who, it is quite certain, will not be satisfied until they have perused the entire narrative of this remarkable siege.

Picture a band of forsaken heroes fighting a desperate fight and winning immortal laurels in a cause which had ceased to exist, in defense of property which their own country had ceded to aliens and against the ancient enemy which Spain had transferred to the newer foe with the land itself and you have the anomalous side of this amazing siege of Baler. Imagine a company of Spanish soldiers, starving, suffering and dying from wounds and disease, withstanding for eleven long months the continuous efforts of a Filipino force to dislodge them from a little stone church and you will begin to apprehend the stupendous fortitude that made the siege of Baler so glorious an incident of recent Spanish history.

Baler is a little town on the east coast of Luzon distant one hundred and twenty miles from Manila. It is a desolate spot with mountain walls enclosing it on the landward side, the Pacific spread before it and an exposed and dangerous coast stretching away to north and south. Communication with Manila, over the mountains or by sea, is difficult and uncertain. The town stands on a point of land jutting from the shore of the Bay of Baler and is nearly encircled by a tidal stream which at times converts it into an island. It consisted, in Spanish days, of the church which was besieged, a priest's resident, a house for the governor, barracks for troops and a dingy tribunal of justice. These buildings were grouped about the plaza; the rest of Baler consisted of frail native houses surrounded by palm and bamboo.

For a year before the opening of the siege of Baler the Filipinos had been in insurrection against the Spanish Government. Toward the end of August, 1897, rumors reached Manila that the insurgents were taking advantage of Baler's isolated position to smuggle in arms and ammunition. At that time the Spanish garrison consisted of a corporal and four men; to these fifty men were added and the insufficiency of this force brought the insurgents out in numbers to capture the town. This lesser siege lasted for three months and in January, 1898, a relieving force brought it to an end. Thinking that only a few troops were needed to hold Baler, the Spanish authorities despatched fifty men commanded by Lieutenants Don Alonso Zayas and Don Saturnino Martin Cerezo and this force reached Baler on February 12, 1898. With the fifty men were one surgeon and a corporal and an attendant of the Hospital Corps. This small force took up its position in the church, as the strongest building in the town, with scant rations but a good supply of ammunition. The best part of the supplies consisted of 70 cavanes (a cavan contains 75 liters) of palay or unhulled rice and twenty-odd earthenware jars of water. It was on the first of July that the insurgent force became so threatening that the detachment was forced to shut itself up in the church. From the first of July, 1898, to the second of June, 1899, the detachment stood siege without receiving so much as a cartridge or a biscuit from the outside world. For three hundred and thirty-seven days that handful of Spaniards resisted a large force of insurgents; when the siege was ended there were only thirty-three of the detachment left. When they emerged from the church at last the Stars and Stripes had supplanted the Spanish flag in the Philippines.

The details of the beginning of the siege are told thus by Lieutenant Cerezo:

At daybreak the following morning (July 1) we found a letter which the enemy had left near the church. In it they told us that we ought to lay down our arms in order to avoid the useless shedding of blood, seeing that almost all the Spanish troops had done so, and that further resistance was rash. They added that their force present consisted of three companies overwhelmingly numerous and prepared to capture us. This letter produced no great impression.

As to the capitulation of almost all the Spanish forces, we thought the story nothing more than a stupid artifice on the part of the enemy. But as the manifestations of force were incontestable, and as the facts that we had been able to gather showed that the situation was critical and the peril very real, we understood that it was going to be a long story. We therefore exerted ourselves to prepare for it with every means that we could reach. Suspicion and hesitation had given way to certainty and decision, and something great had awakened in our souls.

On my part, I began again to insist upon the well; because, if we should be closely besieged and should be unable to leave the church, as happened afterwards, there would be nothing left for us but surrender at discretion. Las Morenas finally gave me authority, and, with five soldiers, we put our hands to the work.

The result showed very soon that I had not suggested an impossibility. At a depth of four meters we found water in abundance, enough for all the necessities of

(Continued on Page 31.)

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A Case Without Precedent

By Federico De Roberto (From the Italian)

As the carriages drew up before the entrance of the house in course of construction, and disgorged the seconds, with their bundle of swords wrapped up in an old piece of faded green cloth that once had covered a gaming table, the company gathered in the Terminal Cafe directly opposite, across the square, became excited.

"There they are! There they are, over there!"

"Have they all come?" asked Monterani.

"All but the marquis. See there, isn't that Dr. Salandri?"

"How about the other doctor?"

"I haven't seen him come. And it is three o'clock already."

All eyes were riveted in that direction. Even the waiter, with his napkin over his arm, stood craning his neck in the doorway.

"What is the duel about?" inquired Corsi, the lawyer. "Can anyone tell me that?"

"No mystery about that. Luzzi made himself too agreeable to the marquise."

"And her husband could hit on nothing more original than to send him a challenge?"

"By the way," interrupted Monterani, turning to Baldassare Gargano, who had not yet opened his lips, "were you not asked by the marquis to serve as second?"

"Yes, but I could not accept."

"If the question is not indiscreet, what was your reason?"

"I made a vow, the last time that I was involved in an affair of honor, never again to serve as second for anyone."

"Why so? What had happened to you?"

"It was a scene that I shall not forget, to the last day of my life."

"Was one of the principals killed?"

"On the contrary, the duel never took place."

"Well, then, why—?"

"Tell about it! Go ahead, tell about it!" they all insisted with one voice.

"First of all," began Baldassare Gargano, "you must know the reason for the challenge. It was in Rome, one night, at the Sport Club, where I had dropped in quite casually for want of something better to do. I had glanced through the daily papers, chatted for awhile with a few acquaintances, and passed on into the billiard room. I was on the point of sitting down, being curious to see how a match between two of the club's strongest players was coming out, when I noticed, leaning against one side of the door way and almost hidden by the portiere, Count Von Bauern—the son, you know, of the Saxon minister.

"Ordinarily a meeting with him would not have stirred me one way or another; but the count had lately suffered a great bereavement, the death of his young wife, whom he had fairly worshiped during life, and still mourned inconsolably. The sad event, which came as a shock to all those who had known the countess, was not so very recent; it dated back perhaps five or six months. Nevertheless, this was the first time that the heartbroken husband had reappeared in public. This fact in itself gives you some idea of the intensity of his grief, the ravages of which I discovered, as soon as I saw the count, in his bowed form, his haggard features, his pallor, accentuated by the black of his clothing, his vague glance that seemed to swim in a mist of tears. The mourning of his outer garments was a true reflection of the mourning of his soul—of how many widowers do you suppose one may say as much? The fact is that the Countess Von Bauern, this gentle lady so early snatched away, united in herself all the qualities likely to render a man happy, if happiness is to be found at all in the present world. Beauty, grace, culture, nobility of birth and character, perfect dignity—all these she had. And I doubt whether a new Pygmalion, moulding to suit himself the partner with whom he should share his life, could make one any nearer to perfection. Everywhere and by everybody, Count Von Bauern had been regarded with something akin to envy, because of his possession of such a treasure. But all too soon the envy changed to pity, when the sudden extinction of so rare a being proved in a way that she was not fashioned for this world."

"See there, that is the marquis!" interrupted Monterani. The rattle of wheels did indeed make itself heard as a coupe approached and stopped before the house that was in course of erection. This now made three carriages, waiting close at hand, and inquisitive loungers were plying the coachmen with questions.

"Well," resumed the narrator, "as this was the first time I had seen the count at the club since his sad loss, I yielded to an impulse of curiosity. Without being really intimate, we were fairly well acquainted. At the time of his bereavement, I had called and left a card—a formality that has the great advantage common to all formalities, of enabling one to dispense with any further trouble. But now that I met him at the club, and saw how depressed he was, and realized from the look in his eyes how vainly he would seek diversion until he had conquered the habit of entrenching himself within his personal sorrow, I felt that I was doing the proper thing in approaching him.

"Yet I no sooner stood before him than I regretted my act. Count Von Bauern, physically present in that wide billiard room, ablaze with the light cast by the huge reflectors behind the six big lamps, was far away in spirit—infinitely far away. Where was that spirit roaming? What was it seeking? What vision was it following? I do not know. But I do know that I stayed only long enough to clasp his hand, to murmur some conventional phrase, I have forgotten what, and then passed on into the adjoining room. Now, when the devil drives—"

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"Be quiet, can't you?" suggested the lawyer, whom the interest of the story had already seized. "'When the devil drives,' what then?"

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INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
ROBERTSON
UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

The Spectator

Demos in Riverside

General Manager Bradley of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company tells a good story illustrative of the characteristic attitude of the champion of the peepul in public office toward public service corporations. Not long ago the telephone company was called upon to extend its service in the pretty little town of Riverside. Mr. Bradley thought it might be advisable to cultivate the good will of the people of the town and to that end he decided to put in the conduit system. But as the company's franchise calls for overhead wires it was necessary to apply for permission to put them underground. So Mr. Bradley, believing that he would be hailed as a public benefactor, or at least that the graciousness of his company would evoke expressions of appreciation from a grateful populace petitioned the Mayor of Riverside for the necessary permit. Prompt was that official's action on the petition. Mr. Bradley was told that he would not be permitted to violate the terms of his franchise. Thus did the Mayor of Riverside vindicate his uncompromising adherence to the letter of the law and his independence of corporate influence.

The Funeral of Mrs. Spreckels

Extraordinary secrecy was maintained as to the hour at which the funeral of Mrs. Spreckels, the widow of the sugar king, would take place. When reporters called at the old house in Howard street to inquire they were told that the interment would be private and further questioning was emphatically discouraged. I am told that the reporter of one paper rang up Mr. John D. Spreckels to ascertain at what hour the services would be held and received the astonishing answer that he too had endeavored to find out but had been unsuccessful. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels was in charge of the funeral arrangements and spent most of his time in the Howard street residence and the inference was drawn that the hostility existing between the brothers had not been forgotten in the presence of death. However, if any disposition existed to keep John D. Spreckels away from his mother's funeral, it was defeated for he managed to learn the hour later and was in attendance with his brothers. There has been a great deal of comment, by the way, on the fact that neither Claus Spreckels nor his widow left anything to charity.

"B. U." Deserts Sacramento

Benjamin U. Steineman has deserted Sacramento and has taken up his residence in this city with the intention of spending the remaining years of his life here. This may seem a simple unimportant announcement, but to those oldtimers who know Steineman and realize how closely he has been identified during the past forty years with the political and business activities of the capital city it will come as something of a surprise. "Old B. U.," as he is familiarly called, was usually considered a fixture in Sacramento. Two score years ago he struck his roots into the soil of the little town and proceeded to grow with its growth and to prosper with its prosperity. Today Steineman knows every man and woman there, can recite their history, describe the skeletons in their closets and give their financial rating with the accuracy of Bradstreet or Dun. Not only that, but he also knows every politician in northern California in an intimate way, having had confidential relations with most of them at one time or another. A good story teller, Steineman nevertheless possesses the maturity of age and his revelations have never topped the barrier of discretion. It may be inferred that he was something of an institution in Sacramento and so he was; but he has shaken the dust of the town from his feet and is to become a metropolitan. Slowly, deliberately and with the cautious regard for shrewd dealing which has ever been his characteristic Steineman has disposed of his manifold Sacramento interests. His last tie to the capital was severed when he sold out his Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank to Banker Peltier who, as everybody knows, is the son-in-law of Banker Cox. Peltier and Cox may busy themselves henceforth with the finances of the valley town; Steineman is through. He has just enough money invested in this city to give him a little employment with which to temper luxurious leisure. From now on "old B. U." is going to enjoy life.

One of Steineman's Fights

Benjamin U. Steineman was always a versatile business man and it used to be said in Sacramento that nobody knew just how many enterprises he conducted. In the olden times one might find him at different hours of the same day behind the grille of his bank, behind the counter of his men's furnishing store and behind the table of his "coffee joint" in the Southern Pacific depot. Those were only three of his sources of income; he had many others and all received his personal attention. A hardworking man was Ben Steineman and a fighter too. That was proved many times but never so forcibly as when he lost the coffee and doughnut concession at the S. P. depot. Steineman had the good luck to be a protege of Governor Stanford and from him secured the restaurant concession at the depot. It was hardly a restaurant but rather a stand where coffee and doughnuts, sandwiches and pie were served to hungry tourists when the trains stopped at Sacramento. It was in Steineman's hands for many years and brought him a modest income. When Huntington took over Stanford's interest in the railroad, Colonel Crocker, as vice-president, had the concession transferred from Steineman to Louis Hanchette. Steineman was furious and vowed he would have his "coffee joint" back again. The loss of it he blamed on J. A. Fillmore who was the general superintendent of the road and who enjoyed the particular favor of John W. Mackay. When he demanded that the concession be restored Fillmore was obdurate. Steineman retaliated by suing Fillmore on an outlawed bill for $1300 of haberdashery. Fillmore was extravagant and easy about money; he had no intention of defrauding his haberdasher. But the publicity of the suit really broke his heart, helping to bring his railroad career and his life to a close. "Old B. U." got back his "coffee joint."

"Have you read Richard Le Gallienne's last poem?"
"No such luck."

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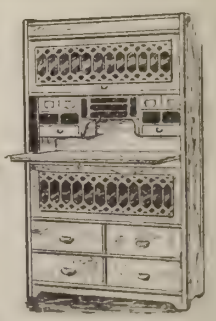

The Foltz Idea

In the city of Cleveland the Public Prosecutor is also a public defender. When a man charged with crime is too poor to hire an attorney an assistant of the Public Prosecutor is detailed to defend him. The Examiner calls this the "Cleveland idea" and says that when it is generally adopted an important step will have been taken toward the establishment of real equality of rich and poor before the law. Let us give credit where it is due and call it not the "Cleveland idea" but the "Foltz idea." Mrs. Clara Foltz of the Californian bar, who was recently appointed by Governor Gillett to the Board of Charities and Corrections has been preaching this idea for many years. The system which has been adopted in Cleveland this brilliant woman has advocated with her pen and with her tongue. Years ago she lectured in the East on the inequality of the poor before the law, and she said it was not fair for the State to employ skilled legal talent for the prosecution of a poor man and allow him the services only of a novice in quest of experience as is the custom throughout the country. To Mrs. Foltz belongs the credit of being the first to point out the injustice of this situation and of having tried to educate us out of a cruel practice. Her missionary work has not been in vain, and now that it has borne fruit let us accord her the acclaim she deserves.

"Fighting again, Willie? Didn't I tell you to stop and count one hundred whenever you were angry?"

"But it didn't do any good, ma. Look what the Jones boy did while I counted."

The Row Between Hammond and Wiltsee

A few days ago mining men learned for the first time that John Hays Hammond, the great mining expert, and Ernest A. Wiltsee, his associate for many years, had come to the parting of the ways. Just how surprising is the break between these two can only be appreciated by those who know how intimate have been their relations and how successfully they have collaborated on some of the biggest mining deals in history. Hardly less surprising is the reappearance, as an associate of Hammond, of old Charles D. Lane who at the end of an amazing career is not only blind but practically impoverished. These developments were made public when Hays Hammond and Lane recently brought suit against Wiltsee for an accounting in connection with their large Mexican mining interests. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Hammond made Wiltsee, for he gave him his golden opportunity many years ago and has been in business with him ever since. Whispers of trouble between the two have circulated from time to time, but never was there any intimation of trouble such as that which separated Lane from Hammond some time ago. Doubtless, therefore, a big row has developed of which the details will not be known until the litigation between Hammond and Lane on one side and Wiltsee on the other is fought through the courts. None are so bitter in enmity as those who have been bosom friends and Hammond and Wiltsee were all of that.

A Great Mining Combination

This row between Hammond and Wiltsee is the last act in the distintegration of the greatest combination of mining promoters the world has ever known. Gradually built up by picked men during several years it slowly went to pieces until only Hammond and Wiltsee remained. Now these two are separated. In its most brilliant period the combination included John Hays Hammond, Ernest A. Wiltsee, Jeff Doolittle, Charles D. Lane, all of northern California, Fred Baker of London, Fred Gardiner of London and Paris, Fred Bradley, Joseph D. Redding and Tom McFarland of Los Angeles. The aggregate of the mining interests represented by these men ran into bewildering millions invested in all four corners of the globe. The Hammond personality dominated the group, but not always in the most harmonious manner. The fortunes of the others have been various but today, standing alone, Hammond is wealthier than ever before and, in all probability, more powerful on account of his association with the Guggenheim group of multimillionaires. The appearance of Charles D. Lane as Hammond's associate in the lawsuit against Wiltsee is particularly interesting because, of all that group, fate has dealt most harshly with this old wizard of the mines. It was only a short time ago that his son Tom set off to Alaska on borrowed capital to try for a streak of better luck.

How the Combine Started

This great mining and promoting combination started many years ago, before the Jameson Raid brought Hays Hammond into international prominence. Dwight C. Crittenden, another great California mining engineer, had failed to make good in South Africa because his methods of taking the ore out of the ground were too expensive. So while Crittenden went to Norway to manage iron mines for the king, Hammond took his place in South Africa. Equipped with the most modern machinery Hammond was an immediate success and began gathering about him a brilliant crowd of American engineers, American mechanics and American electricians. At that time Ernest Wiltsee was a tall lean young metallurgist in Nevada County. He had no money but he saw the possibilities in South Africa and managed to borrow $5,000 for the expenses of the trip. He offered his services to Hammond, made good, shared in Hammond's prosperity and returned with Hammond to this city, a big man among big men. Hammond had been retained by the London Exploration Company, the Venture Corporation and other large English concerns and he saw to it that Wiltsee also was engaged at a fancy salary. A few years after their return Hammond and Wiltsee took in Jeff Doolittle, the greatest metallurgist and gold dredging expert on the Pacific Coast and the man whose word was final with investors in mines the world over. These three began by buying California and other western mining properties for English corporations and their field rapidly widened. Lane joined them and Baker and Gardiner and McFarland, and the combine interested itself in big Mexican mines. Then Fred Bradley, afterwards one of Harry Orchard's intended victims, was added and they expanded into the Colorado and northwestern territory. When the great boom in copper came Hammond turned over most of his English connections to Wiltsee and devoted himself principally to the Guggenheim properties.

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How it Broke Up

With so many men representing such diverse interests there was bound to be trouble. Of the rows that took place the walls of a certain office in the Crocker building would be eloquent if walls could speak. But the walls of the office of the "Gold Run Gravel Company Ltd." where all the rows occurred are discreetly silent and so is Jesse W. Lilienthal who was Hammond's attorney and who acted as peacemaker many a time. Hammond, Wiltsee and Doolittle, the original three of the group, had many squabbles, but both Hammond and Wiltsee recognized the value of Doolittle's services and clung to him until his death. Hammond was ever the storm-center. After numerous clashes with him Lane withdrew and was followed by Baker, Gardiner and McFarland. There was a tremendous row between Hammond and his Boston associates over dredging properties on the Feather and Yuba rivers. Then there was a row between Hammond and Bradley with some display of force. Bradley was backed in the dispute by William H. Crocker and left the combine, despite his lifelong friendship for Doolittle. Chester A. Beatty, Hammond's best expert, quit too; and so it went, until only the three partners were left. When Doolittle died, leaving his third interest to his widow, there were only Hammond and Wiltsee. And now for the first time a lawsuit has shed the light of publicity on the fact that Hammond and Wiltsee are friends and associates no more. Time and dissension have smashed this remarkable combination into smithereens.

Miss Oldwun—I've refused many, many offers of marriage.
Mr. Gayboy—Very thoughtful and considerate of you, I'm sure.

The Romance of Natomas Consolidated

Some day a Rex Beach of California will realize what a wealth of material for stirring romance resides in the story of Natomas Consolidated and through his telling of the tale we shall suddenly discover that the golden miracles of the argonauts are being duplicated today under our very noses. The Natomas Consolidated of California is a mining corporation that operates immense gold dredges at Natoma, Folsom and Oroville. Its story involves the making of swift fortunes for poor men, the repairing of the fortunes of shattered millionaires and the piling of new millions on the fortunes of men already rich in seven figures. It all began when R. G. Hanford acquired mining claims north of Sacramento and Frank Griffin, taking a leaf out of the book of W. P. Hammon, built dredges to work them. W. P. Hammon, a nurseryman in Butte County, had discovered gold flakes in digging a well and had evolved the scheme of handling the gravel by dredgers. When Hanford and Griffin applied Hammon's discovery to their claims, the rewards were large and Eugene De Sabla, a friend of Hanford, was taken into the project. Seventy thousand acres of land between the Sacramento and American rivers were acquired and the Natomas Consolidated was formed with men like Louis Sloss, Ernest Lilienthal, William H. Crocker and Joseph D. Grant on the ground floor. All of these millionaires have enhanced their fortunes out of Natomas. Hanford is rated as tremendously wealthy today; so is Frank Griffin. James Follis, a brother-in-law of Griffin, has made about $700,000 out of it; Clarence Follis has increased the fortune he inherited by at least $250,000.

When Hammon Made Good

W. P. Hammon's gold dredger transformed him from a comparatively prosperous nurseryman into a magnate and his magic touch also extricated other capitalists from a hard position. That story would be for the novelist an episode in the romance of Natomas. Probably nothing has done so much and will continue to do so much for the Sacramento Valley as the Northern Electric Company. That company has given the territory in which it operates a new lease of life. On a conservative estimate it is bringing 20,000 home-seekers there every year. Yet there was a time, not long ago, when John Martin, Eugene De Sabla and Henry Butters who started the Northern Electric were in desperate straits. Martin and De Sabla were at the end of their available resources; they were harassed with local indictments and were not in a position to appeal to eastern capital. The Butters family troubles added to the difficulty of the situation and things looked very blue for Northern Electric. At the psychological moment W. P. Hammon came to the rescue. He was willing to buy the stock in Northern Electric held by De Sabla, Martin and Butters, but he told them that they would be foolish to give up their interests. He went into the project, secured gilt-edge backing from eastern capitalists and put Northern Electric on its feet. It has been flourishing ever since and whenever it needs more money De Sabla has a million to spare which he made out of Natomas Consolidated shortly after the crisis.

Charlie Dickman's Bills Against the City

Auditor Tom Boyle came across a characteristic absurdity of the late poetic municipal administration a few days ago in the shape of two bills against the city submitted by Charlie Dickman, the Bohemian Club artist. One bill, for $60, was for "devising the color scheme of a schoolhouse of six rooms at $10 a room." The other was a bill of $40 "for devising the color scheme of an

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engine house." These are very interesting bills. Our schoolhouses always have uniform color schemes, but evidently the artistic strain which Dickman incurred in deciding that room number six should receive the same treatment as rooms number one, two, three, four and five was just as great as the strain of picking out a color in the first place. Devising color schemes for engine houses is a new industry for artists and should become very popular. I do not know whether Charlie had the boudoirs of the fire laddies done in a pale blue or in ashes of roses, but as the firemen are exquisitely esthetic I am sure that the engine house which Dickman "treated" for $40 must be a dream of loveliness. The only difficulty is that it may be so artistic that the firemen will not want to leave it, even for a general alarm. Too bad that Mayor McCarthy is not esthetically inclined so that Dickman might keep on devising color schemes for our public buildings. I would be delighted to see his color treatment for the new incinerator plant and the cells in the new Hall of Justice. But Charlie will knock in vain with his mahlstick at the door of the new regime. No wonder old Fuzzy Wuzzy reduced a car full of men and women to tears a few days ago by sighing out in a loud doleful voice, "Oh, how sorry I feel for my poor stricken city."

Customer—Look here, can't you paint up the bottom of my auto and make it look more presentable?

Agent—What for?

"Well, that's what I have to gaze at most of the time."

Chinese Consumption of Champagne

It may surprise many to learn that the members of the local Chinese colony are great drinkers of champagne; yet such is the fact. San Francisco's Chinatown is unique in its constant manifestation of the adaptability of the Chinese to occidental habits. Time and time again the Chinese have amazed the city by their swift assimilation of the ways of white people. They entered into the spirit of the Portola festival with a hearty enjoyment which was as infectious as it was unexpected. They celebrate New Year's Eve very much as the cosmopolitans of the city celebrate it, with promenades of merrymakers through the streets, confetti, restaurant revelry and all the rest of the frolics. For their own New Year's celebration, of course, they have a number of impressive oriental ceremonies to which they cling tenaciously but on these they have grafted characteristic American methods of enjoyment. Their very latest fad is the cultivation of the champagne habit. Favored white visitors to Chinatown during the recent New Year's celebration were amazed to find the Chinese merchants quaffing the best brands of French champagne and puffing the best Havana cigars. I am told that there was more champagne consumed during the recent New Year's in Chinatown than at the Portola and Mardi Gras masquerades combined, which is certainly "going some." The Chinese like to be good fellows. They have caught the spirit of San Francisco and are great spenders. Immense sums were taken from the banks to make this New Year's one of unexampled gaiety. A great big slice of the money went for champagne. This new habit of the Chinese has interested the wine men and they are beginning to extend their operations to Chinatown. An engagement of the battle of fizz water will be fought ere long in those oriental precincts and by next Chinese New Year's the territory will be properly divided among the rival agents.

Judge Lawlor's Forbearance

Having read the official record of the things that were said to Judge Lawlor last week just before he postponed the Calhoun case on his own motion, I marvel at his forbearance. The record shows that Judge Lawlor was badgered with amazing abandon, nay, apparently with absolute indifference to the awful consequences which he had the power to visit upon his tormentors. And yet he never turned a hair. Into his ear was poured language caustic and bristling with tart and trenchant innuendoes, and all the while his mobile face was a mask upon which could be read no trace of emotion. The salt of satire was rubbed into his skin and he winced not. Somewhat difficult is it to account for Judge Lawlor's placidity on that occasion. Ordinarily Judge Lawlor is extremely, nay, quixotically jealous of the dignity of the court. Usually he presides like a schoolmaster whose rule is iron and whose rod is ever at hand. But the other day he vouchsafed Mr. Stanley Moore extraordinary latitude, and that brilliant attorney indulged himself without restraint. The only plausible hypothesis upon which I can account for the unprecedented amiableness of Judge Lawlor's behaviour is that he appreciated the expediency of letting bad enough alone.

Barrett's Frankness

The situation in which Judge Lawlor was placed, it must be admitted, was somewhat embarrassing. He had set the Calhoun case for trial, and the defendant was ready. So was the District Attorney. There was no one to move for a continuance. Now the law in its solicitude for the rights of the individual guarantees him a speedy as well as a fair trial. Indeed the law provides against wanton procrastination on the part of the State and puts a time limit on postponements that are made without the consent of the defendant. Now Judge Lawlor, notwithstanding the disinterestedness which he has

Milo

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repeatedly affirmed, notwithstanding his complete realization of the fact that there is on him no obligation but that of maintaining the cold neutrality of an impartial judge, was not inclined to accommodate the defendant in accordance with the unprejudiced but unduly humane spirit of justice. He was resolved that the case should be postponed, and this resolution was in nowise weakened by the brutal frankness of Attorney John J. Barrett who said the suspicion was prevalent that in view of the approaching campaign somebody considered it advisable that the case should be kept alive for political purposes. Judge Lawlor received this remarkable statement with that proud haughtiness of soul which the Romans called stoicism. Not always does the flesh quiver where the pincers tears. If Mr. Barrett expected Judge Lawlor to take judicial cognizance of the fact that the Graft Prosecution was advocating the nomination of Hiram Johnson for Governor he must have been grievously disappointed. However Mr. Barrett's statement doubtless added to Judge Lawlor's embarrassment, directing attention as it did to the close coincidence between the court's resolution and the political designs of certain distinguished patriots.

His Stern Irrevocable Resolution

Neither embarrassment, nor Barrett nor Stanley Moore could dissuade Judge Lawlor. He had resolved to go the distance, as it were, and go it he did. The courageousness of him in the circumstances should not be permitted to pass without a panegyric, for the sentiment of which one has but to look to the facts. The ostensible reason of the postponement was that "Big Jim" Gallagher, the chief witness for the prosecution, was not available. But of course the defendant cannot be denied a speedy trial because the State has failed to compel the attendance of a witness. In this particular case it appears from the testimony given before Judge Lawlor for his enlightenment, the State had connived at the absence of the witness. Not only had Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns failed to subpoena Gallagher; one of them had actually advised him to go away. Furthermore while there is nothing of record to warrant the hope that he will ever return, there is much to justify the suspicion that he is keeping himself beyond the reach of the process of court at the instigation of men whose purpose is to harass the defendant. But of course it is not to be said that Judge Lawlor has committed himself to the task of furthering these designs. At least it is not to be said so here. All that I desire to do is to call attention to the situation that existed in Judge Lawlor's court when Stanley Moore had the temerity to take extraordinary liberties with his honor's dignity, and also to make clear the burden of Mr. Moore's remarks.

Two Pregnant Sentences

It will perhaps suffice for my purpose to quote from Stanley Moore one long and one short sentence. The two will serve to illustrate the character of his address. Here they are:

> And, if your honor please, instead as the impression seems to us to be sought to be created here, that the district attorney is not doing his duty, were he answering your honor's behest and your honor's suggestion not thinly veiled, in my judgment he would be recreant to every duty of his office, and in my judgment he would be stating that which he believed to be a lie were he to include in these affidavits a statement that he believed that if a continuance of this case should be had the witness shall have returned and be present when the case shall be again called to trial. He does not believe that, and I do not think the boys on the street believe that.

Here we find the court's observations characterized as "thinly veiled"; also we find the court charged with seeking to incite the sworn officer of the court and of the people to be recreant to his duty and to commit deliberate and wilful prevarication. I submit that Mr. Moore's language is susceptible of no other construction. If I am right then it must be admitted that Judge Lawlor's forbearance is prodigious. So bold a charge I do not believe was ever before uttered in a court of justice. Nor is the sting altogether in the first sentence. "I do not believe the boys on the street believe that!" Here we find subtle and lacerating innuendo. What Mr. Moore seems to have implied is that what Judge Lawlor presumed to intimate as possible was so notoriously absurd that even the boys in the street were not to be hoodwinked by any such representation. Nor was this the only allusion made by Stanley Moore to the boys in the street. He cited them with most tantalizing frequency, yet Judge Lawlor remained heroically equanimous, and at the end of a very bad quarter of an hour he postponed the case without giving any reason, his action being grounded no doubt in his persuasion of the sanctity of his motive.

The Sadness of It

One cannot ponder the picture which I have tried faithfully to reproduce without experiencing a tinge of sadness. Desirable as it is to punish them that are be-

HOW TO KEEP THE GAS BILL DOWN.

¶ When the coal comes to your home do you weigh it to prove there's a real 2,000-pound ton?

¶ When the butter arrives do you test for a real 2-pound square?

¶ When the meat is received do you prove that you're getting the weight?

¶ Answer: YOU DO NOT.

¶ With you and electricity isn't it only the size of the bill that concerns you, not the rate?

¶ You can be carelessly short-measured on coal, wood, butter, meat, or on the capacity of the average "quart bottle" of beverage or milk.

¶ But the gas and electric meters are as accurate as clocks and record on your premises only what is liberated there. They can't distinguish between what your uses actually required and what, through someone's carlessness, was allowed to burn needlessly.

¶ Many a household gas and electric bill could be kept down by simply preventing unneeded heat and unnecessary illumination.

¶ Whenever you go out turn off the gas, particularly in the kitchen. A match costs less than the gas that's wasted.

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lieved to be guilty, especially when they are rich and powerful; important as it is to deter the wicked and preserve the purity of the public service, it is certainly a thousand times more desirable and a thousand times more important to safeguard the bench against the suspicion of acting upon the principle that the end justifies the means. Now if this suspicion were believed to be wanting in color are not the hues to be found in the vivid scene that was enacted in Judge Lawlor's court? Though it be conceded that Judge Lawlor, who carries with him some of that fierce, refining fire which is to dissolve the dross of human error, acts always upon what he conceives to be righteous impulse, that scene nevertheless seems to be not without significance. His singular forbearance in the teeth of affront is bound I fear to give the impression that the exigencies of the situation demanded the exercise of a meticulous discretion. How unfortunate that he did not resent harsh insinuation by sending Stanley Moore to jail.

"Whispering 'I Will Ne'er Consent'—Consented"

The Hon. Hiram Johnson has consented to become the standard bearer of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League at the primary election. Mr. Johnson has gladdened the hearts of the patriots who saw their cause go down to defeat in the municipal election of November of last year. He has shed on their afflicted minds the balm of comfort. He has inspired them with hopes that like happy blossoms fair promise timely fruit. With the aid of Johnson they may elect an attorney-general and get control once more of the district attorney's office. Nay, meanwhile they may dicker with Attorney-General Webb who would like to be re-elected, and who is not likely to receive any favors from the machine. Since Johnson consented the air has been full of rumors of plans and projects all of which are conclusive of the renewed activity of our uplifters and their ambition to employ the machinery of the State as formerly they employed the machinery of the municipality. These uplifters are now in control of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League and they are confident of receiving the warm support of the righteous people of the interior who have been lamenting the waywardness of this unrepentant community.

His Patriotic Self-Sacrifice

It was with great reluctance that Mr. Johnson consented to become a candidate for Governor. What the argument was that overcame his objections is known only to the immaculate ones who have been commissioned by Providence to redeem the State. It was certainly a cogent argument, one that appealed to his heart as well as to his reason, but let it not be suggested that it was addressed also to his pocket. This I say in anticipation of unfriendly speculation which may be inspired by the recollection of the fat fee that was paid to Mr. Johnson in recognition of his vehemence and zeal as a reformer during the checkered career of the Graft Prosecution. Mr. Johnson tells us now that as a candidate for Governor he will make a great sacrifice, and from this we must infer that in his philosophy the highest honor that can be paid by the people of this State to one of its citizens will not compensate him for the talent which he is prepared to bestow on the duties of the exalted office. When so distinguished a citizen as Mr. Johnson assures us that what he is about to do for us is in the nature of self-sacrifice, he ought not to be scoffed at. But a few weeks ago we were told that Mr. Johnson was losing his sight, that he was doomed to go blind in five years, and felt therefore that for the sake of his family he should keep out of politics and accumulate as much money as possible in the practice of his profession. This being the case is it not for us to appreciate the enormous sacrifice he is about to make as well as the cogency and sentiment of the argument that won his consent?

Finder of Men

An average American knows many people. But he does not always know where they are.

He has a thousand friends and acquaintances. Where are they at this particular moment? He can be sure of some of them—perhaps a dozen. But he wants to locate one or more of the others.

The Bell system enables him to reach them.

If he finds his friend at home, or in his place of business, he talks with him at once. If he learns that his friend is in some other town the Bell System will furnish the connection.

Cities are larger than they used to be. Men know and need to know more people. Yet the need of keeping in touch is as great as ever. Without Bell service there would be hopeless confusion.

The range of the telephone is not confined to one town or one community. It is not satisfying simply to learn that a man is out of town; through the Long Distance Service of the Bell System he may be reached, wherever he is.

The Bell Service extends to all communities. It reaches the millions of American people. One in twenty is a Bell subscriber. The other nineteen can be found because Bell service is universal service.

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A Judge Pardoned

Not at one glance can anyone discern all the ramifications of the sacrifice that the Hon. Hiram Johnson has gallantly consented to make. The pecuniary loss, for example, is one thing, the wear and tear on his nerves is another thing, and then there is the sacrifice of scruple consequent upon his running on the same ticket with Justice M. C. Sloss. This eminent jurist is a member of the court that incurred the scorn and hatred of Mr. Johnson and his associates by rendering the celebrated Schmitz decision. It will be remembered that Mr. Johnson and the illustrious cabal of which he was a faithful representative regarded that decision as a specimen of Satanic artistry. It will be remembered that the gentlemen to whom Justice Sloss is now indebted for the endorsement of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League were so incensed against the court that they impugned its integrity, and by ingenious misrepresentation spread broadcast the belief that the highest tribunal of the State was unworthy of public confidence. The Hon. Hiram Johnson himself contributed to the disparagement of the court in an article written for the Call, though, as was stated at the time in these columns he had previously privately informed a judge of the Superior Court of this State that the law had not been complied with in the Schmitz case and that a reversal was inevitable. In all the circumstances of the matter it is indeed astonishing to find Justice Sloss and the Hon. Hiram Johnson running on the same ticket. Who can fail to appreciate the sacrifice that is being made.

Democracy's Opportunity

Auspicious is the prospect that now unfolds to the eye of the Democratic job-chaser. With the Republican forces split asunder, each faction resolved to vote the Democratic ticket in November in the event of defeat at the primaries, opportunity beams ravishingly on the battered and almost moribund party of Jefferson and Jackson. Will the leaders of the party in this State avail themselves of the embrace thus offered? Will they nominate a candidate for Governor to whom disgruntled Republicans will have no hesitation in giving their support? Or will they nominate some political hack whose aspirations have become track-worn, whose professions have become a weariness to the flesh? So far the Hon. Theodore Bell appears to be regarded as the only available candidate; this for the reason that the job-chasers have established cordial relations with him. William T. Jeter of Santa Cruz has been suggested as a man worthy of confidence and support, but he is not in touch with the men whose interest in the party is symbolized by the piewagon. Mr. Jeter is not a politician. He is a man of affairs, a citizen of distinction who enjoys the respect and admiration of men in all sections of the State. As Lieutenant-Governor, during the Budd administration, he was called upon for a time to perform the duties of the Executive office, and he did so in a manner that won for him a great measure of esteem. Even in a situation less auspicious than the present, as the standard bearer of his party William T. Jeter would inspire enthusiasm. There is no indication, however, that the leaders of the Democracy are threatened with an influx of the common sense essential to an appreciation of the potentialities of William T. Jeter.

Newspapermen Go to Spokane

During the past few days this city has lost five of its well-known newspapermen, all of whom have gone to Spokane to accept responsible positions on the staff of the Inland Herald, the new morning paper recently started in that hustling northern town. The first two to heed the call from the north for experienced and energetic newspapermen were Harry Quinn and Hubert Chapin. Quinn has been identified a good deal with the Associated Press but has also served on the Call and Bulletin. Chapin was one of the clever artists of the Bulletin. They have become, respectively, Sunday editor and manager of the art department of the Spokane paper. Following these went Hugh Thompson and Kenneth McKim of the Chronicle and Charles Morrison of the Oakland Tribune. Thompson who will be city editor of the Inland Herald is one of the best known and best liked newsgatherers in this city. There is no sort of newspaper work in which Thompson is not proficient; he is a wizard in delving to the bottom of events and an expert in writing a "story." Of all the San Franciscans deserting their old field Thompson will be most missed by the newspaper boys, for he was one of the deans of the local corps and a delightful companion, on or off duty. Young McKim who has been "doing hotels" for the Chronicle with credit to his paper and

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California's Most Popular Hotel
400 Rooms 200 Baths European Plan $1.00 per day and up
Dining room seating 500 Table d' hote or a la carte service as desired
Special Sunday dinner, including wine, $1.00
EDWARD ROLKIN, Manager GEO. A. DIXON, Asst. Manager

himself, is one of the younger men who exhibits signs of great promise. Charles Morrison is the son of "Scotty" Morrison, the Call's well known police reporter. He has worked with distinction on both sides of the bay. The departure of these men was made the occasion in the Press Club and other journalistic haunts for several entertainments of the informal sort dear to the hearts of newsgatherers and they went on their new venture with the fervent good wishes of their old associates.

"What's the matter with Jones? He doesn't drink any more?"
"No, the parson told him that for every glass of whisky he drank on earth he would be compelled to drink a glass of water in the hereafter. So he quit."

The Predicament of Redding, Greenwood et al.

Freddie Greenwood, Joseph D. Redding and their associates are going to have a hard time collecting from Ex-President Zelaya of Nicaragua that $25,000 for which they brought suit a few days ago in New Orleans. The trouble is that the witness upon whom they depended to prove their case against the crafty dictator is in an asylum. That witness is Stewart M. Brice, the son of a former United States senator. Young Brice was well known here, for he came to this city after going through the Spanish war and was gayest of the gay along the cocktail route. He was a giant physically, a generous opener of wine and a favorite with the ladies. His spectacular passion for Edna Wallace Hopper won him a great deal of interstate notoriety and added to the interest of his personality. A promising young lawyer, he went to Nicaragua to act as an intermediary between Zelaya and the group of investors headed by Greenwood and Redding and would have thrashed the former president in front of his palace one day if the troops had not interfered. On his return from that mission his dissipations were wilder than ever and it was a rare day that he was not the talk of our big hostelries and thirst emporiums. And now Redding has sent word from New York that he is unbalanced and has been sent to an asylum. It looks like a bit of good luck for Zelaya.

Why Billy Erb Was Happy

Everybody wondered why Billy Erb, football player, social favorite and oil man, was so happy at the Mardi Gras ball. Billy Erb is of a merry humor always, but on that occasion he surpassed himself, dancing with a furious joyfulness and drinking with a madcap zest that astonished all his friends. "Why is Billy so happy?" was the question that flew from lip to lip. A few brains, not too giddied by the obstreperous mirth of the night, recalled that Billy's exuberance had begun to pass all bounds shortly after midnight when he received a telegram in the midst of the revels. The spectacle of a Mardi Gras floor manager in a Punch's cap with his brow knitted over a telegram was one not to be forgotten. From this clue the story was finally unravelled. Billy Erb, young Cordes and other choice spirits are interested in a big oil property in the Bakersfield district. It is a splendid piece of oil land and there has been trouble over its ownership, a certain shrewd business man of this city claiming the title against Erb, Cordes and the others. Erb decided that prompt and peremptory measures were necessary to insure that possession which the law regards so highly, so Cordes was despatched to the oil fields and on Shrove Tuesday night, with such a cavalcade of wagons, derricks, machinery and armed men as never left Bakersfield before he galloped out to the property and captured the works. It was the news of this coup which came to Erb at the ball and raised his spirits to the effervescing point. Erb and Cordes are both in the old fields now while their rival is lamenting his fate in San Francisco. He dares not go to the scene of war for fear of running up against those armed guards.

No Free Wine at the Police Ball

The managers of the annual concert and ball for the benefit of the widows and orphans of policemen sold the bar privilege for $700, a figure at which it was very profitable to the man who secured it. That it was not doubly profitable is chargeable to the stand taken by the associated wine agents of the city. These boosters of choice beverages are stern in battle array when it is a question of competing for business but they are as brothers when it is a question of resisting a common foe. When the managers of the police ball suggested to the agents that they contribute the champagne for the bar this fraternal feeling fizzed forth and after brief consultation, one with another, they issued the ukase that whatever wine was ordered would have to be paid for. The wine agents are charitable but they could not figure out how charity would benefit by their gift of wine to a saloonman who was running the bar as a business proposition. The $700 which he had paid for the priv-

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It Aids Digestion.
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USE
DUNTLEY
PNEUMATIC
CLEANERS
Electric and hand power. See our six sizes for home use from $38 to $140 with full set of cleaning tools.
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Phone Exchange, Douglas 1040 Connecting all Departments
Swell Merchants Lunch at Popular Prices
The Best French Dinner in Town for $1.00
Banquet Hall and Private Dining Rooms. Hotel in connection.

ilege of dispensing thirst assuagers to the policemen and their friends would not have been swelled one dollar if he had doubled his profits by selling at five dollars the quarts of champagne for which he had paid nothing. It is no wonder, then, that the wine agents turned down the insinuating suggestion.

Clark Duped by a Scotland Yard Man

The fact that Charles W. Clark of San Mateo, the son of Senator Clark of Montana, has won his suit against the Rosaria Mining Company of Chihuahua reminds me of a curious circumstance which I have never seen mentioned in print. Young Clark obtained an option on the mine eleven years ago and started for Mexico with his chief engineer, F. O. Sizer, and his private secretary. Edward L. Wittemore, in order to examine the property. Clark was taken ill at Tucson and had to return, but Sizer and Wittemore went on and drew up a favorable report as a result of which Clark bound himself to pay the Mexican owners $100,000 if, after working the mine for a year, he decided to throw up his option. The curious circumstance is that after having hired Wittemore in a confidential capacity, Clark discovered that he was a former Scotland Yard detective. It seems that Wittemore had been sent to Montana by English mining investors to ferret out certain information which would be of great value to them and that seeing the opportunity for big money in the mining business, he had ingratiated himself into the favor of young Clark. On discovering that his private secretary had been a London sleuth Clark became suspicious and when he had reason to regret his investment in the Mexican mine he started an investigation which convinced him that Wittemore had duped him by a false report on the property. The United States Circuit Court awarded the $100,000 forfeit to the Rosaria Company but the Circuit Court of Appeals set aside the award a few days ago. Wittemore has been dead for some time.

"Oh yes, I know him very well, but he doesn't know me."
"Why, I thought he was a relative of yours."
"So he is, but he's a rich one."

Two Great Builders Retire

After a long and honorable career John and Jeremiah Mahoney, the well known local contractors, have decided to retire from active work and the firm of Mahoney Brothers will henceforth be conducted by their sons. The Mahoneys superintended the construction of most of the skyscrapers in San Francisco and their work stood the test of fire and earthquake. The Mills Building, the Flood Building, the Phelan Building, the St. Francis and Palace Hotels are among the monuments to their engineering skill. The brothers are no longer young and have decided that the time has come to rest from strenuous labor. John Mahoney with his daughter left recently for an extended tour of Europe.

She Tipped a Clubman

Harold Pracht who deals in real estate when he is not singing at Grace Cathedral or the Family Club, was driving along Pacific avenue a few days ago when a woman standing at the door of a big house attracted his attention by wild gesticulation. Thinking that something was wrong and that his assistance was desired, Pracht stopped his buggy at the curb and jumped out. "Kindly take this parcel to the Hotel Richelieu; you will find the name written here," said the woman producing a package of modest dimensions. Pracht recognized the woman as the wife of a close friend in the Family Club but it was quite evident that she did not recognize him. So he accepted the situation. As he drove to the Richelieu he tried to puzzle out just what the lady of Pacific Heights mistook him for, but it was too much. Arrived at the Richelieu he delivered the parcel, was politely thanked by the woman to whom it was addressed and—offered a tip of two bits which he accepted with thanks. "What did you do with the money?" I asked Pracht. "I'm going to buy a cigar for that lady's husband the next time I see him at the Family Club," was the reply.

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May a Gentleman Take a Tip?

This incident suggests an interesting question. When a gentleman is mistaken for a servant of some sort and is offered a tip for doing a service, should he accept it? There have been many instances where men, in this predicament, have scorned the gratuity and made it plain to the blunderer that they have been grossly insulted. On the other hand there are numerous instances where men have acted as Pracht did. Harry Curtaz, president of the music company, was one of them. Some time ago, at the closing hour when he was alone in his store, a woman rushed in and asked for a ragtime song. Curtaz procured it whereupon she asked to have it played and he complied. She bought the music and gave Mr. Curtaz a tip of ten cents which he took without a word. Now, does a gentleman's dignity suffer in a case of this sort? I think not. Good breeding is unobtrusive and one of its governing principles is to spare the feelings of others. If Pracht and Curtaz had revealed their identity, the women would have been deeply humiliated over their mistakes and would have had to make difficult and extremely embarrassing apologies. Both men avoided giving pain and they showed that they were secure enough in their real positions to risk being mistaken for servants.

Husbands Detrimental to Art

According to the despatches Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful prima donna, who was reported at one time to be the cause of the estrangement between the Willie K. Vanderbilts, is so devoted to her art that she will not marry Bob Chanler, a passionate young millionaire by whom she has been most ardently wooed. She says she is willing to be loved by him, but of marriage she is intolerant. This manifestation of the artistic temperament, singularly enough, is approved by a local music critic who tells me that in the world of art husbands are an affliction. He is acquainted with all the leading song-birds, and he says he has noticed that those with husbands are under a restraint that mars their art. He points to the case of Sembrich as an illustration. Her husband, Professor Stangel, is always behind the scenes on her concert tours, making suggestions about the program. He is always worried about her voice, afraid that she is going to exert herself too much, and he communicates his nervous state to his wife. Schumann-Heink, says this critic, was not at her best on her recent visit, but though her young husband, William Rapp, was not bothering himself about her voice he doubtless distracted her by his absorption in the business end of things. He watched the box-office, and was so afraid that something might escape him that he wouldn't accept the box-office sheet as evidence of the number of seats in the house. He counted them. The only song-bird with a serene and unmeddlesome husband, says my informant, is Gadski. Herr. Tauscher, who is an agent for a manufacturer of repeating rifles, accompanies his wife on her tours and concerns himself with nothing but her artistic success. He is always in the audience, bubbling over with enthusiasm and leading in the applause.

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Valet—Yes, sir.

Motorist—Are all the cushions and lap-robes in the tonneau?

Valet—Yes, sir.

Motorist—Is the tank full of gasoline?

Valet—Yes, sir.

Motorist—Have you brought down all our goggles?

Valet—Yes, sir.

Motorist—Well, run up to my room and bring the roll of bills out of the top bureau drawer so that we will have enough money to pay our fines. Then we shall be ready to start. —The Policeman.

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Odd Things in the World

E. C. Neff, a restaurant keeper of Oakland, Ind., recently bought some cold storage eggs, on one of which he found a woman's name and address. He wrote to the woman and learned that the name had been placed on the egg when the woman lived in Princeton, Ind., more than three years ago. Mr. Neff wrote to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who has said that one year is the limit of usefulness of the storage egg and gave him the proofs of this egg's age. Dr. Wiley, in reply, said that the proof had been placed with the sub-committee that is investigating cold storage products and that it probably would prove valuable.

The renewal of frost and a heavy snow-fall in the region of Lausanne have caused, the cables tell us, great joy in Switzerland. They mean the continued success of the season of winter sports, with hosts of visitors and enhanced prosperity to the Swiss hotels. This is the point. The Swiss care as little as possible about the sports as such, but the hotels are the country's life. Switzerland is naturally poor. Her trade is small. She produces little wealth within her boundaries. Yet she has grown rich in half a century or so. About fifty years ago the national wealth was estimated at 72 francs 50, or $14.50 for each inhabitant. Today it is appraised at 152 francs 50, or more than $30 a head for every one of her 3,500,000 people. The tourists are the raw material of her wealth, and the hotels are the principal workshops in which they are converted into cash. There were 2,500,000 of them in 1906, the last year for which exact statistics are available, and it is calculated that on an average they left 86 francs, or $17.20, among their entertainers, a total of about $43,000,000. No wonder Switzerland is getting rich. There is no place in the world to which its hotel "industry" means so much as it does to Switzerland, and there is no place where it is taken so seriously. Hotel keeping is not only an industry there, it is developing into a science. There is an aggregate capital of 600,000,000 francs, or $120,000,000 embarked in it. The hotels employ about 28,000 persons in the year, to whom an aggregate of $4,000,000 is paid in salaries. After all expenses are defrayed, including repairs, allowances for depreciation and interest on borrowed capital, the hotel keepers realize profits aggregating $7,500,000.

Miss Sarah E. Ober, who has spent three years among the 7,000 Indians of the Washington coast, studying their religion and customs, says that some of the tribes have doubled in population in the last twenty years. These people are healthy, live in comfort and some are citizens. They are practically all Shakers, this religion being a graft of Christianity upon the old Tomahnous or spirit worship. When a new convert receives the "power" he becomes afflicted temporarily with a strange twitching of the muscles and shakes and shivers in a manner that no one possibly can imitate while in a normal condition. "The religion has done more to save the Indians from vice than all the missionary work they have received," says Miss Ober. "Once converted an Indian immediately becomes industrious."

Recent explorations of the Roman Forum and a portion of the Via Sacra, where a pre-Romulean necropolis was discovered in 1902, have led to the unearthing of an excubitorium or guardhouse near the Praetors' Tribunal and the remains of an archway of Fabianus which was erected B. C. 121. Dr. Boni is now attempting the resurrection of the archway on the original site. Later he will explore the guardhouse, which is a small, loopholed building of the republican period.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Bullish operations have been the feature of the stock market during the entire week as a result of the materially changed conditions in Washington, in the matter of the legislative program for this session. The publicity clause of the corporation tax law has been effectually disposed of. The railroad bill has had the most objectionable feature ruled out, whereby railways may buy into competing lines of stocks and bonds. The federal incorporation bill will probably be pigeon-holed for the present session of Congress. Hence we find the incentive for the recent so-called banker's rally which is the best description we can give of the rise in the market. Manipulation of stocks may be to keep prices steady for a while, but we believe that the range of values will eventually settle lower.

Wheat—Closing prices of wheat last week were only fractionally below the highest figures of the crop year. While there was a considerable crop scare early in the week, which was put into a dormant state again later by the heavy snowfall over most of the winter wheat country, there was no important change in the general situation. Speculatively, and for the immediate present, the owner of the local stock of wheat is in control of the situation, while for the longer campaign, the producer or owner of the farm reserves still has control of the market's destiny. Frequent attempts on the part of local believers in lower prices to raid the market have shown the futility of such attempts. In the absence of any supplementary selling of wheat from the interior, or from market centers, such sales were necessarily short sales, and therefore of no actual force or effect. The situation in the spring wheat country has been a little stronger than in the winter wheat.

Corn—Marketings of corn have not shown the large decrease during the last week that the trade had anticipated. Primary market arrivals were not only materially larger than for the preceding week, but they were also nearly double the quantity running to market a year ago. The bears have been laying much emphasis on the accumulating stocks at western and eastern centers, and in some cases have been open to the charge of exaggeration. Nevertheless, they were sufficient in their claims to make the market more of a two-sided affair than it has been in some time.

Oats—There was a further slight advance in oats prices last week. The crop scare excitement running in wheat, started many shorts covering oats and helped values materially.

Cotton—There was no mistaking the trend of the market this week. With the prices at the beginning of the week reaching the highest prices of this last rise, there gradually appeared a sagging tendency and then a bad drop with a break of about 45 points on Friday last. This may be attributed to various causes: Manufacturers and jobbers complain that the recent sharp fluctuations and declines in prices for raw cotton have to a very large extent demoralized the market for goods. Such disturbing influences have militated against anything like trading on a large scale even when the effect has been no worse. Slight gains in the movement suggest that, after all, there is more cotton held back than the bulls have claimed and that in the end the crop will prove larger than anticipated. We have in the past few letters tried to show this statistically and the action of the market seems to prove the truth of these figures. Though we think that the purchase of the near months at or about the present prices might prove a good turn, as there is potential strength in a wide bullish sentiment that cannot be denied, yet the preponderance of opinion and our advice is that the cotton market is a sale on any good advance, and on account of the good weather reports, particularly the new crop.

Copper—In view of the numerous holidays the Boston Coppers were very dull the past week. There seems to be little fluctuation, though the stocks are well taken whenever offered. The trend, nevertheless, seems to be upward, despite the fact that the price of copper does not show any material advance. But to offset this, is the fact that the demand for April delivery is very active and that the situation at the moment looks brighter. The statement last Friday revealed a total surplus in this country of less than one hundred million pounds of refined copper and the excess deliveries over production about 1,400,000 pounds per day. Technically, therefore, the copper market is in a very strong position and it would appear that the pendulum which has, for the last three years, been swinging in favor of the consumer may now swing towards the producer's side. Therefore we can see but one side to the copper stock market, meaning the good ore producing mines, yet with the New York Stock Exchange, we only see a trading market for the present.

LOVE'S SUPREMACY

I would, indeed, that Heaven had made me meek,
Content to hold and fill a second place,
Take lesser love as undeserved grace,
And bow my thankful head when one should speak
Me gently, touch with careless hand my cheek,
Or bend sometimes and kiss my upraised face,
Since she, forsooth, is in her far-off place,
For whom his highest homage seemed too weak.
But I was made with passionate strong soul,
And what I would, I would have wholly mine;
And if I bow my head to Love's control,
And to his keeping all myself consign,
It must be Love that answers to my need,
That loves me wholly, and is Love indeed.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Greenway on the "Soft" List

From some of the wine men I learn that the Mumm people have placed Ned Greenway on the "soft" list. This is a technical term in the champagne trade which requires a bit of explanation. It does not mean that the czar of society has been relegated to the dreary unfortunates who indulge only in soft beverages. Far from it. Ned is still free to quaff the sparkling quintessence of the French vineyards to his heart's content and will so remain as long as he sees fit. But Mr. Greenway, in recognition of his years of valuable service to the house of Mumm, has been notified that he may henceforth render them as much or as little service in exchange for his munificent salary as he desires. They ask of him no strenuous endeavors; his days may be days of dolce far niente and his nights may be Ambrosian nights of intellectual leisure, if he so elects. This is a way the Mumm people have of showing their appreciation for lifelong service, this and the trip to Europe for which Mr. Greenway is preparing. Whatever cares are connected with the function of keeping Mumm in continuous popularity will henceforth begin to furrow the still placid and unwrinkled brow of Tom McCann, Greenway's right-hand man.

Greenway's Travel Plans

Mr. Greenway will cross the Atlantic in the floating palace Kron Prinz of the German line and will see all that is worth seeing in Europe before his return. But before leaving this country he will pay a visit to Baltimore and secure the choicest mess of diamond-back terrapin for presentation to King Edward. The czar is a connoisseur of terrapin and when King Edward regales himself on Czar Edward's gift with a bottle of "cordon rouge" on the side he will confess that 'twas a treat worthy of royalty. In the course of a long and honorable career Mr. Greenway has made many firm friends among foreign visitors to San Francisco and in Europe he will renew many choice intimacies. Greenway's is no merely provincial fame; the charm of his personality, his genial warmth of temperament and his unceasing kindliness have endeared him to all who have had the pleasure of knowing him. His first trip abroad is sure to be marked by many pleasant incidents which it will be worth while to hear from Ned's lips on his return. He looks forward with particularly pleasant anticipation to his visit to St. Petersburg where a chum of his school boy days is in the diplomatic service.

From the St. Regis Hotel in New York Mrs. William Miller Graham writes me that, contrary to reports, she is not going on the stage. She states that she has no intention of adopting a theatrical career and that she will be trained by David Belasco for amateur dramatic work only.

Some of Our Gentlemen Farmers

Let none suppose that the country gentlemen of Burlingame and thereabouts are mere poseurs, dallying half-heartedly with the pleasures of the country amid scenes of urban luxury. I make this statement because there have been intimations that the swell habitants of our plutocratic suburbs resemble Watteau's shepherds and shepherdesses who never handled crook or fondled lamb except for pictorial purposes. Not of this sort are the millionaires rustics down the peninsula. These gentlemen are truly rural, even if they scorn the blue overalls, the square-toed boots and the aggressive whiskers of the stage hayseed. There is Frank Carolan, for instance. 'Tis true Mr. Carolan does not arise before cock-crow, strap a milking stool to his manly form and tote a milk bucket into the dewy meadows. Yet Mr. Carolan knows a Holstein from a Jersey and he is proud to sell milk to the less favored denizens of the countryside. Then there

Photo, Rice

MISS BESSIE DARGIE

Daughter of the late Thomas Dargie and niece of William E. Dargie of the Oakland Tribune. Miss Dargie's mother was Bessie Sedgwick, a noted beauty of former days. Miss Dargie will make her debut next winter with the other belles of the younger set.

is Timothy Hopkins. It is a safe bet that Mr. Hopkins never guided a plow, drove a header-wagon or blistered his hands with a pitchfork. But Mr. Hopkins is a hay merchant of no mean pretensions. Last but not least, we come to that classic forensic pleader, Samuel Shortridge. Mr. Shortridge, too, is a gentleman farmer. Skilled by day to point an epigram with a hypnotic finger, Mr. Shortridge hies him of an evening to the calm of his rural retreat where he knows every chicken by its first name. Mr. Shortridge is a connoisseur of hens and roosters and his eggs have a wide sale and are especially profitable in these parlous days when the cost of living is so high. And being of a prudent disposition Mr. Shortridge never puts them all in one basket.

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The Sensation of the Season

The McGavin-Fry elopement was the excitement of the week. Properly speaking and to give it due credit it is the sensation of the season. Nothing could have been more unexpected and the impromptu wedding at the McGavin home which followed the civil ceremony was such a departure from the ordinary that society has not yet recovered from the surprise of it. Every one knew Douglass Fry was devoted to pretty Dolly McGavin but there was no formal engagement. He is only 19, and the bride a year or two older and it was supposed that young Fry was merely one of her many admirers. On the contrary he was an accepted suitor and only parental, (on his side grand-parental), objection based on the young man's youth, delayed their marriage. On Monday Miss McGavin lunched with friends but said nothing of her matrimonial plans. When she left the home of her hostess she met Douglass Fry and the civil and religious ceremonies followed. When the bride's mother learned that the first knot had been tied she insisted on a wedding with the usual accompaniments of bridesmaid, best man, white gown and veil. Mr. and Mrs. Fry repaired to the McGavin home whence invitations to twenty-five bewildered friends were sent over the telephone. Florist and caterer were hastily summoned and the bride changed her walking suit for a pretty white lace evening frock and her mother's wedding veil. Miss Marian Miller was bridesmaid and Kenneth Moore best man. Mrs. Fry is one of the most popular belles of the younger set. She is pretty and vivacious and has been prominent at all of society's important functions. She was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of her brother Drummond McGavin and Miss Helen Baker in November. Douglass Fry is the grandson of Mrs. John D. Fry whose fortune is rated at several millions and whose home at Jackson and Franklin streets is one of the handsomest in town.

Photo, Scharz

MISS HELEN LLOYD

One of the beautiful girls of Berkeley, the daughter of Mrs. Horatio Nelson Lloyd. Miss Lloyd's marriage to Edward Thompson, the son of Colonel and Mrs. Thompson of Seattle will take place soon.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell, "the orchid lady," was recently hostess at an elaborate luncheon at the Fairmont, afterwards taking her guests to the theatre. All the members of the party, including Mrs. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. J. J. Brice and the Misses Collier wore corsage bouquets of orchids which reached from shoulder to waist line. In glaring contrast Mrs. Coryell wore a minnikin bunch of Marie Louise violets.

Dick McCreery is Here

Richard McCreery who married Lady Grey-Egerton is a visitor at Burlingame. The romance of the McCreerys gave London society an absorbing topic of discussion a few years ago. Lady Grey-Egerton who was Miss Cuyler of Morristown, New Jersey, was one of the beauties of the London smart set. She was considered a devoted wife and mother and the Grey-Egertons were frequently referred to as typifying the ideal international marriage. Naturally there was much shocked surprise when the lovely American divorced her titled husband to wed a compatriot. It was said she eloped with Dick McCreery and that her husband subsequently permitted her to secure a divorce. He, in turn, recently married a second time, his bride this time being an English girl who is to be step-mother to the Grey-Egerton children who have always remained with their father. Mrs. McCreery did not accompany her husband to America. Dick McCreery is an enthusiastic polo player and was formerly a member of the Burlingame team. He was an interested spectator at the games played in El Cerrito field last week, accompanying his friend Dick Tobin who was barred from playing early in the season by a badly sprained ankle. Richard McCreery is a brother of Walter McCreery whose matrimonial tribulations occupied much space in the press when he filed suit against his wife for divorce in this city. Walter McCreery is also a visitor at Burlingame.

Miss Taliaferro's Difficult Name

Some of our haughty swells who would look with scorn on the bounder who mispronounced Cholmondeley or De La Pasture have been tripping all over themselves, figuratively speaking, in trying to negotiate the name of Miss Agnes Marshall Taliaferro, the beautiful belle of Richmond, Virginia, who was married on Wednesday to Samuel Averett Clement, an ensign on the South Dakota. Many stared in round-mouthed wonder when told that the proper way to handle the word was "Tolliver." Ignorance in a matter of this sort is decidedly provincial and those who were caught lengthening the name to five syllables felt more deeply humiliated than if they had been discovered in a crime. Miss Taliaferro arrived in the city with her father Monday evening, just in time to greet her fiance on the incoming battleship. The wedding was to have taken place in Richmond, but naval orders upset the plans. Nevertheless the ceremony at St. Paul's in Oakland was a pretty one. The

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bride is practically a stranger here, though the late Dr. Taliaferro of San Rafael belonged to her distinguished family. A large dinner will be given in honor of the happy couple aboard the South Dakota before the fleet leaves for target practice and on its return Mr. and Mrs. Clement are sure to be extensively entertained.

News About "The Cave Man"

Charles K. Field is putting the finishing touches to "The Cave Man" which will be the Bohemian Club's midsummer jinks piece de resistance with David Bispham in the title-role. The report that Charlie Dickman is to take the part of a gorilla is unfounded. There are to be no "missing links" and monkeys in "The Cave Man." It is a serious effort which Mr. Field trusts will not prove amusing. Those who have heard the music and read bits of the dialogue declare that it will be the most notable of the Bohemian forest dramas. W. J. McCoy who collaborated with Will Irwin in the "Hamadryads" has written the incidental music for it. Given the powerful art and personality of Bispham with the primeval beauty of the setting "The Cave Man" should be a wonderfully impressive production. The stage at the Bohemian Grove is built against a steep wooded hillside which rises as a back-ground and in this hill the cave of the cave man will be constructed after plans suggested by Professor Merriam of the University of California who is an authority on caves and cave men and all things pre-historic. There will be half a dozen characters and a large chorus, but the roles have not yet been given out save those of the hero and the villain, which latter will be sustained by Charles Dickman. McKenzie Gordon will also have an important part in the production. It was Bispham's wish to appear in a jinks play. During his last engagement in San Francisco he visited the grove and was much struck with its beauty. It was then he expressed a wish to sing there and the generous offer made in the interest of art was accepted. The club recently made him an honorary member since non-members may not take part in its plays.

Apropos the death of Jackson Gouraud people are recalling the time when little Gladys Crocker, the daughter of Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud, startled a room full of guests by announcing, during a conversational lull: "Mama, of all my papas I liked Mr. Gillig best."

The Hagers in Retirement

The fact that Miss Alice Hager recently won the golf championship of northern California from Miss Edith Chesebrough serves to remind me that society does not see as much of the Hager sisters as it used to a few years ago. They have gone into retirement, almost. In the days of the indomitable Mrs. Hager the family was the very center of our social life, but nowadays how seldom are the girls heard of! Emelie who was a great belle in her day married Walter Dean and cares little for the frivolities of the set in which her lines are cast. Once Ethyl was the liveliest of a lively group of girls whose exploits kept society on the qui vive but since she married Lansing Kellogg she spends much of her time in the country and seems averse to the exuberant pastimes in which she formerly delighted. I saw her at the Schumman-Heink concert last Sunday and I imagine that the calm joy of good music is more to her fancy now than the giddy whirl of gaiety. Miss Alice Hager had not been conspicuous in society for some time when she suddenly appeared and wrested the golf championship from Miss Chesebrough.

Mrs. Atherton Cultivated in Gotham

Gertrude Atherton is being very assiduously cultivated in New York by all the feminine scribblers who have social pretensions as well as by those established members of the smart sets who go in for literary work as others go in for bridge or golf or riding. Mrs. Atherton is waxing in popularity with readers on both sides of the Atlantic all the time and has many very distinguished friends in Europe as well as in America. Hence the would-be poetesses, authoresses and culturines have decided that it is distinctly worth their while to get on friendly terms with her. Perhaps they imagine that she will undertake the task of finding publishers for them or will give them a few pointers about their work. I think they will be doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Atherton is a very busy woman and has neither the time nor the inclination to bother about mediocrities. One of the poetesses who has spent as much time as she possibly could in the company of Mrs. Atherton is Mrs. Alfred Wagstaff Jr. who is one of the most industrious versifiers in New York. No doubt this lady yearns for an opportunity to hear Mrs. Atherton's criticism of her output, but she had better beware. Mrs. Atherton is nothing if not plainspoken. She abhors pretense, as was indicated when she clashed with the suffragists. If she ever tells Mrs. Wagstaff what she thinks of the Wagstaffian rhymes, that estimable lady will surely sink under the blow and turn her activities into some other channel.

Just now there is talk of drawing the lines very tightly at the Mardi Gras ball next year, but let us wait a year before being so sure about that. Exclusiveness is very comforting but not productive. By letting down the bars this year the ladies netted $9,000 for charity.

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Miss Stocking's Musical Studies

The publication in last week's Town Talk of an article by Miss Helen Stocking in which that young lady analyzed Strauss' latest opera "Electra" and described the effect which it produced when it was presented for the first time in New York, has evoked several questions as to what the talented musician and critic has been doing since she left this city. Miss Stocking has been turning her New York stay to good account. As a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt in this city she exhibited unusual musical talent and gave promise of a fine career. Following the advice of her teacher she went to New York to gain more general musical culture and studied with Joseffy and Bowman. For some time now, in addition to her piano instruction, she has had the privilege of special study with the eminent Goldmark in musical analysis and the critical study of masterpieces and modern music. She is also taking ensemble work with Livonius. Being fortunate in her musical surroundings and having many friends in New York, Miss Stocking has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for hearing the innumerable concerts, operas and symphonies which have made the season an exceptionally brilliant one. In addition to her other work she has done considerable writing for musical reviews. Miss Stocking's musical criticism is distinguished by sympathy and insight, qualities which were marked in her critique of "Electra."

Fine Artists for the Bismarck

Mr. Otto Muller, manager of the Bismarck Cafe, has just returned from the East and Mexico City where he has been booking high class attractions for his restaurant. Among some of the artists are Floro Arroyo, soprano, Manuel Malpico, baritone, Ismael Magana, tenor, all direct from Teatro Nacional, Mexico; also Mr. Arthur Hahn, an old favorite among San Franciscans, for he was one of the stars at the old Tivoli. Mr. Muller has also secured the services of La Bella Serrana, the most sensational of all Spanish dancers. Her appearance at the Bismarck will be her first in America.

Captain Arthur Cranston, U. S. A., was a guest at the Hotel Victoria during the week.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. William Haas and Mrs. I. N. Walters entertained sixteen guests at a breakfast at the Cliff House last Sunday morning.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included K. L. Perry, T. C. Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lydess, Miss Gertrude Crossland, C. E. DeCamp, W. T. Smith, Mrs. Susan W. Tibbits, W. S. Davis, Mrs. Charles D. Pierce, Mrs. John Russ, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. DeGroat, F. E. Melville, Mrs. W. F. Morris and S. V. Armstrong.

Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Mina Van Bergen and Miss Lee Girvin left last Friday on a ten days' visit to Miss Edith Von Shroeder at "Eagel's Nest," San Luis Obispo, the country home of Baron and Baroness Von Shroeder.

The Palace was the scene of a very pretty luncheon on last Saturday, given by the Chamber of Commerce board of directors to James McNab, the retiring president. In token of their appreciation of his efforts to upbuild the organization Mr. McNab was presented with a silver candelabra of handsome design and workmanship.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria include Mrs. Wm. B. Fechheimer of Portland, Rev. George M. Searle of New York, Mrs. E. C. Smith and her son, W. G. E. Smith of Portland.

Bridge continues in popularity. Last Wednesday Mrs. Charles C. Moore and Mrs. S. D. Walden were hostesses at one of the largest bridge parties of the season. Sixty friends met at the St. Francis and several hours were spent at the game, each one hoping to capture one of the beautiful trophies, which were works of art that had come all the way from Paris.

On Thursday Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Walden entertained sixty other friends at another bridge party at the St. Francis in the White and Gold Room, followed by tea.

William Sparks, the artist, was recently the guest of honor at the Sequoia Club, the occasion being a dinner celebrating his birthday.

At last accounts Mrs. James Otis and her two charming daughters, the Misses Cora and Fredricka, were at Passy, just outside of Paris.

Several dinner parties made the past week a busy one at the Hotel Victoria. Among those who entertained on Thursday evening were Mrs. W. G. Leland of New York who is wintering at the Victoria.

The Subscription Dance will be given in the Colonial Ball Room of the St. Francis Hotel tonight. It will be one of the fashionable events of the season, and as the arrangements are in charge of Mrs. Greenbaum it is needless to say the ball will be a charming affair.

Society on both sides of the bay is deeply interested in the entertainment which Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Havens will give at the Claremont Country Club on the Friday after Easter. Mrs. Havens is living up to her reputation for originality and many surprises are in store for her guests. The entertainment will be one of the largest of the season.

Mrs. William C. Ralston and Mrs. Lucie May Hayes will soon leave for a tour abroad.

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The Best "Grouch" on the Stage

By Edward F. O'Day

It may seem incredible but it is true. "With these eyes I saw it"—the spectacle of a theatregoer sleeping soundly through two acts of McIntyre and Heath. In a choice orchestra chair near the stage she slumbered, for this theatregoer was a woman, an elderly woman with gray hair and a placid face lightly touched by time. All around her men and women of assorted ages became youngsters again and jellied with continuous laughter but this woman tarried peacefully in the land of nod, all oblivious of the fun that was flowing in a steady stream across the footlights. It was a distracting sight, for ever and anon I was impelled to take my eyes off the two blackface comedians to observe her, to note whether any particular joke would awaken her. But no, her capacity for sound sleep must have been inherited from one of the seven Ephesians; even a stageful of singing kicking beauties failed to disturb her repose. It was uncanny and it aroused a queer feeling of resentment. To sleep during a sermon or a lecture or a political speech would be perfectly natural. Even in the theatre the temptation to somnolence may be irresistible at times. But with McIntyre and Heath dispensing mirth it is unnatural. What tsetse fly of indifference, what narcotic of weariness, what perfect remedy for insomnia was responsible for the slumber that defied a stageful of merriment and a theatreful of laughter? It was a great relief when a masculine neighbor on his way to the bar at the close of the second act woke the woman up. He must have stepped on her toe. The slumbering woman lost two-thirds of a treat the like of which this city has not had since McIntyre and Heath were here in "The Ham Tree." The old Georgia minstrel act around which "The Ham Tree" was built is a classic of the vaudeville stage. Age could not wither it or custom diminish its possibilities for exciting laughter. That old act was the best dramatized "grouch" ever given to the public. It fixed the standing of McIntyre and Heath in the American theatre and they are wise not to depart from it too far. The battered trombone and the wornout trunk are gone; gone too the shoveling of doughnuts, the platter of roast beef with the gravy oozing out of it and the tree where the hams grew. McIntyre and Heath have a new play with new jokes, but the "grouch" of McIntyre is still fed by the taunts of Heath. They are not stranded minstrels this time but rival suitors for the hand of a chocolate beauty and a tomato figures as the chief deadly weapon of their amorous warfare. To dramatize a tomato is an achievement almost as signal as to dramatize a "grouch," but "In Hayti" demonstrates that the love apple is a plot in itself and also that its effectiveness as an excuse for McIntyre's "grouch" is hardly inferior to that of the varied viands which the imagination of Heath conjured for the tormenting of the stable boy turned minstrel. Comparisons between "The Ham Tree" and "In Hayti" would be invidious and useless. Perhaps the former extracted a greater volume of laughter but "In Hayti" attacks the risibles aggressively from the start and reduces the audience to a condition of passive chortling bondage that is quite sufficient for one night. The most harassed victim of sleeplessness would not envy that slumbering woman her resistance to the two comedians in their new play. McIntyre and Heath, ever since they began to purvey a whole evening's entertainment, have been noted for the fine companies by which they have been surrounded. This one is no exception. The principals are all good, particularly Julian Rose who shines as a low-comedy Hebrew and Jane Burby, the object of the affections of the two stars. As for the chorus, it is full of pulchritude and music and demonstrates conclusively that legs were made before skirts, an interesting truth sometimes forgotten by our good people.

Schumann-Heink Sings "The Erlking"

By the Music Lover

There was a great burst of applause when Mrs. Katharine Hoffman, sitting at the piano on the little stage of Dreamland Rink, sounded the first notes of Schubert's "Erlking." This poignant tragedy of a dying child, the tenderest and most heartrending ballad that Goethe ever wrote, has always been a favorite with the music-lovers of San Francisco. It has often been said that the ballad is too difficult for adequate vocal presentation and that only the piano can render its full meaning. San Franciscans know that this is not true for they have heard Gadski sing it with marvelous and touching beauty of expression and they have heard David Bispham and Dr. Ludwig Wuellner give it masterly masculine interpretation. But not till Madame Schumann-Heink sang it did they realize its full power to sway emotion. The world's greatest contralto sang "The Erlking" as it had never been sung here before. All in that big audience knew that they were participants in a memorable event, something to be cherished as long as life lasts, the perfect singing of Goethe's words and Schubert's music. The impression which the singer made was tremendous. After that first sound of applause silence settled over the thronged auditorium. The listeners felt that they were in the presence of one of life's greatest tragedies. They saw a father riding through the night and the storm with his young son clasped passionately to his breast. They knew that the boy was dying and that it was a ride for life through the bitter cold of the tempest to the shelter of home. They thrilled when the boy, with blanched face, whispered to his father that the dread Erlking, the wraith of the blizzard whose breath is death, stood before him in his crown and shroud and they ached with pity when the father assured the lad that what he saw was only a misty cloud. Then they heard the Erlking with a voice of infinite sweetness coaxing the child to his fatal embrace. The music rushed forward with the sound of hoofbeats, relentlessly beating toward doom, as the father, with breaking heart, repeated his assurances. The terrified voice of the child and the agonized words of the father gripped the heartstrings of that great audience. The soft alluring voice of the Erlking spoke again, breaking suddenly into cruel tones as the spectre seized his prey. That quick transition from melodious sweetness to violence of tone produced its intended effect of shocking the hearers. There was a shudder and following it, as the boy cried out in the agony of death, tears sprang to many eyes. No actor at the climax of a great drama could have swayed the emotions more surely than Schumann-Heink at that moment. The audience was bound by the spell of her voice and they responded to her singing so completely that they seemed bereft of will. There was no room in any mind for thoughts that did not deal exclusively with the plight of that child screaming in the grasp of the Erlking. The concluding stanza was eloquent of overwhelming sorrow. The tones were hushed in the presence of death and when the singer had uttered that last word of the sond, "todt," her body shook with grief and a great sob came from her lips. All the power that music has to stir, to send the blood tingling through the body, to arouse thoughts that lie in the deep of tears, to exhaust within a few moments the gamut of tragic emotions from terror to pity, was exerted when Madame Schumann-Heink sang "The Erlking."

Stage

The Lambardis at the Columbia

A brief season of grand opera given by the Lambardi company will open at the Columbia Theatre Sunday night, February 27. There will be a company of 147 people, including a symphony orchestra of fifty and a chorus of sixty trained singers and dancers. The special star this season is Madam Ester Adaberto who will be

HARRISON FORD

Who plays the juvenile roles with the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

remembered as one of the great favorites of three seasons ago. Since that time she has appeared with the Metropolitan and won even greater success. Her voice and dramatic ability have improved until now she is said to be one of the greatest of dramatic sopranos. Her appearances here will be in "Aida," "Faust," and "Il Trovatore." Next in interest is the leading tenor, Attilio Maurini, direct from Mascagni's company in Italy. He is one of the superior tenors and is said to rank with Caruso and Constantino. His "Rodolfo" is one of the greatest interpretations ever given. Maurini will essay the roles of "Enzo" in "La Gioconda," "Faust" in the opera by that name, "Osaka" in Mascagni's music drama "Iris," and "Rodolfo" in "La Boheme." Impresario Lambardi claims that Giuseppe Maggi, a new addition to the company, is one of the greatest baritones in the world. He is a native of Italy, but has spent practically all his life in England where he sang at the Covent Garden. His greatest successes have been in "La Gioconda," "Faust," "Rigoletto," and "La Boheme." Madam Elvina Basetti, dramatic soprano, is said to have a great voice and a fine talent for acting. She will appear here in "La Gioconda," the second night of the opera season. "Iris," Mascagni's beautiful music drama, will receive its initial presentation in San Francisco on Tuesday night of next week. Music lovers have asked for this opera for many years, ever since it was presented at the Metropolitan in New York. The cast for "Iris" will include Signorita Marina Calvi, an ideal "Iris." She appeared in this opera in Italy and won great praise from Mascagni for her great interpretation of the character. Angelo Antola, a favorite baritone here, will portray "Kioto," one of the principal characters. Attilio Maurini, tenor, will sing "Osaka," and Vincenzo Viola, basso, will present the blind father of "Iris." Of the stars of last season but five remain this year. They are Madam Cecilia Tamanti Zavaski who will be remembered for her "Lucia," Angelo Antola, baritone, who sang "Tonio," in "Pagliacci," Alessandro Scalabrini, dramatic tenor, who sang the troubodor in "Il Trovatore," Madam Dolores Frau, famed for her "Carmen" and "Azucena" in "Il Trovatore," and Maestro Edoardo Lebegott, one of the directors. Two of the company this year have also appeared in San Francisco before. They are Maestro Cav. Fulgenzio Guerrieri, director, and Madam Ester Adaberto, dramatic soprano. In Antonio Sabellico impesario Lambardi claims to have one of the world's premier artists. He will make his appearance here in "La Gioconda" and "Faust." Two other bassos this year, Alceste Mori and Vincenzo Viola, are also highly praised. First among the operas to be given is "Iris." The opera will be given two presentations here, on Tuesday night and Saturday matinee of next week. "La Gioconda" has not been given here in some time. It is to be presented Monday night of next week. "Madam

MYRTLE ELVYN

The beautiful American pianiste to play at the Garrick Theatre and at Ye Liberty in Oakland.

CLARA BELLE JEROME

Who will appear in the musical comedy hit "Joyland" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Butterfly," Puccini's greatest masterpiece, will be sung here for the first time in Italian Sunday night, the opening night of the season. It will be repeated on Thursday evening. For the Wednesday matinee "Lucia" will be offered, the only time it is to be given this year. "Aida" with Mme. Ester Adaberto as "Aida" and Madam Dolores Frau as "Amneris" will be offered on Wednesday night. "Faust" will be given Friday night. "Il Trovatore" is offered for Saturday night. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," the double bill, will be given next Sunday matinee and "La Boheme" will close the grand opera season on Sunday night.

The Myrtle Elvyn Concerts

Myrtle Elvyn, a young American artist who has been making a great record both in this country and Europe as a piano virtuosa of the highest rank, will give three concerts at the Garrick Theatre in this city. She has prepared three offerings ranging from the old masters, Rameau and Corelli, down to the ultramodern Debussy, and no artist of twice the years has offered a more interesting or important list of works. Miss Elvyn's success with the leading symphony orchestras has been unusual and her appearance here is eagerly awaited by students, teachers and music lovers in general. At her first concert, Sunday, March 6, works by Bach, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Debussy, Schubert-Liszt, Erich Wolf and Liszt are to be given and a special feature will be Leschetizky's transcription of the popular "Lucia" sextette. At the second concert, Thursday night, March 10, Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood" will be given in their entirety and works by Bach-Tausig, Brahms, Chopin, MacDowell, Moszkowski, Wagner-Liszt and Schulz-Evler complete the list. For the Saturday matinee, March 12, a special program will include the Chopin "Sonata" in B flat minor (the one with the Funeral March), Schumann's "Tocata," Op. 7, Mendelssohn's "Prelude, Fugue and Choral" and works by Rameau, Corelli, Brahms, Scriabine, Dvorak, Schumann-Liszt, Schubert-Liszt, etc.

Edeson Coming to the Van Ness

At the Van Ness the comedy season is well on, and McIntyre and Heath are delighting big audiences with their sparkling show "In Hayti." Their second and last week starts next Monday night and runs up to and including a week from Sunday. The remaining matinees are this afternoon and next Saturday. Robert Edeson, well remembered by local theatregoers because of his famous impersonation of the picturesque Indian athlete hero in "Strongheart," will follow McIntyre and Heath at the Van Ness, appearing for the first time in three seasons. He is now starring in "A Man's a Man" by Anna Steele Richardon and Henry Leslie Friedenberg, and is said to have found in the central character of the play the most effective role of his entire career, while the play itself is said to be very strong.

"The Spoilers" at the Savoy

The last performances of Sir Gilbert Parker's wonderful tale of Canadian life, "The Right of Way," will be given at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the matinee Sunday another dramatized novel, "The Spoilers," will begin an engagement limited to one week. "The Spoilers," a melodrama of the frozen north, dramatized by Rex Beach from his own novel, has been pronounced by competent critics to be the best of all Alaskan plays and every effort has been made in the drama to preserve the intangible but pervasive Alaskan "atmosphere" which contributed so largely to the success of the book. At the head of an

McINTYRE & HEATH

In the second act of "In Hayti" at the Van Ness Theatre.

excellent cast is Miss Margaret Oswald, an actress of fine attainments and established Eastern reputation. Throughout the play a pretty love story is entwined with the exciting incidents of the plot and a large amount of good clean comedy is liberally interspersed. The customary bargain matinee will be given Thursday, with the final afternoon performance on Saturday and at the matinee Sunday, March 6, that ever welcome extravaganza, "The Gingerbread Man," bigger, better and brighter than ever, will begin a week's engagement.

The Second "Pop" Concert

The second of Will Greenbaum's "Pop" Concerts will be given this Sunday afternoon at Kohler and Chase Hall at 2:30 p. m. The program will include Edgar Stillman Kelly's "Quintette" for piano and strings with Mr. Frederick M. Biggerstaff at the piano, a beautiful Haydn "Quartette" in G major and a group of violincello solos by Corelli and Boccherini played by Miss Dorothy Pasmore with Miss Florence Nachtrieb as accompanist.

"Tess" at the Alcazar

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles," a dramatization of Thomas Hardy's famous novel, will be the Alcazar's next attraction, commencing Monday evening. It was first produced by Mrs. Fiske, and after serving her as a starring vehicle two seasons was adopted by Florence Roberts who last played in it in San Francisco about eight years ago, in the old California Theatre. As a medium of emotional expression the title role is one of the best ever constructed, as it affords opportunity for almost every phase of human passion. In the hands of Evelyn Vaughan it will surely be made impressive. In the cast will be the full strength of the company, with John Ince as Angel Clare, the husband of Tess, and Will R. Walling as Aleck D'Urberville, her betrayer. All the characters are English rural types, and each of the four acts has a picturesque setting, including a farmhouse interior, a dairy yard and the ruins of a Druid temple. The pictorial effects are both realistic and beautiful.

Good Bill at the Orpheum

Clara Belle Jerome, assisted by William Seymour and her Eight Dancing Toodles, will appear in "Joyland," the latest effort of Gus Sohlke at the Orpheum next week. A very pretty stage setting lends effect to this act. Miss Jerome presents a fascinating appearance in a number of picturesque costumes and sings several catchy songs which are chorused by eight very attractive girls. She and Mr. Seymour also engage in duets and dances. Miss Jerome was the star for two seasons of Augustin Daly's "Runaway Girl" in which she covered herself with glory and scored a great hit with her famous Pickanniny Dance. Winona Winter, "The Little Cheer-Up Girl," will introduce her latest song successes and some very novel

MADAME ELVINA BASETTI

A dramatic soprano of great talent who will be heard in "La Gioconda" on the second night of the Lambardi grand opera season at the Columbia.

SCENE FROM "THE SPOILERS"

Rex Beach's great story of Alaskan life, at the Savoy Theatre next week.

ventriloquial feats. She possesses a most captivating personality and is always a welcome visitor. George Felix and Lydia Barry, assisted by Miss Barry's sisters, Emily and Clara, will appear in "The Boy Next Door," which is said to be one of the funniest skits in vaudeville. Earle Reynolds and Nellie Donegan will introduce all the musical comedy dance hits of the season on roller skates. Next week will be the last of Charles W. Bowser and Edith Hinkle, the Reed Brothers, Fred Lindsay, the marvelous Australian Stock Whip Expert, and Walter C. Kelly, "The Virginia Judge." New motion pictures will close the show.

Attractions at the Macdonough

"The Right of Way," stirringly dramatized from Sir Gilbert Parker's most popular novel, will be presented at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland at the Sunday matinee and on the evenings of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, February 27 and 28 and March 1. The company is an excellent one and the play is staged in a manner fitting its strange and interesting atmosphere. "The Gingerbread Man," one of the most delightful comedy operas of recent years, will be at the Macdonough for the matinee and night of Friday, March 4 and the night of March 5. Starting Monday, March 7, McIntyre and Heath will play an engagement of one week at the same theatre with matinees on Saturday and Sunday. They will give "In Hayti," the very funny play with which they are making all San Francisco laugh at the present time.

Barrie's Comedy at Ye Liberty

In none of the plays in which she has starred from time to time is Maude Adams more fondly remembered than in "The Little Minister," the comedy which, more than anything else, helped to place her in the front rank of American actresses, and it is this play that has been selected by Manager Harry W. Bishop for revival by his stock company at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, for the week commencing next Monday evening. Many authors have written poems, stories and plays depicting Scottish life but none have drawn a more faithful picture than James M. Barrie in his charming book, "The Little Minister." It depicts life amongst both the high and lowly born, and throughout the work there is a human interest that never for one moment loses its grip on the heartstrings. As a play the story has been as successful as in its original book form and its attractiveness is such that people go time and time again to see it. In the Oakland revival next week Miss Blanche Hall will be seen as Lady Babbie and George Friend as the little minister, while all the other favorite players will appear in the supporting cast. After one week of the comedy, Martin V. Merle's drama of the early days of Christianity, "The Light Eternal," will be presented.

Grace George will play an engagement here in the near future, presenting her latest success, "A Woman's Way."

GREENBAUM'S

Second "POP" Concert

This Sunday Afternoon at 2:30

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The Lyric Quartette and F. M. Biggerstaff

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MRYTLE ELVYN

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The Siege of Baler

(Continued from Page 8.)

life. We now had nothing to fear on account of thirst; but the soil below was very sandy, the subterranean current very strong, and the opening was soon stopped up. It was necessary to line the well, and for that purpose we took to pieces a pillar of stones, which was in the corral. This not sufficing, we sunk half of a wine-barrel in the bottom. My comrade Alonso, with the rest of the available force, occupied himself meanwhile in filling up the doors and windows; the admirable warlike preparations of the enemy demanding no less on our part.

The following day (in the morning also, since the enemy did not come near us except under cover of darkness) we found a second message about ten paces from the church, and surely they had left it in a manner so strange as to give us rather an unpleasant shock. It was found placed in the hollow of a piece of bamboo, one end of which was stuck in the ground, while the other was covered with a banana leaf, for the purpose, no doubt, of keeping the rain from wetting its contents. Apparently they did not wish to give us an opportunity to call their messages mere "paper sops."

The second letter consisted merely of complaints because we did not reply to the first; which, they said, "was not complying with our obligations as gentlemen." Then they enlarged upon what they had already said in the first concerning the victorious progress of the insurrection, assuring us that they had mastered the greater number of the provinces of Luzon; that the capital itself, Manila, was besieged by 22,000 Tagalogs, who had succeeded in cutting off its water-supply; and that it was in imminent peril of succumbing to thirst unless it should capitulate.

They no doubt informed us of this situation in Manila because of the similar plight in which they thought they had placed us by cutting off the canal, thinking that our water-supply was limited and that we therefore were threatened with immediate deprivation of an element so necessary.

The reply of Las Morenas was suitable and conciliating. "Manila will not surrender for want of water," he told them, "while it is possible to utilize the water of the sea, which offers itself in abundance." He went on advising them that they ought not to be deluded; that they should return to the obedience they owed to Spain; and that he, their Politico-Military Governor, would receive them with open arms.

He finished by recommending that they leave no more letters in the vicinity of the church; that in order to send them they should sound the "attention"; and that if we should answer by the same signal, they should send a bearer with the message, but only one man, and with a white flag. He also pointed out the manner in which an answer would be returned to them. We would raise a white flag and sound the "attention," and they could then send someone to receive the answer.

It had been decided that we would not send any soldier, for fear that the deserters might catechise him or lure him away. One of those wretches, Filipe Herrero Lopez, who had been my servant, had the impudence to present himself to receive this answer. I went out myself to give it to him, and tried with the fairest words I could command to persuade him to return to his allegiance; but, seizing the message, he answered not a single word, and returned at a run to his companions, a camp, to him, of treachery and shame.

The same day, it having become impossible to go out of the church, on account of the constant firing kept up by the enemy, it was necessary to take up some flagstones in order to construct an oven in the corral, since we had no bread in store when we shut ourselves up in the church, and it was seventy-two hours since the last morsel was consumed.

The oven, with all the defects that can be well imagined, but useful for the immediate supply of so precious an article, was finished that afternoon. To facilitate the washing of the few articles of clothing that still remained to us (thanks to the honest inhabitants, who could not carry it all away), we sawed in two another empty wine-barrel, like the one sunk in the well, and thus provided ourselves with two fine wooden tubs. Two tin cans that had held Australian meat served as buckets to fill these tubs. We now needed only a better supply of clothing to make our washing arrangements more complete, since some of us had to go naked, or little less than naked, if we wished to indulge in the luxury of clean clothing.

While we omitted no precautions necessary to prolonged resistance, neither was the enemy wanting in diligence. Reduced to the narrow inclosure of that humble church, where nothing appeared more remote than divine worship, and where surely never was God more earnestly invoked and reverenced than in those days so bitter, we had to look on, day after day, without power to prevent it, while the trenches of the siege were stretching out, belting about and shutting us in, forming something very like the web that the spider so skillfully weaves to make secure against the writhings and attempts to escape of his victim.

We could not neutralize those labors because the numerical superiority of the enemy was great, and any attempt on our part would have caused useless loss, a disaster, material and moral, which we could not afford to risk.

Neither was the enemy exposing himself while constructing the approaches. He very well knew the danger of exposure and took advantage of the cover afforded by the darkness of the night. We were on the alert to fire toward the point

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where we heard a noise, but the sound of the waves of the near-by sea helped also to protect the enemy. Thus they were able to bring their trenches to within fifty paces of us at some points, and even within twenty paces at others, tracing a line, rather irregular, but covered and protected at various points by the houses nearest the church.

In approaching the latter at the points that seemed to be the most vulnerable they leveled some of those habitations, transforming them into regular field-works, which gave excellent protection against our projectiles and from which they could annoy us at will, thanks to a kind of parapet that they raised in each one, the parapet being loopholed and perfectly disposed and revetted.

Up to the present I had been obliged to record more than one instance of that most infamous and detestable crime that a soldier can commit—desertion. As a contrast to such cowardly acts, it is now a pleasure to record a deed of self-abnegation and heroism worthy of encomium, by a most modest individual, Gregorio Catalan Valero. It is the first of those made memorable by the siege and it is, as well, among those that deserve special mention.

Little was wanting now to the completion of that girdle of trenches, and we saw that, to obtain a strong support, they were directing it towards the barracks of the Guardia Civil, situated less than fifteen paces from the church, near the north-east corner. From there it was plain that they could do us much damage because of the proximity and condition of the building, and of the command it gave them against us.

It was necessary to destroy it at all hazard, and Gregorio did it with a serenity and boldness truly admirable. He dashed out of the church, and under a heavy fire kindled not only the barracks but also the school buildings, and with such skill and deliberation that they were completely destroyed, in spite of the swarm of Insurrectos who, although so numerous, did not dare to defy our bullets and expose themselves openly to prevent the realization of that undertaking.

As our soldier needs only an example, the initiative, for him to go wherever we will lead him, a few days later another boy, Manuel Navarro Leon, a victim later of the epidemic that we suffered, succeeded in setting fire to another near-by house, from which the enemy had been firing at us.

This display of stubborn resistance, united to our constant vigilance, which we showed in taking advantage of any carelessness on the enemy's side and not allowing him to show himself with impunity, caused the enemy, naturally, to become impatient; with the result that it was not long before we noticed that he was preparing to make an assault.

Meanwhile we also made suitable preparations, filling in the lower half of each door and covering the upper half with bundles of blankets or boxes filled with earth. The windows were treated in the same way, so that no one could enter that way, and loopholes were made.

In order that we might get out should any reason for doing so offer itself, we left a small opening in the door in the east wall of the church. We were thus locked in so tightly that only one terrible intruder could make his way into our refuge, his way becoming, for this same reason, every moment more easy: Death.

On the 8th of July the leader, Cirilo Gomez Ortiz, sent us a letter, asking for a suspension of hostilities, in order that the people might have a rest from continual fighting. The man affected the generous role; and, saying that he had learned from deserters that we were suffering in the matter of subsistence, he offered us whatever we might need, and proposed that we send two unarmed men for it. As an earnest of the offer, he sent with the letter a small box of cigarettes for the Captain and a trifle for each of the soldiers.

The suspension was agreed upon (and nobody needed it more than we did) until nightfall, at which time it was agreed that the firing might begin again. We thanked Ortiz for his kind offer, and informed him that we had an abundance of all kinds of provisions; and, in return for his civilities, sent him a bottle of sherry, in order that he might drink our health, and a handful of regalias.

At the time agreed upon hostilities were renewed, and were not again interrupted during the whole siege.

Those people resorted to every kind of expedient to accomplish our surrender. Seeing that the news of their victories throughout the island had no effect upon us, they tried to intimidate us with the network of trenches they had drawn around us; they then resorted, as just related, to polite offers; and, not gaining anything by this, they tried to alarm us by a theatrical arrangement of trumpets, which, by sounding and repeating calls at various distances, were intended to indicate the presence of a very large force. This is a device which has been recorded in the military history of more than one campaign, and which did not succeed in its object.

They also added the most tremendous threats and (it is painful to record it) the vile impudence of a pack of traitors from our own army, who continually cried out that we had deceived the Detachment, that we were going to cause its ruin, that we were lost, and so on to the same effect; calling to the soldiers also that they should escape, that they should not persist in their folly, that they would only miserably perish in the church, that (leaving the officers to defend themselves if they wished) they should save their own lives, that they would be well treated, and that they would gain every advantage by deserting to the enemy's camp. Against this fire of words, strong walls and loopholes were, on the whole, useless; there was nothing for it but constant vigilance.

On the 18th a private, Julian Galvete Iturmendi, was severely wounded, and died on the 31st, in consequence of the wound. The Christian duties we owed to his remains necessitated the devotion of that enclosure to one more sad purpose—that of a cemetery.

(To be continued.)

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A Case Without Precedent

(Continued from Page 9.)

talk glided little by little from a question of art into out-and-out slander, I couldn't satisfy your curiosity. You know how it happens. One word draws out another. The starting point is plain enough, but no one can forsee the end. They were speaking of a recent scandal affecting a family moving in the highest circles; one of the usual domestic dramas, the husband suddenly having his eyes opened, the wife deserting the conjugal roof, in order to follow her lover. It was Vialli who exclaimed, in reference to the lover: 'Poor Geppino, what a load to be saddled with! Such affairs seem at first like paradise, just as it seemed like paradise to Sapho's lover to carry her up stairs in his arms. But on reaching the top, he was ready to die from weariness.' I have forgotten who rejoined, 'If you create a situation like that, you must face the consequences.' 'I am not denying it,' Vialli replied slowly, while he considered whether his better shot was to aim for the white ball or the red: 'I am not denying it, but doing one's duty is not always a joyous matter.' Then, missing his carom: 'To the devil with duty. The really lucky man is the one who knows how to break off in season.' Ansaldi also missed his shot. 'Now for my revenge,' said Vialli; then, irritated by a second failure, he exclaimed: 'For a man to get his freedom as Augusto Stechi did from Von Bauern's wife, is a piece of luck that does not happen every day.'

"My friends, I do not know how to tell you all that I felt at that moment. What was it Vialli meant to say? Von Bauern's wife? Or had I misunderstood? He had barely uttered that name, when my eyes automatically sought the portiere behind which I had earlier seen the count. He was still there, quite hidden except for his eyes; but those eyes gleamed as though they were made of phosphorus. Were the others aware, as I was, of his presence? Why did no one stir? Why did not I myself spring up on the instant, crying out to the blunderer: 'Silence, you idiot! Don't you see that he can hear you?'

"There are moments when a tragic fatality seems to weigh us down; moments when we perceive clearly all that is happening around us, and yet feel, as in a nightmare, the absolute impossibility of raising a finger to stay the course of events. At present I can say all this; but at the time I could not even think the smallest part of it. 'Augusto Stecchi,' Vialli continued, throwing down his cue, 'was a very lucky man to be set free from her—'

"Ah, what a scene, what a horrible scene! He had not finished speaking, when the floor rang under a tread that made everyone in that small gathering turn around, and Count Von Bauern, like a fantastic spectre, advanced upon Vialli. Not one of us moved. I, for my part, fairly held my breath. When the count had come close to the billiardists, he said in a voice like strident ice—if you will let the phrase pass—that rings in my ears even yet: 'You are a liar and a coward!' Like the recoil of a spring Vialli turned on him, with raised cue, but the count, in a flash, had snatched it from his hold, hurling the man backward with a blow on the chest, and broke the strong rod across his knee as though it had been straw.

"Blind with rage, Vialli was on the point of flinging himself upon the other; but it had gone too far. The dread that had held us spellbound, passed away. A dozen, a score of men, sprang between them, I among the rest; and finding myself beside the count, I drew him away, into another room.

"He had shown admirable courage and self-control. Even now, not a tremor betrayed the frightful emotion that he must have passed through. Everyone agreed in condemning Vialli. To calumniate a lady, against whom no one had ever heard a word uttered; to defame the memory of a dead woman without the least possible excuse, and in such a place, before so many people, was too great a folly, almost a crime. 'I know that I was in the wrong,' he himself exclaimed, in the adjoining room, 'but I do not propose to accept insults tamely.' The result was that, being unable to induce any of those present to serve him as seconds, he was forced to seek them from outside.

"The count, for his part, begged me with a calm courtesy all the more remarkable at such a time, to give him my services for the occasion, referring me to the Baron Narconi as his other witness. 'Accept any conditions,' he said; 'my only wish is to have an early meeting. Not later than tomorrow, if possible,' and with these words he left me.

"A few minutes later, the other returned with his seconds. I hoped to arrange matters with the fewest possible words; but such a second as Vialli's friend, Mendoza, had not entered into my calculations. A lawyer trying a case, a diplomat negotiating a treaty could not be more argumentative, more hair-splitting, more punctilious, more insistent upon form than he was. In my scant experience of such matters I had supposed that there was small room for discussion. Yet I found that the nature of the insults; the circumstances under which they had been offered; which insult was of the more serious nature; which of the principals had the right to name conditions; and what the conditions themselves should be—each and all of these questions must be debated at great length. I forsaw that in being opposed to a man like Mendoza I had my work upon the field of honor cut out for me in advance. As good luck would have it, we finally agreed that the meeting, with swords, at the discretion of the physicians, should take place the next day, at eight o'clock in the morning.

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"That same evening I left a note with the count's doorkeeper, and in the morning at seven, I called at his home, accompanied by the Baron Narconi. We were shown into his study, while a servant went to announce us. We waited, and we waited; no one came. We kept looking at each other, not knowing what to think. A clock in the neighborhood struck the first quarter after seven; and still no one came. It is hard to give you an idea of the embarrassment in which this extraordinary state of things placed us.

"We were finally driven to do something definite; I reached for the button of the electric bell and rang it. The same servant reappeared. 'Did you tell the count that we were here?' 'Yes, sir, I told him at once.' 'Is the count dressed yet?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then speak to him again, and say that there is no time to lose.'

"A few minutes later the door opened and the count appeared. He came forward slowly; and in a ceremonious tone, as though speaking to strangers, asked us: 'In what way can I serve you, gentlemen?' I will not waste time trying to give you an idea of our stupefaction—something more than stupefaction, for it already verged upon contempt. 'Pardon me,' I said, 'but I wrote you last night that the meeting was arranged for this morning, at eight.' 'Ah!' he rejoined, and he seemed to descend from the clouds. He still wore the same clothes as the night before, the same rumpled shirt; it was evident that he had kept them on all night. 'Everything is ready,' the baron told him, 'and it is now half past seven.' The count passed his hand across his brow: 'Well, do we need to go?' Imagine our sensations!

"In the carriage no one spoke a word. The count gazed out at the flitting panorama, but his right arm was trembling where it lay, thrust into the breast of his coat. I began to feel a lively anxiety. What had gone before made me fear that worse was yet to come, after we should reach the duelling grounds, especially in view of the fact that we had to deal with the redoubtable Mendoza. My principal was afraid to fight; that was the conviction that had been borne in upon me, in spite of the dramatic scene we had witnessed the night before. He was likely to make us ridiculous, as well as himself; and I for one was prepared to go any length, sooner than give Mendoza a chance to laugh behind my back.

"We reached our goal. It was a princely villa, within the court of which, sheltered from prying eyes, the encounter was to take place. The encounter! But Count Von Bauern seemed to be in a mood for anything else on earth sooner than fighting. He was gazing off into the distance, holding his head between his hands, plucking the leaves from the shrubs—and shivering.

"Notwithstanding the time we had lost, we were the first on the grounds. We heard a carriage drive up; our doctor had come. A few minutes later the others all arrived. After greeting them I turned to look for the count. He had disappeared! He had passed beyond the limits of the court, and was leaning against the iron railing, down in one corner of the garden. I went up to him and led him back, saying with an emphasis that seemed to me only too well justified: 'I hope, count, that you are not going to lose your presence of mind.' The others also came forward. Then, as Count Von Bauern's glance fell upon Vialli, he burst into a peal of laughter—"

"The duel is over!" suddenly interrupted Monterani. "There is Villardi, calling the carriage," and he rose to go out for further information, followed by the protests of all the others, who had forgotten, in their interest in the story, the original purpose that had drawn them together.

"Go on, you were saying—?"

"That all of a sudden, at the sight of Vialli, my principal burst out laughing. To convey the impression which that peal of laughter made among us all is impossible; an unforseen clap of thunder from a clear sky could have produced nothing like it. But a ray like a lightning flash suddenly illumined my mind, and I sprang forward toward the count. Our doctor had, however, forestalled me. Stopping me with a gesture, and pointing to the count's disordered features, his twitching eyelids, his lips mumbling meaningless words, he said decisively: 'This duel is impossible. The gentleman is not in possession of his mental faculties!' And suddenly, as if in confirmation of this opinion, the count violently tore away his clothes, fumbling with one hand in his breast. He was quite mad—"

"Ah, from fear?" interrupted the lawyer.

"No," answered Baldassare Gargano.

"From what, then?"

"You want to know why the Count Von Bauern had gone mad? Because the assertion Vialli had made in the billiard room was true; because Augusto Stecchi had really been the lover of the countess—"

"What!" exclaimed everyone.

"It seems impossible, doesn't it? Yet such was the case. Returning home that evening, with the terrible words still ringing in his ears, how must the count have felt? What gnawing suspicion had made its way into his brain? Through what insensible degrees, or by what rapid transition, did the indignation roused by the vile calumny give place to torturing doubt? What proofs, what clues, what memories rose up in his mind and took definite form? No one can ever tell. We may know only the facts; and the known facts are these: that, for the first time since the death of his wife, the count that evening entered the room formerly occupied by the dead woman, the room which had been reverently kept in precisely the same state in which she had left it. No one followed him into that room; but when we called the next morning, the servant found his master there. In that room, hidden in a tiny closet, the key to which was usually kept in the countess' workbasket, the count found the letters Augusto had written to his wife. Hundreds of letters, palpable proofs—the most eloquent, most irrefutable of proofs!—of all that Vialli had asserted. Their relations, interrupted by death, had lasted for more than two years; and no one, or almost no one, had suspected it. And the widower had dedicated himself, body and soul, to the memory of that idolized wife!

"In the tragic scene I have just related, there was one farcical note. What do you suppose it was? Why, after the doctor rendered his decision, Mendoza exclaimed, gazing helplessly around: 'This is a case without a precedent!' I shall never forget the air of wonder, bewilderment, curiosity, indignation, incredulity that spread over his face, in the presence of that mad laughter and the physician's verdict. 'A case without a precedent!' A faith destroyed, a shattered intellect, a terrible drama played to the end in a human soul, were all reduced, in the opinion of that gentleman, to a case without precedent in the jurisprudence of chivalry. Evidently there was a gap in his code. Why don't they prepare a special article telling what is to be done when one of the combatants loses his mind on the field of honor? And what different consequences result, according to whether the one losing his mind is the offending party or the offended? And what is to be regarded as conclusive proof of such loss of mind?"

"You are quite right!" exclaimed the lawyer. "The truth is," he added, rising, by way of having the last word, "the truth is that we are all more or less insane, everyone of us."

CHARTREUX STILL MADE IN SPAIN

There appeared recently in some of the American dailies an article stating that the Carthusian Monks, celebrated for the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, also known as Liqueur Peres Chartreux, were anticipating moving from Spain to Austria. This rumor is now officially denied by Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York City, who are the American agents of the Monks.

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Home of the Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A. Northern Terminal Michigan Ave. Boulevard, Corner Randolph St. Faces Grant Park, Lake Front, Public Library and I. C. Viaduct.

Auto Notes

M. Getz who recently purchased an Oakland car, is rapidly becoming an expert driver. He was never at the wheel of an automobile until he bought his Oakland car, and says he has found it easy to learn.

S. G. Chapman, coast distributor for the Oakland, reports that several carloads of that machine are on the way here and will be ready for delivery by the middle of next week.

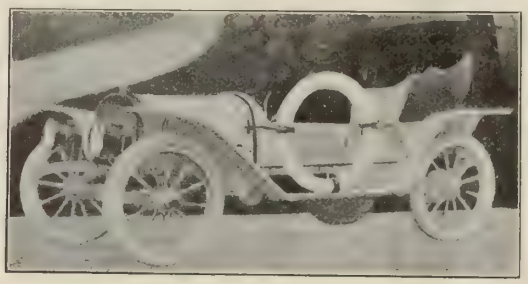
One of the most completely equipped cars ever delivered in this city is the little Hupmobile roadster sold by S. G. Chapman to W. G. Henshaw for the use of his daughter Florence who will drive it herself. The little car is equipped with every convenience which makes for comfort and luxury. In fact the small roadster is as completely fitted with all of the accessories that make touring a delight as the most expensive machine on the market.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co., is just in receipt of advices from his factory giving the tire count at the recent Chicago Automobile Show. The results more than bear out the claim of "eleventh year of supremacy" in that Diamond Tires were shown on 112 cars, being 86 percent more than the next nearest competitor and 211 per cent and 229 per cent more than the third and fourth best. Sixteen makes of tires were shown.

On the 14th inst. the Sacramento Polic Department placed an order with Thomas B. Jeffery & Company for a Police Patrol Ambulance. A letter from L. B. Harvey, representative of Thomas B. Jeffery & Company at Sacramento, reads as follows: "In reference to the Police Patrol Ambulance, I am enclosing herewith copy of the specifications in my bid. It is a great victory for us, as there was a strong pull for the ———— people, who have been established many years in this city. They had two separate bids covering two classes of cars and prices. I attended the trustees' meeting last night with the balance of those who had in their bids, and had the great satisfaction of hearing the report of the committee read in the presence of a full house, to the effect that after careful deliberation and after careful examination of the different cars represented by the bidders, and after talking with people who were using these different cars, the committee would report to the Board of Trustees that the Rambler car seemed to be the most fitted as a car of service and for heavy duty of any offered. Therefore, they recommended that the bid of Thomas B. Jeffery & Company be accepted, and the vote of acceptance was unanimous. I, therefore, got up with a smile on my face, went home and to bed happy, leaving the other fellows nursing their disappointment."

The world's record for rapid sales of automobiles to individual buyers was established at the Ninth Annual Chicago Show when Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, makers of the Rambler, sold one hundred and seventy-five separate cars in seven days, making a total of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of automobiles. Charles T. Jeffery, head of the Rambler company, under whose direction this enormous sales record was made, says that the greatest sales of cars during the next five years will be made over that area stretching between the copper country and the southern rim of the Texas panhandle. Hundreds of farmers, stockmen and fruit growers bought cars at the Chicago show. The demand was not for the low priced car, as many had anticipated, but the buyers seemed to desire power, comfort and quality more than cheapness. The average price of the cars attaining the largest sales was two thousand dollars. Last year the Rambler broke all previous show sales records when 160 of these cars were sold at an average pr ce of $1900 each.

If the Pioneer Company is asked the usual sterotyped question about the status of business the questioner will be shown figures for the past five weeks' sales that will make him gasp. In round numbers the figures show that the big automobile house has sold and delivered to customers machines to the total value of $136,700. Of this sum $121,200 represented the sale of absolutely new cars, while $19,500 was for second hand machines left with the Pioneer Company to be sold for customers. This is the largest volume of business done by the company in an equal period of time since its organization, and it is probably the most extensive sale record ever made in the same time by any automobile firm on this coast. This business was not occasioned by a big order from an outside agent but the cars were well distributed all over the State. They consisted of Chalmers, Hudsons, Thomas Flyers and Babcock Electrics with the first named in the lead and with the others following in the order of their names. Following are the cars sold and their purchasers: Hudsons—Louis Newroth, W. L. Allen, R. A. Ratto, G. F. Ratto, Dr. P. M. Burns, G. L. Lodi, W. H. Hecht, Ira T. Wellman of San Francisco; R. R. Bray, San Jose; George F. Dunne, Stockton; Consolidated Canal Co., Fred M. Cowse, William Black, Fresno; O. Klemmer, Dr. Strand, Willows; Louis Zumwaldt, Williams; A. C. Zacherais, Modesto; S. M. Phillips, Sacramento; S. M. Simpson, Oroville Auto Co., Oroville; Rayford Peterson, Santa Rosa. Chalmers-Detroit "30's"—Miss Jane Hotaling, Frank Fries, Dr. F. Parsons, Dr. L. P. Howe, Dr. Cooper, Hibernia Bank, W. F. Hovey, Arthur Connreich, Dr. P. M. Burns, Wm. Kolb (Kolb & Dill), Fred Durner (2), Frank Delano, Mrs. A. L. Bryant, Mahoney Bros., of San Francisco; Rolla Leppo, Dr. Clark, Santa Rosa; D. C. McCabe, J. T. Hill, Mrs. F. A. Smiles, L. T. Dacha, Oakland; Bert Dingley, F. Cressy, A. T. Zacharais, Modesto; J. L. Whitmore, Central Auto Co., M. F. Granger, Stockton; S. M. Phillips, Sacramento, carload. Chalmers-Detroit "40's"—E. Riley, Wm. R. Daly, Dr. X. Sullivan, Fred F. Murphy, James L. Mills, of San Francisco; Central Auto Co., Stockton; A. Hexter, Marysville; Cudahy Packing Co., Fresno; Phillip Clay, San Francisco. Thomas Flyers—A. C. Brooks, Wiley B. Allen, of San Francisco; C. F. Horner, Centerville; Joseph R. Ratt, Oakland; Bert Dingley, Modesto. Babcock Electricts—Mrs. R. Holman, San Mateo; Mrs. Josephine Ford, Burlingame.



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HUNDRED MILE
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The Electric that can climb hills — The Electric with thirty miles per hour speed

Apply for catalogue and demonstration

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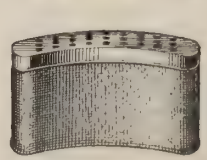
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE WELKOM WARMER?

Endorsed by the medical profession and hospital authorities as the only modern and sensible substitute for the Hot Water Bottle.



Size 3¼ x 5½ inches; weight four and one half ounces.

NO WATER TO HEAT, NO RUBBER TO ROT,

causing the bag to burst and scald the patient.

The WELKOM WARMER is made of metal, and is heated within one minute by the lighting and insertion of a paper tube containing a *bi ze-less, smokeless* and *odorless* fuel generating a heat of uniform temperature which lasts two hours at a cost of less than one cent. It is curved to fit any portion of the body and when in use is placed in a bag to modify the heat and held in place by means of a belt allowing the wearer to move about at will.

As a **pain killer** the WELKOM WARMER has no equal as it can be *put into action instantly*, thus avoiding heating water and waiting for the kettle to boil.

Complete outfit including Warmer, bag, belt, box and 10 tubes of fuel sent prepaid to any part of the United States upon receipt of $2.00.

Write to-day for descriptive booklet.

WELKOM WARMER MFG. CO.,
Dept. C 108 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

FIRE PROOF SHOP PHONE MARKET 899

A. E. LATTIMORE

Exclusive Auto Painting and Trimming

Blair Auto Top Holder Fine Mohair and Mackintosh Seat Covers
Auto Tops Hood Covers Lamp Covers Upholsterings

GARAGE BUILDING, Upstairs, MARKET ST. AT VAN NESS AVE.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,115, Department No. 4.

In the Matter of the Application of JOSEPH KASIMER JANKOWSKY to Change Name.

It appearing from the written application filed in the above entitled Court on the 17th day of February, 1910, by the above named Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky praying for an order that he be permitted to change his present name, to-wit: Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky to that of Joseph Kasimer John, and that he is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California: and,

Good cause appearing to me therefore, it is ordered that all persons interested in the above entitled matter are hereby directed to be and appear before the above entitled Court in Department No. 4 thereof at its Courtroom in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. and then and there show cause if any they have why the application of Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky for change of his name to Joseph Kasimer John should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which the above Court finds to be the one most likely to give notice to the parties interested in the hearing of said petition and the granting thereof.

JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Dated, February 21st, 1910.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Petitioner,
No. 948 Market St., Mechanic's Savings Bank Bldg., S. F. 2-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, Deceased—No. 9065, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the underisigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased.

JOHNSON HARDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Millie Rice Tait, also known as Millie S. J. Tait, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK KIRBK, Deceased—No. 9057, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PATRICK KIRBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PATRICK KIRBY, deceased.

BRIDGET MANNION,
Administratrix of the Estate of Patrick Kirby, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1910.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

Under authority of an order of sale granted by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Nine, Honorable J. V. Coffey presiding, I will sell at private sale the undivided one-tenth (1-10) interest of CHARLES CLARKE KEENEY, a minor, and the undivided one-tenth (1-10) interest of HELEN MADELINE KEENEY, a minor, of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the town of Berkeley, County of Alamade, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point in the north line of Channing Way, distant thereon three hundred (300) feet westerly from the northwesterly corner Bowditch street and Channing Way; running thence westerly along said north line of Channing Way one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the south line of Durant Avenue; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet along said south line of Durant Avenue; and thence at right angles southerly two hundred and sixty (260) feet to the said north line of Channing Way and point of commencement; being all of lot Two (2) in Block Ten (10) College Homestead Association, as per map thereof recorded in Book T of Deeds in the office of the Recorder of said Alameda County at page 799, except 40 feet of the north end heretofore given toward right of way for said Durant Avenue.

The sale will be made on Saturday the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910, said date being more than fifteen days from the first publication of this notice, and the bids or offers must be in writing, and will be received at the office of Garber, Creswell and Garber, Room 1209 of the Addison Head Building on the Southwest Corner of Post Street and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California. Terms of sale, cash.

JAMES WARD KEENEY,
Guardian of the Estates of Charles Clarke Keeney, and Helen Madeline Keeney, Minors.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 26, 1910.

GARBER, CRESWELL and GARBER, Attorneys for Guardian,
Room 1209 Addison Head Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of E. J. Talbott, Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased.

SAMUEL L. GREENBAUM,
ABRAHAM MAYER,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Rosalia Greenbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1910.

E. J. TALBOTT, Attorney for Executors,
Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-5

A Domestic Eye Remedy

Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Law. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes. It Soothes.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY VALSAUGIACONIO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY VALSAUGIACONIO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Devoto & Richard and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY VALSAUGIACONIO, deceased.

LUIGI VALSAUGIACONIO,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Valsaugiaconio, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 2-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, Deceased—No. 9067, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the will of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-706 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Post, Montgomery and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased.

GEORGE M. AHRENS,
Executor of the Will of Cathrine Weihmann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, Deceased—No. 9009.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Esq., Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, Southeast Corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased.

ORA PRENTICE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Zachariah H. Prentice, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

AGOSTINA TARDELLI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Raffaello Tardelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
House No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, W. W. Bedford, Room 8, 966 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NORMAN B. CHURCHILL, deceased

SARAH J. CHURCHILL,
Executrix of the Estate of Norman B. Churchill, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 29th, 1910.

W. W. BEDFORD, Attorney for Executrix,
Room 8, 966 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talks" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER and FERDINAND A. LORENZ, the Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 17th day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the courtroom of said Superior Court, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell at private or public sale the whole of the real estate of the said deceased. And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, February 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for Petitioners. 2-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4965, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, Deceased.

Mary A. Barry, the administratrix of the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made;

It is here ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of ROBERT M. BARRY, deceased, do appear before this Court on the 28th day of February, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of four thousand and five hundred ($4,500) dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary A. Barry, the said administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the Court may seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars. Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Parcel "A"—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, running thence easterly along the southerly line of Eighteenth street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.); thence at right angles westerly thirty (30) feet to the easterly line of Noe street, and thence at right angles northerly along the last mentioned line one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) to the southeasterly corner of Eighteenth and Noe streets and the place of beginning; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "B"—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth street, thirty feet distant thereon easterly from the easterly line of Noe street, thence along said southerly line of Eighteenth street easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft); thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) and to the point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

Parcel "C"—Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Noe street, distant thereon one hundred and one feet and six inches (101 6-12 ft.) southerly from the southerly line of Eighteenth street and running thence southerly along said line of Noe street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and five (105) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and five (105) feet to the easterly line of Noe street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission block number one hundred and six (106), together with the improvements thereon.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 21st day of January, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, January 21, 1910.

MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney for Administratrix,
Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 1-29-5

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

KNOW ALL MEN BY THE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of

J. S. BARTOW & CO.

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit:

J. S. Bartow, residing at 781 15th St , San Francisco, Cal.
Henry M. Hastings, residing at 457 Oakland Ave., Oakland, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this first day of February, 1910.

J. S. BARTOW.
HENRY M. HASTINGS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this First day of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ten before me, M. V. COLLINS, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S Bartow and Henry M. Hastings, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the within and annexed instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2 5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN HIGGINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix as the office of Jeremiah V. Coffey and Edward J. Coffey, 557 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

HUGH HIGGINS,
MARY A. HIGGINS,
Executor and Executrix of the Estate of John Higgins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1910.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD J. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
557 Mills, Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased—No. 9132, N. S., Dept. No. ——.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Mary A. Farren, Administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, Esquire, Room 545, Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased.

MARY A. FARREN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Farren, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, A. D. 1910.

NEAL POWER, ESQUIRE, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Room 545, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED TO THE EXECUTOR FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5260, Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Valentine J. Smyth, as the Executor of the Last Will and Testament of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, having this day presented to this Court a verified petition praying for an Order authorizing and directing him to sell, as a whole or in parcels, and at either public or private sale, the real property and the whole thereof belonging to the Estate of said decedent, which is in said petition particularly described, and it appearing to this Court, from such petition, that it is necessary to sell the real estate and the whole thereof belonging to said estate for the purpose of paying the debts against said estate and the expenses and charges of administration, and it also appearing from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate, and those interested therein, to sell the said real estate and the whole thereof, for the purposes and reasons set forth in said petition; and this Court having thereupon and now and here directed that said petition be filed herein, and the same now having been filed accordingly, and being now on file herein:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court at the Courtroom of Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 15th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor for the sale of the real estate, and for the sale of the whole thereof, and for the sale of the same at either public or private sale, as said Executor shall judge to be most beneficial for the said Estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the said 15th day of March, 1910, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., this 7th day of February, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-510-511 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) ....., Clerk.
By ..... Deputy Clerk

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4630, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELLEN BRUCE, Deceased.

JOHN H. GRADY, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN BRUCE, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Executor, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon Sixty-five (65) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Twentieth Street and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Howard Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northerly Thirty (30) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches to the Easterly line of Howard Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission Block No. 56.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 22nd day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Three Thousand ($3,000.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, February 16th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Executor,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased.

MOSES STERN,
Executor of the Estate of Frank Ignaz Sauter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19, 1910.

FROHMAN & JACOBS, Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 11th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Estate of LOUIS D. RADGESKY, deceased, the undersigned, GERTRUDE H. RADGESKY, the Executrix of the will of said Louis R. Radgesky, deceased, will sell at Private Sale to the highest and best bidder in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 7th day of March, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Executrix, Number 908 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said LOUIS D. RADGESKY, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Louis D. Radgesky, deceased, at the time of his death in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Haight Street, distant eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches Westerly thereon from the Westerly line of Broderick Street and running thence Westerly along said line of Haight Street fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said Northerly line of Haight Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 523.

2.—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, with the Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, thence running Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly along said Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 347 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

3.—Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, distant thereon fifty (50) feet Southwesterly from the Southwesterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly and parallel with Susquehanna Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lot No. 3 in Block No. 347 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

4.—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, with the Northeasterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, running thence Southeasterly along said Northeasterly line of Sumatra Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet to the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, and thence at right angles Southwesterly along said last named line one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lot No. 50 in Block No. 330 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated: February 19th, 1910. GERTRUDE H. RADGESKY,
Executrix of the Will of Louis D. Radgesky, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, and WM. M. MADDEN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,122.

ANGELO SBRAGIA, Plaintiff,
vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described, or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of ANGELO SBRAGIA, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Sacramento Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Locust Street, running thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Sacramento Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Sacramento Street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition Block number eight hundred thirty-two (832).

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit: For judgment establishing and quieting said plaintiff's title to all said real property as the owner thereof in fee simple, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and proper in the premises, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act of the Legislature of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the establishment and quieting of title to real property in case of loss and destruction of public records," approved June 16, 1906.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court this 11th day of November, A. D. 1909. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 25th day of December, 1909.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

DEVOTO & RICHARDSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GRACE SYMON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of H. M. Anthony, Number 374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased.

SAMUEL C. SYMON,
Administrator of the Estate of Grace Symon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

H. M. ANTHONY, Attorney for Administrator,
374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

Emil Steinegger
PIANOFORTE THEORY
Studios: 924 Grove St., San Francisco
Room 64 McDonough Bldg., Oakland
Phone Merritt 2845

Donald Maclean
SINGING—Pupil Seagle and De Rezske
STUDIO, 1613 GREEN ST. Phone, Franklin 3153

Samuel M. Shortridge
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO
Tel. Douglas 2176

Knight & Heggerty
ATTORNEYS AT LAW and
PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY
CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810
Telephone Kearny 4145

Robert B. McMillan
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CLAUS SPRECKELS BUILDING
Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 1607-1609

HENRY P. TRICOU
NOTARY PUBLIC
508 CALIFORNIA STREET Phone Kearny 711
Residence 852 Grove St. Phone Park 1870

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Capital actually paid up in cash	$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,529,978.50
Deposits December 31, 1909	$38,610,731.93
Total Assets	$41,261,682.21

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.
Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.
OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer, Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte; Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.
MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.
RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

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The New Minister—Do you know who I am, my little man? Little Billie—Don't you know who you are?

Sayings of the Children

A Philadelphia teacher recently gave a class of boys ranging from ten to twelve years some written exercise in false syntax, and this sentence, among a number of others, was given for correction: "The horse and cow is in the field." One lad of twelve corrected it to read: The cow and horse is in the field; and appended this as his reason: "It is more polite to put ladies first."

The teacher of one of the Lane Co., Pennsylvania, public schools had before him a class of small children in subtraction. All answered their questions quickly and correctly until the foot of the class was reached. "Sallie, what is 8 minus 6?" Sallie could not answer, which was nothing unusual. Whereupon the teacher, thinking it might aid her by stating it less abstractly, said: "Now, Sallie, if your mamma went to the barn and found 8 eggs and used 6 of of them to bake a cake, what would she have left?" With a smile of contempt, Sallie answered, "Why, shells!"

In a Catholic Sunday-school the class was under question in the sacraments, and to a question as to the necessity of Confirmation, the child answered that Confirmation was not necessary to salvation, but should a favorable opportunity offer, it would be sinful to neglect it. The sacrament of Matrimony was taken up, and a seven-year-old startled her teacher when replying to a question as to the necessity for this sacrament by answering: "No, Matrimony is not necessary to salvation, but should a favorable opportunity afford, it would be sinful to neglect it."

One evening little Lucy knelt to lisp her evening prayer. Her little heart was bursting with self satisfaction—she had been so exemplary all through the day. "O Lord," she said, "make me very good, even better than I am."

A quaint little four-year-old, whose life had been wholly spent in the city, when finally given a sight of country life, with its many mysteries, gave vent to the limit of childish enthusiasm. Cattle interested her especially, and when told the method employed in producing milk, nothing served to satisfy her until she might see the operation. Returning from the farm, she rushed to her mother, with cheeks aglow, and eyes shining. Her voice quite shook with excitement. "Oh, mamma! it was such fun; the cow stood still he did, and the man took hold of his tassels, much as four, and got a whole quart of milk!"

Dorothy has been very carefully trained by her mother in the proper use of words and their correct pronunciation, but some of Dorothy's playmates and acquaintances are not quite so well instructed. The consequences are sometimes rather harassing to her mother. Not long since the young lady went to her mamma with pencil and paper, and said: "Mamma, won't you please show me how to make a figger eight?" "Why, Dorothy dear, you mustn't say 'figger,' say figure." Dorothy thought deeply for several minutes, then asked: "Must I say nigure, too, mamma?"

Teacher—Willie, what's the masculine of laundress? Willie—Chinaman!

Papa—Well, dear, the doctor has brought neighbor Jones a dear little baby. Wee Daughter—I wish my papa was a doctor. (Later, and reflectively), I wish he was a horse doctor, then he could bring me a pony.

Mother—Georgie, I told you to say "No" if they offered you cake a third time. Georgie—So I did, mamma. Only they offered it to me the fourth time, and you didn't say anything about the fourth time.

A little girl was sitting on the floor when the sun shone in her face. "Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said her mamma. "I s'ant! I dot here first," was the injured response.

"Here," said Benny's papa, showing the little fellow a coin, "is a penny 300 years old. It was given to me when I was a boy." "Gee whiz!" ejaculated Benny; "just think of anyone being able to keep a penny as long as that without spending it!"

"You must keep your mouth shut when you are in the water," said mamma, as she gave Annie a bath, "else you'll swallow some of it." "What if I do? There's plenty more in the pipes, isn't there?" said Annie, innocently.

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$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, FREE
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Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?
I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.
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Vol. XVIII. No. 914 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 5, 1910 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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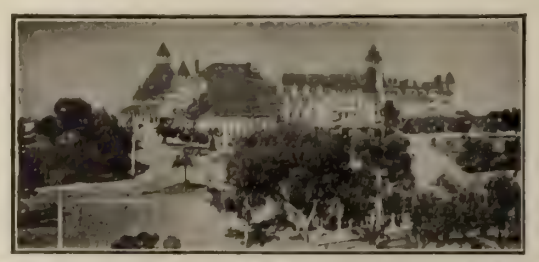

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, March 5, 1910 | No. 914

ROSE MURRAY

The delightful "Marjorie Daw" of "The Gingerbread Man," which comes to Savoy Theatre Sunday afternoon.

TOWN TALK

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Let Us Be Grateful

Instead of reprobating Secretary Ballinger for citing us to appear and show cause why the permit to impound the waters of Hetch-Hetchy Valley should not be revoked perhaps we should be grateful to him for calling our attention to the imperfect judgment of our engineers. Town Talk has never been enthusiastic about the Hetch-Hetchy water project because of an overpowering disposition to regard with feelings of mistrust the engineers and politicians by whom it has been undertaken. Besides being conscious of the tendency of municipalities in general and ours in particular to employ mediocre talent for all kinds of public service, we were of the opinion that nothing could be found in the record of Engineer Manson to inspire us with confidence in his ability. Now, according to men of unquestioned ability, the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is not at all essential to our purposes. There is water sufficient for us and for adjacent communities in the Lake Eleanor region. Hence we have been wasting money in the acquisition of water rights, and were it not for the information supplied by Secretary Ballinger's experts more money would be wasted in the course of time. So instead of waxing indignant we should be calling a halt. The only persons to whom a show of indignation is of any benefit at this time are the gentlemen whose blunders have been exposed. A little public indignation worked up by their accomplices of the demagogic press will serve to lower the intensity of their humiliation.

The Wilson Boom

President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University is getting a lot of good advertising out of Mr. Proctor's withdrawal of an offer to Princeton University of $500,000. It is intimated that the offer was withdrawn because the purpose of the Proctor gift was in conflict with President Wilson's policy to abate in the university a tendency to luxury and social distinctions. President Wilson is of course heartily applauded for his devotion to his ideals, a devotion that vindicates the solidity of his democratic principles. It is but a coincidence of course that President Wilson has been commended to the Democracy as an ideal candidate for President. Men who affect a profound interest in the future of the Democracy and who are convinced that current phenomena augur well for the party that has suffered so long and patiently from the Bryan obsession, are now trying to create enthusiasm for the man who enjoyed the esteem and confidence of Grover Cleveland. The Democracy, unfortunately, is hardly to be considered sufficiently convalescent to retain on its stomach anything that is not leavened with the principles of populism and socialism. Besides President Wilson has written "A History of the American People," and there are five volumes of it, out of which any man may pick sentiments absolutely fatal to any kind of political ambition.

A Sweet-Tempered Soldier

Colonel James Gordon, ex-Confederate soldier, about to return to private life delivered his first, last and only speech in the Senate of the United States last week. The old soldier was in a sprightly mood, and his farewell address sparkled with humorous observations. The newspaper correspondents, moved to laughter, thought it was one of the funniest speeches they ever heard. The Washington correspondents are evidently a prosaic lot. To describe Colonel Gordon's playful speech as funny is to convict oneself of obtuseness. Through that speech there ran an undertone of kindly sentiment, touching, elevating and ennobling. A man may moralize without sacerdotal posing or sanctimonious attitudinizing; he may inculcate noble precepts without being solemn, without excess of emphasis or ever-solemnity. This is what the Mississippi veteran did on the floor of the Senate, yet he evoked no sympathetic vibration in the hearts of his hearers. Colonel Gordon concluded his speech in these words:

"I love everybody. I am a happy man. I never let hate get into my heart so as to make me unhappy. That is the reason I have lived and kept young and retained my youth and beauty, while you have gotten old and ugly, some of you."

These are the words of a man full of years who has borne the burden and heat of the day and who can lie down to pleasant dreams. They are the words of a man who has the essence of gentlemanliness—self-rule and sovereignty of the soul. They are words that breathe a sentiment that all of us should take to our hearts. In this day and generation there is too much of hatred in the world and too little of love. How much better would it be for all of us were we to banish hatred from our heart! How much better off would the world be were we incapable of hating anything but hypocrisy, cant, intolerance, injustice and Pharisaism, and able to hate them as Christ hated them with a profound God-like hatred! The passion of hatred indulged at the expense of men is the vice and torment of narrow souls. It does more harm to the person that indulges it than to its object. No man can do greater injustice to himself than to harbor hatred. Aside from the fact that it is one of the most enervating emotions, it leads to troublesome personal warfare, to hostility that breeds reprisals and almost inevitably to vain regret. For selfish reasons, therefore, it for no other, it is advisable to avoid the corroding luxury of hatred. "If I wanted to punish an enemy," said a philosopher whose name we have forgotten, "it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody." The shrewdness of this observation we can all perceive if we but reflect on the experience of men whom we have known, who went through life indulging the passion of hatred and in the pursuit of revenge doing injustice to their enemies and incurring the penalty of bitter retribution. Not for them is the serenity that adorns the visage of old age, the soothing retrospect that comforts Colonel Gordon in his declining years. How refreshing and edifying it is to ponder the kindly sentiments of this frosty-headed soldier, bubbling over with sympathy, humanity and love, free from all antipathy except to current prejudice!

Hearne's Recantation

Persons whose impressions of Japan have been derived chiefly from Lafcadio Hearne will be amazed to learn that he abominated the Japanese. Hearne wrote books for the glorification of the Japanese, and he led many people in this country to regard them with admiration. According to Hearne, in his books, if the tastes of the Japanese were not epic, if their morals were different from ours, there was much poetry in their souls and

little malice in their hearts, and they followed their bent rather from simplicity than wilfulness. But notwithstanding their many engaging qualities the Japanese did not wear well with Hearne. This we learn from a letter written to Professor Chamberlain which has been published in the Atlantic. From this letter we quote:

"The finale of my long correspondence with you on Japanese character is frankly this (I know it is unjust; I know it is small. But I suppose it is natural,—and I am not superior to nature,—besides I see no reason why I should not be in all things frank with you):

"I hate and detest the Japanese.

"I refused even to attend a banquet given by a European merchant the other day because there were Japanese present. I wish to make no more Japanese acquaintances. I shall never again be interested in any Japanese of the educated generation. I shall never even receive any of my former pupils. I simply abominate the Japanese.

"There's a nice confession for the author of 'Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan' to make. But remember—the book was finished a long time ago; and the illusion had not worn off. I should not like now to trust myself to say what I think of the Japanese in their relation to us. I fear the missionaries are right who declare them without honor, without gratitude, and without brains.

"D——n the Japanese!

"Excepting, of course, the women of Japan who are—well, who are not Japanese. They remain angels. Sufficient for this day is the evil thereof."

Commenting on this letter William Marion Reedy of the St. Louis Mirror says: "Certainly, in view of Hearne's failure to love the Japanese, we can judge the more justly of some of our friends on the Pacific Coast who, while universally democratic in their ideas generally, are positively rabid against the Asiatics." Lafcadio Hearne's letter no doubt will give other thinkers pause, and mayhap incline them to restrain their impulse to dogmatize about matters of which they have but little knowledge. This dogmatic impulse, by the way, this tendency of people in one section of the country to pass judgment on conditions and on the conduct of people in sections far away, is productive of much injustice. It would be well were critics of social and political affairs always to consider that in this broad land there is no great diversity of temperament, no vast difference in morals, in intelligence or in human nature. What San Francisco has done at any time is no different from what St. Louis or Philadelphia would have done in similar circumstances, and it is therefore ridiculous presumption for the people of any city to affect an air of superiority in leveling an indictment against a whole sister community. Our experience of foreign critics during the career of the Graft Prosecution improved our philosophy. It made us resolve, for example, to restrain henceforth the tendency to point with horror to the regulation method of dealing with the negro question in the South.

Newspaper Endowment

The subject of an endowed newspaper is once more up for discussion. The idea of an endowed newspaper was promulgated in these columns about two years ago; and it has been given some impetus on the Chautauqua circuit and by contributors to the magazines. Recently it appealed to Francis E. Leupp who has been writing upon the declining influence of the American newspaper in the Atlantic. He would like to see an experiment in endowed journalism, governmental or other. Now it was not because of a sense of the decline of newspaper influence that we suggested the idea of an endowed newspaper; rather was it because of the growth of the evil influence of journalism upon public sentiment throughout the country. Our newspapers have lost influence inasmuch as they are seldom able to consummate anything that they openly advocate. Often when they espouse a good cause, which they have been known to do notwithstanding the goodness of it, they excite nothing but popular mistrust. Many a good cause has been lost by the accident of newspaper support. Yet the power of the press for evil is tremendous. It is in the moulding of public opinion by discussions of the abstract that this power is exercised; by throwing ideas into circulation, spreading mischievous doctrine over the ocean of mind, giving voice to the instincts of the ignorant and stimulating the prejudices and passions of the multitude. The newspapers maintain an irresistible sway over the mind of the whole nation, ruling it at will, moulding it into the form of their mood. Newspaper influence has become a force to be reckoned with because the policy of coddling the mob is universal. All are imbued with the one idea of playing the demagogue. However they may differ on concrete questions competition for circulation is conducted on the paramount principle of flattering the multitude. In every large city the newspapers are accustoming the public mind to the idea that all our laws are the product of corruption; that all our statesmen who act upon the theory that our institutions had their inception in intellect and virtue are knaves; that the voice of the majority is the voice of God, and that wealth has no rights which the people is bound to respect. Not only have the newspapers caused a revolution in the modes of thought, they have made demagoguery the passion of the hour. The pulpit and the university are dominated by demagogues, and even among honest men are to be found subversive prophets, negative destructive philosophers, who believe they perceive the absurdities of time-sanctioned opinion but have nothing to substitute in the place of what they would take away. Verily the power of the press is far from being on the wane. The newspaper, insincere though it is, charlatanical, untruthful and even malicious, is far and away the most powerful of all the factors that give tone and character to society and that go to form the idiosyncrasy of the nation. Now with the press sowing dragons' teeth up and down the land something unpleasant seems almost inevitable. Whatever has happened

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will happen again, says Ecclesiastes in words to that effect; and those of us that are more or less familiar with history believe that we can discern what is adumbrated. Now the idea of an endowed newspaper, or rather of a string of endowed newspapers, may seem quixotic; it may be thought that an endowed newspaper should be an ideal newspaper and that an ideal newspaper would be futile for the reason that it would be read only by those persons that are not affected by yellow, muckraking journalism. This doubtless is true, but an endowed newspaper need not be the ideal newspaper of dreamers. It need not be dry as dust nor yet adapted altogether to the tastes of highbrows. A newspaper may come down to the level of the multitude without being wholly vulgar. A newspaper designed for the sole purpose of having its voice heard above the clatter of the world's discords can never be popular, but a newspaper devoted to the dissemination of the truth both pleasant and unpleasant can be made to illuminate the dark places of the earth. Perhaps the mob would find as much human interest in the lines of the champions of the people as in the lines of malefactors of great wealth. Perhaps the exposure of falsehood and charlatanism can be made as sensational and as diverting as anything that now commands the attention of the readers of our yellow journals. We believe that a newspaper can be endowed without being made dull, but we have little hope of the experiment being made. Most of the men that have the money to endow newspapers are engaged in imitating the ostrich.

Missed---He's Calling

Willie is striving with all his wits
To hit the nail on the head.
Alas for the aims of youth, he hits
The nail on the hand instead.

Perspective Impressions

Perhaps there is some relation between the high cost of living and the rank stupidity that luxuriates in public office.

The prophet who predicts only what is pleasant will always be more popular than he who says only what the Lord bids him.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Sacramento Union, asks, "Might not it be a good and pious idea to demand of the various gentlemen who are coming before the voters of California at the primaries this summer to pledge themselves to support the tickets upon which they are seeking a place even if they are not nominated themselves?" Perhaps—if soreheads could be depended on to keep a pledge.

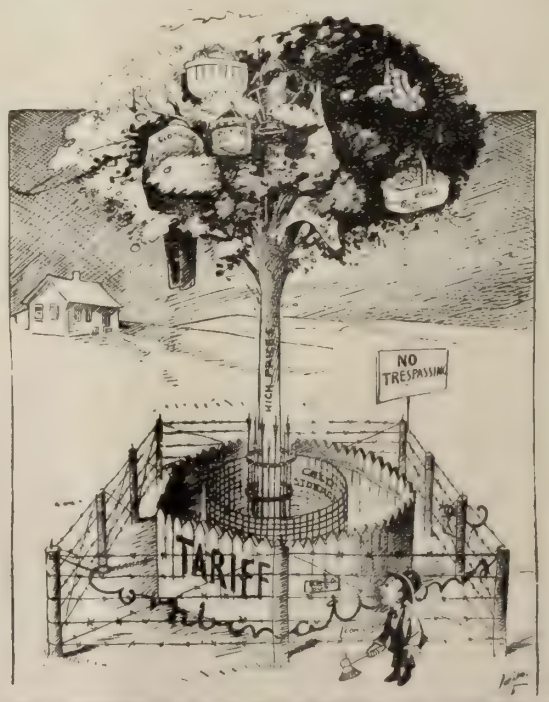
The one certain specific for catching the public ear is to utter solemnly an unimpeachable platitude.

Mrs. Asquith may not be a woman with a serpent's tongue but her husband is certainly a man with befuddled brains.

The time is about ripe for somebody with the courage of his cant to run for Congress on a pledge to introduce a bill for the redistribution of the wealth of the country.

The Baroness Bazus told the ladies of the Women's Press Association the other day that Browning had a red face and looked more like a shop clerk than a famous poet. The news was a great shock to the ladies of the Press Association who supposed that the poet looked as divine as his poetry.

IN THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE
—Chicago Tribune.



THE MODERN GEORGE WASHINGTON UP AGAINST IT
Detroit News.

The Ideal American

By Professor G. D. Herron

There is an America that Americans do not know. It is the America of the middle rivers, of the regions embraced by the two great arms of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and spreading out below the Missouri, and more especially of the lands that lie before and beyond the Wabash—the counties of Indiana and the prairies of Illinois. The peoples beside the Wabash and the Sangamon were ever the most characteristically American. New England was never other than what its name indicates. But the peoples of the Wabash and of Illinois were as different from New England as New England is different from Provence. Here, in the bosoms of these prairies and beside these rivers, was the incipient soul of America to be found in the early years before the Civil War; and here it now sleeps. America is not a nation yet: it is only a mob—a mob of conflicting capitalist interests and their slaves. But when this mob becomes a nation, when the New People emerges from the American melting-pot into which the tribes of the world have been cast, the living soul thereof will rise from along these middle rivers—where it slumbers so long and deeply, or but stirs to troubled dreams. If America becomes a distinct spiritual being, that being will proceed from the life and love of these earliest westerlings, enlarged and enriched by the vast and varied Slavic and Latin elements of our more recent populations.

These were the romance-peoples of America. Into their lands of malaria and mysticism, of ferocious feuds and kindliest fellowships, entered whatever we have had of the ancient chivalry. The first settlers were from France. They were the ardent devotees of religion, or else they were the exiled devotees of the sword, or of fair women, or of statecraft, or of intrigue and conspiracy, or of other dissipations of the old noblesse. While the English were establishing themselves along the Atlantic, the French were making Vincennes-on-the-Wabash their gay little stockade-capitol. Even up to a few years ago French was still the language of the older parts of Vincennes. The Wabash valley and the counties of Illinois that parallel the river's course have always crudely preserved somewhat of the blended devotion and gallantry of old Catholic France. But though their influence was permanent, the French were few among the final settlers. The focal geographical points of the French missionaries and explorers became the radiating centres of the frontier families that came from Scotland, Ireland and England by the way of the Virginia mountains and the Kentucky meadows. The English and their language were predominant, of course; but they were not the English type that Massachusetts knew, and that made the traditional mind of America. It was rather the descendants of Cavalier England that poured into these settlements. They were sometimes lawless and superstitious. But in them whatever was left of the old romanticism was resurgent. Its ways and weapons were rude, but the romanticism was there; and there, in distinction from the Puritan thought of life upon the Atlantic coast, was life still looked upon as a quest. It was there also, as at Paris in the beginnings of the Great Revolution, that the human spirit refused to be bound.

Then with all the superstitions of these peoples, with all the wildness of their religious revivals, with all their high and habitual melancholy, with all the mysticism that pervaded their actions as well as their words, there went a shrewd rationalism. Their lives were ever expressive of a strangely mingled intuitionalism and scepticism. They were as realistic in their habits of thought and action as they were religious in feeling. It was from them that Lincoln came, who was their true word and flesh—the word and flesh of what they are, as well as of what they were. And it is Lincoln who reveals, though unto a blind nation, what the real and yet unrealized America is.

This America of the Wabash and of the Illinois prairies is much more akin to Saint Francis and to Dante than to John Hancock and to the Adams family; is much nearer to Isaiah or to Omar Khayyam than to the comfortable merchant-minded Boston that took to literature in Hawthorne, Emerson and Lowell—for New England literature was always a disguised Puritan theology, always a masquerade of the essentially immoral Puritan morality. There is vastly more kinship between the Wabash and the Arno or the Euphrates than there is between the Wabash and the Connecticut. There is as much of Provence or Persia in the prairies of Illinois as there is of New England. The spirit of the first peoples of these middle rivers was the spirit of wide spaces, of great breathing places, of unfettered human beings.

But perhaps the most underlying element in their life was the sense of neighborhood. I am not sure but what this was their chief distinction. I am sure that in this the settlements of Illinois and Indiana stood in strong contrast with the anti-social spirit of the Puritan settlements. These frontier families had their strifes, their feuds, their guerilla wars; and not infrequently were there murders among them. But the sense of neighborhood was never absent; while their attitude towards the guest with whom they had once broken bread was much like that of the Arab. Each family was moved by an inner necessity for ministry to the other families of the vicinage; and the vicinage in those days meant a wide circle of territory: one's intimate neighbors might be miles away. By this sense of neighborhood, begetting a spirit that was at once intensely individual and widely social, these communities repeated some of the characteristics of the early Christians and the first Waldensians.

This real America has passed from the memory of the living. I have said that it sleeps—and who knows when it will awaken? Nor was it ever the manifest mind of the nation. It flowed high for one great moment, bearing Lincoln upon its crest. But then it ebbed again. The Civil War left not only the youth of America under the sod: it buried the soul of the nation as well, at least for a long time. It was the Puritan, not the prairies, that formed the nation's moral and mental habits. And the Puritan still rules the land. Into our dark-omened present, into our terrible capitalist society, into its unclean and degenerate Puritanism, the real America has disappeared. It will not reappear, the nation will not have a soul, until the last of Puritanism is dissolved in a social humanity.

It is true we have made much of Lincoln. We have made his name a popular asset—a fund upon which the needy may draw: the maker of sounding rhymes, the vagrant editorial writer, the ignorant preacher, the obscene politician. But all that is because we have not understood him. America has enshrined Lincoln without in the least knowing him. Even while his name is the nation's most familiar glory, he is as a stranger in a strange land. Into the wide habitations of this man's soul his own generation did not enter, and far from his thoughts are the thoughts of the generations after him. We have linked up his name with that of Washington and other patriots and national saviours; yet he had no part or lot with these. Nor had he any portion with the Puritan: Lincoln and the Puritan are but the antithesis of each other. The American books about him are but

(Continued from Page 31.)

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The Siege of Baler

(Last week a review of a book entitled "Under the Blue and Gold" was begun in Town Talk. This book which was written in Spanish by Captain Cerezo of the Spanish Army, translated by Major F. L. Dodds of the United States Army and published by the Franklin Hudson Publishing Company of Kansas City, is the narrative of the siege of a little church in the town of Baler, an obscure hamlet of eastern Luzon, Philippine Islands. The church was occupied by a detachment of fifty Spaniards while the besiegers were a large force of Filipinos. The siege lasted for three hundred and thirty-seven days and when it was over, the islands no longer belonged to Spain. To make this book which is full of heroic deeds of an almost unexampled kind, better known, it is given this extended review. In last week's paper was told how the Spaniards, on July 1, 1898, entrenched themselves in the church, dug a well and otherwise prepared for protracted resistance. The Filipinos tried to induce them to capitulate by sending them accounts of Spanish reverses in other parts of the islands, but the Spaniards gave no credit to their statements. On July 31 the first Spanish soldier died of a bullet wound and was buried in the little inclosure.)

Captain Cerezo, the narrator of this stirring story, tells how the firing of the enemy increased continually both in volume and rapidity as the first month of the siege wore on. To answer it a curious expedient was adopted:

On our part, while we were firmly determined to economize ammunition, we did make an effort to furnish an accompaniment for that noise. We found in the church several old cannons. I do not know how old they were nor by what chain of circumstances they happened to be there. There were no vestiges of a gun-carriage nor any accessories. A singular expedient occurred to us; and since there was no powder for the cannon, it may be affirmed that we invented a kind of artillery.

We took some rockets to pieces and emptied some Remington cartridges; we mixed the explosives thus obtained; and, selecting one of the smallest guns, we put in it more than a sufficient quantity of the mixture and filled it to the muzzle with balls.

Carrying the gun thus prepared, by hand, to one of the loopholes we had made in the foundation wall of the convent (now our corral), we supported the muzzle in the loophole; and, using a strong rope for the purpose, we suspended the other end, by the cascabel, from one of the floor-beams that we had left in place. This allowed us to incline the plane of fire, after a fashion, and to that extent to get some sort of aim.

The piece being in place and our ears well stopped, we selected a bamboo from the longest we had, tied a piece of fuse to the end of it, set fire to it carefully, got as far away as we could, and then came surprise and noise enough! The result was something like the formidable blow of a battering-ram, the recoil of the piece being such that, darting from the loophole like a projectile, it struck the opposite wall, about eight feet away, with a blow that made the foundations tremble. "Fire! fire!" cried the Insurrectos; "but just wait until we get our cannon!"

The Filipinos obtained the cannon and did considerable damage to the walls of the church. With constant vigilance, both against the enemy and to prevent desertions, a few of which nevertheless occurred, and with one spirited sally during which the opposing forces fought face to face, August passed and September. Then the terrible beri-beri appeared:

On September 25th the "intruder" of which I have before spoken, and of which I said that the more we attempted to prevent all entrance the more we facilitated his ravages, made known, by claiming his first victim, his inevitable appearance among us.

The fatigues of the siege, the scarcity and bad condition of our rations, the persistent and ever-present anxiety, the vitiated air and the other very bad hygienic conditions to which we were subjected, the constant firing, the insufficient policing and cleaning, were bound to produce, under that burning sky and those humid winds, the fatal epidemic against which we had no defense.

The disease which now attacked us is a terrible one, not only in its termination, but also on account of the steady advance it makes as it goes on devouring, so to speak, and annihilating its victim. It is called beri-beri. It begins its invasions through the lower extremities, which it swells and renders useless, covering them with loathsome tumefactions. The attack is preceded by excessive debility and convulsive tremblings. It goes on rising and rising until, when in its development it reaches certain organs, it produces death with frightful sufferings.

The former priest of Baler, Friar Candido Gomez Carreno, was its first victim. He died September 25th, the seventy-seventh day of the siege, and the day when we had the first definite news of the surrender of Manila, which we learned through an artifice of the enemy.

No credit, however, was given to any reports involving Spanish losses in the islands and this incredulous attitude of mind was responsible for the anomalous circumstances of the siege. The ravages of beri-beri continued and death came more quickly:

Such was the extremity to which we had been reduced that we were obliged for the needs of the defense to make use of those even who were suffering from the epidmic; and, since none of them could stand, to carry them in our arms to their respective posts as sentinels. There we placed them on chairs, or something as a substitute, and left them for six hours, in order to economize reliefs. We managed the reliefs in the same way, carrying the old reliefs, one by one, from their posts to the bed.

Years have passed, and I have again become surrounded with the ordinary circumstances of life where exertion is commensurate with ordinary human conditions, limited as they are; and I must confess that I, although day after day a witness, an actor, a stimulator of such effort, have very often doubted whether it was all a dream of knightly fiction instead of a positive reality. Six long hours with the rifle ready, the legs useless, the suffering acute and constantly increasing, and those men appeared to be contented!

While Lieutenant Alonso was yet able, we took turns in watching at night; he taking one night with Las Morenas and I the next with the doctor, Senor Vigil, who devoted himself to everything and was everywhere, setting an example of self-abnegation and bravery. But when Alonso died, and I saw that Las Morenas must succumb to the weakness he was suffering, I abandoned this kind of watch and established the following, which was much more practical and which gave better results: One of the three remained always on watch, relieving each other as we conveniently could; and it was not always that we could get sleep, because if Las Morenas was very ill, so was Vigil suffering from a severe wound. The corporal of the relief alternating with the soldiers on duty made the rounds of the sentinels every five minutes, or, rather, in turn, one after the other, each when the other had returned.

One lieutenant had already died and the commander of the detachment followed, leaving Cerezo, the author of the book, in command:

The poor Captain was leaving us fast, a victim, as were the others, of beri-beri. His agony was horrible; he had not lost consciousness completely; he was still conscious of the fact that he was in a siege; constantly, which increased his anguish, he thought he was with his own people, but with the enemy in sight. Once he began to cry out, trembling and frightened, "Little Henry! Lit-

(Continued on Page 32)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
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A Little Comedy

By Mathilde Serao (From the Italian)

They had been walking for a long time in the park, the forest, the fields. They had crushed many fragrant herbs beneath their feet and the lady's slippers must have been perfumed with them. The July sun would have disturbed them save that the lady's parasol was large, the foliage was thick, and there was a slight breeze. Then, too, they were very merry, with an inexhaustible vein of spirits. They were young, mutually agreeable, alone in the country, and not in love with each other. They laughed and amused each other, and especially they ridiculed romance. They laughed at blond virgins ever plucking the petals from an eternal daisy, at Paul and Virginia—apropos of the lady's large umbrella—and at all the descriptions, more or less flowery, that have been written about the forest, meadows, flowers.

They had passed a merry morning. With all the freedom of her nature, the lady was virtuous, placidly virtuous. She had a husband in Milan whom she loved and wrote to every few days. He had a wife in Potenza; besides, he was of a very cold nature beneath his gay scepticism, and at heart rather scorned all women. This was why they were not in love with each other.

"Shall we take luncheon?" the lady suddenly asked.

"Madame Lucia, you have an idea!" said he, pretending alarm.

"Prepare yourself, for I have another—a startling one! Sir Frederic, let us take luncheon at Giovanni's restaurant, a hundred feet away, in a thicket of rose bushes."

"Will he give us roses for luncheon? The doubt is cruel."

"Bah! I have been told that he has excellent fare. There will be no one there at this hour; only lunatics like us are about. It will compromise us horribly in the eyes of the waiter and host."

"Lady Lucia, the upper classes should set a good example—"

"Enough, enough, in Heaven's name! Have you decided?"

"From the first moment you spoke of luncheon, a sweet emotion—"

"Agitated my poor heart—"

"A lovely image—"

"Floating through the mist of my dreams—"

"Seemed to become reality."

And they laughed anew, and walked on in the dust of the high-road. The afternoon was suffocatingly hot. In the little inn, all white, the blinds were closed; utter silence prevailed.

"Lady Lucia, we can have no luncheon here."

They looked at each other in mock distress. They were flushed from the heat. At that moment a waiter appeared in the doorway, and gazed at them in the greatest amazement. As they mounted the step he followed.

"Shall I prepare a private room?" he asked timidly.

Frederic hesitated a moment, but she said resolutely, with a sly smile: "Certainly."

Later, when they were left alone in the large room, they were somewhat embarrassed. But it was only for a moment. Almost at once, like true persons of spirit, they understood the delights of their position.

"Lady," said Frederic dramatically, "let us disturb this man's honest conscience."

"Let us scandalize him," she rejoined. "We are lovers, two guilty and happy beings, about to partake of a tragic collation, eating the cutlet of dishonor, drinking the wine of betrayal—"

"We are on the verge of an abyss—"

"Unfathomable—"

"We may be surprised. Oh, Lucia, I will shield you with my breast, since I have no other—"

"Why have I not a veil, a long black veil? Do you think, Sir Frederic, that I should tremble and grow pale?"

"Try it. I too will try to appear agitated."

The waiter came to announce that the room was ready. Lucia rose hurriedly; Frederic followed her, speaking in an undertone, making absurd remarks that were supposed to be words of endearment. The waiter kept at a distance. Arrived in the private room, she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands very naturally.

"My friend, what will you have for luncheon?"

"Oh, I am not hungry," was the melancholy reply.

"Shall we drink Chablis?"

"Yes, yes," she replied in the hoarse voice and with the wandering glance of a woman who has lost her head.

The waiter left the room with the order. They burst out laughing; they could hardly restrain themselves. Lucia's eyes were full of tears; Frederic buried his face in his napkin. How ridiculous! They enjoyed themselves like two children on a holiday. Then Lucia suddenly became serious. She looked around, somewhat disillusionized. She saw nothing unusual, nothing out of the ordinary. He understood.

"This room is quite ordinary. There are no more remarkable rooms except in novels. We are becoming prosaic."

She smiled absently; then resumed the comedy.

"What shall we do now, Sir Frederic? What shall we do to deceive this man? Invent something!"

"You must address me by my first name."

"Yes, yes. Or rather I must confuse it with your title."

"Certainly. Then we must gaze at each other, and stammer incomprehensible words."

"When he speaks to us we must pretend to be abstracted. I will stare at the water in my glass—"

"And I will make little pellets of my bread—"

The comedy proceeded, recited marvelously. The public, composed of the waiter and host in the distance, in the hall, were overwhelmed. But for five minutes the actors paid much attention to their cutlets.

"Lady Lucia, we should not eat."

"Oh, why not?"

"Don't you understand? With a heart consumed with remorse—"

"You are right, of course! But we are of those who eat for rage—"

"And drink from despair—"

"To drown remorse—"

So they continued lunching with good appetites, like young people whose minds are at rest, and who enjoy good health. But they did not forget their roles.

"When he comes in, Lady Lucia, we must pretend to be drinking from the same glass."

"I will say: 'Frederic, do you remember Viareggio?'"

"And I will appear agitated, sigh, make a gesture of despair—"

They took delight in throwing themselves into their parts. They thought of what they could do best, to make the greatest effect. They gazed interrogatively at each other. The heat became intolerable in the little room. Not a breath of air stirred, but many flies entered through the tightly closed blinds. Lucia waved her fan; she had drunk two glasses of Chablis, and the comedy began to excite her. Frederic was more calm, but in each was a clear consciousness of dualism. The representation of the comedy did not make them more intimate; they remained good friends, content to make fun of the host and waiter.

(Continued on Page 31.)

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Neo-Nietzsche

I am the singer
Of Neo-Nietzscheans;
The dynamic soul
With an anaemic wife,
With children like Spartans
Rigidly reared.

I am the camel,
Observe my great hump.
I am the lion
That laughs in the wilds.
I am the child,
A holy assertion.

I am the warrior
That never drew sword.
My speech is the lightning;
I slay with a phrase.
The Superman lives
In me the Up-goer.

I want a woman
Whose virtues are those
Of a world yet to come;
That I may divest me
After my sham-fight,
With her to dance.

I want a house-wife,
A waltzer, a soul,
With whipcord to keep her
Tame to my hand;
And my caresses
Shall be her reward.

Lo, I am square
To the four winds of heaven.
My children must be
Rectangular shaped;
But where is the woman
To bear me those cubes?

I am the Spirit
And Wisdom and Power,
And Truth is not secret
Or bashful with me;
And even my hammer
Is philosophic.

I am immoral,
Adore I all vice;
The lies of a just heart
Philanthropy are,
And great is revenge
For I am cruel.

Lo, I am the singer
Of Neo-Nietzscheans:
The Terror of Kindness,
The Slayer of Shams,
The Tyrant of Women,
But you must not laugh.

—Alfred E. Randall.

The Spectator

In the Throes of a Scandal

The State is proud of its big university across the bay which boasts at once a Wheeler and a Boke. It finds rest and quiet in the moral platitudes that emanate therefrom at brief intervals, and it realizes that were it not for the zeal and vigilance of the faculty most everything of consequence within the borders of the commonwealth would go to the demnition bow-wows. In this rude, rapid and reckless age it is a consolation and a moral strengthening to feel that whatever dangers may threaten there are men at Berkeley ready to uplift and safeguard us at a moment's notice. But there is so much superfluous immorality in this State that occasionally some of it obtrudes even upon the holy ground of the university itself, and then consternation seizes the guardians of the public weal who throw conniption fits and do other things indicative of great mental agitation. A catastrophe of this sort, at this very moment, is stirring the emotions of the righteous pundits. They are writhing in the agonies of a tremendous scandal. The story is one that ought to appeal to the news sense of our alert dailies, but for some reason they have failed to exploit it. The story briefly is that the moral town of Berkeley has been shocked by election frauds, and that the person accused of perpetrating them is a university student, a young man who has sat at the feet of Boke and absorbed lessons in civic patriotism by the hour.

He Boosted Belshaw

A few weeks ago W. R. Ellis, a reformer approved and guaranteed by the university faculty, personally conducted an election in Berkeley for the purpose of learning public sentiment on the question of annexation to Oakland. Incidentally the people were given a chance to express their sentiment with respect to gubernatorial candidates. Much to the amazement of everybody the Hon. Charles M. Belshaw received a decisive majority, while the Hon. Francis Heney, the idol of Berkeley, the patriot who supplied the name at the Boke family christening, figured among the also-rans. To say that the college professors who have been doing their utmost to purify public sentiment in Berkeley were humiliated by the apparent repudiation of Heney, would be to fall ridiculously short of an adequate description of their state of mind. A few days after the election a vagrant rumor to the effect that frauds had been committed was set afloat among the Berkeley oaks. It reached the ears of Boss Ellis and he ordered a recount. When the ballots were examined evidence of fraud was discovered. It was clear that somebody had taken a deep interest in Belshaw's welfare and that Heney had been counted out. This was bad enough, but worse was to come. Boss Ellis conducted an investigation which brought him to the conclusion that the frauds were the handiwork of a bright young man from Belshaw's pocket borough, an undergraduate distinguished as one of Boke's most zealous disciples. Boss Ellis submitted his damning evidence to the university authorities and when last heard from they were conducting a dark lantern investiga-

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tion. And now Boss Ellis is reported to be considering the advisability of issuing a hurry call to Mrs. Gerberding to come to Berkeley and make an effort to succeed where apparently Boke has failed.

Kent for Congress

It is high time for Congressman McKinley to look to his fences. Over in Marin County, which is at one end of the First District, a new ambition has come into bloom, the roots of which threaten to absorb every drop of the moisture that supplies sustenance to McKinley's towering greatness. This ambition is nursed and matured by Mr. William Kent, reformer, civic patriot and millionaire, the man who inherited Muir Woods and presented them to the people, receiving for his gift a most gratifying eulogy from no less a dignitary than Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Kent has been looked upon as a Republican, and it was thought that he intended to make a fight at the primary for the Republican nomination. But Mr. Kent is no novice in politics. He appreciates the difficulty of beating McKinley in a contest for Republican votes. What he wants chiefly is a seat in Congress, and the route that presents the fewest obstacles is the one he purposes taking. So he is negotiating with Mr. M. F. Cochrane, the overlord of all territory lying within the shadow of Tamalpais, and a Democrat of considerable consequence.

Not a Long Haired Reformer

With William Kent in the race for Congress Mr. McKinley will soon realize that there is a heart-breaking Marathon ahead with a pace-maker therein of wonderful powers of endurance. In Mr. Kent are combined many elements that are peculiarly advantageous to a man whose soul is fired with political aspirations. A genuine, aggressive reformer, yet he shelters no unattainable ideals beneath flowing, symbolic locks. He is essentially practical, as was demonstrated in Chicago where he conducted a campaign for clean government and won without the employment of any hypocritical pretensions. He fought the machine with its own weapons, and after his triumph he fulfilled his promises and salted nobody's sores. He took an interest in the fight to purge this city of the corruption that Ruef propagated, and put up some of the sinews of war. It is said that before parting from his money he exacted a promise that immunity would not be granted to Ruef, and that he was very indignant when he found that the promise had been violated. Being a good partisan, however, and having espoused the cause of the graft prosecution from liberal motives and with liberal views, the treachery that had been practiced did not cause him to relax his perseverance or impair his zeal. He believes in the principle that to support measures you must support men and that to carry a point through the instrumentality of men you must disregard the alloy and imperfection of the means. So the graft prosecutors still retain the friendship of the man they are reported to have deceived, and doubtless they will requite his fidelity by getting behind him for Congress and helping him to spend a little of the one hundred thousand dollars which he is said to be willing to spend to make the journey to Washington.

Pollard on Bierce

For two reasons Ambrose Bierce does not receive the homage of contemporary criticasters: first, because he is a genius and therefore to them unintelligible; secondly, because he is a satirist and has wounded either their vanity or the vanity of their friends. But to Bierce is given the homage of the discerning few. It has been ever thus. The glory of literary giants can be seen only in the perspective of years save by those who reach above their knees. Among the few by whom Bierce is appreciated is Percival Pollard, a critic versed in the mysteries of literature, who has devoted to a discussion of him many pages of his book, "Their Day in Court." This book is an arraignment of the pretenders of American literature. Mr. Pollard has set himself to the task of telling us what is wrong with American literature, the welfare of which he has at heart, and he opens his first chapter with the statement that the case of literature in America is comparable to the case of My Lady Parvenu's grand rout: crowded and worthless. Bierce he pronounces "the one great artist in English on our continent." He says that Bierce is the only one of our men of letters sure to be heard of side by side with Poe and Hawthorne; that he is fit to rank with De Maupassant, Verestchagin and Kipling. As a satirist he compares Bierce to Swift, Pope and Brown, but he excels, in Pollard's judgment, as a writer of short stories. "If," says this distinguished critic, "one volume written in America in our time is to survive for the perusal of future centuries, that volume is "In the Midst of Life."

A Sonnet From Sterling

Some day when in the mood George Sterling will take up his pen to lash in pungent prose the pygmy criticasters that have the effrontery occasionally to hazard their shallow opinion of Bierce's literary performances. For the present he is content to restrain his indignation within the narrow confines of the sonnet. This one—"To Ambrose Bierce"—I received from him the other day:

I saw a statue in the market-place—
The guerdon of a life of noble toil.
Austerely shone the marble that should foil
Oblivion, tho' the desecrated base,
Round which the sullen huckster trod, bore trace
Of dogs' defilement—transitory moil
That expiating rains would soon assoil.
But oh! the sunlight on that tranquil face!

What to the Titan were the mindless deed,
Mire-born, and swiftly with the mire made one?
No more than could the marble couldst thou heed
The mongrel, and the hate of souls uncouth—
Thou eagle that hast gazed upon the sun
And canst endure the light which is the truth!

Senior—How many times have you been plucked?
Junior—Four times, counting next commencement.

A Plea for Melvin

Now that Justice Sloss has received the approval of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League the friends of Justice Melvin are wondering whether that gentleman is also to be

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favored with the support of the associated patriots and redeemers. Justice Sloss having been absolved of his sins it would be strange if absolution were denied Justice Melvin. For certainly Justice Melvin cannot be deemed more than a venial sinner, whereas the transgressions of Justice Sloss were such as to put him beyond the pale of the immaculate coterie that guides the destinies of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Hitherto Justice Sloss has been regarded as an especially grievous offender because of the curious misapprehension that he was predestinated to righteousness. When the activities of the graft prosecution were young Justice Sloss, by virtue of his intimacy with Judge Frankie Dunne, was admitted to the charmed circle of the elect. And because of the strange things that were being done in the name of law and justice it was deemed advisable to make much ado over Justice Sloss since he would have a hand in the final analysis. Our uplifters, striving for the greater good, heroically steeled themselves against conscientious scruples, and shrewdly withheld indictments in the Home Telephone cases in which Justice Sloss was interested by marriage. Now Justice Sloss was all the while oblivious of his being the object of subtle designs. Not for a moment did he suppose that he was expected to construe the law upon principles of friendship and gratitude, and so when the Schmitz case came before the Supreme Court he had not the slightest hesitation in concurring in the views of his associates. At once he was cast off by Frankie Dunne, the inflexible standpatter of the court of inferior jurisdiction, who was indignant that the ties of friendship should not constrain despite the law and conscience. In the estimation of the patriots Justice Sloss fell from a vertiginous height. In the councils of the elect his name was anathema. He was more bitterly reprobated than any of his associates of the bench. Yet he has been forgiven. Now Justice Melvin had no hand in the Schmitz decision. When that malign instrument was handed down by an incorrigible tribunal Justice Melvin was a nisi prius judge in Oakland. The only offense that he ever gave to the elect consisted of a rebuke to Francis J. Heney, who wanted to shake him by the hand in private after slandering him in public. There is no doubt of Justice Melvin's guilt. It cannot be denied that on a certain memorable occasion he made it clear to the whole State that Mr. Heney, the idol of the uplifters and all their sympathizers, had no love for the truth. But there were extenuating circumstances. Heney himself forced the issue. It cannot be disputed that he did publicly slander Justice Melvin, nor that he did seek Justice Melvin's hands, nor that he did then and dare deny that he had said what several hundred people heard him say in Berkeley. But of course Justice Melvin was indiscreet. Mr. Heney is God's messenger on earth and his person is sacred. As a matter of fact he can do no wrong. Nevertheless in behalf of Justice Melvin I plead the forgiveness of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, whose leaders seems to have momentarily forgotten that they have resolved to take the judiciary out of politics.

The Spell of a Grill-Room Drama

Mr. Heney suffered an indignity in the Palace Hotel the other day, which, though it was not quite so humiliating as that which was put upon him by Justice Melvin, was akin to Mercutio's wound in that it sufficed. The author of the indignity was Mr. William H. Metson, the attorney, a gentleman with fighting blood in his veins and a reputation that deters the average citizen from a tendency to braggadocio in his presence. Heney met Metson in the crowded grill, and gave him a look that seemed to say "I've got a chip on my shoulder." This is nothing more than a characteristic expression of insolence which settles upon Heney's countenance whenever he meets anybody who doesn't like him, and which consequently is almost fixed. Mr. Metson who was sitting at a table a short distance from the chair occupied by the little prosecutor acknowledged the Heney frown with a stare charged with menace. The two lawyers were observed by a score of men in the grill who watched the development of this little drama without words, and presently the nerve tension became acute. The atmosphere was heavy with portent of a clash. For several minutes both men watched each other without the tremor of a muscle. A hush fell upon the room. The situation was fascinating, and the suspense made breathing short and quick. A sudden flash in Metson's eyes, and the situation changed. It was as though the chip had fallen from Heney's shoulder. With a feeble smile he turned away. Metson would not be denied. He changed his seat, and forced a renewal of the drama. Heney responded, apparently with fresh determination, but the strain was too much. He quailed, rose and walked away.

A Candidate and His Client

Some of the Hon. Hiram Johnson's long-haired friends are deploring his connection with the case of Dr. Burke who is under indictment for the crimes of abortion and attempt to murder. Deeply concerned for Mr. Johnson's welfare and fearful that his professional conduct may impair his political prestige, they consider it advisable for him to withdraw from the Burke case. These good people are laboring under the delusion that a lawyer is judged by his clients. Furthermore they are impregnated with the pernicious doctrine that was propagated in this community when, for the benign purposes of our uplifters, it was deemed advisable to excite prejudice against lawyers who defended men charged with crimes extremely obnoxious to civic patriotism. To this doctrine many converts were made at the height of the excitement to which this community was artfully raised, and the obvious absurdity of it has not yet penetrated the minds of some of the most hysterical of the zealots. Indeed they are insisting that the principle should obtain, and they make no concealment of their astonishment at Mr. Johnson's connection with the Burke case. They are amazed that he, an earnest and sincere civic reformer, should not scruple at running for Governor with the tainted money of an abortionist in his pocket. For of course they assume that Dr. Burke is guilty. This assumption is in harmony with another one of the crazy principles that was vociferously and vehemently enunciated in furtherance of the greater good of this stricken community. An indictment is prima facie evidence of guilt, shouted the uplifters, and now their chickens are coming home to roost. "The principle of the presumption of innocence is all rot," shrieked the elegant Heney, and his disciples are now pointing to Dr. Burke, and lamenting that so vicious a

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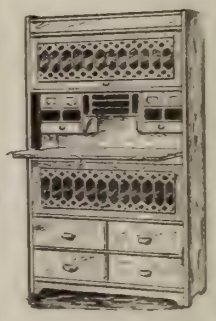


rascal should be able to tempt so distinguished a patriot as Hiram Johnson with money that drips with the blood of countless unborn children.

He Will Be True to Burke

Of course Mr. Johnson will not withdraw from the Burke case as he withdrew from the Conboy case. In the Conboy case he was a prosecutor, and his services were not imperative, but now he is defending an American citizen charged with horrible crimes, and he knows that a lawyer owes no higher duty to himself than that of safeguarding the rights of a man in Dr. Burke's awful predicament. It would be mean and contemptible cowardice on his part to withdraw from the Burke case for the purpose of conciliating the opinion of the ignorant. The noblest grand stand play that he can make is that of sticking to his rich client and getting out of him a fee large enough to compensate him for his sacrifice. Let the long-haired ones moan and lament as they will—they must not be taken seriously in such an emergency; now is the time for Mr. Johnson, our candidate for Governor at a great sacrifice to himself, to prove that his nickname "Hire-him" is not undeserved. Of one thing he can rest assured: that nobody can justly accuse him of inconsistency. Right in the midst of the graft prosecution did he not accept a fee from Dalzell Brown and manipulate the case of that bank looter with wonderful ease and ingenuity? And certainly his invitation to criticism in that case was much stronger than the one he now presents; for at that time he was on terms of intimacy with the District Attorney's office and in the circumstances it might have been thought that a sense of delicacy as well as his exceptionally fine sense of professional ethics should restrain him from putting through the deal by which his client virtually obtained immunity.

Tom—What, smoking? I thought you were ordered to stop?
Dick—Yes, by the doctor; not by my wife

The Mystery That Provokes Laughter

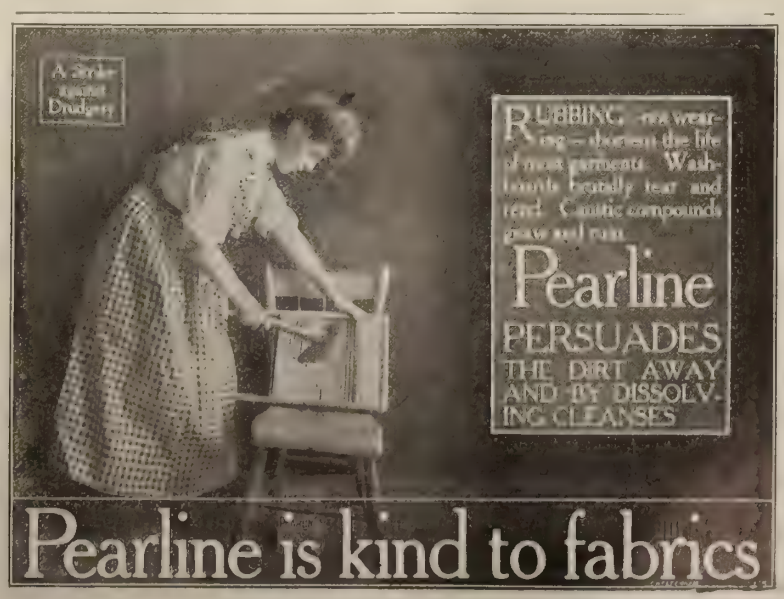
With respect to the mysterious cryptograms that have inspired a deal of humor the inclination to a purely comic vein of treatment is strong. They are almost as funny as the dynamiting of the house that Gallagher lived in. But singularly enough the gentlemen who are trying to drown discussion of the cryptograms with loud guffaws, are the gentlemen who were wholly oblivious to the humor of the explosion in Oakland. The circumstance that these gentlemen have been able to laugh at anything is in itself fallow ground for suspicion. Hitherto they have reminded me that the man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, for they seemed to be absolutely unable to indulge in the cheapest luxury that man enjoys. Unlike the Roman augurs who laughed in one another's faces when they met in private, the gentlemen of the prosecution cabal were afraid to laugh even behind closed doors. They wore at all times what became known as the prosecution mug, a stern, immobile, pharisaic face, that seemed as though it might have been cast in a moulder's pot. It mirrored nothing but the emotion of cruelty. It seemed indeed that these men who talked solemnly of the shooting of Heney as though they believed Haas had been hired to commit both murder and suicide, had been condemned to drag out their existence without a sense of humor. But now we find them laughing uproariously at the cryptograms that cost somebody four or five hundred dollars. "How much," says Carlyle, "lies in laughter, the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man!" Is there not something of a cipher key to the cryptograms in the ribald laughter of the gentlemen who kept their sense of humor under perfect control during the progress of the entire series of shams and frame-ups with which they successfully bunkoed a whole community?

Singular Reticence

I will not attempt a solution of the cryptogram mystery. I will only point out a few significant circumstances in connection therewith. Months ago the cryptograms were called to the attention of District Attorney Langdon, Detective Burns and Francis J. Heney. Did they attempt to solve the mystery? Did they explode with laughter at that time? No, they kept very quiet. If they believed, as they now pretend to believe, that the defense paid for the cryptograms in the execution of some sinister design, is it likely they would have held their peace? We are told that the great detective, celebrated for his talent for unraveling plots, distinguished for his faculty of invention, famous for his genius for elucidating the marvelous, uncovering motives and supplying missing links—this extraordinary man we are told, solved the mystery. He told the Examiner it was a frame-up contrived by the defense. Yet this sensational newspaper story was suppressed. Now whatever was the purpose of the cryptographer obviously his handiwork was not in furtherance of justice. Clearly he was trespassing criminally on a domain that requires the most jealous guarding. How remarkable, therefore, that no effort was made to bring him to justice! How remarkable that it should have remained for the defense to give publicity to the mystery!

Father Frieden Defends the Colleges

Father John P. Frieden, the distinguished Jesuit who was formerly president of St. Ignatius College in this city and who now presides oves the Jesuit University of St. Louis, has just taken up the cudgels on behalf of college education against Richard Crane, the millionaire elevator manufacturer. Crane wrote a book recently in which he declared that college education is not a benefit but a deterring force to greatness and that it would be better if all colleges and universities were burned. He declared, among other charges, that these institutions agreed to make civil engineers out of anybody, an impossible undertaking, and he attacked the sincerity of college presidents and professors. The eastern press has devoted considerable space to the reply made by Father Frieden, no doubt because it is temperate, logical and cogent. Father Frieden said in part: "Mr. Crane's charges are based on a misconception of the purposes of higher education. It does not claim to manufacture either brains or ability, but it aims at developing brain power and increasing and directing ability. Hence, no university holds 'that it can make a great engineer out of anybody.' On the contrary, its object is to aid a young man in the choice of his natural vocation; and



only after he has found it, does the university purport to be able to guide him to success or eminence in proportion to his talent and application. Mr. Crane thinks it a fallacy that 'all other things being equal, the college man is better than the non-college man.' Why? Because the non-college man has an 'experience' that his college brother has not. But, surely, the temporary advantage of that experience which has been obtained by blundering will not long keep the non-college man in advance of the student whose brain power has been matured and all his faculties sharpened. If there is an exception then that non-college man is an unusual exception, and educational establishments are founded for average men, not for the rare exceptions. His fling at college professors is amusing, leaving out the fact that men can and do devote themselves to education for far higher motives than seem to have entered the mind of Mr. Crane, who measures all things by dollars and cents. These professors do not say they are 'able to manage affairs better than business men themselves.' They modestly contend that the broadening of a man's faculties will aid him in business, and add, moreover, a power of appreciating other things which are superior to mere business and round out a complete man's life."

Guest—Why does Hennpeque never say anything?
Neighbor—Because his wife always declares that two people should not speak at once.

Rostand's "Chanticleer" at Last

After waiting seven years with a lively curiosity such as was never before aroused by any promised dramatic event Paris has at last seen "Chanticleer," the barnyard play by the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon." It is seven years since Paris first heard of Rostand's intention of writing a play in which the characters should be taken by animals. In December, 1902, the poet summoned the late M. Coquelin to his beautiful home at the foot of the Pyrenees and told the great actor of the new idea which had been suggested to him by a small farm in the neighborhood. "I watched with interest," the poet has said, "when suddenly in stalked the cock. He entered proudly, boldly, like a ruler, with disdain in his eye, and a certain rhythmic movement of the head which produced the irresistible impression of a hero. He advanced like a bucaneer, like a man in quest of adventure, a king among his subjects. In a flash I saw in this spectacle a play. I returned to the barnyard many times, and rapidly the framework of the play was constructed in my mind." Despite misfortunes such as the death of Coquelin and continual postponements the play has ever since been one of the principal topics of conversation on the boulevards. When the date for the first presentation was definitely fixed the event overshadowed the Paris floods in popular interest and newspaper prominence. The boulevard in front of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre was in a ferment and the few hundred guests invited to the repetition generale had to fight their way into the playhouse. The crowd indulged in typical Parisian witticisms; the men were greeted with cock-crows and when a pretty woman stepped from her motor car there was a cry of "Oh! la jolie poule!" Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London Times, who was present, declared the assemblage the most brilliant first night audience he had ever seen. At the same time he missed "the fine types of manhood one saw at the opening of the New Theatre in New York"; but the women, he said, were a wonderful show. A member of the French Academy declared that it was the greatest first night since that of "Le Marriage de Figaro." The crowd outside waited till one in the morning when the play was concluded and as the audience left there was eager questioning: "Is it a success? Is it a failure?"

The Splendid First Two Acts

After an exquisite prologue spoken by the son of the great Coquelin in which the animals to be presented were enumerated to the accompaniment of their characteristic noises behind the curtain, a farmyard in picturesque disorder was disclosed. The dog is in his kennel, the black bird in his cage. The properties here and throughout are on a colossal scale so as to keep the right proportion with the animals who are, of course, of human dimensions. The actors have their faces uncovered but their costumes are realistic. The hens cackle about their lord and master Chanticleer. The blackbird makes jokes and puns, having learned the Parisian argot from a city sparrow. There was a tempest of cheers when Guitry, playing Chanticleer, strutted in. He chants the hymn to the sun and then dismisses his harem and chats with the dog. Then the report of a gun is heard and the golden pheasant scurries in, crimson breasted, her head magnificently plumed and her body undulating with the dainty-roguish grace of Madame Simone. The dog hides her in his kennel. When danger is over the eternal coquette shows in the pheasant; she begins to seduce Chanticleer who is troubled by her insinuating questions as he retires to his perch. Night falls and the owl and

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¶ We are not looking for trouble, but for the removal of every cause of trouble.

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other night birds come forth to plot the death of Chanticleer. As they fly to the woods close by the pheasant enters sighing in lovesick fashion and the curtain descends to the accompaniment of tremendous cheering. In the second act we are on a headland at sunrise. The night birds have hatched their plot. Chanticleer is going to an "at home" given by the guinea hen; a gamecock will be there to destroy him. They leave at dawn and Chanticleer enters, crowing, and making love to the pheasant to whom he relates how his crow summons the sun. When the sun does not rise it is because his singing has been poor. When the day has dawned in all its sunny glory the act ends. Again the audience was enchanted by the poetry of the lines, the beauty of the scenes and the grace of the actors.

The Play Begins to Disappoint

Guitry said of the play before its production: "It will be a great success if the public does not laugh during the first ten minutes." There was no laughter during the first two acts, because the firm artistry of Rostand supplemented by the ability of the actors and the stage manager saved them from any tinge of burlesque or the ridiculous; but there were yawns during the two last acts, not many yawns but yawns just the same. The "at home" of the third act is full of clever preciosity intermixed with bold spectacle. In a kitchen garden the guests gather, Chanticleer swaggering in last of all. All the humors of such a gathering are satirised. Then follows the fight in which Chanticleer is being worsted until the gamecock wounds himself. The act is episodical and there was a falling off of applause at its end. In the fourth act the scene is in the forest and the possibilities of beautiful songs and sights are exhausted. But Chanticleer is quarreling with the pheasant. Suddenly the sun rises and he has not crowed. It is tragic. He realizes that he is the herald, not the creator of day and as he accepts this disillusionment, the pheasant sacrifices herself for love of him in a hunter's snare. There was very little applause at the end, even when the customary announcement of the author's name was made. Some idea of the elaborateness of the production may be obtained from the statement that there were one hundred and fifty costumes. Nearly $10,000 worth of feathers was used in making them. The weight of some of the costumes was thirteen pounds, an uncomfortable burden. The scenes were painted by well-known artists.

An Opinion on "Chanticleer"

Of course "Chanticleer" has evoked the inevitable comparison with "The Birds" by Aristophanes and much valuable classical learning has been spilled in pointing out the perfectly obvious resemblances and differences. The Greek play is essentially a satire whereas Rostand's only indulges the satiric vein in passing. The critics have been somewhat chary about passing judgment on the play; perhaps they realized that what the public wanted first of all was description, not opinion, for the plot had been so carefully concealed as to excite curiosity to a feverish pitch. It is too soon to say whether Rostand was right when he declared: "I have put the best of my brains into 'Chanticleer.'" Probably Mr. Walkley's summing up is the most interesting of all: "I believe this verdict of the first-night audience will be confirmed by the world at large. It is a work full of literary delights; of high fantasy; of extraordinary virtuosity in versification ("de l'acrobatisme!" was the comment of one veteran spectator in my hearing); sometimes of genuine lyrical fervor; not seldom tending to the "showy" and rhetorical; inspired by a genuine love and knowledge of Nature, even in her most secret places; fresh, ingenious, and "amusing" as a spectacle; bristling with literary satire, some of it rather recondite—altogether an extraordinary work that none other than Rostand could have imagined—but too plainly deficient in the "body," the conflict of wills, the continuous and cumulative interest of action that are essential for an acted play."

"Why did Stella break her engagement to you?"
"Merely because I stole a kiss."
"She must be very strict to object when her fiance kisses her."
"But I didn't steal it from her."

Mrs. Frank Leslie on Browning

Mrs. Frank Leslie, or Baroness Bazus, as she is more correctly designated, brought consternation to the ladies of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association this week by revealing to them that Robert Browning was fat, red-faced and an enthusiastic eater. It was a sad blow to romance, for the Browningites of the association naturally preferred to think of their idol as that combination of esthete and ascetic which is supposed to represent poetry in the not too solid flesh. But I doubt not that if the disillusioned ladies continued their investigations they would find that other poets were personally unattractive, to say the least. There was Tennyson, for instance, who consumed enormous quantities of mutton chops at breakfast and smoked a vile-smelling pipe in drawingrooms. What more romantic figure than Richard Brinsley Sheridan? Yet Sheridan in the flesh acquired a red nose from too much brandy and used to hiccough tipsily after dinner. We all know that Shakespeare died from eating and drinking too much and that

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Byron was frequently floored by the demon rum. If we must regard the poet as a superman whose soul is like a star and dwells apart, it would be just as well to avoid veracious biography. Otherwise there will be many shocks like that which Baroness Bazus gave the Women's Press Association.

Flag-Raising at San Juan Bautista

There is a very interesting celebration in the little mission town of San Juan Bautista, in San Benito County this week. Every year the town celebrates the occasion of the first raising of the American flag in California on March 4, 1846. At the summit of what is known as Fremont's peak in the Gabilan Mountains the flag is run up on a flagpole erected by the Fremont Memorial Association with fitting ceremonies in honor of the "pathfinder" and his troops who paved the way for bringing California into the Union. It was at San Juan also that another historic incident occurred, for there the land and naval forces of the United States first met on July 18, 1846. The mission town was a focus of activity in the earlier days and its townspeople, infused with the spirit that animated the first comers, are wont to recall the early events which played so conspicuous a part in California history. This year the celebration will be held today and tomorrow. At the invitation of the Fremont Memorial Association, the prime mover in the patriotic festivities, Judge Maurice T. Dooling, former president of the Native Sons, will be the master of ceremonies and will raise the flag on Sunday, the plan being to make the trip to the mountain with a large delegation of members and invited guests. Preceding this climax to the annual celebration, a grand ball will be held in San Juan tonight and Professor Crawford of the University of California will give a lecture on Halley's Comet. San Juan Bautista's yearly celebrations have attracted attention all over the State and are an impressive tribute to those whose deeds are written large in our annals.

"Tell me, doctor, what is platonic love."
"Well, it creates an appetite, like any other tonic."

A New Salon Attempt in New York

At irregular intervals some moneyed blue-stocking in New York courageously essays the foundation of a salon. So far all these attempts have been failures, probably because the New York of today is considerably different from the Paris of other days. But at any rate, the idea of a salon is a very fascinating one to moneyed blue-stockings and its revival may be looked for intermittently. Only a few days ago Mrs. Isaac L. Rice made an attempt to start a salon. Mrs. Rice started a Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises which silenced the sirens on the Hudson River, but she does not regard poets as makers of unnecessary noises, despite their sometime siren tones and there were lots of poets invited to Mrs. Rice's apartments at the Ansonia. It was a very swell affair with fashion and formality "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." From the New York Sun and a letter from Herman Scheffauer I have culled some very interesting details about this swagger literary function.

California Well Represented

With Edwin Markham and Herman Scheffauer representing the poetry of California, Gertrude Atherton representing our fiction and Mr. James D. Phelan in the role of a flaneur and patron of all the arts, it must be admitted that the west was not without its influence on the birth of the salon. To be exact, it was hardly a salon which was inaugurated on this occasion. It was rather a poets' union. While the plans are still vague, inchoate, as becomes poetical plans, it is probable that other affairs will be arranged in Mrs. Rice's beautiful apartments where more sandwiches will be consumed, more tea drunk and more pale thoughts interchanged. The idea of forming a stock company for poets was broached by George Sylvester Viereck, a poet of purple passion and dark mysterious evil. Viereck conceded that the shares might not sell at par right away but he thought the poets might wait for dividends. Edwin Markham wanted to found a Society for the Lovers of Poetry with Dante and Beatrice as charter members.

Poets' Union, Local Number One

Just who suggested the idea of a union is not quite clear but its advantages were so obvious that Gertrude Atherton who dislikes unions, was almost in despair. A union, she argued with Mr. Phelan, would make it sound as if poets had to labor. A union, replied Mr. Phelan, could strike for the eight hour day, not to speak of more cents to the square stanza. Viereck returned to the charge for his stock company. "At first we could sell our stock for a song," said Mr. Viereck. "Mark Twain is a corporation and why should not poets be incorporated. Like as not Shakespeare was only a trust or a title company with Bacon as a dummy director. Poets must be seen as well as heard. We have no place in this country where poets can be viewed as they can in Westminster Abbey. Present conditions are dreadful. You wish to see a poet. You have to go to Hoboken or the flats of Harlem or Staten Island and then you only see one or two. We might have a parade if necessary. I think such a celebration would inspire interest in poetry, stimulate prices and ultimately pay for itself." Herman Scheffauer told how they recited poetry in the dark over in England. It was highly effective. Poetry, Mr. Scheffauer added, must be heard fully to be appreciated. A musical accompaniment to the recitation of a poem was something particularly subtle. One was affected one way and another quite differently, but no

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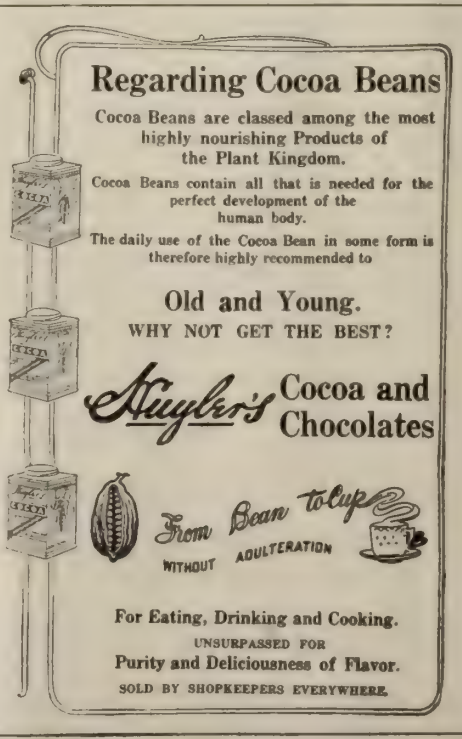

one could remain wholly insensible to the poem's heightened charm. "But what I should most like to see in this organization," said Mr. Scheffauer, "is naturalness. In California the poets of the Bohemian Club lounge under the trees and read poetry there. Isn't there some place here, Central Park or the Battery, where you could loaf and invite your souls? For New York is indeed a chilling environment to the poet." Edwin Markham, who will furnish the authentic looks for the poets' union, waited until they beseeched him to prophesy. Mr. Markham said he didn't care so long as they made the organization broad enough to include the lovers of poetry. "There are only three ways of reaching conclusions on life," said Mr. Markham. "One is called philosophy; the others are poetry and religion." Religion, he explained, was only poetry put in practice. Markham's philosophy cast something of gloom over the company, but the reading of original verses by all the poets present brought the affair to a successful close.

"Really," said the callow youth, "I am no longer a mere boy. I've got a little hair on my lip now."

"Yes," replied Miss Pepprey, "and perhaps in a few weeks you may have another one."

The Thunderer Now Under Harmsworth's Control

Over the wires the other day came news of the death of Arthur F. Walter of the London Times. A fact not generally known is that with Walter's death the Thunderer passes under the absolute control of Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe. The Times was under the control of the Walter family for more than a century. It was founded by John Walter in 1775. He left the management at his death in 1812 to his son, another John Walter, who held it until his death in 1847, when a third John Walter succeeded and held the management until 1894. He was succeeded by his son, Arthur Frazer Walter. Under the last named the Times supported Lord Salisbury's Ministry in its South African policy in 1899 and the succeeding years preliminary to the Boer war, but criticised the conduct of the war after hostilities had begun. While Arthur Frazer Walter's father was at its head the Times made the great mistake of its career, the publication of the "Parnell letters," also known as the "Pigott forgeries." In an effort to regain the losses which ensued from this great blunder the son took the Times company into the general publishing field. In 1898 it undertook a reprint of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," and the Times book club was one of his projects. This extension of the scope of the newspaper caused considerable unfavorable comment among other publishers. Shareholders outside the Walter family brought an action in 1906 against the family which had controlled the publication since its inception; but the suit was settled amicably by the conversion of the Times, formerly a partnership, into a limited liability company, and disclosures of the inside history of the paper were avoided. Under the new arrangement Mr. Walter became chairman of the board, and this post he retained after the purchase by Lord Northcliffe, already owner of the Daily Mail, of the controlling interest in the Times.

The Exposition Site

According to the Examiner President Bourn of the Spring Valley Water Company purposes exploiting the Merced Rancho property as a site for the Panama-Pacific Canal Exposition. This is the site that was recommended by Town Talk immediately after it was determined to hold an exposition. No better site can money be spent to greater advantage for the city. The Merced Rancho should be made a part of our park and boulevard system. If the money to be spent on the adornment of a large tract of land to render it suitable for an exposition were spent on the Merced Rancho then the city would have another beautiful park, with buildings for museums and other purposes; that is, provided the land were purchased from the Spring Valley Company.

A Composite Portrait

Let us examine the most recent portrait of that sterling champion of the people, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the one drawn by Secretary Wilson. An impressive portrait this, if for no other reason than that it is the handiwork of Secretary Wilson, a gentleman who enjoys universal confidence, and who is not at all under suspicion of being unduly friendly to the iniquitous ones who have been responsible for the awful crime of national prosperity. Secretary Wilson took the witness stand in Washing-

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ton last Tuesday to inform the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee that Mr. Pinchot, the great exponent of conservation and friend of posterity, was guilty of misrepresentation. Mr. Pinchot had sworn that Secretary Wilson had given him permission to write to Senator Dolliver the letter that caused his (Pinchot's) dismissal for insubordination. The facts of the matter as presented by Secretary Wilson are of some importance, shedding light as they do on Mr. Pinchot's ability as an intriguer, and revealing him as a typical reformer, full brother to Mr. Glavis and not more or less worthy of confidence or credence. It appears that Mr. Pinchot with a view to avoiding blame for something he knew was discreditable went to Secretary Wilson to make sinister use of that old gentleman. He asked Mr. Wilson for permission to send Senator Dolliver a letter about departmental matters. This was a reasonable request, it being customary to furnish members of Congress information that they required about departments of the government. The request was granted, whereupon Mr. Pinchot wrote a letter obviously designed to bring scandal on President Taft's administration. "Mr. Pinchot wants you to believe," said Secretary Wilson, "that because I raised no objection to his writing letters to Senator Dolliver regarding departmental matters he had a right to write what he did. He had no such authority from me. I knew nothing of it." Is this not a composite portrait in which may be traced not only the lineaments of Pinchot, but those of Glavis as well and also those of some of the glorified patriots of California?

The Disappointed Baconians

There was a great flourish of newspaper trumpets some time ago when a number of American Baconians went to England to find, by the aid of a cipher, a box of manuscripts hidden in a cave on the river side of an old castle. It was a romantic quest, a hunt for buried treasure free from all suspicion of mercenary intent, a high adventure in the interest of English literature. If the quest had been successful, the English-speaking world of literary men would now be quaffing deeply from a new well of undefiled inspiration, for of course the compositions which Bacon had hidden in that fantastic hiding-place would have been the equal of or maybe superior to the masterpieces to which he is supposed to have attached the name of Shakespeare. But most unfortunately there is no treasure trove; silently as the Arab, the cipher-inspired seekers have returned to their homes on this side of the Atlantic, sadder but no wiser men. Digging on the river side of an ancient castle the searchers found, as might have been expected, the foundation of an ancient wall and one report says that they also found the handle of an old box. The handle, however, was not attached to a box, so it did not answer the purpose. Either somebody else found the box of manuscripts and left the handle behind or—there was no box of manuscripts. The outcome might have been foreseen. The cipher on which the quest was based was constructed, not from one of Bacon's own works or from a play of Shakespeare, but from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." Of course this circumstance made it necessary to assume that Bacon wrote "Arcadia" and the assumption was blithely made. Assuming things is one of the easiest stunts of the Baconians.

Some Hard English Names

The following note has been handed over to me by Tantalus who thinks that as it does not deal with a matter of purely social interest, it is within my province to answer it:

Editor Town Talk: In last week's paper you spoke of the difficulty of pronouncing Taliaferro. Well, I happened to know that it was pronounced Tollifer or Tulliver; also that Cholmondeley is Chumley. But I've probably been mispronouncing Mrs. De La Pasture's name during all the years that I have found pleasure in her novels. Will you kindly set me right? Very sincerely, E. K. W., Berkeley.

Mrs. De La Pasture's name is pronounced as if written Delapatoor. It is no disgrace to mispronounce a name of this sort, Tantalus' opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no rule for the whims of pronunciation in English nomenclature and it is useless to attempt to master certain names unless one is thrown

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in contact with their owners. If E. K. W. of Berkeley lived in London, for instance, he would never find Berkeley Square unless he asked for Barclay Square. Of all the odd things in the world there is nothing odder than the English pronunciation of English proper names. The famous Enroughty, pronounced Darby, is hardly to the point, for the scape-grace member of the decent family, assisted to escape to the colonies on condition that he change his name and thus cut the connection with his respectable relatives, practiced a bit of trickery by which, having received the benefits of clemency, he retained the original spelling of his patronymic, simply giving his name orally as Darby. It appears, however, that Lord Byron called himself Byrn (Burn) while the Cowpers are Coopers; Majoribanks is Marchbanks; Wemyss is Weems and St. John becomes Singin. Arcedekne is transformed into Archdeacon and the Colquhouns expect to be addressed as Koohoons. The Duchesnes are Dukarns and the Bethunes, Beetons. The English of Menzies is Mynges and of Knollys, Knowles. Gower is Gorr and Dalziel, Dael; Glamis becomes Glarms when given orally; Geohegan is transformed into Gagen and Ruthven into Riven, while Dillwyn is only Dillon. In Abergavenny the av is silent, and in Hertford the e has the sound of a and the t is unheard. Geographical names furnish as many pitfalls for the unwary. Cirencester is Siceter; Pontefract is Pomfret; Woodmancote is Woodmucket and Hallahon, Horn. You write Hadiscoe but you inquire for Hadsker and if you really want to find Grassington you ask information concerning Gerston. Gunthwait becomes Gunfit on the English tongue, Eckdale is Ashdale, and Brighthelmstone, Brytun. Brampton is to be called Brian or Brawn and Utrame, Ooram. Meddlethorpe is Thriethrup and Uttoxeter, Tuxter. Pevensey is rendered as Pinsey; Rampisham, Ransom; Crostwight, Corsit; Holdsworth, Holder; Kircudbright, Kircoobry; Ilkley, Ethla, Cockswold, Cookwood and Marylebone sounds more like Marrowbone than what it looks like.

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The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

THE SPHINX SPEAKS

Carved by a mighty race whose vanished hands
  Formed empires more destructible than I,
  In sultry silence I forever lie,
Wrapped in the shifting garment of the sands.

Below me, Pharaoh's scintillating bands
  With clashings of loud cymbals have passed by,
  And the eternal reverence of the sky
Falls royally on me and all my lands.
The record of the future broods in me;

  I have with worlds of blazing stars been crowned,
    But none my subtle mystery hath known
Save one, who made his way through blood and sea,
  The Corsican, prophetic and renowned,
    To whom I spake, one awful night alone!

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, 509 Chronicle Bldg., City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased.

MICHAEL T. GERAGHTY, and
WILLIAM H. GERAGHTY,
Executors of the Estate of Catherine Geraghty, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 5th, 1910.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executors,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-5-5

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE RENEWED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5272, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN LYNCH, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition of MICHAEL COSTELLO, Administrator of the Estate of John Lynch, deceased, praying for an order for leave to re-mortgage certain real property belonging to the said estate that it is for the best interest of the said estate that the said real estate should be re-mortgaged.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Wednesday, the 6th day of April, 1910, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be made for the re-mortgage of the said real estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court on the 2nd day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 2, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COSTELLO & COSTELLO, Attorneys for Administrator. 3-5-5

The Editor in His Anecdotage

Setting Him Right

It is said that during one of Mr. Moody's meetings a worker approached a young man with the question, "Are you a Christian?" The young man looked up, smiling good-naturedly as he replied: "Oh, no sir; I am one of the choir!"

Misunderstood

An eccentric Maine preacher was recently driving along a country road, and overtaking a young man tramping his weary way on foot invited him to a seat in his sleigh. After he was comfortably seated the preacher rolled the whites of his eyes up under the visor of his cap, and said, in sepulchral tones: "Young man, are you prepared to die?" With an ear-piercing scream and a back somersault over the back of the sleigh, the young man made for the dense woods, and has never been seen in those parts since.

Cautious Approval

A small darkey and his sister were in the back yard of a wealthy Southerner's house. The girl was admiring things and exclaiming: "Wouldn't you like to live here?" Sonnyman was more contained, and after digging around the hydrant he replied: "Some mighty good fish bait here."

Pat's Absent-Mindedness

Three men, a barber, a baldheaded man and an Irishman, were traveling together. Not liking the looks of the place where they were to rest over night, they decided that one should keep watch while the other two slept. The barber was to take the first watch, the Irishman the second, and the baldheaded man the last. The barber amused himself by shaving the head of the sleeping Irishman, and promptly on the stroke of twelve, said: "Pat, wake up!" Pat, half awake, yawned, and passing his hand over his head said: "Holy Moses, he's gone and waked up the baldheaded man when he should have waked up me."

Bessemer's Invention

Sir Henry Bessemer's discoveries in steel-making brought him great wealth and many honors. He came to London a poor boy from a country village. In two years he was pursuing a method of his own invention for taking copies of antique and modern bas-reliefs in a manner that enabled him to stamp them on card-board, thus turning out an infinite number of embossed copies of the highest works of art at small cost. This process, if made known to the unscrupulous, would have opened a wide door to fraud; for by its means there was not a government nor a paper seal of a corporate body which any common clerk could not forge in a few moments to absolute perfection. The disclosure of it at that time would have shattered the whole system of the British Stamp Office. The secret has been carefully guarded to this day. At the period referred to it was reckoned that the British government lost $500,000 annually by the fraudulent transfer of old stamps to new deeds and other legal papers, the tax being thus evaded. Bessemer invented a new system, which was adopted by the government, but he never got even thanks for it.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys at Law, Room 1029 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased.

SARAH BELLE BLOCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of Andrew Block, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1029 Mills Bldg., Bush and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 3-5-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Dept. No. 10. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased.

Jessie R. Ferrenbach, the Administratrix of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 11th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the city and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, OTTO FERRENBACH, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, March 1st, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed March 1, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St. opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 3-5-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In the security market of the recent week we find what has appeared like much manipulation for distributive purposes in the leading speculative issues, stocks bought for support two weeks ago. How far this selling has been successful to insiders we do not know, but at the close of the session today it looks as if the market had turned the corner of the rally and would now work to a lower level again. Some betterment has been much heralded of trade conditions, etc., recently. This may be true, but it is a serious question how long this will last when we are facing a labor crisis over the country as a result of abnormal commodity prices. The technical position of stocks in Wall street is undoubtedly sound as a result of commission houses being depleted of highly speculative accounts, but the economical conditions of the country are not good and such, we believe, will be an influencing factor in security values ere long.

Wheat—Crop damage claims have again diverted attention from the dull demand current for cash wheat and the lack of public interest shown in old crop months. Nevertheless, the alacrity with which the market responds to news that in ordinary years would receive very scant attention and less respect, shows that there is something in the market besides fear of crop damage. The visible supply this week promises to be about a standoff, to a small decrease. In either event the visible will be around 14,000,000 bushels less than on March 1 last year. Primary market receipts during the last seven months are about 15,000,000 bushels larger than those of a year ago. This increase has been readily absorbed. With a visible supply smaller by 14,000,000 bushels from a primary movement that was larger by 15,000,000 bushels than a year ago, when supplies ran down to the lowest total in many years; in fact, almost to the danger line, it would seem that there was not much real fear that the remainder of the difference in size between the last two crops—about 72,000,000—could not be readily taken care of.

Corn—Although corn prices worked a little lower last week and the market acted heavy a good part of the time, the general position seems to be a little better than it was. Primary receipts fell off about 1,400,000 bushels from those of the preceding week and were about 800,000 bushels smaller than for the corresponding week last year. Country shippers are plainly up in arms against the acceptance of such extreme discounts for low grades as are represented in present markets, but in the event of mild weather there will probably be continued pressure of such grain on the market.

Cotton—The action of the market in the last few days only confirms our convictions and previous statements. After a drop of 103 points, to about 14 cents for the May option last week the market again turned, with every indication of inherent strength, particularly in the near months. Though when, as we have stated, the market takes such a material drop, prices get down to a basis that attract large buying by spinning interests and exporters; it is not believed by spot houses that any advance will go very far. The pronounced strength of the near positions, especially abroad, is credited to the calling of a large amount of April cotton, estimated at about 115,000 bales and the covering of hedges against this cotton would naturally bring a large amount of buying. It is not believed that any advance will go very far, maybe to 15 cents or thereabouts, as it has twice before on these rallies, as prices are not receiving much speculative support and the market is largely in the hands of professionals who are, almost to a man, against high prices for the present and will take the short side again on any bulge, and, in fact, we recommend this side until consumers show more interest. The long side should be carefully considered, if not avoided. The statistical position indicates a small surplus at the end of the season, but enough to meet requirements. The new crop prospects must soon be the controlling feature and aside from manipulation must be watched carefully.

Copper—While prices in some quarters have been rather firmly maintained, the market has felt the lack of demand and the trading in consequence has been very light. There has been quite a change in sentiment in the last few days as to the price of crude, or manufactured material and that is, that consumers can, for the present at least, get all they want at a reasonable price. This is a temporary wave of sentiment that does not seem to be founded on facts as statistics go, and in the better informed circles the opinion still prevails that the staple will bring 15 cents before the end of April. There have been some wide fluctuations in Lake, and on its intrinsic value it is a purchase around its present price—70 to 71. This stock is used as a leader in the copper market. Chino has real merit and taking the same in conjunction with Lawson's wide advertising it really should sell higher, as should a great many other of the better grade of stocks. In fact, at these prices the general market seems like a good purchase, although we still believe, that in sympathy with the New York stock market, and the general conditions, a material rise is not warranted in stocks for the near future. For the time being influence, pro and con, seems pretty evenly balanced and we see no reason for taking any decided stand one way or the other. We are inclined to think, however, that the next big movement will be upwards.

Auto Notes

The Pacific Motor Car Company has shipped to the E-M-F and Flanders reepresentatives, Mr. A. B. Mire at Modesto, two cars; one car to Chris. Sieber & Company at Woodland and eight cars to Simon Newman Company at Newman.

Fred Haas, purchasing agent for the Union Commercial Company, is the owner of an Oakland "Forty" roadster which will be driven to Santa Maria by Bert Lichenberg. The company has recently bought an Oakland "40" for use in the sugar beet fields.

The Pioneer Company's cars, particularly the Hudson and Chalmers, sold in Sacramento and vicinity with marked success. This is indicated by the arrival of S. M. Phillipps, the Sacramento agent of the Pioneer Company, who is in town arranging for another shipment of cars.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

An Interesting Group at Luncheon

There was an interesting group lunching together at the St. Francis the other day. It included Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, George Whittell Sr., and George Whittell Jr. The interest centers in the presence of George Whittell Jr. It was only a few years ago that he was the devoted fiance of his hostess. Their engagement was announced and the usual fuss was made over it. Pearl Landers was the most popular belle in society and her collection of engagement cups numbered over two hundred. Suddenly one day each cup was returned to its sender with a note from Miss Landers explaining that her engagement to Mr. Whittell was discontinued. Soon after this young Whittell began to fill columns in the newspapers with his matrimonial exploits. A contract

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS JANET PAINTER

The attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter in whose honor Mr. A. Dalton Harrison will give a dance at the Claremont Country Club on Friday, March 11. This will be one of the largest and most elaborate affairs of the season.

marriage was annulled only to be followed by his wedding with Miss Josie Cunningham of the Anna Held forces. Pearl Landers married Vincent Whitney a year or so after the shattered romance with George Whittell. The merry luncheon party of last Saturday proves that the breaking of heart ties is taken lightly these days.

Miss Maude Fay's Embarrassment

It is small wonder that Miss Maude Fay, the beautiful local girl who has made her mark as an operatic singer in Germany, was greatly embarrassed by the rumor that Gertrude Atherton had made her the heroine of her latest novel. It will be remembered that Miss Fay visited this city at the time when Mrs. Atherton was putting the finishing touches on the novel and that the novelist entertained her. Owing no doubt to their intimacy in Munich and San Francisco and to the fact that it was known that Mrs. Atherton's heroine was an operatic singer, the rumor flew about that the character had been drawn from Miss Fay. Both Mrs. Atherton and Miss Fay emphatically denied this statement more than once in my presence and exhibited the greatest anxiety about its circulation. Miss Fay seemed greatly embarrassed by the story while Mrs. Atherton was both irritated and amused. Now that "Tower of Ivory," the story in question, has been published, the reason is quite apparent. The heroine of the story is a woman with an awfully bad past. Although she has scaled the heights of operatic success when the story begins, her previous

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS PAULINE PAINTER

A sister of Miss Janet Painter who will share the honors of the Dalton Harrison dance at the Claremont Country Club.

career was shockingly bad. She was raised in the coal country of Pennsylvania and ran away with a commercial traveler at any early age. Then she lived for thirteen years as a demimondaine in New York, giving up this degraded existence only when she discovered that she had a wonderful voice. Is it not natural that Miss Fay and Mrs. Atherton should object to the silly story which made the beautiful and brilliant daughter of a local family the prototype of this remarkable woman?

Society Girls at the Baths

It has lately become the fad for society maids and matrons to congregate every Friday morning at the Lurline Baths. Last Friday a jolly party included Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Miss Virginia Jolliffe and Miss Mary Josselyn. In their taffeta silk bathing suits they made very charming pictures and their swimming was exceptionally good. Mrs. Rathbone

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with her wealth of Titian hair reminded many of Billie Burke as she dove into the tank. Mrs. Brickell with her glorious blonde curls that fell in ringlets about her face was another who attracted particular attention. An Eastern lady on a visit here was exceedingly enthusiastic about the beauty of face and form of these girls. She said that she had never seen so many splendid looking women at any baths which she had visited and as she was known to be an ardent swimmer who had traveled a great deal, her praise was taken as having particular worth.

Indorsement for the Simple Life

That was a soul-stirring debate at the California Club a few days ago wherein the champions of the simple life and the champions of the strenuous life measured wits in defense of their predilections. It

Photo, Terkelson and Henry
MISS SUZETTE COPREN

An attractive young dramatic soprano who has won great praise by her singing at musical entertainments at the California and other women's clubs during this season.

was a battle of intellects with no quarter given and at its conclusion the champions of the simple life had routed their opponents at every point. This is interesting; it arrests attention; but I doubt whether it is epoch-making. Far be it from me to underestimate the influence of debates at the California Club upon current conduct. I have not forgotten so soon how the efforts of the California Clubsters sliced the baby off the platter of a restaurant poster and put a lobster in its place. Achievements like that would give a cynic pause. But this matter of the triumph of the simple over the strenuous life in the California Club reminds me of the Dutch taking Holland. Life has ever been simple to the verge of plainness at the California Club; the strenuosity of existence has never had a look-in there. When the ladies of a certain swagger club where bridge is played into the wee sma' hours for big stakes debate this question and after deciding that the strenuous life must go, enter whole-heartedly into the inauguration of the simple life, I will be impressed. Also I will be tremendously interested when the millennium comes.

The Battle of Royal Chefs

All fashionable London, writes a friend who is traveling in England, is agog with excitement over the battle-royal which is being waged by two chefs who tickle the palate of King Edward. It is a battle of sauces and cunningly contrived dishes and the king does not care how long it continues because since it began he has fared better than ever before. The two chefs who are contending for supremacy in the science—or is it an art—of catering to the sovereign's appetite, are employed respectively in Buckingham Palace and in the beautiful new home in Grosvenor Terrace of Mrs. Keppel, the king's chum. The chef at Buckingham Palace enjoyed undisputed priority for many years. He is Mr. Menager and he superintends the king's gustatorial menage at a salary of $10,000 a year. He does not live in the palace but close by and when he arrives at eleven o'clock every morning his first care is to inspect the lunch menu prepared by his first assistant and also the menu for breakfast the following morning. He then prepares the dinner menu for the following day, a task which occupies him usually a couple of hours. No two of Mr. Menager's dinners are alike. Certain dishes are from time to time repeated, frequently at the request of the king, but the general scheme of each dinner is always different. Always Mr. Menager is experimenting with new dishes and new sauces and it is not unusual for him to spend months on the elaboration of a particular viand. One of his sauces was only perfected after three years' experimentation and the king is exceptionally fond of it. Arrayed against this chef is the chef who served for years in the establishment of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester and who, after her death, went into the service of Mrs. Keppel. The king always liked to dine at the home of the dowager duchess and when she died he planned to hire the chef for his own kitchen. But when Mrs. Keppel forestalled him, he was delighted and as he dines frequently at her charming abode, he has the services of her chef without paying for them, at least directly. There is a great deal of jealousy between the two chefs and at the present time, Mrs. Keppel's chef has the better of the argument.

Amy Crocker to Go Abroad

News comes to me that Amy Crocker Gouraud intends to go abroad to live, but whether this plan was formed before or after the recent death of her husband I am not sure. Mrs. Gouraud is far from enjoying robust health and it is surmised by her friends here that her desire to be near a celebrated Parisian physician in whose ability she has the greatest confidence may have something to do with her determination. I understand that she is now disposing of all her American interests, preparatory to leaving New York. Mrs. Gouraud has a fad for adopting children; she is raising two youngsters in England and one in America and may add others to the

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list. She has also developed a great fondness for dogs and is buying many of great value.

To Judge Feminine Character

At last I have discovered an infallible touchstone by which to estimate the characters of my feminine friends. Henceforth the riddle of womankind will be easy of solution for me and I will never again make a mistake in gauging the depths and shallows of those members of the gentler sex who have hitherto been a deep mystery, resisting every mental effort I made to fathom their impulses, their meaning, their likes and dislikes. A professor of the University of Berlin has put me in possession of the method by which I may avoid those mishaps into which mere man always falls in dealing with lovely woman. This professor declares that it is possible to judge a woman's character by the music she prefers. Thus, women who admire Saint-Saens are well-balanced, those who like Massenet are timid, those who love Wagner's music tend toward megalomania, those who prefer Flotow are vulgar, those who rave over Gounod are romantic and Liszt enthusiasts are ambitious. Admirers of Beethoven's symphonies are inclined to be vain while those who "go in" for Strauss, not the Strauss of "Salome" and "Electra" but dear old Johann of the dreamy waltzes, are light minded and shallow. These of course are but the elementary predications of the new method. I have avoided mention of Chopin and Bach, Schubert and Verdi and Puccini, because I wish to prosecute some investigations before I impart publicly all the principles of this fascinating discovery. I am now engaged in applying my touchstone to various women and tremble on the verge of some startling revelations.

The Triumphs of the Waltz

From friends who have spent the winter in England I learn that the waltz has been completely rehabilitated as the general favorite among dances and that the two-step which America sent to Europe is losing its popularity by perceptible degrees while the older dances are utterly neglected. It is predicted that next season will see the waltz queening it over all its rivals in fashionable circles while the imported two-step will go the way of the cake-walk to oblivion. English fashions are quick to reach the United States, so I look for a similar result in this country, though of course it will come more slowly and will not be so general as in England. While the waltz will regain favor here, it will never succeed in crowding the two-step off the dance cards as long as there are men and women who insist on a dance of easy and leisurely steps. Because the two-step is simpler, more quickly learned and a great deal less fatiguing than the waltz it will always remain, at least as the stopgap of the program. But the waltz, for a long time forced to share sovereignty with the two-step, is surely coming into its own once more. There are good reasons for this and one of them is undoubtedly the fact that waltz music is of a much higher character than the music of deux temps. Masterpieces like Johann Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube," Rodolphe Berger's sensuous "Amoureuse," Depret's subtle and fragrant "Sourire d'Avril" and the haunting "Valse Bleue" of Margis were bound to return to sway the feet of the present generation as they swayed the feet of its grandparents. The new waltzes are of such excellent musical quality, too, that they are bound to overshadow the monotonous two-step. The venerable Waldteufel has recently composed a fine waltz entitled "Rosee" and the once famous Coote has been writing some delightful new ones. "The Merry Widow" waltz, of course, enjoys an unprecedented vogue and a number of English composers have been laboring with considerable success to remove the reproach that English musicians are unable to compose a good waltz. Joyce's "Vision of Salome" has taken so well that Wern, a Hungarian, has written a "Reve de Dalilah" and Kandt a "Dream of Cleopatra." So it seems that the days of the romping dances have gone and the grace and dignity of the dreamy swaying emotional waltz are to be fully restored to our ballrooms.

The Neustadters Entertain

One of the most enjoyable affairs given recently at the Cliff House was the "Chinese Supper" tendered by Mr. and Mrs. Neustadter to a number of their friends with Mr. and Mrs. Bernheim of New York as the guests of honor. Although called a "Chinese Supper" the decorations only were Chinese, the center piece of the table being a miniature village. The table was extremely attractive, owing to the decorative taste of Miss Block. Among those who enjoyed Mr. and Mrs. Neustadter's hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. George Roos, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. A. Silverberg, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Roos, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Reiss. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stellheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Walton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Silverberg, Miss Ehrman, Miss Appenheim, Miss Jacobi, Mr. Ehrman, Mr. Leon Greenebaum, Mr. Haber and Dr. Frankenheimer.

Miss Kemble to Give "Salome"

Miss Margaret Kemble who has already this season charmed large and discriminating audiences by her interpretation of Strauss' "Electra" and Dukas' fantastic "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," will give an interpretative study of Strauss' "Salome" on Monday afternoon at three o'clock at the St. Francis. At this particular time when all lovers of music are taking a keen interest in Strauss' work on account of the varied criticisms which have followed the New York presentation of "Electra," there is sure to be added interest in Miss Kemble's latest presentation. After a foreword on the music and an interesting description of its production abroad, based on her own experience, Miss Kemble will read the drama, adding an analysis of the themes and the music as a whole. The illustrative piano playing will be done by Miss Laura Anderson, a gifted young San Franciscan whose intelligent and dramatic interpretation of "Electra" and the Dukas music have already won her many encomiums.

Mr. Chamberlain's Recital

Mr. William Edwin Chamberlain will give a song recital under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church on Sunday, March 13, at 2:30 p. m. at Century Hall. Mr. Chamberlain is a young

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singer with a baritone voice of pleasant quality which he uses easily and with no sense of effort in a wide range of songs. One of his best songs is Loewe's "Erlking," a composition the rare beauty of which is appreciated even by those accustomed to the wonderful Schubert setting. In this song Mr. Chamberlain shows strong dramatic quality. Following is the program which Mr. Chamberlain will render: "Where'er You Walk," from Semele, Handel; "O Ruddier Than the Cherry," from Acis and Galatea, Handel; In Questa Tomba, Beethoven; Selve Amiche, Caldara; Vittoria Mio Core!, Carissimi; Row Gently Here (Tom Moore), Schumann; When Through the Piazzetta (Tom Moore), Schumann; Waldesgesprach, Schumann; Erlkonig, Loewe; The Happy Lover, Old English; Orpheus With His Lute (Shakespeare), Carl Busch; Under the Greenwood Tree (Shakespeare), Carl Busch; Neuer Fruhling (Heine), Mario van Overeem; Freebooter Songs, William Wallace.

Prominent Men Play Golf at the Potter

W. C. Witherbee, a prominent New Yorker who is at the Potter in Santa Barbara, with H. W. Taft; Charles L. Taylor, confidential secretary to Andrew Carnegie; C. W. Baker, in charge of the sales department of the United States Steel Company, with headquarters in New York, and George Singer, a well known resident of Pittsburg, have been on the Potter Country Club golf course during the greater part of their stay. Mr. Witherbee, as well as the other three members of the notable quartet, was most favorably impressed with the Potter links in its present condition and stated that with a little improvement and care it could be made the best in the west. These men played a 36-hole match on Sunday and after another game on Monday, counting the two as a 72-hole match, the teams were only one ball apart. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been a most enthusiastic spectator from the verandahs of the club house, where a most excellent view of the entire course is obtained, and just as soon as the condition of his knee will permit he hopes to get down on the course himself. As it is now almost healed, this will probably be in a few days' time.

In the Social Spotlight

Among the many passengers sailing from New York, March 5, on the mammoth "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" of the Hamburg-American Line, are the following Californians: Hon. J. D. Phelan, Hon. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy, Mr. Leonard Wiessberg, San Francisco; Mrs. R. Koppenhagen, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jacobus, San Jose; Mrs. Geraldine Shotter, Master Oliver Shotter, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Bright, Miss Helen Bright, Stockton; Mr. Walter F. Berger, Miss Irene Berger, Santa Barbara.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria include Miss Jeanette Powell of Marysville, and Mrs. J. H. McKune of Sacramento. Mrs. McKune is the guest for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayliss C. Clark are down from their home in Sutter Creek for a few days, and are guests at the Hotel Victoria during their stay in town.

Mrs. T. G. Atkinson of Eureka has taken aparements at the Hotel Victoria, where she is to remain for several weeks.

Miss Cecilia O'Connor entertained at luncheon during the past week, her guests numbering a small coterie of friends who shared her hospitality at the Hotel Victoria, where Miss O'Connor is spending the winter.

Miss Daisy Ryan was another of the past week's luncheon hostesses, and her guests were invited to the Hotel Victoria.

Miss Alma Thane, who with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thane has been domiciled at the Hotel Victoria for several months past, had a party of young friends as her guests at dinner there during the week.

Miss Dora Thayer of San Rafael presided at a prettily appointed dinner of eight covers at the Hotel Victoria, where the Thayers have been spending the winter. Miss Thayer's party occupied the artistic private dining room of the Victoria.

Mrs. H. H. McGowan and son of Paraiso Hot Springs, Monterey County, have been the guest of Mrs. Bemon Ogden at San Mateo.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore, M. M. Robbins Jr., Mrs. C. N. Beals, John E. Bennett, Roy Carruthers, E. Winsby, Martin Schneider, R. L. Perry, T. S. Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lydes, E. A. Clark and C. E. De Camp.

The Beringer Musical Club gave its fourteenth piano and vocal recital last week at Kohler & Chase Hall before an unusually enthusiastic audience. The surety and apparent ease with which every number of the program was given, made a deep impression upon the hearers. Prof. Jos. Beringer and Mr. Harry Samuels opened the program with Schumann's A minor Sonata for piano and violin, and vocal and piano selections were given by Miss Irene De Martini, Mrs. H. J. Widenmann, Mr. Harry Bultman and Miss Frances Westington, Miss Zdenka Buben, Miss Sadie Bultmann and Mr. Melton Mowbray.

Miss Jane Hotaling entertained a jolly house party recently at Sleepy Hollow in honor of Miss Page of Chicago. A few days ago Miss Hotaling was taken ill with the measels, so society will miss her for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick V. Stott will leave this week for New York on a visit to the parents of Mr. Stott. They will be away five months.

Marshall Hale who was operated upon for appendicitis a few weeks ago is still ill at the Hahnemann Hospital. Dr. Bryant

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who performed the successful operation was suddenly stricken with the same malady and a few days ago underwent an operation. At last accounts he was on the road to recovery.

Miss Albertine Detrick is ill at the Merritt Hospital in Oakland. Miss Detrick is a daughter of Edington Detrick by his first wife who was a Miss Tucker, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Tucker of Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Genvieve Chambers of Oakland and Frank Elwell Case of Seattle is set for April 5 at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers in Linda Vista Terrace. The bride and groom will reside in Seattle.

Miss Lillie O'Connor has returned to the Fairmont after an enjovable visit to Mrs. William Tevis at Bakersfield.

The Misses Louise and Alice Schussler left on Friday for a lengthy tour abroad. Miss Louise will study art. These charming young girls will be greatly missed by their many friends.

Commodore Holland M. Stevenson, U. S. N., reired, has been very ill during the past week in his rooms at the Dorchester Hotel.

A coterie of charming matrons have formed a small club to play bridge during Lent. Among the members are Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. George Page, Mrs. Alexander McCracken and Mrs. George Hellmann.

Mr. R. Kohler, the prominent railroad man of Portland, is at Del Monte, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Griggs of Tacoma are at Del Monte.

Mr. C. F. Swigert of Portland, Ore., Mr. W. S. Brooke of Medford, Ore., Mr. M. L. Holbrook of Portland and Mr. James D. Hart of Portland are a few of the golfers from the north who are making the beautiful Del Monte links their headquarters these days.

Visitors at the Palace from the north include Mr. and Mrs. William Chappell who amassed a fortune in the gold mines of Alaska and who now makes Seattle his home; Albert Hansen, a prominent business man of Seattle, M. L. Holbrook and J. D. Hart, real estate men of Portland, Dr. Byron E. Miller of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Powell of Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalf Jr. have arrived at Colorado Springs where they will remain for some months in hope that Mr. Metcalf's health will be entirely restored.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont from the northwest are Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Buttar of Vancouver, B. C., H. E. Bravender, E. F. Siegmund, and Wilhelmine Siegmund of Calgary, B. C., and W. G. Hall of Victoria, B. C.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Platner of Pittsburg who are at the Fairmont during their visit to San Francisco were hosts at a luncheon in honor of Rear Admiral Whiting and Mrs. Whiting, U. S. N.

Commander Victor Blue, U. S. N., registered at the Victoria during a visit in town from More Island where he is stationed.

My dear Bess:—

Apologies, a thousand of them, for not keeping you posted last week as to progress on my place. So many things happened I hadn't time to look at a pen. Tom who is really just as crazy as I about our new plaything insisted upon hunting up some of the old Italian places in San Francisco just to see if the country had spoiled our appetite for that sort of jaunting Sh! don't breathe it aloud, and neither did he, but I could see that the planting of the jonquil and narcissus in a correct line in our corner of the Crocker Tract was of far more importance to him than all the enchiladas and frijoles the Quarter could offer, good though they were.

We've been putting in trees all this week, nice big ones, so we wont have to wait years for them to be something more than twigs. And a whole hedge of bamboo. It is so feathery and graceful. One space we've reserved for a wild garden and have just thrown broadcast poppies, pink, yellow and crimson; bachelor buttons; some oats (so the bachelors may have the companionship they like) and daisies—doesn't that all sound fascinating?

In one corner some hollyhocks and sunflowers will very soon, in this adorable climate, be tall enough to peek over the wall they are to beautify. Come over soon and I will show you the enchanted spot.

Yours,

—Claire

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HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

Stage

Taking Pinero Frivolously

"Mid-Channel," the latest Pinero play in which Ethel Barrymore appeared in New York, has not been taken quite as seriously in London as the knighted author might wish. Max Beerbohm, no prude, called it "Mid-Gutter" and a weekly paper publishes this parody:

'Mid-Scandal, or, His House in Disorder

A Lurid Problem Play by Sir Arthur Pinero

Scene: Ballroom in darkest Mayfair. A retired alcove.

Cinderella (pale and haggard): No, I cannot marry you! I have a past! (Blue lights as customary in fashionable drawing-rooms.)

Prince (worn, dishevelled): A past! Naturally, if you are in the best society. Tell me, what is it? Put me out of this suspense! Have you written a book?

Cinderella: No—not so bad as that! (Moans.) I am in disguise—I am only a scullery-maid! (Muffled thunder.)

Prince: Ha! I suspected something of the sort. Your manners are not coarse enough for a girl in really good circles. But I—(he places his hand wearily to his forehead)—I, too, have a secret!

Cinderella (gasping): A secret?

Prince (hoarsely): Yes—I am a thief!

Cinderella: Of course—all the heroes in the higher-class drama are thieves just now.

Prince: I mean, I have stolen your shoe! (Produces the glass slipper from his coat-tails, together with a bottle of poison, and a bible.)

Cinderella: A thief! That accounts for your having robbed me of my heart! (Shivers. Takes revolver from her pocket provisionally.)

Prince: Ah! (Clutching poison bottle.)

Cinderella: Oh, oh! (Wrings her hands, balancing revolver on her head for the moment.)

Prince: Then this is the end? (Exit to the grounds outside in the darkness, where a revolver shot is heard.)

Cinderella: And we part for ever! (Drinks chloroform casually.)

The lights are lowered. Music—valse (Chopin's "Marche Funebre").

Orpheum Circuit Invades Europe

Morris Meyerfeld Jr., president of the Orpheum Circuit, who has been absent in the East for the past two months returned home last Sunday and announced that he had succeeded in the object of his visit. "From the moment," said Mr. Meyerfeld, "that Mr. Martin Beck and myself became aware that Mr. Alfred Butt of London, managing director of Europe's finest music hall, The Palace, had secured what is known abroad as 'The Barrasford Tour,' we determined if possible to obtain a part of it and as I have already stated we have been successful. By the new arrangement we become part owners of 'The Barrasford Tour,' consisting of The Alhambra, Paris; The Hippodrome, Liverpool; The Hippodrome, Leeds; and The Hippodrome, St. Helena, with joint booking associations with The Palace, London; The Palace, Manchester; The Alhambra, Glasgow; The Empire, Sheffield; The Empire, Nottingham, and other important British provincial music halls. Our affiliations with the Kohl and Castle, Frank Tate and Anderson and Ziegler theatres of the middle west and the important vaudeville houses of B. F. Keith, F. F. Proctor, Percy G. Williams, Hammerstein and M. Shea in New York and other large eastern cities, permit us to book acts from coast to coast and we shall now be able to continue them direct to England and France and to give them time in all the best music halls there. To the list of theatres already secured in the near future several other European music halls will shortly be added, including one in Berlin where Mr. Beck already holds a desirable location in Shiffsbauerdamn Strasse. Gradually the Orpheum will extend its field to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Havana, and the principal capitals of the South American republics. We have theatres in Winnipeg and Duluth approaching completion and intend immediately to erect a beautiful Orpheum in Salt Lake City. The contracts for the New Orpheum in Los Angeles are now being let and it will open its doors this fall. We have purchased the Auditorium, Kansas City, and intend to devote it to popular priced vaudeville." Mr. Meyerfeld will leave for London in May to confer with his new associates.

"The Merry Widow" Returns

The gayest Viennese operetta that every came out of the music-mad capitol is "The Merry Widow," which plays a return engagement in this city at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday night, March 7, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. Lehar, who wrote the music, has established himself as the only living successor to the line of light opera writers beginning with Offenbach and ending with Sullivan. He has all of the abandon and dizzy riotous melody of the Parisian composer and all of the scholarly and emotional effectiveness of the composer of "Pinafore." The book is ingenious and witty. That there isn't a dull moment in "The Merry Widow" is too well known and too extensively advertised to require mention. Mabel Wilber will be the Sonia, with George Dameral as the Prince Danilo. Others of prominence in the cast are Oscar Figman, William V. Strunz, Harold Blake, Charles Edward Wright, Sophie Barnard, Louida Hilliard, Winifred Marshall and Viola Napp. The Savage English grand opera orchestra will be under the direction of Frank Mandeville.

MABEL WILBER

In "The Merry Widow" at the Columbia Theatre

Robert Edeson at the Van Ness

Robert Edeson, than whom few players of the present generation enjoy greater favor with local theatregoers but whose remarkable success in the East has caused his visits here to be altogether too few and far between, returns next week to San Francisco, after an absence of five seasons. Beginning on Monday night he will appear at the Van Ness in his latest stellar vehicle, a play of modern American life, "A Man's a Man" by Anna Steele Richardson and Henry Leslie Friedenberg. This new drama which has been pronounced by critics in other cities as a better medium for the display of Mr. Edeson's talents than even "Strongheart" in which he scored so great a success, is one of the season's real successes and one of the most interesting native dramas of recent years. Differing radically from recent dramatic offerings, "A Man's a Man" treats of the evils of modern divorce from an entirely new viewpoint, and introduces Mr. Edeson in a brand new line of characterization. The scenes of the play are divided equally between New York City and the capital of a western state, and the story has as its basis the attempt of an unscrupulous mining magnate to debauch the legislature that he may gain success for the social and political ambitions his newly found riches have aroused in him. As is his custom Mr. Edeson brings with him a supporting company of unusual excellence.

The Myrtle Elvyn Concerts

That beautiful young American virtuosa, Miss Myrtle Elvyn, will give her first recital at the Garrick Theatre this Sunday afternoon, March 6, presenting an unusually varied and interesting program which will include the Leschetisky arrangements for left hand alone of the sextette from "Lucia," Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," some Chopin and Mendelsohn numbers, the Schubert-Liszt transcriptions of "Hark, Hark the Lark" and "The Erlking" and some novelties by Claud Debussy and Erich J. Wolff. The second concert will be given Thursday night when Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood" will be given complete and works by Bach-Tausig, Brahms, Chopin, MacDowell, Moskowski and Wagner-Liszt will be included in the offering and by request the artist will play Schulz-Evler "Arabesques" on "The Blue Danube Waltz." Miss Elvyn's farewell recital will be given Saturday afternoon, March 12, when a special program for students will be given. Among the works to be played are the Chopin "Sonata" in B flat minor (the one with the glorious funeral march), Schumann's "Toccata," Brahm's "Rhapsodie" in B minor and numbers by Mendelsohn, Schumann-Liszt, Schubert-Liszt, Moszkowski, Dvorak and Liszt.

"The Gingerbread Man" at the Savoy

The last performances of Rex Beach's stirring story of Alaskan life, "The Spoilers," will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the matinee Sunday that always welcome musical fantasy, "The Gingerbread Man," will be presented in San Francisco for the third time. This is one of the red letter events of the season and the only regret is that the engagement is limited to one week. "The Gingerbread Man" is a man of quality, as his cohorts of vocalists and comedians, the dainty music of A. Baldwin Sloane and the clever lines of Frederick G. Rankin, will attest. There is quality in "The Gingerbread Man," and also class, and that statement covers a great deal of ground. The cast includes Ross Snow, one of the funniest men on the stage and a tremendous favorite here, Wally Helston, an acrobatic dancer and comedian of rare repute, Garrick Major, a splendid baritone and actor, Inez Girard and Helen Keers, prima donnas, Rose Murray, the daintiest soubrette on the American stage, and important others, including a large and comely chours. The usual matinee will be given on Saturday, with a bargain matinee on Thursday. The big musical review, "Wine, Woman and Song," which held the boards of the Circle Theatre, New York, for four hundred performances, will follow "The Gingerbread Man" at the Savoy Theatre, the cast including Bonita, the famous beauty.

New Leading Man at the Alcazar

As a medium of introducing their new leading man the Alcazar managers selected "Classmates," and the play will be given its first stock company presentation in San Francisco next Monday evening. It was written by William C. DeMille and Margaret Turnbull, and served Robert Edeson as a starring vehicle throughout one season. In the role created by Mr. Edeson, that of a West Point cadet, Mr. Desmond scored the most emphatic success of his recent engagement in Kansas City. It not only enables him to appear to eye-pleasing advantage in the natty uniform of a West Pointer, but gives him opportunity to prove that he can act impressively without sartorial aid. His best work is done in the third act, where he is seen in tattered garb and seemingly at starvation's door in a South American jungle. In the cast with Mr. Desmond will be the full strength of the Alcazar company, Evelyn Vaughan having the role of Sylvia and Will R. Walling appearing as Stafford, with all the other favorites in equally well-fitting parts and a number of extra young people to fill the stage pictures in the first act. The jungle scene promises to be one of the most beautiful ever displayed in the Alcazar.

Good Features at the Orpheum

Lottie Williams, a great favorite in this city and for some time past a successful star in the East in popular plays, will appear in Edmund Day's one-act play, "On Stony Ground" at the Orpheum next week. Miss Williams as a slangy happy-go-lucky waitress in a cheap restaurant, has a role which exhibits her at her very best. The Charles Ahearn Cycling Comedians who came direct to the Orpheum Circuit from the Hippodrome, London, where they were an immense sensation, will be included in the novelties. Charles and Lily Charlene will present their drawing-room entertainment. Mr. Charlene is a remarkably expert juggler and Mrs. Charlene is not only a skillful xylophonist but also a very beautiful woman

ROBERT EDESON

In "A Man's a Man" at the Van Ness Theatre

who costumes handsomely. Mank's All-Star Trio which consists of Harry W. Cline, the world's champion billiardist, Calvin W. Demerest, ex-champion and Albert P. Cutler who has challenged Cline for the world's championship trophy, will be a special feature of next week's program only. They will introduce a unique, scientific and amusing sketch by James Madison called "A Night in a Billiard Parlor," which is an excellent

TILLY KOENEN
The Dutch contralto.

vehicle for fancy exhibition shots. Next week will be the last of Felix and Barry, Winona Winter, the little Cheer-Up Girl, Reynold and Donegan and Clara Belle Jerome, assisted by William Seymour and her Eight Dancing Toodles.

Tilly Koenen, the Lieder Contralto

The next great vocal star to be offered by the Greenbaum management will be Tilly Koenen, a contralto from Holland who is said to be a marvelous interpreter of the lieder of all countries as well as a contralto with an exceptional range and great beauty of voice quality. She has created a furor in every city fortunate enough to secure her for an appearance and has been recognized by the leading critics as one of the very finest concert artists that have ever visited America. Her programs are of exceptional variety and interest and at her opening concert announced for Sunday afternoon, March 13, at the Garrick Theatre she will sing a long and attractive list of works. Equally varied and delightful offerings are promised for the other concerts scheduled for Thurdsay night, March 17 and Sunday afternoon, March 20.

"Light Eternal" at Ye Liberty

For the week commencing next Monday evening, the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse will revive one of their earliest successes, "The Light Eternal," the piece that was given its first professional production by them nearly five years ago. It is a play with an unusual history. Martin V. Merle, the author, wrote it while a student at Santa Clara College, and it was first performed by his fellow students at the college theatre. Its success was so great that requests came to the college faculty to allow a production of it in San Francisco. They consented, and the drama crowded the Alhambra Theatre for three nights. Later on Mr. Merle rewrote it, introducing female characters, and it was then that the Bishop players took it up and started the play on its career as a success that has made it a familiar one in every city of the country. Since it has been seen in Oakland the play has had the advantage of a New York City production, and the polishing that comes with it and is now, according to the author, a better play than ever before. Sydney Ayres appears next week as the young hero, Marcus Valerius and Elizabeth Stewart who has been specially engaged during the illness of Blanche Hall, will be seen as the Princess. All the other favorites will be found in the cast, and the usual excellent scenery will be provided. "The Girl of the Golden West" follows.

Maud Allan Coming

At last San Francisco is to see one of the barefoot dancers of whom we have read so much and from all accounts by far the most charming and graceful of them, Miss Maud Allan. It is a strange fact but the three most famous classic dancers hail from San Francisco: Maud Allan, Isidora Duncan and Gertrude Hoffman. Miss Allan is not only a great stage favorite but a social favorite as well and it is no uncommon thing to see the equipages of some of the foremost families of England drive up to the theatre with the family escorting Miss Allan to her work. Four appearances will be made in this city and one in Oakland under the joint direction of Will L. Greenbaum and Martin Beck. In order to give Miss Allan's work the proper setting an orchestra of half a hundred players is already being organized by Mr. Paul Steindorff. These performances will certainly be a novelty.

At the Macdonough

"The Gingerbread Man," one of the most delightful comedy operas of recent years, will be at the Macdonough for the matinee and night of Friday, March 4 and the night of March 5. Starting Monday, March 7, McIntyre and Heath will play an engagement of one week at the same theatre with matinees on Saturday and Sunday. They will give "In Hayti," the very funny play with which they are making all San Francisco laugh at the present time.

Klaw and Erlanger's massive production of "The Round Up" will follow "The Merry Widow" at the Columbia Theatre. It is said to be even a greater presentation than the managers' "Ben Hur."

LOTTIE WILLIAMS
The favorite comedienne who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Odd Things in the World

One of the features of night life in the New York Tenderloin that surprises and amuses visitors from out of town is the stunt that several proprietors of the gaiest and most unconventional restaurants prepare for their patrons. They hire a quartet of well dressed men and women, give them a table prominently situated, serve them wine and an assortment of dishes calculated to attrat attention, and make a signal at the proper moment. Suddenly the four arise and sing a popular song, accompanied by the orchestra. Strangers in New York are not expected to know that the quartete is hired for the occasion and is made up of course of professional singers. They get the impression that the performers are well known Broadway artists who just happened to be taking supper in the restaurant and are singing to amuse themselves. The restaurant proprietors say that the trick has a distinct commercial value.

On his way home one evening last October from Karbenning railway station, in central Sweden, a young man when passing through a small wood was vigorously attacked by an eagle owl. Alighting on his shoulder, the bird inflicted some severe wounds with its powerful beak and claws, and when beaten off it carried off his cap in token of victory. Some years ago several similar attacks by eagle owls occurred during the summer months in the province of Vester Gotland, in one of which an unfortunate old man lost an eye. A correspondent of the Swedish periodical Fran Skog och Sio states that in the part of Vermeland to which he belongs there was an eagle owl which became well known for its repeated attacks on human beings who chanced to come near its abode. While cutting timber one day a man was assailed by the bird, which drove its claws into the upper part of his body. He managed to get rid of it, but it at once came on again, when a blow from his axe put an end to its further attentions. A peasant in the parish of Stammar, Nerike, had a similar experience in April last. He was fetching water from a lake close by his house when an eagle owl suddenly flew at him. A kick made it retire a few yards, when it came in contact with the fence. This seemed to irritate it, for it returned to the attack, but the man seized it by the neck, tucked it under his arm and carried it off home. On the way the owl's mate kept flying around in unpleasantly close proximity. Ultimately the captor had to despatch his prisoner, his wife and children being much scared at its formidable aspect.

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The Ideal American

(Continued from Page 7.)

superficial chronicles or vulgar dreams of the scribblers. Purporting to be biographies of Lincoln, they have been written by journalists or lawyers who knew as little of the man of whom they wrote as they did of the dwellers in other planets. The only at all interpretative biography of Lincoln—and by far the best—has been written by a Quaker Englishman, Henry Bryan Binns.

Lincoln was one of those mysterious personal forces that bring with them the silences from which they come; that tarry a little while upon an earth that never really sees or hears them; that light up the thick darkness for the moment they are here; that remain inscrutable to the end; and that go back into the silences, without any man knowing whence they come or whither they go. They come, they go, as if earth were a momentary halting-place upon a long quest. They are always the supreme national types; and they are always essentially unknown by the nations to which they come—either glorified by the nation's rejection or falsified by its acceptance. Yet always are they so much more than this. They are universal types as well—more infinite and unsearchable than the heavenly spaces. As one of these, Lincoln looms across the centuries, above racial changes and the shifts of nations, belonging at last to no time, to no special people. He is more akin to Aeschylus or Beethoven, to Moses or Mohammed, to Jesus or Mazzini, than to those whose names we commonly set beside his own. He differs from each of these, of course, as these differ one from another; but he is of the same mystery, the same power, the same glory. We may think of him as the greatest mystic who ever took to politics. He did not show what he saw nor the way in which he walked. There were many things he might have revealed; but he knew the world could not bear them. He said but little of what he really thought; and the little he said was as if by accident, flashing from the clouds that enveloped him.

And what he said, and what his life meant, has had no actual bearing upon our subsequent national development. To truly say this, one has only to glance at the uninterrupted decadence that has proceeded since his time. The declivity down which the Gadarene swine precipitated themselves into the sea is not so steep as is the descent of the nation from Abraham Lincoln to Theodore Roosevelt. This hero, the most deceptive and degrading personal force of our public life and history, has carried the nation in the hollow of his hand; and he may do so again, when he returns from the joy of his African slaughter.

The nation has fallen on flagrant times. We are deep in political decadence. Doubtless the world has never known such moral pretentiousness, such worthless bombast as the America of the present presents. Probably there has never been such brazen and unashamed hypocrisy, such inadequate and insincere professions of reform, such spiritual rottenness, such inclusive corruption of the human soul. In spite of the criminal character of our municipal and state and national Governments, in spite of the increasing brutality of our public life, in spite of a suppression of free speech that will soon place us behind Russia, we still boast ourselves the great free nation. And we impose this falsehood upon Europe. But in no nation of the world is there so little freedom for the human spirit, so little intellectual integrity, so little moral initiative, as in America. The Puritan blight is indeed upon the land. The real America, the America of Lincoln and the middle rivers, the America of the pioneers and the prairies, is in the tomb. Or let us say that America is unborn.

But the real America will come unto birth at last. We shall have a harsh and terrible capitalist culmination. We shall have the Empire we want, with Caesars more ruthless than Rome ever knew. Our economic machine, and its inevitable political form, will prove the most destructive of historic tyrannies. The new Dark Ages, spreading from America, may envelop the world. From America will proceed the great catastrophe, the breaking up of what we call civilization. But there will arise a new America, a new human type. It will be the America that we Americans do not now know—the America whose seed is the frontier people of the first West, whose sign is Abraham Lincoln, and whose fulfilment will be a commonwealth that is at once economic and social and spiritual; a commonwealth that is the living synthesis of inclusive association and unhindered individual liberty.

A Little Comedy

(Continued from Page 9.)

Their game was a success. The waiter spoke in an undertone and walked softly; they smiled behind his back. Lucia peeled a peach, and breaking off a piece offered it to Frederic with a loving gesture. Frederic took it and kissed her fingers. The waiter saw and pretended not to see, hurrying away for the coffee. They shook hands and congratulated each other with admiration. Never in their lives had they been more entertained.

They found it all quite natural, even their own mutual indifference. Or, rather, the position did not appear a dangerous one, so serene were their hearts. They continued the game like two children, satisfied with a new play discovered by chance. Frederic understood because he had lived; Lucia guessed because she was a woman; and it interested them both.

"Sir Frederic, do you not think that we ought to smoke cigarettes?"

"As we light them we must exchange glances, then we can exchange cigarettes."

"And watch the smoke sadly."

When the waiter came to clear the table they were smoking. A noise of wheels was heard outside. Lucia gave a cry and almost fell into Frederic's arms, trembling.

"Good God! You will kill me with this emotion," he murmured, supporting her, and pretending to reassure her.

"It is a cart, lady," the waiter ventured to remark.

"Very good. You may go," said Frederic severely.

What hearty laughter They had not laughed thus in years. They felt invigorated, refreshed by this July afternoon. They sat discussing all sorts of things, as in the park, and joked over the manners and customs of the whole world. Every now and then the waiter passed the open doorway without turning. They smiled again and renewed their conversation. They left after an hour of chat, descending the stairs arm in arm. Turning they saw in the doorway the cook, the scullion, and the waiter, looking after them.

And they went away gaily, refreshed and calmed, through the dust.

Arrived at their hotel, Lucia slept soundly for three hours. That evening she did not see Frederic. The following morning she received a telegram from her husband, summoning her to Milan for a tour of the lakes. This was very welcome, for Castellamare was becoming monotonous. She wrote a note of farewell to Frederic, and departed by the earliest possible train. Frederic read the note as he was shaving, shrugged his shoulders, and went for a bath.

For three years they never saw each other, heard no news of each other. But the very first time they met again, one evening in a box at the theatre in Florence, without speaking, without touching hands, before many people, their eyes met in a glance of ardor which united their two lives. And it was a stormy tempest of passion that overwhelmed them.

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The Siege of Baler

(Continued from Page 8.)

tle Henry!" (one of his sons), and, turning to me sobbing, "Order them to go back and look for the child. Quickly! The Insurrectos are going to take him."

He died on the 22d, during the afternoon. He had a good heart, too simple perhaps; and the country has been just to him. His memory will never be blotted from mine. God keep him in peace.

As there was now no other lieutenant left, I had immediately and officially to assume the command, with all its incidents and dangers. For some days the command had practically been mine, but now the circumstances could not but be aggravated and the difficulties seriously increased by our recent loss. I well knew what was expected of me in the future, if I grew not disheartened on the way, which was yet very long and thorny. But I was still in good health, and I did not falter in my determination for a single instant.

It was now the one hundred and forty-fifth day of the siege. There remained under my command thirty-five privates, a trumpeter, and three corporals, almost all of them ill. To care for these sick men, I had only one doctor and one Hospital Corps man. To feed them, I had a few sacks of flour, all fermented and forming a tough mass, and a few other sacks that had contained chick peas, but now had nothing in them but dust and weevil; not a scrap of beef, that from Australia having been used up during the first week in July; a few pieces of bacon, swarming with maggots and, moreover, repugnant to the taste; a very little very bad coffee; of wine, which had been finished in August, only the casks; of beans, a very few, and bad; plenty of sugar, but not a grain of salt (which we could, however, have easily had while we were yet trading with the people of the town), which we had been in want of ever since we shut ourselves up in the church; and some tins of badly damaged sardines.

This was all very little, considering the progress of the epidemic, the fatigues of the siege, and the remoteness of any possible relief. But we still had enough ammunition, a flag to defend while there was a cartridge left, and a sacred depository, that of the remains of our dead comrades, to guard against profanation by the enemy. It was possible for us to resist, and we resisted.

To deceive the enemy as to the condition of his force Captain Cerezo adopted a very original ruse:

I continued to refuse to receive flags of truce. But since this might cause the enemy to suspect that it was due to the discouragement of the soldiers, and as these same communications, dangerous as they might be, often brought us something from the outside, and always something new, which relieved the tedium that was oppressing and consuming us, I thought to deceive the enemy and at the same time to raise our spirits and divert our minds by devoting some portion of the time to merry-makings, which, although forced, might cover up the real situation to those both within and without the church, and also enliven our minds and hide our anguish.

These so-called merry-makings consisted of hand-clappings, merry cries, and snatches of song, which angered the enemy and made him cry out, "Sing away! you will soon have to weep"; and which kindled in us the recollection of other and happy days, and of that country to which perhaps we would never return.

Recollections so bitter! Comedy! pure comedy! in which we forced ourselves to be actors in spite of our wills, which opposed it. Painful recollections! but which, nevertheless, truly strengthened us.

In order to celebrate those merry-makings, those masks of laughter with which we tried to cover our faces, corroded already as with cancer, I ordered out into the corral every afternoon all persons not on duty, whether sick or well, as long as they could move their hands, sing a verse, or contribute in any way to the hilarity.

As already said, this maddened the enemy, who exhausted his repertory of insults and threats, and tried to reduce us to silence by redoubling his fire. But he only succeeded in stimulating us, for the simple reason that all his vociferation and firing acted on us as a sort of provocation, a sort of stimulant, like the excitement that warms one up, in a contest of skill.

Some idea of the extremity to which the besieged were reduced may be inferred from the fact that about this time the captain and the surgeon used to steal out of the church at night, risking death, for the purpose of eating—grass! The craving for green food was irresistible. Here is the account of a successful sally:

On the day following my conversation with the doctor, December 14, at half past ten or eleven in the morning, a most unusual hour for such an enterprise, I called Corporal Jose Olivares Conejeros, a man of great courage and completely in my confidence, and ordered him to take fourteen of the most suitable men; to go out with them secretly, crawling one by one, the only way possible, through the opening that led into the trench of the sacristy; and, when all were ready, the bayonets being fixed without noise, to make a sudden rush, deployed as skirmishers, and surround the house that was on the north side of the church.

One of the men, carrying long pieces of bamboo and some rags well soaked in petroleum, was to set fire to the house; the others to fight desperately and resolutely. The rest of the force, which I posted at the loopholes, were to support the attack, to increase the confusion by their firing, to cause as many

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losses as possible, and to prevent the putting out of the fires.

Everything was carried out as planned, and with results that were so necessary to us. I tried to pick off the sentry who was on post at the house referred to, and was well entrentched; but he very soon saw my men and fled, blind with fear and spreading consternation among his own people.

The flames themselves, the rapidity with which they spread through the town, the impetuosity of the charge, the precision of the fire which we poured into them from the church (although we tried to avoid the useless expenditure of ammunition), and the irresistible terror that was communicated from one to another, promptly decided a general flight, which cleared the field in less time than it takes to tell the story.

Apart from the surprise, which had just produced one of those miracles such as are related in the military history of all time, there were two powerful reasons, two fixed notions, latent in the Filipino mind, which no doubt contributed to the result: one was the traditional one of Spanish superiority, which we had just demonstrated; the other was the violence, the fury, with which they must have considered us possessed.

On account of the great confusion, we could not estimate the enemy's losses, but I suppose they were not wanting. I have since heard that one of their leaders, Gomez Ortiz, he of the time of the suspension of hostilities, was killed. One of their sentries, stationed on the south, was killed and remained where he fell, abandoned by his friends. The flames of the fire, passing over him, destroyed his body in a short time.

The town was destroyed, except a few of the more distant houses, which we left standing, so that in case any troops should come to relieve us, the necessary lodgings for them would not be wanting.

We proceeded at once to destroy the trenches that surrounded us so near at hand; and, as the fire had razed the fortified houses which served as flanks and points of support, we soon cleared a regular military zone of sufficient width to allow us to open the doors in the south face of the church, which had been closed since the beginning of the siege.

To this advantageous expansion, which, aside from bettering our local condition, afforded us freedom for offensive returns, we had the satisfaction of adding a good supply of pumpkins, pumpkin leaves, and all the savory fruit of the orange trees in the plaza—whatever might be, or appeared to us to be, edible.

If to all this it be added that we did not have even one man wounded, I do not think it an exaggeration to regard that rash, mad enterprise as a fruitful and victorious feat of arm. The importance of it should be measured by the evils it remedied.

With the airing of the church, the new eatables so fresh and green, as the doctor had craved them, and the hope which our success could not fail to inspire, it was soon apparent that the epidemic was abating.

The vigilant enemy being farther away, it was now possible, when the firing was not too severe, to allow two men to go out daily and bring in sackfuls of pumpkin leaves, plantain shoots, and various herbs; with which was increased and improved the already scanty ration that we could deal out from our provisions. Foreseeing that if the siege should become formal again, it would not be possible to secure this store, I arranged to provide a supply more nearly at hand. Finally, taking advantage of the time given me by the stupefaction of the enemy. I succeeded in clearing the corral of all the filth it contained.

The question of edible vegetables made it necessary for us to utilize as a garden all the available ground, having in view the possibility of gathering them even though we should again be hemmed in closely. For this purpose we worked a small piece next to the entrance to our trench, and in it we planted peppers and wild tomatoes, which are abundant in those countries. The trench itself and its ditches were covered with pumpkin vines, which in a short time gave them the appearance of a green field.

All bore promptly; but the pumpkins, much deteriorated, were no bigger than hen's eggs, partly due also to the thickness of the sowing. We had to pull them up when they had reached this stage, because otherwise they would fall of themselves and it would not be possible to eat them.

(To be Concluded.)

San Franciscans at Del Monte recently included Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Galland, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Atkin, H. R. Verrue, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Peters, Mrs. A. M. Douglas, W. A. Fleming, James King Steele, Miss May Danton, Mrs. Wm. Grant Wilson, J. W. Van Hays, R. A. Pabst, Mrs. M. S. Hirsch, Mrs. Jas. A. Clough, Mrs. A. F. Hanna, Mrs. E. M. Darren, A. W. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. B. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hofmann, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Bodfish Jr., J. Hawyer, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Deahl, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kahn,. Master Sydney Phillip Kahn, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. A. M. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. B. H Dibblee, Miss Carolan, J. C. Kittle, Allen J. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Humburg, Mr. and Mrs. Juan M. Searle, W. F. Garby and F. A. O'Connor.

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TICKET OFFICES

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Auto Notes

What promises to be the most unique and crucial test to which an automobile has been subjected is the proposed run of the E-M-F from Khartoum to Cairo, Egypt, in the reception to be tendered ex-President Roosevelt upon his arrival in the Soudan. An invitation to the Roosevelt party offering the free conveyance of the ex-President and attendants in E-M-F cars for 1,500 miles has been forwarded by George C. John, New York representative of the E-M-F, to the ex-President, care of Sir Reginald Wingate, sirdar of Egypt. In the event of the program meeting with the ex-President's approval, this will be the first time that an American built automobile will have traversed that section of the world. The plan is to meet the Roosevelt party at Khartoum and then follow the Nile to Cairo, where the automobile enthusiasts will arrange a banquet with the assistance of the leading citizens of the city in honor of the great American. At this festivity it is the intention of the E-M-F people to present to the ex-President a loving cup appropriately inscribed as a token of the love and esteem in which he held by patriotic Americans everywhere. All members of the American colony in Cairo are to be invited to the banquet. Special arrangements will be instituted to convey whatever game the Roosevelt party desire to bring along, and a number of E-M-F cars will be refitted especially for this purpose. E-M-F automobiles will also be at the disposal of messengers, and no detail that will add to the pleasure and comfort of the Roosevelt party will be overlooked. All machines in the Roosevelt column will be decorated with the national colors, in addition to flags of all nations. The desert tour of the E-M-F cars will afford the most striking illustration of the advance of western civilization yet offered the Egyptians. A product of the youngest nation, they will show the oldest country in point of civilization how transportation is effected in the new world.

The Diamond spirit of progress is well typified by several Diamond adjusters who have quarters in the Akron, Ohio, Y. M. C. A. Building. At regular intervals these men meet and discuss the fine points of their specialty. A feature of this discussion is an adjustment of tire trouble with the user who has a grievance against Diamond Tires. Of course, the kicker isn't a real user of Diamond Tires—enough couldn't be found to carry on the debates—but a man not employed at the Diamond factory usually represents the owner with the grievance. He has a different kick each time, and backs up each with a different mood,—angry or impassionate—excited or self-possessed—and so on. The adjuster meets each mood to the best of his ability and strives to make a perfectly fair, amicable and satisfactory adjustment. An expert is always on hand to act as judge and he decides whether the adjuster carried his case through properly. Following the adjustment, there is a general discussion in which the flaws—if there were any—are picked out and criticized, and the good points emphasized.

While the E. R. Thomas Motor Company have not made any decided changes in their 1910 models, particularly in their two larger ones (the Models F and K), their Little Six and Town Car show several refinements and additions. For 1911 the company will market three chassis, a Thomas Model "M" 6-40, the "K" 6-70 and the "R" Town Car 4-28. The new Long Stroke motor which has attained such popularity in Europe and which engineers have conceded to be the best form of engine construction has been made one of the essential features of both the new Thomas Model M and Town Car. The advantage of the Long Stroke engine is that it does not have to revolve so fast to deliver its power. In other words, the long stroke motor will wear for a much longer time than a short stroke motor.

Mr. Harry L. Todd of the Anglo & London Paris National Bank, San Francisco, has purchased an E-M-F.

Discarding all consideration of motor efficiency, finish and so forth, there are, after all, four things to consider in the purchase of an automobile, said Calvin C. Eib, vice-president of the Pioneer Automobile Co., local representatives of the Chalmers Motor Company. "Those are the elements of safety. In using an automobile the first and most important consideration is whether or not it is safe. The elements of safety are the first things I always point out in talking to a prospective customer. And all other things being equal, one should certainly use that car in which the elements of safety have been most satisfactorily worked out. These elements are, briefly, a strong frame, strong steering connections, strong wheels well fastened to the axles, and big and strong brakes. Not only do I believe that the record of the Chalmers car proves it superior to other makes in motor efficiency and general dependability, but certainly no car has such provisions for the safety of passengers. Note the frame; of channel section, heat treated steel, larger and better made than in any other car of the same weight and power. The steering connections are the best, strong enough for a 60 horsepower car. The wheels are of extra strength and the rear wheels are in addition to the usual hub flanges and bolts, bolted to the brake drums. The brakes are really in a class by themselves. The foot-controlled transmission brake is plenty strong and sufficient enough for all ordinary uses. But in addition to this there is the emergency brake on the rear axle, with stronger and wider bands than on any car of the same power. But such is the power of the transmission brake that it is a rare thing to see a Chalmers driver use the emergency brake for the purpose of stopping his car. In my opinion, these elements of safety have done as much as victories in road and track races, endurance contests and hill climbs to give Chalmers cars their reputation for absolute dependability."

Charles C. Hampton, Marysville agent for S. C. Chapman, is in town looking for more Oaklands. The demand for this car has become so great in the territory controlled by Mr. Hampton that he fears that he will not be able to secure enough cars to go around.

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Letters

Hichens' "Bella Donna"

Though it is by no means essential to the understanding and appreciation of Robert Hichens' new novel, "Bella Donna," the finest piece of work which he has yet produced, an additional pleasure is in store for readers who are already familiar with his grand descriptive volume concerning the temples of Egypt, for the scene of the story is laid almost altogether in the Nile valley, and the historic monuments are in its background. The brooding mystery of the desert and the mysticism of the Orient fill its pages, though the beautiful lady whose career it concerns is at once the most modern and the most ancient of her sex. Mrs. Ruby Chepstow of London was divorced by her wealthy and aged husband, and providence in the form of death intervened in time to rescue her co-respondent from a marriage with her. Greedy, selfish and egotistical, she elected to make the most profitable use of her remarkable beauty, but along with her greed for possession there went a corresponding passion for extravagance, so that, having passed her fortieth year, and virtually "played herself out," she was face to face with comparative poverty, middle age and for her, obscurity. By the time she had reached this crisis in her affairs there arrived in England Nigel Armine, a young man in comfortable circumstances, heir apparent of a title and the large estates of his brother, Lord Harwich, who was ten years older, childless and in a condition of health which made life extremely precarious. Armine, who was deeply interested in Egyptian land projects, had come home on a short visit, and it was his ill fortune to be thrown into contact with Mrs. Chepstow. He was an ardent enthusiast, a born leader of forlorn hopes and lost causes, singularly trusting and innocent for a man of his experience, and in him "Bella Donna" saw her opportunity, and at once began to dress and act her part. Nigel's most intimate friend was a fashionable physician who was as much of a psychologist as a physicist, and, however difficult it would have been under the most favorable conditions, to have enlightened Armine, Mrs. Chepstow cleverly took the lead and closed the doctor's mouth effectively. Armine was optimistic. He believed in the regeneration of mankind in the concrete and in the abstract simply through faith and timely upholding, and Mrs. Chepstow managed her case so adroitly that he was readily convinced that she was victimized by the inhumanity of womankind. He drew a parallel between her case and that of Mrs. Browning, and was satisfied that if she could be removed from her uncongenial atmosphere of ostracism and distrust, the good which he believed her natural character would flourish apace. First in love with his own enthusiasm, he speedily fell in love with her, married her and carried her off to Egypt, where, he thought, she would take an interest in his projects for his sake if not for their own. Mrs. Chepstow had never been in love with anything or any one but her own sweet self, and her plan in marrying Armine was to become, in brief time, Lady Harwich, and by reason of her rank and her regeneration, to take a place in British society where she would be in a position to pay off old scores. Armine was so simple-hearted that it never once entered his mind that she had considered the probability of his succeeding to the title. He made no mention of the imminent birth of an heir to his brother, and when, in the course of a few weeks, there were twin sons born to him, he was genuinely and unaffectedly glad. The effect on Mrs. Armine was precisely the opposite, but clever actress that she was, she contrived to make him believe that her inward rage was caused only by the assumption that he had thought she would be so affected. On the steamer leaving Naples for Cairo there chanced to be a Turkish Egyptian millionaire, Mamoud Baroudi, who was enough of a psychologist and connoiseur in women to read Mrs. Armine correctly, and, directly that she learned of the disappointment of her ambition, he being at hand, she began a flirtation which was actively carried on during Armine's absence at the scene of his work, and later, almost under his eye lashes. A more mismated couple, a more thoroughly hoodwinked spouse, it is impossible to imagine, or a more heartlessly clever woman. Hitherto "Bella Donna" had had but to signify her desire and she had men at her feet, but Baroudi was a new species, and his lordly indifference to her inclinations, his calm superposition of his own desires, was a spur to her infatuation, for infatuated she was, too deeply infatuated and too calmly certain of her own dominance to make allowance for the unknown—the Oriental temperament. Baroudi was in high favor with the English officials and he had neither intention nor inclination to do anything that could antagonize them. His rule was to make gain without loss, and he understood perfectly that any open alliance with the wife of an Englishman of good repute would interfere with both his pleasures and his profits. Despite his Occidental education, he was thoroughly Oriental at heart, and secret intrigue had charm that open dealing did not possess. One of the diversions which Armine planned for his wife was a journey by boat up the Nile. When they began the pilgrimage he was a thoroughly fit and healthy man, but in the course of a very brief while he became ill of some

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mysterious disease diagnosed by the tourist doctor, after data furnished by Mrs. Armine as sunstroke. Dr. Myer Isaacson, far away in London, received a gossipy letter from a patient of his traveling in Egypt in which she mentioned the condition Armine appeared to be in, the letter coming on the heels of Armine's own reference to his superb health. Isaacson both disliked and distrusted Mrs. Armine as much as he liked and trusted his friend, and almost on the spur of the moment he decided to take a needed vacation and go to Egypt without announcing his intention to the Armines. Apparently Armine's illness was a topic of general comment, so much so that Isaacson, a special student of poisons, came to the conclusion that it was no natural or climatic ailment that affected him and made hasty preparations to overtake the Armines. The lady's evident fright, her artful lying and misrepresentation, her determined efforts to keep the doctor from seeing the patient confirmed his suspicions, and brought him to threaten police interference if she did not step aside. Balked of her determination to remove her uncongenial husband, who all this time was growing more firmly attached to what he believed to be his devoted nurse, "Bella Donna," driven to desperation in her desire to be with Baroudi, takes the final step of forcing herself on him. Already she has precipitated a quarrel between Armine and Dr. Isaacson, for Isaacson, determined to save his friend, has accused Mrs. Armine of administering poison to him. Now, Armine, still believing in her honor, tells her of the accusation and she, hoping that he will discard her and that Baroudi will then be forced to take her in, confesses the crime and flies to her Egyptian lover who, however, true to his rule of getting what he wants without losing anything, turns her out sans ceremony. Now she turns again to Armine, but Dr. Isaacson having been called to minister to him by one of the oriental servants, sees her and closes the shutters, and our last glimpse of this most amazing adventuress is as "she made her way to the gate of the garden, passed out to the deserted track beyond, and disappeared into the darkness, going blindly towards the distant hills that keep the Arabian desert." Though the backbone of the plot promises little that is appetizing, the novel is singularly free from any suggestion of grossness. It does not promise "pleasant entertainment," but readers who look for something besides the sensation of being tickled with a straw will find a full meal of strong meat presented to them, and though there are five hundred and twenty-seven pages of medium fine print there is nothing that can be spared. The descriptive portions are most interesting and the revelations of Oriental character enlightening. "Bella Donna" is easily one of the greatest books of the year, and the absence of carelessness and slipshodness in the writing, faults almost universal in these days, would alone attract attention to it. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia.

The New Hudson Touring Car has just arrived and been put on exhibition. This five passenger machine which is becoming markedly popular in the East, is attracting a great deal of attention in San Francisco. It will sell for $1300 delivered here.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, Deceased—No. 9065, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the underisgned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased.

JOHNSON HARDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Millie Rice Tait, also known as Millie S. J. Tait, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK KIRBK, Deceased—No. 9057, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PATRICK KIRBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PATRICK KIRBY, deceased.

BRIDGET MANNION,
Administratrix of the Estate of Patrick Kirby, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1910.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE DOWNING, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600 to 604, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased.

JAMES A DEVOTO and
ALBERT J. CASWELL,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of George Downing, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executors,
Rooms 600 to 604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also know as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, also known as William G. Farren, John W. Farren, also known as John W. Farren Jr., Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clrek.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr., deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, also known as William G. Farren, John W. Farren, also known as John W. Farren Jr., Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clrek.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, Deceased—No. 9067, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the will of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-706 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Post, Montgomery and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased.

GEORGE M. AHRENS,
Executor of the Will of Cathrine Weihmann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

AGOSTINA TARDELLI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Raffaello Tardelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
House No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of E. J. Talbott, Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased.

SAMUEL L. GREENBAUM,
ABRAHAM MAYER,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Rosalia Greenbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1910.

E. J. TALBOTT, Attorney for Executors,
Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal)
By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER and FERDINAND A. LORENZ, the Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 17th day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the courtroom of said Superior Court, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell at private or public sale the whole of the real estate of the said deceased. And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, February 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for Petitioners. 2-12-5

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

KNOW ALL MEN BY THE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of

J. S. BARTOW & CO.

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit:

J. S. Bartow, residing at 781 15th St , San Francisco, Cal.
Henry M. Hastings, residing at 457 Oakland Ave., Oakland, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this first day of February, 1910.

J. S. BARTOW.
HENRY M. HASTINGS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this First day of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ten before me, M. V. COLLINS, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S Bartow and Henry M. Hastings, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the within and annexed instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2 5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Devoto & Richard and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased.

LUIGI VALSANGIACOMO,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Valsaugiaconio, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased—No. 9132, N. S., Dept. No. ——.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Mary A. Farren, Administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, Esquire, Room 545, Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased.

MARY A. FARREN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Farren, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, A. D. 1910.

NEAL POWER, ESQUIRE, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Room 545, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal)
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talks" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. J. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, Deceased—No. 9009.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Esq., Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, Southeast Corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased.

ORA PRENTICE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Zachariah H. Prentice, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED TO THE EXECUTOR FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5260, Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Valentine J. Smyth, as the Executor of the Last Will and Testament of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, having this day presented to this Court a verified petition praying for an Order authorizing and directing him to sell, as a whole or in parcels, and at either public or private sale, the real property and the whole thereof belonging to the Estate of said decedent, which is in said petition particularly described, and it appearing to this Court, from such petition, that it is necessary to sell the real estate and the whole thereof belonging to said estate for the purpose of paying the debts against said estate and the expenses and charges of administration, and it also appearing from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate, and those interested therein, to sell the said real estate and the whole thereof, for the purposes and reasons set forth in said petition; and this Court having thereupon and now and here directed that said petition be filed herein, and the same now having been filed accordingly, and being now on file herein:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court at the Courtroom of Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 15th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor for the sale of the real estate, and for the sale of the whole thereof, and for the sale of the same at either public or private sale, as said Executor shall judge to be most beneficial for the said Estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the said 15th day of March, 1910, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., this 7th day of February, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-510-511 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) ....., Clerk.
By.....Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4630, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELLEN BRUCE, Deceased.

JOHN H. GRADY, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN BRUCE, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Executor, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon Sixty-five (65) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Twentieth Street and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Howard Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northerly Thirty (30) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches to the Easterly line of Howard Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission Block No. 56.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 22nd day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Three Thousand ($3,000.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, February 16th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Executor,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased.

MOSES STERN,
Executor of the Estate of Frank Ignaz Sauter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19, 1910.

FROHMAN & JACOBS, Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 11th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Estate of LOUIS D. RADGESKY, deceased, the undersigned, GERTRUDE H. RADGESKY, the Executrix of the will of said Louis R. Radgesky, deceased, will sell at Private Sale to the highest and best bidder in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 7th day of March, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Executrix, Number 908 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said LOUIS D. RADGESKY, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Louis D. Radgesky, deceased, at the time of his death in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Haight Street, distant eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches Westerly thereon from the Westerly line of Broderick Street and running thence Westerly along said line of Haight Street fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said Northerly line of Haight Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 523.

2.—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, with the Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, thence running Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly along said Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 347 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

3.—Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, distant thereon fifty (50) feet Southwesterly from the Southwesterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly and parallel with Susquehanna Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lot No. 3 in Block No. 347 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

4.—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, with the Northeasterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, running thence Southeasterly along said Northeasterly line of Sumatra Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet to the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, and thence at right angles Southwesterly along said last named line one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lot No. 50 in Block No. 330 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated: February 19th, 1910. GERTRUDE H. RADGESKY,
Executrix of the Will of Louis D. Radgesky, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, and WM. M. MADDEN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GRACE SYMON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of H. M. Anthony, Number 374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased.

SAMUEL C. SYMON,
Administrator of the Estate of Grace Symon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

H. M. ANTHONY, Attorney for Administrator,
374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,115, Department No. 4.

In the Matter of the Application of JOSEPH KASIMER JANKOWSKY to Change Name.

It appearing from the written application filed in the above entitled Court on the 17th day of February, 1910, by the above named Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky praying for an order that he be permitted to change his present name, to-wit: Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky to that of Joseph Kasimer John, and that he is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California: and,

Good cause appearing to me therefore, it is ordered that all persons interested in the above entitled matter are hereby directed to be and appear before the above entitled Court in Department No. 4 thereof at its Courtroom in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. and then and there show cause if any they have why the application of Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky for change of his name to Joseph Kasimer John should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which the above Court finds to be the one most likely to give notice to the parties interested in the hearing of said petition and the granting thereof. JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Dated, February 21st, 1910.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Petitioner,
No. 948 Market St., Mechanic's Savings Bank Bldg., S. F. 2-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN HIGGINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix as the office of Jeremiah V. Coffey and Edward I. Coffey, 557 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

HUGH HIGGINS,
MARY A. HIGGINS,
Executor and Executrix of the Estate of John Higgins, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 5th, 1910.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY and EDWARD J. COFFEY,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
557 Mills, Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-5-5

Weather Lore

If the horns of the new moon are but slightly tipped downward, moderate rains may be looked for; if much tipped, expect a downpour. On the other hand, if the horns are evenly balanced, it is a sure sign of dry weather. Some one says in Adam Bede, "There's no likelihood of a drop now an' the moon lies like a boat there." The popular notion throughout New England is that when the new moon is turned downward, it cannot hold water. Hence the familiar sayings of a wet or a dry moon.

If the Stormy Petrel (Mother Cary's Chicken) is seen following in the wake of a ship at sea, all sailors know that a storm is brewing, and that it is time to make all snug on board. As touching this superstition, I find the following entry in the Rev. Richard Mather's Journal: "This day, and two days before, we saw following ye ship a little bird, like a swallow, called a Petterill, which they say doth follow ships against foule weather."

Therefore, in honest Jack's eyes, to shoot one of these little wanderers of the deep, not only would invite calamity, but would instantly bring down a storm of indignation on the offender's head. And why, indeed, should this state of mind in poor Jack be wondered at when he hears so much about kraaken, mermaids, sea-serpents, and the like chimera, and when those who walk the quarter-deck readily lend themselves to the fostering of his delusions?

A mare's tail in the morning is another sure presage of foul weather. This consists in a long, low-hanging streak of murky vapor, stretching across a wide space in the heavens, and looking for all the world like the trailing smoke of some ocean steamer that is sometimes seen long before the steamer heaves in sight. The mare's tail is really the black signal of the advancing storm, drawn with a smutty hand across the fair face of the heavens. Hence the legend—

"Mackerel sky and mares' tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails."

If the hedgehog comes out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and sees his shadow, he goes back to sleep again, knowing that the winter is only half over. Hence the familiar prediction—

"If Candlemas Day is fair and clear,
There'll be two winters in the year."

The same thing is said of the bear, in Germany, as of the hedgehog or woodchuck.

The Germans say that the badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and if he finds snow on the ground, he walks abroad; but if the sun is shining, he draws back into his hole again. At any rate, the habits of this predatory little beast are considered next to infallible by most country-folk in New England.

A similar prediction carries this form: On Candlemas Day just so far as the sun shines in, just so far will the snow blow in.

"As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas Day
So far will the snow blow in before May:
As far as the snow blows in on Candlemas Day
So far will the sun shine in before May."

From these time-honored prophecies is deduced the familiar warning—

"Just half your wood and half your hay
Should be remaining on Candlemas Day."

An old Californian predicted a dry season for the year 1899, because he had noticed that the rattlesnakes would not bite of late, a never-failing sign of drought which few, we fancy, would feel inclined to put to the test.

An unusually cold winter is indicated by the greater thickness of apple skins, corn husks, and the like.

If the cattle go under trees when the weather looks threatening, there will be a shower. If they continue feeding, it will probably be a steady downpour.

The direction from which the wind is blowing usually indicates what the weather will be for the day—wet or dry, hot or cold—but here is a rhymed prediction which puts all such prophecies to shame—

"The West wind always bring wet weather,
The East wind wet and cold together,
The South wind surely brings us rain,
The North wind blows it back again.
If the sun in red should set
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun should set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day."

This falls more strictly in line with many of the so-called signs which, like the old woman's indigo, if good, would either sink or swim, she really didn't know which; or like the predictions of the old almanac makers, who so shrewdly foretold rain in April, and snow in December.

—The Weather Prophet.

A Ready Manager

A barnstorming theatrical company was touring the interior, where they were billed to play "Romeo and Juliet." The leading man approached the manager.

"Boss," he said, "I've got to have fifteen cents."

"Fifteen cents?" growled the manager. "You're always yelling for money. What do you want the money for?"

"What do I want the money for?" repeated the leading man, bitterly. "I want it for a shave, that's what I want it for. I can't play Romeo with five days' black beard on my face."

"Oh, well," said the manager, "you won't get no money out of me. We'll change the bill to 'Othello.'"

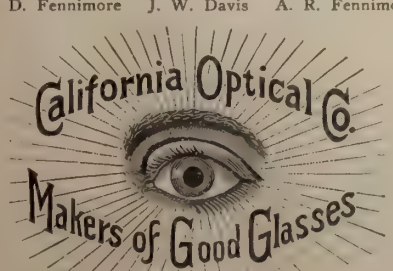
Emil Steinegger
PIANOFORTE THEORY
Studios: 924 Grove St., San Francisco
Room 64 McDonough Bldg., Oakland
Phone Merritt 2845

Donald Maclean
SINGING—Pupil Seagle and De Rezske
STUDIO, 1613 GREEN ST. Phone, Franklin 3153

Samuel M. Shortridge
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CHRONICLE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO
Tel. Douglas 2176

Knight & Heggerty
ATTORNEYS AT LAW and
PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY
CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810
Telephone Kearny 4145

Robert B. McMillan
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CLAUS SPRECKELS BUILDING
Phone Kearny 5969 Rooms 1607-1609
W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore



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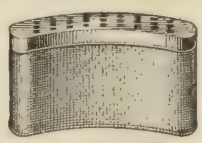

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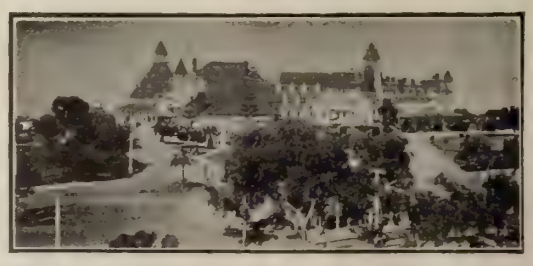

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, March 12, 1910 | No. 915

IDA FULLER

Who will appear in her spectacular fantasy "La Sorciere," next week only at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

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The Sympathetic Strike

When the labor leaders of Philadelphia invoked the principle of the sympathetic strike it was because they realized that they were in desperate straits and regarded it as expedient to resort to desperate measures. As there was available an abundance of non-union labor the union could not effectively cripple the traction system. So it was decided to blackmail the whole community. The sympathetic strike is a species of blackmail. By the sympathetic strike union labor seeks to coerce people with whom they have no quarrel. The unions demand that these people shall espouse their cause and coerce recalcitrant employers. Coercion is the purpose of the sympathetic strike, and the penalty of resistance is suffering and distress. Upon no principle of morality can the sympathetic strike be defended or justified. It is a much more vicious instrument of oppression than the boycott. Yet we are told that the Philadelphia strike has the support not only of the people of Philadelphia "but of every liberty-loving man, woman and child in the United States." Fortunately the authority for this statement is neither infallible nor universally respected. The foregoing quotation is from a despatch over Mr. William R. Hearst's "special leased" wire to the Examiner. Mr. Hearst's idea is that nobody loves liberty who does not also love blackmail and anarchy.

Another Reformer Stripped to the Bone

Mr. Gifford Pinchot, it appears, is not the angelic idealist that his friends and admirers would have us believe. It appears that he is a typical, up-to-date reformer; in other words a politician with neither an intelligent nor a tender conscience, distinguished by a sequestration from the sentiments of generosity and fairness. We have insisted that the reason the star-eyed goddess languishes through the years despite the enthusiasm with which she is worshiped is the discredit that is brought upon her by her friends. And once more are we afforded an instance that illustrates and exemplifies. The star-eyed one has had but few more ardent champions than Mr. Gifford Pinchot. He has served her in the capacity of high priest, and all the worshipers in her temple have paid tribute to his zeal, and with fervent amens testified to their hearty concurrence in his exhortations. As the apostle of conservation, with "God and my country" as his motto, Mr. Pinchot made quite a stir in the land. Making the goddess of reform his accomplice to legalize his crotchets, he went about like a voice in the wilderness, with "conservation" as his shibboleth, teaching us that everything else was but vanity and vexation of spirit. And the people believed in him, and rose up in their wrath and demanded conservation and more conservation, conservation till the end of time. Of course the multitude didn't stop to inquire what conservation meant. That it means we should quit developing our resources on a large scale for the reason that prosperity has become an unpardonable sin has not yet been revealed to the multitude, but Mr. Pinchot has. The Pinchot apocalypse came last week at Washington when the great reformer was silhouetted against the background of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation so distinctly that even those that ran might have read the symbols of his unprepossessing personality.

Suppression of the News

Shocking was the revelation of Mr. Gifford Pinchot in the role of a subtle little trickster; especially shocking to his friends of the press, the Machiavellian gents who employed him to bring scandal on the Taft administration. When Mr. Pinchot, the deus ex machina of the Great Conspiracy, was exposed to the public gaze his muckraking friends were thrown into a state of rout, of confusion worse confounded. Our own lovely and fragrant Bulletin bared its emotions by consigning to the waste basket the whole story that came over the Associated Press wire. Thus in one day was emphasis given to the characteristic littleness of typical reformers. The white light that was thrown on the meanness of Pinchot in Washington by some mysterious process produced a darkness in the columns of the pharisaic evening journal, imparting to that paper something of the eloquence of one of Whistler's nocturnes. For the Bulletin, it will be remembered, has a holy horror of distortion or suppression of the news. But whereas the Bulletin, being self-evident, cannot suffer in public estimation, Mr. Gifford Pinchot is to be commiserated on his downfall. Before lending himself to the purposes of the muckrakers he was a man of considerable prestige; a fanatic perhaps, but universally regarded as a gentleman of good instincts, sensible of all the gradations of decency. But now it appears that like most reformers when they get horsed on an idea, he does not scruple at a piece of mean trickery when he deems it essential to the carrying out of his designs. Unquestionably his enthusiasm for conservation is inspired with honest motives, but like all narrow-minded puritans he cannot conceive of anybody with honest intentions holding views not in accord with his own. Unquestionably he believes that Secretary Ballinger is dishonest, and to make out a case against that gentleman he doesn't mind stooping to dishonesty himself.

The Curse of Gold

Without knowledge of the cause of an evil it is hard to find a remedy. The discovery of the cause is the first step toward the abatement of everything that produces disorder or irritation in the body politic. Let us therefore acclaim the Hon. Coe Crawford, Senator from South Dakota, who has successfully brought his intellectuals to bear on the mystery of the hour—the high cost of living. Senator Crawford has discovered that high prices are due in very great part to the increase in the production of gold. This he proves by a table of statistics showing that high prices are worldwide and that the value of a dollar, measured by its purchasing power, in Europe as well as in this country has been steadily decreasing for more than ten years. As from $202,251,600 in 1896 the production of gold increased to $412,532,900 in 1907, or more than 100 per cent, it is evident that the yellow metal has had considerable influence on the cost of living. Although the population of the United States increased enormously between 1896 and 1909, the circulation per capita rose from $21.41 to $34.93, an increase of 63.15 per cent. Of no little importance in this connection is the fact that an individual who deposited one dollar in a savings bank in 1896 could buy no more with it after thirteen years of compound interest at 4 per cent than he could have purchased at the time the deposit was made.

From the statistics gathered by Senator Crawford it is evident that compared with the influence of gold depreciation the effect of combination or monopoly on prices has been inconsiderable. Of course exceptions are to be noted, as for example, in the case of the local combination which keeps prices at a high altitude by converting fish into glue. The tariff has had some effect on prices, but every article whether it is protected or free has grown dearer. It may be a consolation to know that it is not the rich or the Government that is grinding the faces of all of us, but it is decidedly discouraging to learn that Senator Crawford, despite his discovery, regards the situation as hopeless. He says that the rise in prices will go on, for there is no halt, but a steady increase, in the production of gold. With all his talent for diagnosis Senator Crawford has no skill in healing. Let us hope that among our statesmen may be found one fiancier with the genius to solve the problem.

Another Word on American Journalism

A correspondent who thinks our strictures on American journalism are unwarranted reminds us that to the journalism of this country the world is indebted for a Greely and a Godkin, "great thinkers and great patriots." Why Greely or Godkin should be regarded as benefactors of mankind we cannot conceive; nor would we consider it to the credit of American journalism that it could claim as its own nobody that equalled the founder of the "Tribune" or the founder of the "Nation" in those qualities of the mind and heart that are essential to genius and nobility. On the roster of American journalism are the names of many distinguished men,—most of whom are dead. If we had more great journalists in harness we should have fewer yellow journals dedicated to the mob. As the power of the press for evil increases there is less demand for honest, sincere journalists. There is no call nowadays for clear and honest thinkers, wielding a fearless and independent pen, but there is demand for unscrupulous writers, for men devoid of intellectual honesty who will give expression to the coarse ideas of mercenary publishers. In the days of Horace Greely American journalism was on a much higher plane than it is today, but in the lifetime of Laurence Godkin it was a considerable distance on the downgrade, and nobody was more keenly sensible of the fact than that distinguished editor, as our correspondent may ascertain by reading his "Life and Letters." It would not be wise to cite Godkin as an authority on the dignity of American journalism. Godkin, the son of an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, came to this country with the idea that he would find here living demonstration of those democratic principles of government which with him were bred in the bone. He soon became an ardent patriot. In 1865 he founded the "Nation," an independent, serious weekly review, and in his editorial capacity won fame and power as a publicist and as a prophet of the new gospel of liberty and progress, of honesty and rationality. The best years of his life he devoted to the task of persuading our politicians to observe some of the rules of decency and common honesty and our journalists to be moderately truthful. He labored in vain, and he went back to his native country in disgust. In one of his letters he gives this description of the situation in this country at the time of his withdrawal from journalism: "An immense democracy, mostly ignorant, and completely secluded from foreign influences, and without any knowledge of other states and society, with great contempt for history and experience, finds itself in possession of enormous power, and is eager to use it in brutal fashion against anyone who comes along, without knowing how to do it, and is therefore constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe like that which overtook France in 1870. The spectacle of our financial condition and legislation during the last twenty years, the general silliness and credulity begotten by the newspapers, the ferocious optimism exacted of all teachers and preachers, and the general belief that we are a peculiar and chosen people to whom the experience of other people is of no use, make a pretty dismal picture, and, I confess, rather reconcile me to the fact that my career is drawing to a close. I know how many things may be pointed to as signs of genuine progress, but they are not in the field of government. Our two leading powers, the legislature and the press, have to my knowledge been running down for thirty years." These words were written long before Mr. William R. Hearst began tinting American journalism with the vivid yellow of his personality, long before the public taste was educated down to the manners and modes of thought of a Theodore Roosevelt. A faithful picture of the American democracy of this period would be in more sombre colors than the one drawn by "Larry" Godkin, and the reason is American journalism.

When Government Comes High

According to Senator Aldrich the United States Government wastes $300,000,000 a year. He doesn't tell us how it is wasted, but it is not hard to find out. During Mr. Roosevelt's administration we started on a great national spree, and we have been on it ever since. Uncle Sam's annual income in the period of Mr. Roosevelt's official orgie was $600,000,000, but he was spending much more than that, and that is why we have been devising new tax schemes to raise the wind. Mr. Roosevelt was a most expensive luxury. With this great conscience compeller in the saddle we spent more money in one year than during the year of the Spanish war, and almost as much as the average yearly expenditure during the four years of civil war. It is due to Mr. Roosevelt, however, to say that he led us into extravagances out of congenital zeal for that mystic, impalpable and imponderable desideratum, the "greater good." When a Mighty Hunter goes after big game he must be well equipped, as we may learn without going to Africa. When a great nation goes in for paternalism under the guidance of an erratic father it must make generous provision for all the conceivable needs of its citizens. For example, it must be considered important to cure sheep

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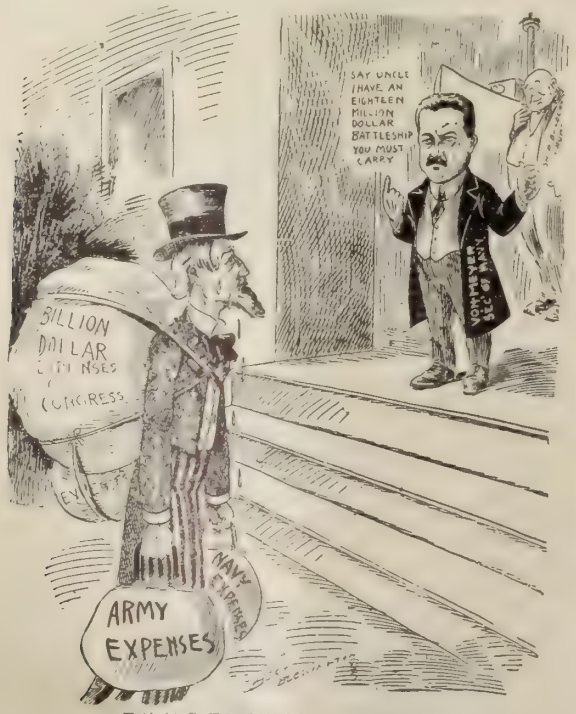
and cattle of scabics, to propagate, test and distribute seeds, bulbs, and plants. Therefore we must give the Secretary of Agriculture $1,125.000 a year in a lump sum to spend it as his sound judgment dictates. Under a binding obligation to posterity as we are we must follow out Mr. Finchot's policies at a cost of $3,986,000. The Forest Service which consumes this paltry sum is Uncle Sam's pride and pet. Conscious as we are of the destructiveness of moths it is natural that our statesmen should seek to prevent the spread of these pests, and this they do in masterly style if we may judge from the size of the appropriation for the purpose. It is $300.000. With all our bureaus for the eradication of this and the propagation of that we are truly generous as becomes an opulent World Power. Even our beloved Bureau of Chemistry which ascertains for us how much poison the average stomach can stand gets lump sum appropriations of $?00.CC0 to be expended as somebody sees fit. The commissions, too, are well cared for. The Interstate Commerce Commission received a lump sum appropriation the other dav of $800.000 with specific limitation on only $54,500 of that amount; also, an appropriation of $350,000 to be used in the discretion of the commission to enforce compliance with Section 20 of the Act to Regulate Commerce as amended by the act of June 29, 1906. This is the commission that proudly numbers among its members the Hon. Franklin K. Lane of California who learned what law he knows at the expense of the generous people of this city and county, and thereafter spent several years of his life unsuccessfully chasing jobs until Mr. Roosevelt discovered that Providence had endowed him with special faculties for running the transportation business of the country. From all that we have learned about lump sum appropriations we are inclined to place absolute credence in what Senator Aldrich says about the waste of public funds. To President Taft's credit be it said considerable retrenchment has already taken place as a result of his urgings, but of course he is not to be expected to do anything so revolutionary as to abandon entirely one of the most sacred of his predecessor's policies—that of enlarging the scope of governmental duties in order to perfect a pretext for imposing more taxes on everybody who would be unduly prosperous.

Perspective Impressions

If the Democratic party of California prefers defeat to success and professions to performance, the Hon. Theodore Bell is its logical candidate for Governor.

Attorney-General Webb has come to a conclusion with reference to the Republican machine entirely satisfactory to the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Webb isn't the first man that forcswore allegiance to the machine after learning that his allegiance wasn't wanted.

General Otis has been severely reproved by the Bulletin for alluding to the patriots of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League as the Link-Roosters. It is a sacrilege, argues the purest of journals, to trifle with the name of Lincoln, but there is no objection from the same source to the employment of the prestige of the martyred President to serve the selfish purposes of a lot of scurrility-loving jobchasers.



TRYING TO OVERLOAD HIM

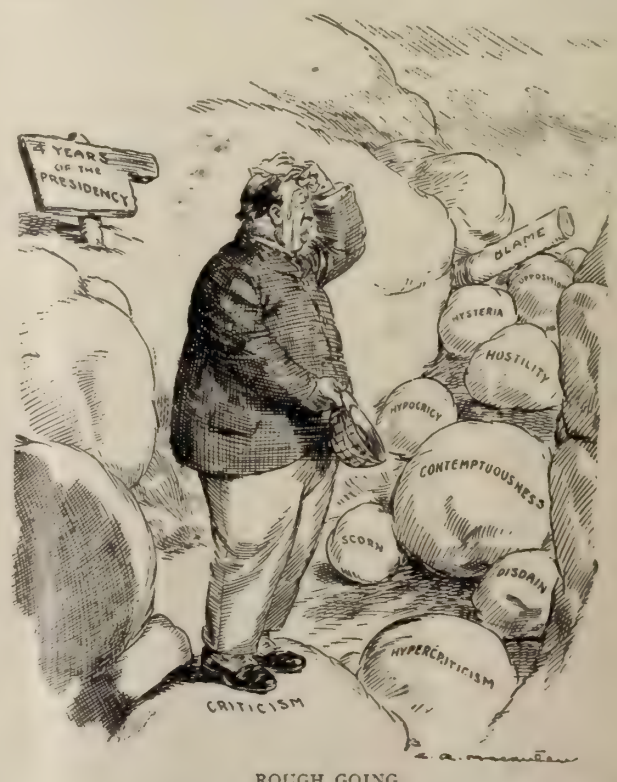
—Houston Post.

The Fish Trust is able to raise prices, but it has no control of its own assets.

"I may be crazy," says Mr. Roosevelt, "but I'm no drunkard." "We'll let it go at that.

The Hon. Hiram Johnson complacently listening to the panegyrics of the patriots reminds one of a mouse sunning himself on the edge of his hole.

One of Mr. Rockefeller's agents says it is the Oil King's purpose to make poverty impossible in this country. Perhaps God has made some other arrangement.



ROUGH GOING

—New York World.

Expressional Dancing in New York

By Helen M. Stocking

Being a Brief Dissertation on the Latest Art Form to Engage the Attention of the Metropolis, with Particular Reference to the Exquisite Work of Isadora Duncan and the Exotic Charm of Maude Allan

Of those who look for the latest news of music and drama in the morning paper, or take up a magazine, picturing stage celebrities and happenings, by the evening fire, relying confidently on Father Knickerbocker for a "new and exciting story," I wonder how many realize how hard pressed the good old man would have been lately, had it not been for the dancers.

The new melodrama with its shocks, thrills and dramatic realism came like a dash of cold water that leaves one gasping. But after having been fairly immersed in the deluge which followed, the "strong emotional scene" lost its power to any longer rouse audiences to shouting, or cause individuals to faint or grow hysterical, and became an old story. Yes, the theatre could surely go no further in its attempts to excite a new enthusiasm! There was "Electra." But "Salome" had already made familiar that utmost limit of sensational drama and musical expression and significance. What could go further in adding to the dramatic realism of modern opera than Mary Garden's impersonations, once so sensational when convincing operatic acting was still a novelty? What could be conceived, to surprise the ear or excite the mind undisturbed by the recent concerts of ultra-modern music—such as entire programs of Debussy compositions?

But the looms of art spin with the eternal evolution of all things, so they produced, with beautiful consistency, the only possible climax,—inarticulate expression in all its manifold varieties, old and new. Surely, not since the old art of pantomime and primitive bodily expression gave way before Western progressive ideas of how things could be better expressed, has there been such universal, enthusiastic interest in the application of art principles of expression to motion. The progress of this enthusiasm here has been the reverse of the natural course of the evolution of the dance.

It began with that champion of intricate modern ballet work, Adeline Genee. Circumscribed as are her superb technique and exquisite art to ballet requirements, she is the matchless embodiment of the poetry of pure motion. She expresses the beauty one feels in the flight of a bird, the dancing of a dandelion puff on the breeze, the flutter of a butterfly.

But renewed interest in folk dances and the popularity of drama without words, indicated an awakened desire for a more adequate expression of human emotions and aspirations, which was to be gratified by a form of motion art other than the dance, so called; namely, the simple expression of natural woman enjoying music in her natural way, and the essentially artistically inarticulate expression of life's keenest and most subtle emotions.

I wonder if it is possible for anyone to appreciate or sympathize with the rage for this modern phase of aesthetic dancing which has taken possession of New York, without having seen Isadora Duncan. It is a profanation of her art to describe it, but all its profound suggestiveness in art and the philosophy of living could inspire many pages. This lovely woman, unaffected and unashamed in her simple Grecian drapery with unclad limbs and feet, moving with the dignity of naturalness, radiant with the fullness of spirituality and the pristine beauty of life, free from material consciousness, and the ugly habits of embarrassment, unnatural clothing and imitation, is surely a vindication of natural woman. A sculptor could find innumerable statues in her classic poses, a musician, inspiration in her interpretations and enravishing rythms, a poet, the very essence of an emotion in her expressions.

Miss Duncan's dancing whetted the public taste of a now apparently insatiable appetite, by which innumerable dancers of all description are profiting.

There is Ruth St. Denis, with her superb body, remarkably trained muscles, wonderful mobility, and picturesque setting to her Eastern dances.

Exquisite Rita Saccheto with her piquant and charming pantomime and remarkable technique in symbolic dances has become a great favorite.

But Maude Allan is the latest subject of agitation. And how refreshing and full of zest are these arguments about the "technique," "interpretation" and "temperament" of these artistes of the dance, after the old rehashed debates of more familiar arts! Although the form of Miss Allan's art is similar to that of Isadora Duncan, it is very different in spirit. Her characteristic qualities of exotic charm and sensuous beauty of person and movement, though very fascinating, do not seem inspired by the mental concept, the superb aspiration which imbued Miss Duncan's slightest movement with significance.

Much of Miss Allan's extreme mobilization of body, especially of hands and arms, seems used to no purpose, so that, although one has glimpses of unusual power for expression, it by no means always reaches an all-satisfying conviction. The "Vision of Salome" is not worthy of her or her art. It is an abhorrent spectacle, with no sufficiently great significance or inspiration of art in its interpretation, to vindicate it.

That the very beauty and freedom of this art should give license for the vulgar sensationalism which is crowding the vaudeville theatres and music-halls, and flaring from bill-boards is indeed hard to bear.

However, even this may be in a measure offset by the comprehensive culturing forces of the present fad of cultivating expressional dancing as an accomplishment. The programs of society and amateur affairs are quite given over to dances. The costume introduced by Miss Duncan is no longer a sensation, for it is seen in the opera ballet and at all sorts of entertainments.

However, not until one sees an amateur—perhaps capering naively about in what looks very much like an abbreviated "nighty"—can one realize how distressing and excruciatingly ridiculous this dancing, even with the best intentions, but uninspired and uncultured, can be. Nevertheless, I have also seen an amateur, after only eight months' study, give expression to an unusual temperament in a dance demanding limited technique, which was one of the most fascinating in interpretative qualities.

The ballet has attained such popularity and importance that the Metropolitan Opera House this season gives special performances of dances and pantomimes which constitute the greater part of the evening's entertainment. A ballet school has been opened in connection with the Opera House where American girls can obtain free instruction and be utilized in opera performances when capable.

And now comes the sensational Russian dancer, Pavlowa, the news of whose debut, soon to take place, is exciting such great expectations. And so—"on with the dance."

—New York, March 5, 1910.

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THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York City

The Siege of Baler

(This is the third and last installment of an extended review of a book entitled "Under the Red and Gold," written by Captain Cerezo of the Spanish Army, translated by Major F. L. Dodds of the United States Army and published by the Franklin Hudson Publishing Company of Kansas City. It is a narrative of the Siege of Baler which was sustained for three hundred and thirty-seven days by a small Spanish detachment against a large force of Filipinos in a little church in a remote part of Luzon. The story is one of the most amazing series of sufferings and heroic deeds ever written and it deserves to be widely known. In last week's Town Talk the review of the book brought the siege forward to its one hundred and eightieth day. Many of the soldiers had died of beri-beri and wounds, the provisions were almost exhausted and the Filipinos were pressing the assault more warmly than ever. Yet Captain Cerezo refused to capitulate.)

It was a melancholy Christmas which the weakened and hungry Spaniards spent in the little Church of Baler. Their repast consisted of pumpkin, preserve made of orange skins and coffee. The only cheering thought in the mind of the captain was that the ammunition was still plentiful. This is how Captain Cerezo was impressed by the coming of the New Year:

And now came the night of December 31, the last of the year, the first of 1899, the one hundred and eighty-fourth of the siege. The last page of the American calendar disclosed to my eyes the now useless piece of pastboard to which it had been glued, and on tearing it off I had a feeling, painful, indefinable, which might well be called romantic, but—what more romantic, after all, than that same tenacity in defending ourselves? Regard it as you will; but I, who, starving for sleep and without hope of succor, had gone on tearing off those leaves, seeing them disappear like dead comrades—I, who with the dwindling of that calendar saw also the disappearance of our carefully doled out ammunition and rations—I could not regard with indifference the disappearance from its place of that which left exposed traces of the past with all its bitterness and sadness.

The new year appeared to come sinister and dark, with despair at its end; and I felt an irresistible faintness, an oppression that was suffocating me, the want of some one in whom I could confide my anxieties and the heaviness of the duty which was crushing me: and I had to shut myself up in silence.

The garrison was being quickly reduced to extremities:

But the rice was all gone by this time, and we had to devote ourselves to hulling the seventy cavanes of palay (unhulled rice) that the deceased Padre Carreno had bought. The task is wearisome and always difficult to those unaccustomed to it; exasperatingly slow and at that time with results little gratifying; since, in consequence of the very bad manner in which we were obliged to store it, and our inability to properly expose it to the sun, it cost a great deal of labor to separate the hull grain by grain. In doing so all delicacy and care was used, all the care demanded by, I shall not say necessity, but hunger; and even then not a grain came out whole, which caused a great deal of loss.

As the condition of the troops did not warrant calling upon them for unnecessary labor, I had to reduce the time devoted to this work to so many hours daily, to get out only what was indispensable for the ration, and this with rice that was dirty, powdery, unfit. I leave it to any one to imagine how tempting it was, seasoned, in such a condition, with tinned sardines half unserviceable, intolerable bacon, or pumpkin leaves, and without salt. To give it something of a flavor, we mixed it with some small wild peppers, very sharp (red peppers might be considered sweet as compared with them), which are very abundant in that country.

Nevertheless this was the best the garrison of Baler had daily from the beginning of the year 1899, when it had already sustained one hundred and eighty-four days of siege, when forty had passed since we lost our commandant, when the ration of flour, which ought to have been 500 grams, had to be reduced to 200, and when I found myself under the necessity of cutting off the small advance of five cents every three days, which, in order to compensate for the deficiency of rations, had been given to each man since the beginning of the siege.

Refusing to surrender and receiving with scepticism the reports of the Filipinos that Spanish sovereignty had been destroyed in the islands, the captain continued his defense, even disregarding the following letter which was conveyed to him:

"The treaty of peace between Spain and the United States having been signed, and the sovereignty of these islands having been ceded to the latter nation, you will evacuate the place, bringing away with you armament, munitions, and the treasure-chests, being guided by the verbal instructions that, by my order, will be communicated to you by Don Miguel Olmedo y Calve. God keep you for many years. "Diego de los Rios.

"Manila, February 1, 1899."

Here is the way the captain argued with himself:

It is very certain that the delights of Baler could not have been the cause of my doubts and delays. Nobody more than ourselves desired to put an end to it all, to change those scenes, to finish it at once, if the circumstances had warranted it. But then, I had to bear in mind Article 748 of the Field Regulations, which says: "Remembering that in war all kinds of deceptions and ruses are resorted to, even when a written order from superior authority is received to surrender the place, its execution will be suspended until its complete authenticity is made certain, sending, if possible, a person of confidence to verify it verbally." It was unequivocal and I was not in a position to ascertain the authenticity of that order; I could not quit that post of honor without satisfying myself that I was not the victim of a ruse; that afterwards my credulity could not be imputed to my desire; that I was, in fact, obeying orders. All these were considerations which, apparently, in the general subversion of things, were not borne in mind by those by whom they should have been taken into account.

Captain Cerezo discovered a conspiracy among some of his detachment to escape from the church to the enemy and this darkened the gloom of the situation. A more cheerful incident was the straying of some carabao within range of the soldiers; they killed one:

We had a protracted feast. It was useless to attempt to restrain the soldiers. So great was their hunger that they became almost insane, and it was necessary to allow them to do as they pleased in cutting off pieces of the meat, which they roasted and devoured. For this reason the meat lasted only three days; and it is hardly necessary to say that the men ate so much the first day that their stomachs suffered. When this supply was all gone, we repeated the chase, killing another carabao; but this time we were compelled to get it in under the enemy's fire.

As there was no salt, nothing could be preserved, and after two days the meat became totally unfit to eat. We had to lie in wait again, and a third carabao served to replenish the provisions, although very transitorily. On this occasion we hit two of the animals; but when, on the following day, we tried to get the second one in, it was already swollen and beginning to decompose.

About this time, the end of March, Aguinaldo sent more troops to assist in the attack on the church and the brave

(Continued on Page 32.)

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Le Bretonne

By Andre Theuriet (From the French)

One November evening—it was St. Catherine's Eve—the iron gate of the Central Prison at Auberive turned on its hinges to let out a woman. She was about thirty years of age; she was dressed in a faded stuff gown; her pale face, queerly framed in a plain cotton cap, wore the dull, puffy, waxy look that is developed by prison life.

She was a prisoner just discharged. Her companions in durance called her La Bretonne, the woman from Brittany. She had been condemned for murdering her infant, and it was just six years since the prison van brought her to the Central.

After having her own clothes restored to her, and receiving at the registrar's office the small sum of money she had earned while in prison, she found herself free—free at last, with an official pass viseed for Langres.

The Langres stage-coach had gone. Stumbling in her movements, awkward, shrinking with fear, she made her way to the principal inn of the place, and, in tones that betrayed her lack of self-confidence, asked for a night's lodging. But the inn was full, and the host, who was never particularly anxious to harbor "any of that lot," directed her on to the public-house at the other end of the village.

More scared and awkward than ever, the woman at length found the tavern, which, strictly speaking, was merely a canteen frequented by navvies, and knocked at the door. The landlady came, looked the intruder over from head to foot with a mistrustful eye, and, doubtless scenting in her visitor a woman from the Central, finally sent her away, saying that they had no beds to let.

La Bretonne dared not insist. She crept away, hanging her head, and at the bottom of her soul there arose a dull hatred of this world that cast her out. There was no help for it; she must walk all the way to Langres.

It was the end of November, when night falls early. She soon found herself in the gathering dusk on a gray road that ran through a wood. The north wind blew boisterously, scattering the heaps of dead leaves and whirling them through the air.

Six years of sedentary confinement! She no longer knew how to walk. The joints of her knees seemed stiff; her feet, accustomed to wooden clogs, felt cramped in these new shoes; before she had gone two or three miles they were blistered; she was tired already. Shivering and weary she sank down on a heap of stones, and asked herself whether she would have to perish of cold and hunger, here in the blackness of the night and beneath the icy wind that was chilling her through.

Suddenly, as she sat there in the deserted road, she fancied she heard, between the gusts of the wind, someone singing, or rather crooning, in low tones. She listened intently, and recognized the monotonous cadence of one of those caressing strains that are sung as cradle-songs for children.

She rose to her feet and went in the direction of the voice. At the turn of a by-path she perceived a glimmer of light that shone redly through the trees. In five minutes she stood before a mud-walled hovel; the roof, covered with sods of turf, was supported at the back by a ledge of rock. A ray of light came through the one window.

Anxious at heart, she summoned up courage to knock. The singing ceased. A peasant woman came to the door.

She was about the same age as La Bretonne, but already worn and aged with toil. Through the rents in her short gown showed her dull and sun-dried skin. Her red hair straggled in disorder from beneath a scanty stuff cap. She stared wonderingly with her gray eyes at the stranger, whose face indeed wore no usual expression.

"Good evening," said the peasant woman, holding up the primitive lamp which she had in her hand. "What do you want?"

"I'm tired out," murmured La Bretonne, and in her voice there echoed a hollow sob. "It's a long way to the town, and if you would take me in for the night, you would be doing me a great kindness. I have money and could pay you for your trouble."

"Come in," said the other, after a moment's hesitation. Then she continued, though in a tone rather of curiosity than of mistrust: "Why did you not stay the night at Auberive?"

"They would not take me in." La Bretonne's blue eyes fell. Her conscience pricked her, and she added: "Because, you see, I have just come out of the Central, and that does not make people inclined to trust me."

"Ah! Well, come in, all the same. I'm not afraid, for I've never known aught but trouble myself; and one can't leave a Christian outside the door in this cold. I can make you a bed of heather."

She went beneath a shed and brought thence several armfuls of dry heather which she spread in a corner near the hearth.

"Do you live here alone?" asked La Brettone timidly.

"Yes, with my little maid, my gachette; she is going on seven—I earn our living by working in the woods."

"Your husband is dead?"

"Yes," returned the woman shortly. "The poor gachette has no father. Well, we all have our troubles. There is your bed, and here are two or three potatoes, left over from supper; it is all I have to offer you."

She was interrupted by a child's voice from a dark receptacle beyond, separated from the room by a partition of boards.

"Good-night. I must go to the child—she is frightened. Try to sleep sound."

She took the lamp and disappeared into the adjoining closet, leaving the room in darkness.

La Bretonne ate the potatoes, lay down on the heather and tried to close her eyes; but sleep would not come. Through the partition she could hear the woman, La Fleuriotte, talking to her child in a low voice. The arrival of the stranger had roused the child, and she would not go to sleep again. La Fleuriotte rocked the little creature in her arms and kissed her with endearing words.

Such an outpouring of tenderness awakened a confused maternal instinct hidden away in the breast of the single woman, condemned in that bygone time for having strangled her newborn child. If things had not gone wrong, she mused, her little lad, her very own, would now have been just the age of this little girl. At the thought, at the sound of the childish voice through the partition, she shuddered to her inmost being. Some gracious foundation was being laid in her embittered heart. She had a great longing to weep.

"Come, my gachette," said La Fleuriotte's voice, "be quick and go to sleep. If you're a good girl, mother will take you to St. Catherine's Fair tomorrow."

"St. Catherine is the fete-day of little girls, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, lovey."

"Does St. Catherine really and truly bring children things to play with?"

"Yes—sometimes."

"Why doesn't she ever bring any to us?"

"We live too far off. And, besides, we're too poor."

"Then does she only brings things to rich children? Why, mamma? I should like to have some things to play with, too!"

(Continued on Page 33.)

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The Spectator

A Jury-Packing Proposition

At a meeting of the judges of our Superior Court the other day a remarkable resolution was offered by one of them touching the subject of the impanelment of juries. It provided that on the drawing of a special venire in any department the judge thereof should have the privilege of supplying the sheriff with an advisory list. What the nature of the discussion was that followed the offering of this resolution I have not been informed. I know only that the resolution was beaten. The ground upon which it was beaten is not of record, but it is natural to surmise that a majority of the judges are of the opinion that it would be hardly in accord with the principles of justice for the whole court to give countenance to a scheme by which any judge might pack a jury. Who the judge was that introduced the revolutionary resolution I do not know, but I am sure there are many men who would bet a thousand dollars to a nickel they could name him if given two guesses.

The March of Evolution

Airy, fairy Lillian's daughter singing in an underground cafe! Has she come to this? Thus is one impelled to phrase the question, for there is a suggestion of downfall in the idea. But Dorothy Russell is not on the toboggan. It's the other way about. The underground cafe has come up in the matter of talent. Furthermore in the evolution of social customs we have come to look upon the tenderloin cafe beneath the surface not as a "dive," as it was called in the vulgar past, but as a place of amusement inside the pale. A quarter of a century ago when the Tivoli began educating the public taste, music lovers with the courage of their passion for opera bouffe sat at round tables, drank beer and applauded the singers. But most of them were Germans, and they were but following a national custom. By slow degrees the polite American in whom puritanism was uppermost overcame his scruples and joined his Teutonic fellow-citizens in the beer hall. As with the people so it has been with the mimes of the stage. Some years ago no first class artist would condescend to appear in vaudeville. Now many of the twinkling stars of the drama are on the circuit, and San Francisco has been slowly enticing high price vaudeville talent beneath the sidewalk.

Sandy Signs Dorothy

To "Sandy" McNaughton, the impresario of "The Breakers" and the Beau Brummel of the night life, belongs the credit of having persuaded Dorothy Russell to fascinate the habitues of the tenderloin with the breezy personality of her mother's daughter. Realizing that competition was taking on a keener edge every day McNaughton felt that it behooved him to reach out for something sensational in the market, and when he learned that the dashing Dorothy was at liberty he sent her a contract. She signed. To "The Breakers" she agreed to come for $250 a week. From which we may judge that the cost of amusement is no small item in the expense account of our vaudeville cafes. Miss Russell was to have opened her engagement last Monday night, but much to her manager's disappointment she failed to appear. She was in town, but hospitality was so abundant and urgent that professional duties were not permitted to engage her attention. For Dorothy Russell is popular in the smart set. The Johnnies dote on Dorothy. Hardly had she arrived when automobiles galore were at her service. A gay representative of our most fashionable jewelry house, a scion of a noble banking house and other rich young men with a taste for art were on hand with the keys of the city volunteering to give Dorothy the time of her life and Mr. McNaughton believes that she had it. Miss Russell, by the way, is a cultured young woman. She graduated from one of the most fashionable convents in the East and was later polished off in Paris.

The Cudahy-Lillis Affair

None of the elements of melodrama were lacking in the attack made upon Jere Lillis by John P. Cudahy of Kansas City. A theatrical writer of long experience could not have imagined a more sensational situation. Merely as a picture that group in the Cudahy house is compelling. It is an early hour of the morning and the room is lighted by electricity. On the floor, bound, bleeding and crying for mercy, lies Lillis. Over him stands Cudahy, calm but ruthless, his clothes smeared with blood. The chauffeur stands by. For a moment the terrified face of a servant-girl is seen at the door. The policeman enters. Here is drama of the penny-dreadful kind, but drama of real life just the same. There is only one thing lacking in this stage picture; we are left in doubt as to the nature of the injuries inflicted on the victim. This defect would be remedied on the stage, but in the present case we can only draw our own conclusions. The motive for the attack is clear enough to be easily guessed; the nature of the injuries is a little more uncertain. This fact undoubtedly lends interest to the melodrama; it piques curiosity. Feminine curiosity in particular will be aroused by this mysterious aspect of the case. In time of course it will be completely satisfied. The wonderful mental telegraph which carries unpublished facts from one end of the world to the other will inform the curious in due course as to what sort of an attack Cudahy made on Lillis. Many will guess this for themselves; these are the wise ones not unfamiliar with the vindictive methods of enraged husbands.

California Precedents

California has had two cases which will help the speculative to solve the mystery of what happened to Lillis. On one occasion a dentist in Oakland was the aggressor; on the other a well known young citizen of San Jose. The latter case excited a great deal of interest on account of the parties being well known. The San Jose wife was spending the summer at Santa Cruz and hubby became suspicious of her fidelity. Apparently he satisfied himself that she was guilty, for one day he went to Santa Cruz with a friend, sought out the man

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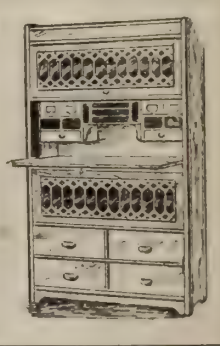

in the case and treated him as Cudahy treated Lillis. Then, as now, the papers referred to the attack euphemistically as "slashing." After the San Josean had slashed his wife's paramour he was locked up in jail and great indignation blazed forth against him, especially among the women of Santa Cruz. It is said that some of the more ardent feminine spirits wanted to lead a mob to the jail, capture the slasher and lynch him. Both of these cases resulted in convictions. Whether Cudahy who was arrested for disturbing the peace will suffer for his offense remains to be seen. The two men in San Quentin were prosecuted.

"It's dish-u-way, sah," explained old Brother Swank, to a befuddled friend: "Orthodoxy am de doxy dat I makes muhse'l —dat I's de orthor of, yo' un'erstand. Uh-well, and dis yah hectordoxy am de udder man's doxy dat he's allus uh-hectorin' me wid. Do dat make it cl'ar to yo' apprehension, Brudder Tarr?"

Boke Reproved by Gayley

My sympathy goes out to Professor Boke of Berkeley. Repudiated by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, contemned by a Fremont Older, it is hard for him to stand up against the tyranny of his fortune. That marble-hearted fiend, ingratitude, has struck serpent-like into the tender roots of his confiding heart. Familiar as he is with the aphorism, We seldom find people ungrateful while we are in a condition to render them services, he must realize that like his paper "The Liberator," he has been steadily dwindling into insignificance. But to add to the poignancy of his grief comes Professor Gayley, of Berkeley, a veritable Jeremiah of the academic groves, lamenting the balmlessness of Gilead, the absence of physician there and the presence of Boke. Thus does he swat the zealot of reform:

> Time was when academic etiquette forbade the university professor to participate in political contests. Now there are those who dare to inject the university into prejudiced affairs; even into criminal cases pending in courts. They have joined themselves to the idol of Parade.

This is reproof that even so sublime a soul as Boke's must find extremely hard to bear. The criticism or censure of a hostile partisan Brother Boke can lightly laugh to scorn, but not the bitter animadversion of one of his own academic family. Everybody knows that Gayley knows Boke intimately, and therefore everybody will conclude that Gayley's conception of the motive that has inspired Boke's aggressive righteousness, is in a measure authoritative. And it's as though Gayley had borrowed from Gay:

> By outward show let's not be cheated;
> An ass should like an ass be treated.

Boke's only consolation is that he is in polite company. Other pink-cheek professors hardly dry behind their ears were in sympathy with Boke in his assaults on the citadels of corruption. One old Greek whose name I have forgotten was on parade in the very temple of justice, and President Wheeler, himself, injected the university into criminal cases, going so far as to lament that the Supreme Court had not administered mandrake to its conscience the while it flirted with a great moral issue.

Hearst Visits His Los Angeles Paper

When William R. Hearst first arrived in this city there were rumors of all sorts of changes in the different departments of his newspapers. This was not unusual for Hearst has a habit of overhauling his papers at intervals and decapitations very frequently follow by wire. Although there have been no changes in this city, the Los Angeles Examiner has just experienced an upheaval. Hearst went down to Los Angeles one day and stopped in front of the bulletin board outside the Examiner office. The southern business manager was with him. "Who writes these bulletins?" asked the proprietor in his boyish voice. The business manager told him. "He makes a very funny G," commented Hearst and within a few minutes the writer of the bulletins was receiving a call-down which made him much more careful of his penmanship. That was the beginning, for Hearst went through every department, criticising with minute knowledge. One result of the upheaval was that James R. Nourse ceased to be city editor, his place being taken by Howard Morton, formerly of this city. Before Morton returned to the Pacific Coast from New York a short time ago he was the New York correspondent of the Hearst papers in California, his duty being to keep them supplied with news of particular interest to the people of San Francisco and Los Angeles. This position is now occupied by Fred Myrtle. Myrtle went from this city to Washington to investigate the alleged conspiracy of powerful interests to monopolize Alaskan coal lands. It was expected that he would return when that work was finished but instead he was assigned to New York. He will be greatly missed by the choice spirits of the Cosmos and Bohemian clubs.

Another Stanford Shrieker

Patient of all doctrinaries of every degree of littleness I give ear to Professor B. Estes Howard of Stanford Jr. University who has been uttering himself at the top of his voice about the shortcomings of the legal profession. "If we had more hanged lawyers we should have fewer hanged juries," says the Stanford professor. This is good stuff. It tickles the ears of the groundlings, and gives Professor Howard the impression that he has a pretty knack for epigram. Professor Howard said many good things about the legal profession, but most of them have been said before, and better than Professor Howard said them. Doubtless if Professor Howard would familiarize himself with the science of law he would be able to discuss the legal profession more intelligently than he did in his recent lecture. Being entirely ignorant of the law, knowing no more about it than Professor Boke knows about the precession of the equinoxes, he has about the same idea of the legal profession as a hog has about astronomy. Consequently he exposed himself to more ridicule than a man of his talents is able to heap upon lawyers. Before a man is admitted to the faculty of a university it ought to be made certain that he knew it to be prima facie evidence of asininity for him to discuss dogmatically any subject of which he was ignorant. Now Professor Howard is not a lawyer. His specialty is political science. I'd like to see him pass an examination in it.

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After Grove L.'s Scalp

There were a number of Sacramento men in town the other day, including Ruhstaller the brewer, and from them I received the interesting intelligence that at last Grove L. Johnson is to be forcibly retired from private life. This is a bit of intelligence which I beg leave to accept with incredulity. Grove L. Johnson is one of the hardest men to beat in the whole State and I have an idea that he will stay in the Assembly just about as long as he cares to. The would-be legislator who is being groomed for the race with Johnson is one Jimmy Duffy, a saloon-keeper. The fight will be made on Johnson's record in favor of a Sunday closing law which, according to Duffy's friends, is an unpopular measure in Sacramento. It undoubtedly is unpopular with saloon-keepers, but I doubt whether old Grove L. would ever have espoused it unless it had been popular with his particular constituents. It will be very interesting to watch the assault which young Duffy will make upon the entrenched position of the Nestor of the legislature, even if he goes the way of all the rest of Grove's opponents to political oblivion.

Old Friend—Is your part very difficult to play?
Barnstormer—Well, rather. I'm living on one meal a day and playing the role of a man with the gout.

A Warning to Gilmour

That grave and reverend patriot, Dr. Chester Rowell, first citizen of Fresno, will (in the words of a lesser light in the field of civic righteousness) "get" Mr. J. Hamilton Gilmour if he doesn't watch out. Mr. Gilmour is the editor of the Fresno Herald. He is an irreverent cuss, and he wields a trenchant pen in the use of which he plays havoc at once with Dr. Rowell's dignity and peace of mind. Dr. Rowell is a man of infinite forbearance, but that priceless virtue is becoming burdensome. Under Mr. Gilmour's persistent badgering Fresno's exemplar of good citizenship is just beyond the point at which he could say in the words of his most beloved hero, "This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me." Not that Dr. Rowell has thought of reaching for his blunderbuss; he is an invincible stickler for the laws of his country. In his philosophy there is no wrong that has not its remedy in the courts of the land. What Dr. Rowell has in pickle for Mr. Gilmour is an instrument which the law sanctions and approves. Through the columns of his own paper he has served notice on the pestiferous editor that patience is beginning to take on the aspect of a vice. By way of warning he has uttered himself as becomes a righteous prophet in the form of a parable. He has told Mr. Gilmour of the pitfall that one Charles M. Shortridge digged for himself in San Jose. Mr. Shortridge pestered the righteous Hayes brothers through many weary months, disguising his cruel innuendoes in the graceful drapery of a pyrotechnic language. Encouraged by the forbearance of his victims he went on taunting and jibing until one day he charged them with incendiarism, and then like a bolt from the blue they invoked the law and Charley went down under its heavy hand. From which I should infer that Dr. Rowell draws the line at being dubbed a fire-bug.

Why Negroes Are Lynched

I listened the other day to a discussion of the latest case of negro lynching in the South. As usual it was denounced as an outrage. The comments were the familiar ones that are made whenever a colored man is slaughtered for his sins. Harry T. Creswell, the attorney, who was born and raised in Alabama, was one of the group in which the discussion was carried on, and he took a deep interest in all that was said. Presently he told a story. He said that some years ago at a dinner in this city given in honor of an English engineer who was touring the country the subject of negro lynching came up for discussion. The Englishman remarked that it was a subject to which he had given much thought, and that he had come to the conclusion that the people of the South either had very little confidence in the jury system or no respect for their judges. Among the guests at the dinner was the late Judge Garber who promptly told the Englishman that he was mistaken. "The people of the South," said Judge Garber, "regard the jury system as a noble institution and they have very high respect for their judges, but they also hold their mothers, wives and daughters in high esteem and they consider it more honorable to commit murder than to suffer women to go upon the witness stand and testify to the brutalities inflicted on them by colored fiends."

Emil Bruguiere Out of Trade

It becomes my duty to record the fact that Emil Bruguiere is no longer in trade. After a brief but interesting career as the local agent of Red Top Monopol champagne, Emil has received his dimit and with perfect good humor has returned to the less exacting role of an idle boulevardier with no business responsibilities. Hereafter the Bruguiere cartouche will not be fashioned in the graceful shape of a wine bottle and the Bruguiere pasteboard will contain no reference to the house of Monopol. The severance of the ties that bound Emil to the world of trade came a few days ago. When the wine agent received the letter which announced the cutting off of his generous salary he read it and tossed it aside as nonchalantly as he has all other printed and written harbingers of trouble. Bruguiere has long since clothed himself in an armor of indifference against which the slings and arrows of fortune rattle in vain. He will take this opportunity of enforced leisure to pay a visit to his mother in Paris.

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John Inglay, Knocker

The Panama-Pacific Exposition is still in embryo, not for five years will it flower, but already the knocker is abroad in the land with his little hammer. In the New York Sun of two weeks ago appeared the following letter:

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: We are going to have a "world's fair" here in 1915; no doubt the promoters are going to profit by the experience of other fairs. I don't think they are going to spend millions for buildings to exhibit the arts and sciences in (at least I haven't heard of it) while the people are scrambling to see the great Salome dance.

Here one only hears the question, What shall we call the "midway"? The Zone, the Canal, the Barbary Coast, Chop Suey avenue, etc., have been suggested. If Congress gives us that $5,000,000 we will show the visitors a "midway" that will become almost as famous as our Barbary Coast.

One genius has suggested that the plan of the fair be a gigantic wheel; all the exhibits in a building shaped like a hub; the tire to be a five mile automobile racetrack; the spokes to be "midways," bearing all the most appropriate names. You are all invited. —John Inglay.

San Francisco, February 14.

Now does anybody know John Inglay? His name does not appear in the city directory, but from his use of the plural pronoun it is evident that he wishes to be regarded as one of us. Perhaps he ran up here from San Diego just to get the local postmark on his letter.

Death of Mrs. James H. O'Brien

The death this week of Mrs. James H. O'Brien, wife of the widely esteemed railroad builder and popular chief of "The Cabinet," brought a keen sense of loss and a feeling of sorrow to a very large circle of people. Mrs. O'Brien was a woman of many beautiful traits of character, and by her kindliness and the sweetness of her nature endeared herself to all that knew her. Her funeral services took place at Sacred Heart Church, which was crowded to the doors. In the throng were people who had come all the way from Santa Cruz, the city of her birth, to pay the last, sad tribute of affection. The officiating clergyman was Father Joseph McQuaid, who delivered a beautiful and touching sermon. The interment took place at Holy Cross Cemetery.

A Terror to Anarchists

When the State Constabulary of Pennsylvania descended upon Philadelphia two weeks ago a great change came over the spirit of the rioters. For days Philadelphia had been under a reign of terror. An army of 5,000 policemen found it impossible to restore law and order. Within six hours after the arrival of Captain John C. Groom and his little detachment of 250 men a condition of widespread anarchy was stamped out. The history and character of the State Constabulary of Pennsylvania is of some interest. It is a body that should serve as a model in other States. The State Constabulary is a direct outgrowth of repeated strikes with consequent rioting in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Time after time the anthracite region especially was terrorized during prolonged strikes, with all the murder, arson, dynamiting that unionized labor seems to consider its special privelege in industrial disputes. The most serious insurrection of this nature occurred years ago when Sheriff Martin and his little band of deputies were seriously threatened at Latimer and saved themselves from a mob of 3,000 desperate rioters by giving a single volley from their sixteen shooters. The Constabulary was organized by ex-Judge George H. Troutman, an experienced cavalryman and a former scout in the Union army. Shortly after the last great strike in the coal mines when Theodore Roosevelt usurped the authority of the Governor of Pennsylvania just as the latter had thrown 10,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery into the field to smash the insurrection Troutman formed a small, mobile body of State police. He determined that whenever possible it should be recruited from troopers honorably discharged from the United States cavalry. He declared that his native State should have a body of hard riding, swift striking, powerful men, who would go where they were ordered, smash into a mob and without a moment's hesitation shoot to kill when so ordered by their commanding officers. He reasoned that one or two displays of such soldierly qualities in times of anarchy would do more than anything else to prevent like disorder in future. The experience of Pennsylvania in the last few years, since the State Constabulary has been in existence has fully borne out Judge Troutman's views. There has not been a serious strike in the coal regions since the troop was organized.

Morality and Clothes

Captain Fritz Duquesne, a mighty hunter, has just returned from darkest Africa and has been writing about the Kavirondos, the most powerful tribe of Uganda. Considerable surprise has been manifested over his

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statement that although these Africans wear no clothes their morality is of a very high order. The Kavirondos are a very handsome race and they exemplify the old saw that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. The only covering they ever put on their bodies, men and women alike, is a smearing of hippopotamus fat which gives them the appearance of animated bronze. According to Anthony Comstock's theories of the evil effects of nudity these aborigines should be a very immoral lot, but they are nothing of the kind. The males are polygamous, being allowed as many wives as they can support, but they never associate with their wives during the nursing period which lasts from two to three years. Unmarried men are looked upon as worthless, so bachelors are scarce in the tribe. Violation of the marriage vow is punished by death. A striking proof that the Comstockian habit of mind prevails in America is found in the general amazement of editors that the naked Kavirondoes should possess a strict moral code. Evidently these editors are little versed in the relation of modesty to civilization and morality; they should read Havelock Ellis for the latest word of science on this interesting theme. Good old Montaigne would also give them light by which to steer clear of the vulgar error to which Anthony Comstock has dedicated the greater part of his activities. Montaigne, if I am not mistaken, was the first man to say that morality was largely a matter of geography. If he did not put it that way, at least he implied it by the arguments and illustrations given in his essay on the customs of the Isle of Cea.

The Comstock Fallacy

Foolish old Anthony Comstock imagines that libidinosity is stimulated by every exposure of the human form, particularly the feminine form. That of course is a fallacy of the grossest kind. To prove it, compare the effects upon an immature mind inclined to sensuality of a nude like the Venus of Velasquez and one of those nudes that are found in bar rooms. Velasquez shows the goddess of love in the glory of her beauty absolutely undraped. The bar room Venuses usually have draperies suggestively arranged to pique curiosity by a pretense of hiding what the sensual eye seeks. When theatrical managers discovered that a phalanx of tighted Amazons did not appeal to the bald-headed row nearly as much as a bevy of dancers in long draperies which they manipulated in such a way as to show a well turned ankle, a shapely calf and a flash of dainty lingerie, the old extravaganza died and musical comedy was born. The managers were merely applying a profound truth of human nature, the truth which lies at the bottom of curiosity and makes anticipation so sweet. The chorus girl in tights was like the bathing girl at the seaside; all her charms were revealed and therefore cheapened. But the dancing girl in trailing skirts is like the pretty girl who lifts her dress in crossing the street; the revelation, made with seeming unconsciousness, is piquant and irresistible. When this principle is applied to theatrical productions by managers who cater to lickerish taste, the resultant exposure is carried to vicious extremes, but the mistake is never made of allowing it to appear obvious or intentional. That would spoil the effect. The vulgar Salomes who imitate the chaste dancing of Isadora Duncan are careful not to create the impression that their exhibitions of nakedness are an end in themselves; hence the disgusting cant about their "art." These are truths which Anthony Comstock and his followers have never mastered; if they had their occupation would be gone. They would hold up their hands in horror if it were suggested that a lovesick youth be cured by the sight of his goddess in undress, but that was the remedy proposed by old Robert Burton, one of the wisest of men, who got the idea from Plato.

"Ma, I didn't know the Browns kept horses."
"They don't, my dear. What made you think so?"
"I heard Pa telling a man on the street yesterday that Mrs. Brown has the finest carriage of any woman he knows."

The Slandering of Hoefler

Every little while some example of the wanton abuse of the liberty of the press occasions reflection on the urgent necessity of at once amending our libel laws and making provision against the cowardice of trial judges who are averse to giving speedy satisfaction to persons with a just grievance against brutual newspapers. The latest example of this kind may be found in the experience of Attorney Ludwig Hoefler in his capacity as the guardian of two minor children. Disgruntled relatives of the children resolved the other day upon instituting proceedings for the revocation of Hoefler's powers. They drew up papers charging him with all sorts of crimes, and before filing them in court gave them to the newspapers for publication, and the newspapers had no scruples against publishing them. Aside from the fact that the charges were not sworn to and that the papers were not of record, it ought to have been apparent to any person of intelligence, from the reading of the papers, that there could have been no foundation for the charges. The newspapers of this city, reckless and bold as they are, have been seldom guilty of a more cruel piece of injustice. Is it not rather terrifying to feel that any citizen may at any day suffer from the same species of miscreancy?

A Measure of Our Extravagance

There came to me the other day an amazing proof of the mad extravagance in which the people of this city are indulging. It came indirectly from one of the local heads of the Bradstreet financial agency. According to

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Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857 New York

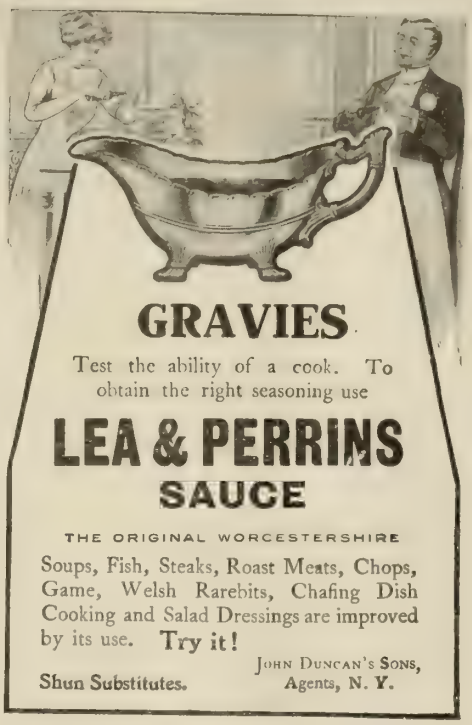
this man the automobile dealers of this city submitted to Bradstreet's during the past year the names of from 1100 to 1300 local people who wanted to buy automobiles. The buying of an automobile is not usually a cash transaction; hence, when the automobile dealers are in doubt as to the financial standing of a prospective customer they apply for information to Bradstreet's. During the past year they were in doubt as to the credit of from 1100 to 1300 prospective purchasers. The amazing fact is that in every case the Bradstreet people reported unfavorably on the names. Most of the would-be motorists, it was found, owed bills all over the city. Is it any wonder that business men complain that money is scarce while the purveyors of amusement are waxing richer every day?

The Final Word in Advertising

Looking over the advertisements in a cheap periodical for women published in the East I happened on one which seems to embody the very last word in the booming of a marketable commodity. At the top of the advertisement is given a picture of what is described as a seven-piece bed set consisting of two blankets, two bleached sheets, two bleached pillow cases and one bed spread—all full size pieces—and the public is notified that every woman in the country can get this useful and expensive set absolutely free on condition that she sell a few cans of a certain baking powder of which I never before heard. The advertisement goes on to say that the baking powder is easy to sell because with every can a full size cut glass pattern pitcher and six glasses are given away. But this is not all. Every woman who sends for the baking powder will receive, not only the bed set for herself and the pitcher and glass sets for her customers, but also, as a special premium, a handsomely designed parlor lamp. A cut of the lamp is also given in the ad. The advertisement further says: "You simply can't realize what a big offer this is until you see these beautiful premiums." This certainly is going some. I don't see how the advertising game could be carried much further, unless people were paid a bonus for using that baking powder.

The Irish

St. Patrick's Day is approaching, the yearly festival of a people whose characteristics once upon a time threatened to leaven the American temperament. There was a time when there was a good deal of anti-Irish sentiment in this country, but that was when Ireland was pouring into this country a flood of immigrants. Now we are getting our new citizens from the south of Europe and from the numerous hotbeds of socialism, and we are not at all pleased with the change. "No Irish need apply," is a sentiment no longer to be found in the "Help Wanted" columns of the dailies. We are beginning to realize that if we had more Irish people in the country we should have fewer isms and a keener sense of humor. There are no cranks or highbrows among the Irish. The Irish have a keen appreciation of oddity and incongruity. They are a merry people, and there is nothing intermittent, fitful or irregular in their gaiety. They have too much common sense to lead a forlorn hope of righteousness. They are always ready to exhibit their patriotism on the field of battle; never in any of the minor skirmishes of a Citizens' Union.



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"The Island of Destiny"

The history of Ireland a correspondent sums up for me in these words: "Island of Destiny"—of saints and of sinners, of martyrs, of patriots and statesmen, of bardic lore and poet story, of plenty and of poverty, of virtue, learning and religion, of beautiful women and prolific mothers, of woes and tribulations, of hope and despair, of suffering and heroic endurance, of martial glory and chivalric honor, of nature's adornment and scenic grandeur, of treachery, treason and deceit, of bribery and corruption, of factional jealousies and clannish wars, of betrayed confidences and misguided ambitions—oh, land of tragedies, of tears and of sorrows, thy sunlight of liberty is not yet; tortuous must be thy path ere it dawns, and yet you live on between hope and suspense, pinning your faith to the "balance of power."

A Faithful Official Appreciated

That was a well deserved tribute that was paid to our superintendent of schools, Alfred Roncovieri, by the directors of the California Teachers' Association when they elected him to the presidency to succeed Dr. Alexis F. Lange, acting president of the University of California. It is evident that the teachers of California appreciate

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the work that has been done by Mr. Roncovieri in this city. Though he entered upon the duties of his public office without experience, he devoted himself to his duties with so much zeal and enthusiasm that in a short time he acquired complete mastery of the details, and his administration of the affairs of the school department has been above criticism. The association of which he is now president is one of the most important of its kind in the State, representing four thousand teachers. The directors by whom he was chosen are E. M. Cox, deputy superintendent of schools of Oakland; Dr. M. E. Dailey, president of the Normal School, San Jose; Alexander Sheriffs, superintendent of schools, San Jose; F. F. Bunker, superintendent of schools, Berkeley; H. A. Cloud of the Lowell High School; C. L. Biebenbach of the McKinley School.

"I am a Socialist," said the young man who strives to be interesting.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "one who has no money and wants some, one who has too much and desires to get rid of some, or merely one who enjoys making speeches and writing for the magazines?"

"Gunga Din" at the Press Club

The members of the Press Club had the pleasure last Wednesday night of hearing a new interpretation of Kipling's "Gunga Din." There was a jinks at the club that night and among those present was Charles Dow Clark, the well known actor. Called upon to contribute to the entertainment of the "late watch," Clark recited the stirring ballad of the Indian water carrier. He gave it a setting which was immediately acclaimed much more dramatic and much more in sympathy with Kipling's usual method than that with which elocutionists have made us familiar. In Clark's presentation the teller of the tale is a drunken old soldier surrounded by boon companions in a London "pub." The talk has been of the consumption of liquor, that staple of tipsy conversation, and the veteran from "Injia's sunny clime" becomes impatient of the boozy boasting of his pals. He remembers the faithful regimental bhisti of days gone by and as he staggers to his feet, that his erect posture may give force to his hiccuppy words, he begins: "You may talk o' gin an' beer when you're quartered safe out 'ere—." Ernest Glendenning used to recite the same poem at the Press Club, but he gave it in conventional albeit in very impressive fashion. The applause for Clark was long and loud. Earlier in the evening Professor Willy, the marvelous Parisian hypnotist, gave a hair-raising exhibition of his uncanny powers and Miss Toby Claude, the petite Irish girl who created the part of Fi Fi in "A Chinese Honeymoon" charmed with her coster songs. Miss Claude has since left for Honolulu and Australia to sing in vaudeville some songs written for her by Thomas Grant Springer of the Press Club.

A Christian Science Testimonial

It was at a meeting of the local Christian Scientists and various neophytes were giving testimony to the results which had followed their first application of the teachings to the needs of life. A certain charming but rather innocent matron who belongs to quite a swagger set here arose in due course. "I have a marvelous circumstance to relate to you," she began; "something which has stimulated my faith wondrously. A short time ago my favorite cat had four kittens, but alas, they were all born blind. I gave them Christian Science treatment and behold, in a week and a day, all the kittens obtained their eyesight." As everybody except this innocent matron knew that kittens were born blind and remained so for eight days, the silence that followed was painful.

Two "Roughneck" Stories

The San Francisco "roughneck" is a wonderful individual, with traits of character that differentiate him from the New York hoodlum, the London hooligan and all the other "lowbrow" types. In particular is he noted for his forceful humorous expressiveness. Here are two new stories that illustrate this part of him. Two longshoremen were discussing the comparative merits of their work fellows. "There is Tom Kelly," said one; "Tom is the best coal passer I know." "Tom Kelly a good coal passer," replied the other scornfully; "why Tom Kelly couldn't pass salt to a good egg-eater." A teamster was expatiating on a certain saloon in East street or, I suppose I should say, on the Embarcadero. "It's a bum joint," he summed up. "They've got a concrete floor and you can't have a fight with a friend of yours without killing him."

Trouble Over "The Ten Dollar Raise"

Young Pete Kyne of this city who has been the envy of all our story-writers since the Saturday Evening Post began publishing his yarns, is just now experiencing one of the troubles of authorship. Some time ago one of his stories entitled "The Ten Dollar Raise" was published

WHY DON'T WOMEN LIKE TO COOK?

¶ Why do American girls shun home work?

¶ Why nowadays are there so many cafe meals? so many dinners downtown? So much less home-hospitality?

¶ It's partly because cooking with wood or coal in the old-fashioned way, building fires, fetching fuel, carrying out ashes, is a dirty duty for any woman. It's drudgery.

¶ Menial work is for the menial! Americans are not naturally menials, and even foreigners soon quit American kitchens for a cleaner job or more pay.

¶ It isn't the cooking that women dread. Watch a pretty girl at an electric chafing dish!

¶ It's the unnecessary work about the ordinary stove, the long wait for proper heat and then the unneeded heat afterward, no hot bath-water without a preparatory and continued kitchen fire, the greasy task of filling kerosene lamps.

¶ But gas makes cooking on a modern range quick and clean, and wastes no heat. Gas produces hot bath-water in five seconds with an instantaneous water-heater.

¶ Electricity gives a clean, brilliant, safe, and ready light, toasts bread right on the dining table, keeps a flatiron hot while you are using it, operates a suction sweeper that absorbs dust and germs from carpets, rugs, and upholstery.

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in the Saturday Evening Post. It was an interesting story with good dramatic possibilities and a vaudeville sketch-writer of Chicago, Evelyn Weingardner Blanchard by name, promptly appropriated the plot. She had been engaged to write a sketch for Charles T. Schleuter and his wife, a vaudeville team hailing from Oakland and she was promised $500. When the sketch was submitted and $100 was paid on it, Schleuter discovered that it had been plagiarized from Kyne's story and promptly notified him. As Kyne had not parted with the rights of his story, he had an excellent case for damages, but Schleuter has determined to sue on his own account, just to teach unscrupulous sketch-writers a salutary lesson. I believe that actors are compelled to be constantly on the alert against this sort of work and they are willing to make common cause with writers against those who crib their material. This affair will turn out to Kyne's benefit, for it will advertise his wares and no doubt Schleuter will be willing to pay him for the dramatic rights of the story.

Emotional Stage Folk

Those who keep track of things theatrical have been treated recently to two outbursts of that peculiar quality which is generally called "the artistic temperament." If this terms means anything at all, it probably applies to those intellectual attributes which make an artistic career possible, but in its vulgar usage it covers all the weaknesses, vices even, which artists have in common with lesser mortals. It is a cant phrase like "eccentricity of genius" which nearly always connotes something disagreeable and repellant. The ebullitions of artistic temperament which the newspapers described within the last few days were distinctly unpleasant. Miss Eva Tanguay, a vaudeville player, let her artistic temperament rule her so strongly that she stabbed a stage-hand with a hat pin. Miss Fritzi Scheff, the prima donna, gave way to her artistic temperament to the extent of deserting her company when an understudy for her role made good with the audience. Miss Tanguay, from all accounts, sings vulgar songs to the accompaniment of vulgar posturings, so she is not a high class member of the theatrical profession. Nevertheless her great success on Broadway and the popularity of her pictures in the magazines entitles her to the possession of an artistic temperament and raises her assault upon the stage-hand above the level of an ordinary offense. It is hardly worth while to dwell on it further than to suggest, in defiance of all the canons of the artistic temperament, that it seems to have been simply an exhibition of extremely bad temper with murderous trimmings.

The Case of Miss Scheff

The case of Miss Scheff is much more interesting. Miss Scheff ought to have the artistic temperament in its best sense, for there is no doubt that she is one of the best light opera singers in the world. She has a pleasant stage personality, considerable acting ability and, one would naturally suppose, a well cultivated mind. Yet she has allowed herself to be dominated by one of the meanest of weaknesses, jealousy. One would suppose that after attaining the exalted position on the stage which Miss Scheff occupies, a player would be free from this petty failing; or that, if she yielded to it at all, it would be evoked by the achievement of another singer on her own level or above her. Miss Scheff, however, was jealous of an understudy, one who could not conceivably injure her standing. With her beautiful voice, her radiant personality and her towering position, Miss Scheff yields to an emotion of which a great-minded person would be incapable. Is it possible that one may be a great artist and still be small-minded? Must we, keeping other outbreaks on the part of operatic stars in view,

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conclude that one may be gifted with a great voice and still lack the other great qualities that are expected of an artist? Some great singers have been almost divine on and almost diabolical off the stage. Some have interpreted masterpieces of music as though inspired and have been woefully illiterate and uncultured. Is a voice a gift which does not necessarily imply the gift of brains or of a great soul? These are hard questions to answer, but they insist on presenting themselves on an occasion like this when a great singer disappoints those who have gloried in her voice by showing herself a very mean woman.

Mose Johnson—"I feels terrible sick, 'Liza Jane."
'Liza Jane Johnson—"Huh! nuffin' thah mattah wiv yo' dat physician says, 'ceptin' chronic indolence and congested circulation."
Mose Johnson—"Umph! ain't dat enuff?"

Lady Hope Kept Lodgers

May Yohe Strong, I see, is having recourse once more to the divorce courts. The news comes from Portland. When I last heard of this temperamental woman she had reached the dreary level to which she had been so surely drifting for many years—she was keeping a second class lodging house in Seattle. That meant that even the managers of the inferior circuits were no longer willing to pay for the exploitation of her personality. When the former Lady Francis Hope played an engagement in a cheap theatre in Sacramento I thought that she had reached the bottom, but a second class lodging house keeper is really the limit of sordid descent. I believe that May's mother is with her and that Putnam Bradlee Strong is in Macao, China, trying to win a competence for the wife who is engaging in divorce proceedings. I imagine he still loves her. A newspaper quotes May as saying that she realizes that she has wasted her past and only desires to forget. There is no doubt that she is sincerely trying to make old age as comfortable as possible for her mother. The newspaper states that Mrs. Strong is still a very handsome woman, heavier than in the olden days but with the same brightness in her big black eyes and the same clear beauty in her olive complexion. I think this is a charitable exaggeration; May Yohe has aged and when I last saw her she bore visible marks of the ravages of suffering and the pace that kills.

The Hope Diamond

They say that May Yohe Strong shudders when the Hope diamond is mentioned. Well she may, for though her fate has not been as tragic as that of others who possessed it, she has not escaped from its baleful influence. What a curious record that gem has! Jean Tavernier, who stole it from a Hindu god, was torn to pieces by wild dogs. Marie Antoinette, who begged for it and got it, was beheaded. King Louis XVI, who owned it, was beheaded. Princess De Lambale, who wore it, was slain by a French mob. Williams Fals recut it and died ruined. His son, Hendrik, stole it from his father and died a suicide. Henry Thomas Hope, who bought it, suffered misfortune for years, and Lord Francis Hope, his grandson, became a bankrupt and lost his wife. Simon Frankel, a New York broker, once bought it and financial trouble followed. Jacques Colet, another owner, went mad and ended his life, and Prince Ivan Kanitovski was killed by revolutionists. The Sultan Abdul Hamid bought it and was dethroned, while the man who sold it to him fell from a precipice with his wife and child. The man who guarded it for the sultan was hanged by a mob, and Selim Habid, who finally bought it from Abdul Hamid, was drowned in the wreck of the steamer Le Seyne, off Singapore. It is now in the possession of M. Rosenau of Paris.

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The Editor in His Anecdotage

Appealing to Ben Butler's Sentiment

Here is one of the numberless stories told on Ben Butler: The narrator had an important law case on, and believed that Ben Butler was the man to win it. Butler was in Washington, so he went to the capital, and after two days succeeded in obtaining an interview with the general, who declared that he was overwhelmed with work. He would not take the case for $1,000 a day.

"General," said his visitor, as Butler turned abruptly to his work, "I was born in the same town with you."

He grunted, but wasn't otherwise affected, so far as the visitor saw.

"Do you remember little Miss ————? And the boy who used to send notes to her, and the boy who used to take them? I am the boy who took them."

"And I am the boy who sent them," said the general. He held out his hand.

"I guess I'll take your case after all," he said. And he did, and won it.

The Hodja's Sermon

One day the Hodja was too lazy to preach his sermon. He simply addressed himself to the congregation, saying: "Of course you know, O faithful Mussulmans, what I am going to say." The congregation cried out with one voice: "No, Hodja, we do not know." "Then if you do not know, I have nothing to say to you," replied the Hodja, and left the pulpit. Next time he again addressed his congregation, saying: "Know ye, O faithful Mussulmans, what I am going to say to you?" Fearing that if, as on the previous time, they said "No," the Hodja would leave them again without a sermon, all cried: "Yes, Hodja, we do know." "Then, if you know what I am going to say," quietly remarked the Hodja, "of course, there is no need of me saying it," and he again stepped down from the pulpit, to the consternation of the congregation. A third time, the Hodja again put his question: "Know ye, O faithful Mussulmans, what I am going to preach to you?" The congregation, determined not to be disappointed again, took counsel on the question. Accordingly some of them replied: "No, Hodja, we do not know," while others cried: "Yes, Hodja, we do know." "Very well, then," said the Hodja, "as there are some of you who do know, and others who do not know what I am going to say, let those who do know tell it to those who do not know," and quickly left the pulpit.

Kee Lung and the Lawyer

Some time ago a well-known local attorney who prides himself upon his handling of Chinese witnesses was defending a railway damage case. The lawyer is a bit near-sighted, so failed to note when a Chinaman came upon the stand that the witness' clothing was of finer texture than the ordinary Coolie. Instead of following the usual questions as to name, residence, if the nature of an oath were understood, etc., the following dialogue ensued: "What your name?" "Kee Lung." "You live San Francisco?" "Yes." "You sabbie God?" "Mr. Attorney, if you mean 'Do I understand the entity of our Creator?" I will simply say that Thursday evening next I shall address the State Ministerial Association on the subject of the 'Divinity of Christ' and shall be pleased to have you attend." When order was restored the examination proceeded upon ordinary lines, but to the day of his death the lawyer will never cease to be asked if he "sabbie God?"

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—While there appears to be little change in the legislative plans of the Washington administration, leading bankers and business interests here seem to be without particular concern as to the immediate future in regard to the complete bills which will be passed at the present session of Congress. Undoubtedly, the most important factor in the outlook, as viewed by bankers, is the great promise of excellent crops in 1910, the scientific development of which will greatly increase acreage and mean the possibility of ten billions of wealth from farm products in the coming year; hence the railway companies will suffer only from lack of rolling stock to carry the tonnage. With the elimination of labor difficulties, it would seem as if the Wall street atmosphere were sufficiently cleared to advance securities values quite materially in the coming two or three months and thereby create a market for a large amount of new securities for further railroad development and such seems to be the purpose of the foremost banking institutions here.

Wheat—The highest prices of the crop year were touched on Monday last, under the exciting crop damage reports. An attempt on the part of some of the leading brokers to market some of the cash wheat held here by the big Eastern owner, failed signally after considerable sales to the local mills had been reported. This weakness in the cash article offset the sensational reports from the crop-killer and as soon as the weather took a change for the better, crop reports were lost sight of and sentiment changed decidedly to the bear side, prices receding rapidly and at the close of the week they were at the lowest point. The government report, due Tuesday, will be the annual estimate of the quantity of wheat in farmers' hands, and it is conceded on all sides that the total will be larger than it was a year ago. This was an added influence and kept the bears in ammunition. After this report is out of the way, the crop-killer will have his inning again, and judging from some of the reports that have been coming in, there is no question but what he has good grounds for a continuance of the same. That there has been damage done to the growing crop by the hard freeze, followed by a period of warm wet weather, is conceded by the best posted people in the trade, and time can only tell the extent. In the meantime we look for a very nervous market, favoring purchases on any forced declines.

Corn has followed wheat and has shared in the decline, prices being at the low point at the end of the week. The government will issue its annual report Tuesday and it is expected to be bearish, as far as quantity is concerned. This will likely be offset by the report on quality. Receipts have dropped off perceptibly during the last week, and it is estimated that the corn in transit has decreased fully 25 percent. Country roads are now pretty generally in bad shape in the northern half of the corn belt, but some improvement may be expected soon, with good weather in the southern half. There is no prospect of any relief to the trade from an export outlet.

Cotton—The apparent strength of the market last week was due to the rumors or reports of control of the available stock in New York and New Orleans by important trade and speculative interests. Report also had it that there was more inquiry for spot cotton in the south. Now, with regard to old crop deliveries, the supply and demand will be the governing factor. While the new crop arrivals which are being traded in at a discount of about 225 points will be controlled by the prospects of such new crops, and this is a situation which must be studied and watched and the pro's and con's considered, there seems to be no doubt that the severe winter has, to a considerable extent, exterminated the boll weevil in the Southwest and Mississippi Valley, and of the acreage being enlarged, and the use of fertilizer increased. Then again, Mr. Ellison, an authority on cotton, has reduced his estimate on consumption of American cotton by the world this season to only about 11,500,000 bales, whereas, last season it was 13,157,000 bales, and this English authority further expressed the opinion that there would be a further curtailment unless lower prices prevailed, as high prices have reduced the demand for goods and that the only legitimate influence of maintaining even the present levels, let alone increased values, is an unfavorable new crop condition. On the other side, the world needs a record-breaking crop for next season, fully 14,000,000 bales, and the cotton has yet to be made. The weather maps show wet and unfavorable weather east of the Mississippi, retarding farm work in the East Gulf and South Atlantic states where preparations for the next crop are becoming backward, owing to the incessant rains. Therefore, until more definite, or reliable news on the situation is received, as well as the government reports, it is advisable to use great caution and stick to the scalping side of the market.

Copper—There were some large sales of copper this last week and altogether it is estimated that 30,000,000 pounds were taken by large consumers on Thursday. It is safe to assume that this buying will be followed by further takings on the part of the smaller consumers and that we have reached a point where another buying period, like that witnessed at the end of November is at hand. The price has not changed, as far as the leading agencies are concerned, but copper offered at their prices has been absorbed, that is, at 13¾. The copper situation, for the time being, is in the hands of the producers. It is evident that a curtailment of output is necessary, if higher prices are to be realized. As to the share market, there has been quite an active market for coppers during the week, with a general tendency towards higher levels. Last week we said that we thought Lake was a good purchase at the prevailing price, 70 and 71, and the outcome has proved the soundness of our recommendation, as we thought the copper shares, aside from their intrinsic value, would respond to the strength of the New York stock market. The buying was particularly good in the Cole-Ryan issues and we continue to look forward to even better prices in the near future for such stocks as Green Cananea, Giroux, Butte Coalition, Nevada Consolidated, Miami, Inspiration, Boston Coalition, Boston

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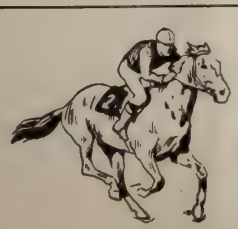
Consolidated and other recognized standard stocks. The showing of Anaconda for the last nine months is remarkable, as the stock for that period has earned $2 per share, or 8 per cent on a par of $25. The company is earning enough to meet its dividend distribution of $2 per share, something it had not done for the years 1907-08. Business throughout the country received a general setback in February which could be attributed to uncertainty over legislation, or legal decisions, and now the cheapness of money and investment absorption will probably offset the above. For the present, we see a more or less narrow copper market and just as certainly may we look for a strong healthy one in the near future and would advise the long side, especially on any recessions.

Odd Things in the World

A remarkable phenomenon was observed during a thunder shower in Finland in the summer of 1908 by V. J. Laine, who was making meteorological observations for the Finnish Scientific Society. The shower approached from the east, and the thunder, which had been heard at intervals during a half hour, ceased before any rain fell at the place of observation. During approximately the same half hour the eastern horizon was completely spanned by a double rainbow, which likewise vanished before the rain came. Immediately after each peal of thunder the colors of both bows, and especially those of the secondary bow, became confused and indistinct, and the whole double rainbow appeared to vibrate rapidly. Laine explains this singular phenomenon, in accordance with the Airy-Pernter theory of the rainbow, by assuming that the concussion of the air which produced the sound of thunder also increased the diameter of the raindrops from less than 1-250 inch to between 1-50 and 1-25 inch. If this assumption is confirmed it will furnish a valuable contribution to the theory of thunderstorms, which is still incomplete.

There was a fearful hurricane, with flying stones and sand, in Pekin when the late Viceroy Chang Chih-tung's funeral procession left by the Front Gate. People said: "He was so good that the very elements acclaim his coffin," but the native newspaper adds: "How about the feelings of the hatted and robed thousands who escorted the coffin? Are their comfort and feelings not to be considered?" It is curious to note in the account of the funeral the parenthetical advertisement: "The arrangements were all carried out by the undertakers X. & Co." These arrangements included a yellow sedan carrying the posthumous title of "Wen-siang" or "Doctus Adjuvans" granted by the Emperor; bearers conveying the foreign wreaths, others carrying the honorary umbrellas presented to the late Viceroy by the people at various times, others again carrying pole boards setting forth all the deceased's honors and titles. In order to raise money the Front Gate enclosed area (not hitherto so used) has been let out as a market to two speculators.

A letter from W. J. Urquhart, chief of the White Company's western sales department, informs H. E. Doty, assistant Pacific Coast manager, that 192 orders for White Steam and Gasoline cars were booked at the Chicago Automobile Show just past. This is one of the most remarkable sales ever reported in the automobile business.



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By TANTALUS

The Cudahys Known Here

Jack Cudahy who startled the country the other day in Kansas City belongs to a family which is very well known here. Mrs. Jack Casserly is his sister and Edward Cudahy, a younger brother, is engaged to marry Miss Nora Brewer of San Mateo. This marriage has been the cause of a great deal of gossip. For quite a long time it was thought in local society that the engagement would be broken off on account of sudden ill health on the part of young Cudahy. He went away for treatment and from all accounts is once more restored to sound health. The money of old Michael Cudahy, the great Chicago packer, has had a great deal to do with the social prestige of the Cudahy clan in Burlingame and elsewhere.

Talented Society Amateurs

Mrs. Fred Kohl sang several songs of her own composition at the musicale she gave last week. Both as composer and vocalist this charming society matron might win wider fame than among her friends. She has beauty too, of the Greek blonde order. More than once when Lillian Russell has played engagements here, Mrs. Kohl has been embarrassingly mistaken for the light opera queen, and strangely enough her voice is very like Miss Russell's. There is really no reason why Mrs. Kohl should not have a dazzling and successful stage career, except her lack of inclination for it. Mrs. Jack Casserly who played her accompaniments on the harp at last week's reception is another society amateur who is talented beyond many professionals. Any number of the belles and young matrons of society are gifted in a musical way. Well trained voices are quite common. But a few, as well, have the temperament that would assure them success on the stage. Mrs. Worthington Ames is one of these. She has a powerful voice, and the personality that means more than art these days. Her friend Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop was equally dowered and she has made a professional success in New York, on the concert stage, with possibly a grand opera career ahead. Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin's voice is of lighter quality, but she sings with all the verve and dash of a Fritzi Scheff. Mrs. Kohl, by the way, has not previously sung at any large affair for several years. Her last appearance for charity was at the Children's Hospital benefit given three years ago when her health suffered from the strain of many rehearsals in a draughty auditorium.

The Men Stayed Away

The reception at the Francisca Club last week was a brilliant success in all respects but one. There was a crowd of handsome women beautifully gowned and the decorations were exquisite. But alas, it was almost an Adamless Eden. Whether it was the stress of business or the disinclination to don afternoon attire, I do not know, but there was a most conspicuous dearth of masculinity. This made it very embarrassing for the few men who did attend. I noticed one timid young fellow, garbed in the height of fashion, standing in the doorway of Vickery's and ever and anon peering out at the throng of women who were entering the club. It was plain that he found it hard to screw his courage to the sticking place, but he finally succeeded and rushed madly up the steps, as though he didn't care what happened to him. When the Town and Country Club gave their reception last year and admitted men for the first time, their beautiful rooms were crowded and many of the masculine guests remained till the last possible moment. I wonder why the men did not flock likewise to the Francisca? Is exclusiveness so cold and repellant? No excuse can be found in the lack of interesting women, for the most

Photo, Bruguiere and Eisen

MISS JULIA THOMAS

Who gave an informal tea last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of her sister Mrs. Joseph W. Sefton Jr. of San Diego. Miss Thomas is the daughter of Mrs. Lillian Thomas and is prominent in musical circles.

interesting women in town were there: brains, beauty and wealth were all amply represented. So the absence of the men takes on an aspect of mystery.

Chatter at the Opera

The city is not yet prepared to welcome the metropolitan fashion which makes loud talking and indifference to the music de rigeur at the opera. The proof of our provincialism was given at the performance of "Madame Butterfly" last Thursday night when two young ladies in a box were rebuked for following the New York custom. These two young ladies are very beautiful and are very well known in swagger society. They were stunningly gowned and naturally attracted a great deal of attention. When the music began they commenced an animated conversation in loud tones, just

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as the boxholders at the Metropolitan do. What was their surprise when one of the occupants of the adjoining box leaned over and requested them to maintain silence. It seems that this person was desirous of hearing the music. The young ladies, no doubt vastly amused at this evidence of provincialism, decided to humor him and remained silent during the rest of the evening. I noticed Mrs. Langley Porter who has recently returned from abroad, in the audience that evening. She was resplendent in an elaborate black costume trimmed in jet

Photo, Belle-Ouury

MRS. OSCAR LUNING

The well known society woman of Oakland who has entertained extensively during the past season in her Piedmont home.

and wore a pearl dog collar. Mrs. Rothschild who was Miss Lucy Jackson, wore an extremely handsome mauve chiffon setting off to advantage her blonde coloring. As usual, Mrs. Cyril Tobin was one of the best dressed women in the audience.

Drinking Among Our Women

Are the women drinking more than they used to in this city of devil-may-care? Or are they simply indulging their love for alcoholic stimulants more openly than of yore? I am in doubt what to think. A tolerable familiarity with the town extending over some few years does not help me to make up my mind. I am inclined to compromise by deciding that women are doing both; that is to say, drinking more than ever and more openly than of yore. In all the fashionable cafes where women lunch one or two rounds of cocktails seem invariably to precede the consumption of food and sometimes there are more than two rounds. Then beer is ordered in place of the coffee or tea that used to content them at the noon repast. The sight of two women lunching tete-a-tete with a bucket of wine beside them is not uncommon, yet I am glad to say, in the interest of good taste, that it usually excites adverse comment. Mind you, I am speaking of women whose position in our social life is fixed, women with husbands and children, not the fireflies of the tenderloin. Every afternoon the cafes are patronized almost exclusively by women who make the trip downtown on a shopping excursion the excuse for a number of highballs. Just look in some afternoon on one of the big cafes and note the number of women who are absorbing the insidious Scotch or the subtle suisesse. From two until six o'clock this state of affairs continues, a sort of feminine counterpart for the masculine cocktail route of the olden days. I have seen some women of family start home at the dinner hour after one of these sessions that have caused me sorrow and wonderment, though I am no prude. How they ever preside at the dinner table I am at a loss to explain. Perhaps they shut themselves up in their rooms and plead "headache" to their anxious husbands and children. It is a wonderful town, my masters, and more reckless since the earthquake than ever before.

Kuehne Beveridge to the Fore

Kuehne Beveridge, the sculptor whose career started right in our midst, has just achieved the limelight for the one thousandth time. Miss Beveridge is endowed with a singular felicity for reminding us of her existence; a very pleasant reminder, by the way, for she is a charming woman whom the gods touched with genius. Ever and anon she appears in print, usually on the first page of the daily or in the supplement of the Sunday paper, and her activities always make an interesting chronicle. This time Miss Beveridge has made a master-stroke in the game of publicity. It seems that she has modeled a group which she calls "The Vampire" and that its exhibition in Leipsic has evoked a great deal of favorable and unfavorable criticism. Miss Beveridge has announced her intention of bringing the sculpture to this country. That was the master-stroke and as soon as it had been delivered, the Baroness Ray von Wrede who used to be Ray Beveridge, Kuehne's sister, gave a pretty exhibition of team work. She called upon Anthony Comstock, the self-appointed guardian of American morals, and upon Collector Loeb of the New York custom house, to ascertain whether any objection would be made to the coming of the statue. Was not that a keen instance of one sister aiding another? The result was most gratifying. Loeb said that he would make no objection, but old Saint Anthony threw a fit and emitted sounds that have been published in every newspaper in New York.

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When Comstock inspected photographs of "The Vampire" he went right up in the air. "This is positively devilish; it is indecent," he cried. "All that is lewd, libidinous, lecherous, lascivious or indecent must be kept from the young. There is no mind so pure that it cannot see the impure. What would be all right in the bath would be out of place on the street corner. The fall of the Roman empire began with the exhibition of the nude in art." And so on ad nauseam. It was great advertising for Kuehne and when "The Vampire" arrives there will be ructions.

A Limelight Heroine

Kuehne Beveridge has kept in the public eye all her eventful life, but her doings have always been worthy of attention. I suppose it must be twenty years now since Kuehne and Ray Beveridge, little girls in short dresses, came to this city with their mother. Mrs. Beveridge was the daughter-in-law of the well-known Governor Beveridge of Illinois. When she came to this city she was divorced from her husband and in very bad circumstances. She opened dressmaking parlors in an old fashioned house in Geary street and tried to get the very fashionable trade. Her venture was not a success and the family had a hard struggle. Finally Mrs. Beveridge married von Wrede of South Africa, a reduced gentleman. It is in that way that Ray Beveridge got her present title of the Baroness von Wrede. The von Wrede-Beveridge home was one of the most charmingly bohemian menages in town. Instead of the three Rs the girls were taught music, dancing, fencing and painting. Kuehne who gave promise of beauty that was afterwards fulfilled, picked up sculpture as another girl might pick up a doll. Ray who was slight and frail, took to blacksmithing and made horseshoes of gold and silver. Once she gave an exhibition of this unusual accomplishment at the State fair in Sacramento and was known afterwards as the "little girl blacksmith." Kuehne began posing for Marceau and other photographers and her pictures in classic poses were much admired. This led her to the stage, but after appearing with a Frohman company at the California and in stock at the Alcazar, she decided to go back to sculpture. The truth was that she had no bent for acting. So she modeled Jim Corbett and George Bromley and other local celebrities and then went east. In the east, while once more dallying with the theatrical idea, Kuehne had her first matrimonial experience and it was not pleasant.

Her Romantic Episodes

A romantic attachment sprang up very suddenly be- Kuehne Beveridge and the late Charles Coghlan and they married. It was not long before they had to separate, for it was found that Coghlan was an unconscious bigamist. The first Mrs. Coghlan who was the mother of Gertrude Coghlan, asserted her rights and Kuehne's romance was shattered. Mystery surrounded that affair and it was never satisfactorily explained just how Coghlan made the mistake of taking a second wife while he had a first. Later it was announced that Kuehne was going to marry the erratic Jim Blaine Jr., but nothing came of it except a great deal of newspaper gossip. Then, after Adalbert Hay fell out of a window and was killed, she allowed it to be known that he was engaged to her. From New York Kuehne went to London and everybody from the then Prince of Wales to Buffalo Bill was modeled at her smart studio. She spent some time in South Africa before the Boer war and made a bust of Cecil Rhodes. Finally she married one Branson of Johannesburg at Trouville. Ray developed into a striking beauty as well as a wit and when she was in South Africa where von Wrede, her step-father, obtained a good position as a civil engineer, she was the idol of the army and navy men at Cape Town. I suppose that when von Wrede rehabilitated himself he resumed the title which he had dropped in darker days. Any way he called himself a baron and Ray is now known as the Baroness Ray von Wrede, a title which makes her interference on behalf of "The Vampire" much more impressive. The statue, by the way, symbolizes the relation of the sexes as Kuehne has observed it in her experience: "the man takes all, always and the woman gives everything."

Orchids for Miss Gregg

Since her return from New York Miss Enid Gregg has been wearing orchids, always a cause for speculation among the amiably curious. She has also been the guest of honor at several informal luncheons at the St. Francis, the host being the popular son of a millionaire newspaper proprietor. The aforesaid amiably curious, putting two and two together, are wondering if the devotion of

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this young bachelor has reached the orchid stage, and if an engagement announcement is to be forthcoming. Miss Gregg is very young but she is a girl of remarkable charm and a cleverness beyond the average. Much of her younger girlhood was spent abroad where she was educated. Her Spanish dancing was one of the delightful features of the Kirmess. The young bachelor in question has frequently been the hero of engagement rumors, but none so seemingly well based as this.

Belles and Beaux Go A-Rinking

The younger set has taken up skating since it may not dance in Lent and a number of jolly parties have been given at the rinks. One skating party, which was chaperoned by Mrs. George Ashton and included the two pretty Ashton girls, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Leslie Page, Herbert Baker, Arthur Brown and several others of the younger belles and beaux, was to have taken place last Saturday evening but it did not. The party gathered and repaired to the rink eager for a spin on rollers. Not until they had trooped into the hall did they discover themselves guests at a Danish masquerade ball with dancing, not skating, the order of the evening. Inquiry revealed the fact that a Danish society had possession of the rink for its annual jollification and that the visitors would be made entirely welcome, hat-checks, fifty cents, ladies free. But the spokesman of the party explained the prejudice of his friends against dancing in Lent and they politely withdrew to finish the evening elsewhere. Now when a skating party is formed to go to one of the rinks, the precaution is taken to telephone there first.

Women Photographers in New Studio

When the Misses Moore and Clarke opened a photographic studio in Presidio avenue about a year ago there was a great deal of interest taken in their venture. Their friends wondered whether they would succeed in a profession seldom followed by women and were curious to compare their work with that of masculine photographers. A year's devotion to their chosen field has shown that these two women are capable of most artistic work and their success has been such that they have moved downtown. They now have one of the most attractive studios in the city. It is located on the ninth floor of the Liebes Building, 177 Post street, in the heart of the shopping district. The rooms are tastefully appointed in every way and are finished in Japanese grass cloth in soft brown and gold. The Misses Moore and Clarke have made a particular success of child photography and will continue to specialize in this at their new studio.

In the Social Spotlight

Captain J. M. Orchard writes to say that the widely circulated report of an engagement between Mrs. McClung and himself is erroneous in all particulars.

Mrs. John G. Kirchen who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Bronte M. Aikins in this city left for her home in Tonopah on Wednesday. Mr. Kirchen is the general manager of the Schwab mines in Tonopah and that vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Kirchen have just returned from a visit of several weeks in New York. Mrs. Kirchen extended her trip to this city to visit relatives while Mr. Kirchen went on to Tonopah.

Madame Von Brandes of London is among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Victoria. She has been spending the winter at the Hotel Coronado, but is to remain in San Francisco for several weeks before going to her English home.

Lieutenant Warren E. Keishner, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Keishner of New York were among the passengers sailing on the Logan during the week. They arrived in San Francisco on Sunday, and during their stay were guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wilson are visitors in town from New York and are guests at the Hotel Victoria where they have taken apartments for a month or six weeks.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Mr. and Mrs. Grove L. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cullinan, A. M. Alexander, Alvah Wilson, H. H. Cosgriff, W. E. Osborne, James Scott, Miss Alice Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Chadbourne, Dr. and Mrs. George C. Pardee and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Welby.

Miss Marion Zeile was hostess at a very pretty luncheon on Monday at which she entertained a dozen of her girl friends. Miss Hazel Cooke also entertained at bridge and afterwards at tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park who has apartments at Del Monte for an indefinite visit, is one of the most admired guests of the season. Mrs. Coryell's gorgeous gowns, her wonderful orchids, which are sent down from her own conservatories at Menlo Park, and her two little sons, all attract favorable attention. Mr. Coryell always runs down for the week-end and had as his guest this week Mr. Leon De Woele of San Francisco.

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Mr. and Mrs. Jack London are visiting friends at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. A. H. Payson of San Mateo, who is an enthusiastic automobilist, motored up from Santa Barbara, and on her way stopped over for a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. F. D. Roe of New York, who has been visiting at the Murray Hacienda for some time, left for her home in New York last Friday.

Andrew Carnegie is expected at Del Monte in a day or so. He will arrive in his private car, coming up from Santa Barbara.

Other interesting private car parties arrived at Del Monte recently, among which was one including H. S. Van Duzer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Burton and the Misses Burton, all of New York. Mr. C. F. Daly, general manager of the New York Central Lines, also arrived in his private car recently with a party of friends.

Last Sunday afternoon Dr. Arnold Genthe entertained his friends at a delightful tea at his artistic bungalow at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Among those who were hostesses at informal luncheon parties at the Fairmont during the past week were Mrs. Schmiedell who had seven guests, Mrs. L. Sloss, Mrs. Frank Preston and Miss Florence Cluff.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin entertained a score of friends on Tuesday in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

Edward C. Knowles of New Bedford, Mass., and John F. Stafford who are making a leisurely tour of the State are at the Fairmont. Dr. and Mrs. Harry L. Elsner of Syracuse are also registered at the Fairmont.

Dr. Eugene Dupuy, accompanied by Miss Alma Dupuy, are at the Fairmont, registering from Paris. Dr. Dupuy has not been in San Francisco for the last twenty-five years and is of course very much surprised at the appearance of the city since its reconstruction. He is renewing his acquaintances among the well known members of the social set whom he knew in the days gone by. Among the other distinguished foreign visitors at the Fairmont the past week were Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hardy of Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. L. Young, Arthur S. L. Young, Edinburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Conlon of Geneva.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Alley accompanied by Miss M. S. Alley and Arthur A. Alley are at the Fairmont. Mr. Alley is one of the largest brewers in New England and makes his home in Boston.

John H. Divan and G. H. Lamil of London are at the Palace. Both of these gentlemen are connected with the Standard Oil interests in the United Kingdoms.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin were hosts at a beautiful dinner at the Palace recently. The table was a mass of flowers. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin.

Among the well known railroad men registered at the Palace during the week were W. R. Jerome, general western passenger agent of the New York Central lines with headquarters in Chicago, W. G. Barnwell, general frieght agent of the Santa Fe and C. J. Birchfield in charge of the advertising department of the same system with headquarters at Los Angeles.

Children's Day at the Sorosis Club on Monday afternoon proved to be one of the most interesting affairs which has taken place this season. Too much praise cannot be accorded Mrs. J. M. Masten who planned and carried out the entire program to a successful end.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton was hostess at a luncheon followed by bridge at the St. Francis Tuesday afternoon. Her guests numbered sixteen.

Mrs. Frank Allen of Tacoma, Wash., who has been stopping at the St. Francis left for her northern home on Wednesday. Mrs. Allen is the widow of the late Judge Allen, and formerly made her home in this city, where her friends have given her a cordial welcome. Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce are among those who have entertained in her honor.

Mrs. Leopold Michels presided Saturday evening at an opera box party and later entertained her thirty young guests at an elaborate supper at the Hotel St. Francis. In keeping with Mrs. Michels' artistic mode of decoration, her table was exquisitely beautiful with apple blossoms, orchids and the choicest of roses.

On Thursday Baron Von Schroeder was host at luncheon at the St. Francis and entertained several friends quite informally, and on the same afternoon, Mrs. Greenebaum was hostess to a number of friends.

Miss Margaret Kemble's interesting lecture last week on the interpretation of music served to fill the Blue Room of the St. Francis with a fashionable audience.

On Wednesday evening, March 16, the Spooks who took part in Professor Napoleon will enjoy a theatre party followed by a supper at the Palace. The young men who took part will be the hosts on this occasion, also entertaining the chaperones.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 22, the Spinners' Club will meet at the residence of Mrs. Henry St. Goar in California street. This will be Associates' Meeting and a varied program of musical numbers will be presented.

Mrs. Ramon Wilson and her attractive daughter Miss Marie R. Wilson have booked passage on the President Grant which sails from New York on May 4 and will make a lengthy stay

EASTER NOVELTIES

A complete assortment of Easter Novelties—Bunnies, Chicks, and Egg-shaped Boxes filled with Easter Candies. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' cady stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market street (near Ferry).

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. S. RIPLEY, administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to said H. S. RIPLEY, at the office of HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Esq., Room 900 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

H. S. RIPLEY,
Administrator of the Estate of George W. Baker, also known as James Baker, Deceased.

Dated, March 12th, A. D. 1910.

HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Attorney for Administrator.
900 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

abroad. In August Mrs. and Miss Wilson will visit Oberammergau to witness the Passion Play after which Miss Wilson will devote her time to the cultivation of her voice.

Miss Sidney Davis will leave for the East in about two weeks, to be the guest of her cousin Mrs. Warren Childs of Boston, formerly Miss Sibyl Hodges of this city. Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen will accompany Miss Davis East.

Mrs. Max Bertheau and Mrs. Elise Kohler of Stockton are the guests of Miss Sidney Davis at her home in Scott street.

Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen left during the week for New Orleans where she will be the guest of Mrs. Harry Ralston. Mr. and Mrs. Van Sicklen and Miss Hilda will return to their beautiful home in Alameda in April, having passed the winter in this city.

Among recent visitors at the Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara were Charles B. Squiers of New York City with his uncle J. S. Keen of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dunlop, Butte, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Oakes, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carver, Philadelphia; W. Mayo Newhall, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Meriam, Miss Meriam, child and nurse, an auto party from Seattle consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Denny, Miss Caroline Denny, Mr. H. H. Denny and B. Kempe; Miss Grosvenor and maid, and Miss Ely of Newport; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kelly, Three Oakes, Mich.; W. F. Bradley, Tomahawk; Robert McAllen, San Diego; Mr. W. S. Keefe, Atlanta, Ga.; A. J. Macriab, Salmon City, Idaho; Mr. and Mrs. Gerardus Smith, Miss Anna C. Smith, Schenectady; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Held, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Denniger, Miss Elma Denniger, Miss Emily Stehler, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Scott, Clayton Crawford, Toronto, Can.; Mrs. A. B. Lawer, N. T. Haggerty, Springfield, Mass.; Thornhill Broome, Oxnard; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Williams, Toppeinsh, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Coburn, Fort Suttcoe; Mr. A. L. Forrar, San Francisco; Mr. Leon Stein, San Francisco; Mr., Mrs. and Miss W. G. Sloan, St. Louis; Henry F. Sawer, Diamond Edge; Mr. and Mrs. James McNully, Tacoma; Miss Bessie McNully, Victoria, B. C.; H. A. Cobaugh and family, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Heingbaum, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Welkers, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. F. C. Johnson, San Francisco; B. G. West, Chicago; Louis Leonhardt, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Zaibais, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. H. Haskell, Miss Haskell, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thurston, Chicago; Mr. W. A. Urchdt, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. DeForest, Fort Edward; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Coats, Aberdeen, Wash.; J. J. Williams, M. A. Welch, Boston.

My dear Bess:—

Wait until you see my wild garden—that is, if the larks leave any seeds where I've thrown them. By the dozen those gay birds flocked when they saw me sowing seeds broadcast, and I stood literally by the hour flapping my arms like a scarecrow to try and protect my garden. We have had some days so warm that one can almost see the dear little leaves pushing through the earth.

The Crocker Tract, my near neighbor, is a dream of beauty, and I see many people daily walking about looking at all the lovely gardens and horses there feeling, no doubt, as I felt, before we bought our place, a large wish to possess for themselves.

We are going over plans now for our house; in between times we pore over garden catalogues.

It is still as fascinating as at first, and I can't see how we shall ever tire of our new possession, for it will be a never ending necessity to do something and that will keep us always interested, beside the changing beauty of the hills.

Anyway we just love it now and that's the main thing.

Yours,

—Claire.

In the Limelight

The last Myrtle Elvyn piano recital will be given this Saturday afternoon at the Garrick Theatre when the brilliant young artist will play the Chopin "Sonata," Op. 31 with its beautiful funeral march, Schumann's "Toccata," Mendelssohn's "Prelude, Fugue and Chorale" and a dozen other important and beautiful works.

Once again San Franciscans will have the opportunity to witness and enjoy the delightful "Aunt Mary" of May Robson, when she comes to the Van Ness with "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" shortly. This charming comedienne is now on her farewell tour, she having signified her intention of retiring from the stage at the conclusion of this season's work.

When Maud Allan, the famous classic dancer, appears here in the week of April 4 she will have the support of a magnificent and complete symphony orchestra of forty-five players directed by Paul Steindorff. To accommodate this body of musicians three rows of seats must be removed from the theatre. In Oakland Bishop is going to lay off his entire company one night in order to present Maud Allan.

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The best musical attractions direct from New York. Change of program every Sunday night.

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Now Open in its New Beautifully Decorated Home at
362 GEARY STREET
Twenty Feet from St. Francis Hotel
Music by Italian Orchestra from 6 to 8 p. m.
Kitchen under supervision of chef expressly brought from Europe for this place. Italian dishes in every known style.

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48 TURK STREET
Formerly of 1561 Ellis Street
The Best French Dinner in Town for 75 cents
Unsurpassed Cuisine, Excellent Service, Private Dining Rooms
Music from 6 to 8 p. m. Phone Franklin 2181

William Desmond, Our New Leading Man

By Edward F. O'Day

The coming of a new leading man to the Alcazar stock company is an event charged with unusual importance. Time is measured in stock companies, not by years or months, but by the length of the reigns of leading men. "In Ernest Hastings' time" fixes an occurrence quite definitely, because everybody who is anybody in local theaterdom knows just when the lamented Hastings was the idol of the matinee girls. It is so with the reign of Whittlesey; in a lesser degree with that of James Durkin who abdicated the throne, like other rulers, for the love of a woman not his wife; and getting down to the present day, it is so with Bertram Lytell. Since the departure of Bertram Lytell the Alcazar has not been happy in its leading man. John Ince is not a leading man's name, in the first place; it is, if the atrocious pun may be pardoned, too ince-ignificant. But in addition Ince had decided limitations as an actor. In a part like "Pierre of the Plains," he was splendid; but he could not wear evening clothes with plausibility. That was a fatal defect; your matinee girl is in nothing more finicky than in demanding that her leading man wear his dress clothes with the superb unconsciousness of John Drew. It may be that the leading man is young enough to be John Drew's son and that his salary may not warrant recourse to a John Drew tailor; but to these minor considerations the matinee girl is haughtily indifferent. Poor Ince did not shine in drawing room scenes, so the matinee girl turned down her dainty fudge-stained thumb and the cruel manager of the Alcazar consigned Ince to the lions. Ince's successor has arrived and as I began by saying, his arrival is an event of transcendent import. He made his first appearance on Monday evening in "Classmates," that very pretty and interesting play in which Robert Edeson once starred. I presume that the new leading man realized the eventfulness of last Monday night—that he appreciated how much it meant to the audience, to the players and to the management. It is bromidic to say that there is no audience in the city like the Alcazar audience. Other audiences may come and other audiences may go, but the Alcazar audience goes on for ever. It is coherent, amalgamated, organic, it is any adjective which expresses unity. It thinks together, applauds and disapproves together, judges by a common standard. Everybody in it has practically the same ideals as his neighbor to the right and the left; and those ideals are very tolerable ideals too. Week after week you will find the same people at the Alcazar, a Monday crowd, a Tuesday crowd and so on. To an audience like that the coming of a new leading man is a function in the nature of a trial. The new leading man has been selected for certain qualities favored by the audience and the audience is on hand to find out whether he possesses them. The verdict of the audience is final; there is no court of higher jurisdiction. But the audience is absolutely impartial, with the severe impartiality of a jury tempered by the kindliness of a judge. To the players the personality of the new leading man is important in another way. A leading man with a bad temper or with overweening conceit or selfishness can spoil the morale of a stock company in a week and make every player miserable. Then too, if he is a poor actor, he will lower the standard of the company, something of which stock players in a house like the Alcazar are justifiably proud. As for the management, no need to explain how deeply it is interested in the first appearance of the new leading man. There is an intimate connection between the ability of the new leading man and the box office receipts; when the interest of the matinee girl in the leading man diminishes, the balance at the bank diminishes in an exact ratio. Why pursue this mercenary topic? Let us get down to our new leading man. His name is William Desmond, an exceptionally good Irish name, for the Desmonds have ever been a dashing race, dark, handsome and devils with the ladies. His first appearance was very happy. He was in West Point undress, the white clothes accentuating his dark complexion—black hair, black eyes and heavy black brows. Like Phryne—pardon the comparison—he won his judges by his beauty. All the women in the audience and some of the men greeted him with applause and he smiled engagingly, showing fine white teeth. It was a splendid start for a new leading man and as the acts followed one another he deepened the first favorable impression. At the end of the third act, the jungle scene, the new leading man received an old-fashioned ovation. He was grateful, but—wise man!—not anxious to make a speech. Mr. Will Walling had to urge him to the footlights for the necessary few words with repeated pantomimes. The gestures seemed to indicate that Mr. Walling approved of the new leading man and the same feeling seemed to be expressed on the faces of the other players. Well, having achieved the conquest of the audience and the company, I imagine that Mr. Desmond will have small difficulty with the management. When Mr. Desmond had finally taken the hint conveyed by Mr. Walling he stepped forward and began: "I have to obey him; he's bigger than I am." That is the truth; Mr. Walling is taller than Mr. Desmond, but I suppose every leading man can't be as tall as White Whittlesey; and Mr. Desmond, I think, is taller than Bertram Lytell. Aside from this detail of inches Mr. Desmond seems to be the sort of leading man who will last long at the Alcazar. He is a quietly effective actor with a pleasing voice that reaches every part of the theater. He seemed equally at home in the cadet uniform, the tatters of the jungle and the frock coat of society. These are matters, however, which cannot be settled decisively after a first-night inspection of Mr. Desmond. He was naturally a little nervous, more so, perhaps, after the warmth of the audience's welcome, than he would have been in the presence of a noncommittal attitude. Mr. Desmond has undoubtedly made good with his first audience.

WILLIAM EDWIN CHAMBERLAIN

Who will appear in a Mid-Lenten Song Recital at Century Hall, March 13, at 2:30 p. m.

Stage

Vesta Tilley Engaged for the Orpheum

Vaudeville managers have recently given this city the opportunity to enjoy Alice Lloyd and Harry Lauder, two members of a trio who have been for several years the idols of the London music halls. Alice Lloyd was brought to this city by the Orpheum management, while Harry Lauder came under the direction of William Morris. Now it is announced that Mr. Martin Beck of the Orpheum management has secured the third member of the trio, the inimitable Vesta Tilley. In a cable to Mr. Morris Meyerfeld Mr. Beck states that he has engaged Vesta Tilley for a twelve months' tour of the Orpheum circuit beginning on April 19 and that she will soon appear in this city. This is great news. Those who have seen Vesta Tilley in London speak of her in the same enraptured vein which San Franciscans have used in their praise of Alice Lloyd and Harry Lauder. She is a dainty player with a fine mimetic talent and she wears masculine garb with a grace that is irresistible. Her songs are cleverly worded and harmoniously set and all the boys will be whistling them within a week after her first appearance. In London not to like Vesta Tilley argues one incapable of appreciating the best that the music halls have to offer. Her appearance in San Francisco will be a great vaudeville event.

Edeson's Success at the Van Ness

Robert Edeson at the Van Ness Theatre this week has made a great hit in his new play "A Man's a Man." The star has been greeted by large and fashionable audiences who revel in the thrilling climaxes and unusual theme of the semi-political drama. As Townsend Hewitt, the dominant figure of an intense conflict which threatens four lives, Mr. Edeson has a role of greater possibilities than even the Indian hero in "Strongheart," and that its worth is recognized by local playgoers is evidenced from the enthusiastic reception that has greeted the star at the finale of every act. Henry B. Harris has surrounded his star with an exceptional company, including such well-known players as Menifee Johnson, Josephine Lovett, Helen MacBeth, Howard Hall, Maggie Holloway Fisher, Grace Henderson, Joseph Rawley, James Grady, Lawrence Windom, Elsa Mortimer, Eleanor Sheldon, Cordelia MacDonald and others. The scenic surrounding is elegant and the entire environment of the production has a lavish air. Edeson continues for another week which will bring out all of his admirers. Matinees are on Saturdays only, and Sunday night performances are included.

Charm of "The Merry Widow"

"The Merry Widow" has again put our theatregoers in a merry mood and the Columbia Theatre is playing to crowded houses with the Henry W. Savage production as the compelling attraction. Taken all in all the present production of the Lehar work is superior to the one seen here last season, for Savage has made a number of effective changes in the minor roles. Mabel Wilber has most certainly developed in her lyric work and her Sonia is the embodiment of all that is sprightly, graceful and sweetly musical. George Damerel as Prince Danilo again wins the favor of the audience, as does also Oscar Figman as the embassador. One of the new hits of the cast has been made by Harold Blake as De Jolidon. He has a splendid tenor voice and is a capable actor as well. Sophie Barnard, Arthur Wooley, William V. Strunz and Charles Edward Wright are all to be credited with effective performances. The orchestra this year is splendid, and all the delightful numbers receive an interpretation of the most perfect order. The chorus, costuming and scenic, as well as lighting effects are well up to the Henry W. Savage standard. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Tilly Koenen, the Dutch Contralto

Although comparatively unknown in this country six months ago Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, has already established herself as a great favorite in the East, just as she has in Europe where she is considered one of the greatest living concert singers. This artist will make her debut here this Sunday afternoon, March 13, at the Garrick, presenting a rare program of the songs of Germany, Italy, England and her native Holland. Works by Schubert, Brahms, Paisiello, Bassani, Tosti, Handel, Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf appear on the list and a novelty will be three Dutch Children Songs by Catherina van Rennes sung in the original. For the program on Thursday night, March 17, some novelties by the Dutch composer Heinrich van Eycken and four Malay songs arranged for Miss Koenen by van de Wall are promised, besides works by Carissimi, Beethoven, Schubert and the eight Gypsy songs by Brahms. The farewell Koenen program will be given Sunday afternoon, March 20, with works by Schubert, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, E. Humperdinck, Walter Rummel, Chadwick and others as the attractions.

"The Eternal City" at the Alcazar

Hall Caine's finest play, "The Eternal City," is announced as the Alcazar's offering for the coming week. It has not been presented in San Francisco since 1904, when a company headed by Sarah Truax and the late E. J. Morgan interpreted it during a three weeks' run in the California Theatre. Popular opinion then pronounced it an even greater work than the same author's "The Christian." In the cast will be seen the full strength of the Alcazar company and a number of extra

MABEL WILBER
In "The Merry Widow" at the Columbia Theatre.

people. William Desmond is sure to be impressive as the young Deputy, and Evelyn Vaughan as the girl he loves, Bessie Barriscale as her maid, Grace Travers as a woman of the people, Adele Belgarde as a Princess of Italy, Will R. Walling as Baron Bonelli, Howard Hickman as the Pope and Louis Bennison as a Socialist leader will be seen to good advantage. Mascagni, composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," wrote entre act music for "The Eternal City," and it will be played by the Alcazar orchestra. Each of the five acts has a sumptuous scenic setting.

"Wine, Woman and Song" at the Savoy

The last performances of that delightful extravaganza, "The Gingerbread Man," will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and commencing at the Sunday matinee "Wine, Woman and Song," described as a riot of life and gaiety, feminine beauty and tuneful melody, will begin a week's engagement. So great was the success of "Wine, Woman and Song" in New York that it ran for four hundred consecutive performances at the Circle Theatre and it comes to this city with the original cast, headed by Bonita, announced as the most beautiful woman on the American stage. She won the prize for pulchritude at the Actors' Fund Fair, held in the Madison Square Gardens. There is no plot to this "musical review," it being composed principally of Bonita, rollicking comedians and pretty and shapely show girls. It is described as a show that pleases young and old alike and it is loaded with new and original features from beginning to end. For the benefit of the ladies it may be stated that Bonita will appear in a bewildering array of French gowns, fourteen in number, and each one a revelation of the modiste's art. Characterizations of David Warfield as the Music Master, Robert Mantell as Richard III, Mlle. Genee, the famous danseuse, Caruso, Blanche Bates, George M. Cohan, Fay Templeton, Maude Adams, Chauncey Olcott, Jan Kubelik and other celebrities will be presented.

Testimonial at the Van Ness Theatre

A better bill than that to be offered by Mr. Paul Gerson and his players at the benefit performance on Sunday afternoon, April 3, at the Van Ness Theatre, has rarely been staged. It will contain in one program a revival of Shakespeare's great comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew" and the interesting playlet, "The Old Guard." The benefit is given as a memorial testimonial, in the name of Carolyn David, to the Bush Street Synagogue and Eternal Home Cemetary Association and the gross receipts will be turned over to them. Mr. Charles David who was the inspiration of the affair is devoting much time and attention in the hope of making it a great success. Mr. David is the treasurer of the Columbia Theatre and his many friends have graciously volunteered and are assisting him to make the performance successful. Tickets are on sale at the box office of the Van Ness and Columbia Theatres, also at the news stands of the St. Francis and Palace Hotels. The prices will range from 50 cents to $1.50.

Five New Acts at the Orpheum

Of the eight acts to be presented at the Orpheum next week, five will be entirely novel and all will reach the highest standard of vaudeville. Arthur Dunn, the diminutive comedian whose popularity in this city dates to the period when he carried off the honors in the David Henderson production of "Sinbad" as "The Old Man of the Sea," will appear in the laughable farce, "The Messenger Boy," in conjunction with Marie Glazier, a clever and attractive young actress who is also a great favorite here. A particularly novel and fascinating feature of the coming bill will be Ida Fuller's electric sensation "La Sorciere," which consists of three scenes of exquisite beauty. In the first Miss Fuller's graceful movements are performed amid a shower of silver rain, the draperies in which she is enveloped being one mass of constantly changing colors admirably blended. The others are equally attractive. Elsie Faye, Joe Miller and Sam Weston present "The Act Dainty." This trio of agile dancers made a great hit when they were last here, particularly Miss Faye. William Gould, a raconteur, will introduce his quaint and original compositions. Mr. Gould's stage career goes back to his appearance as a minstrel with Emerson and Charles Reed in this city. Violet King, a brilliant violinist and clever entertainer at the piano who is highly eulogized by the London press and is the possessor of a gold medal presented to her by the prince of Wales at Marlborough House, will make her first appearance in this city. Next week will be the last of The Chas. Ahearn Cycling Comedians, Charlene and Charlene and of Lottie Williams and her company in "On Stony Ground."

Another Week of "The Girl" at Ye Liberty

For the week commencing next Monday evening the stock players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will revive "The Girl of the Golden West," the most popular of all the David Belasco stage successes. This piece was one of Ye Liberty's banner offerings last season and the management look for it to attain even a greater degree of popularity with their patrons next week. The story of the play has been told and retold. The scenes are laid

BONITA

Who won the prize for beauty at the Actors' Fund Fair and who comes to the Savoy Theatre with "Wine, Woman and Song."

in California in the heart of the Sierras, and the time is '49. Magnificent stage settings are called for, and the big revolving stage with which Ye Liberty is equipped makes it possible to present them as they could be on no other stage in the country. Elizabeth Stewart, who is fast becoming a favorite with transbay theatregoers will be "the girl," and Sydney Ayres is to repeat his remarkable performance of "the man," while Robert Harrison will again be seen as Jack Rance and the other favorites in the roles in which they received so much praise before. After one week of "The Girl of the Golden West" "The Light Eternal" is to be given, and "Cameo Kirby" is announced for Easter week.

"The Round-Up" at the Columbia

Klaw & Erlanger's massive production, "The Round-Up," will be the offering at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday, March 21, with Macklyn Arubckle in the star role. "The Round-Up" is described by the press agent as the great American play of the hour. Every character and scene in the piece, we are told, breathes the life of the great southwest. It is also said to be so realistic in its very aspect that the audiences who witness it forget, for the time being, that they are in a theatre, are transported in spirit to the locale of the story, and, in their intense interest, actually seem to participate in exciting happenings of real life. This certainly is strong language and warranted to arouse curiosity. We are further informed that the dramatic incident of twenty mounted Indians riding along a ledge on a cliff in the third act and the marvelously realistic battle scene add an element of realism to the play which has rarely been equalled in the history of the American stage.

William Collier is to stage Hattie Williams' new play, having accepted that undertaking at the request of Charles Frohman who secured a Collieresque comedy for Miss Williams. Collier has a big hit in his new piece called "A Lucky Star."

Grace George has just closed her Chicago engagement in the new play "A Woman's Way" and has started West on a limited tour of the Pacific Coast which will bring her to this city next month.

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The Siege of Baler

(Continued from Page 8.)

Spaniards by their accurate firing caused fifty casualties the day they arrived. But a bombardment of shell and canister began to wreck the church. In the middle of April a vessel of war, afterwards ascertained to be the American Yorktown, appeared in the Bay of Baler and the besieged almost went wild with joy at the prospect of being relieved. But after days of alternate hope and despair the Yorktown steamed away after disembarking one officer and sixteen men with a Gatling gun. This small relieving force were rebuffed before they could accomplish their purpose. The Americans were attacked by the Filipino cannons while rowing ashore and one man was killed, three mortally wounded and four wounded. The survivors reached the mountains and after great hardships finally got back to Manila. Here is the condition of the besieged at the end of May:

On the 24th the beans and coffee gave out. I mean the last remains of them. There was now nothing left to eat but a few handfuls of rice flour, the dust of the palay we had hulled, and a few dozen tins of sardines, problematically edible. Our food, besides being scant, was now reduced to a kind of poultice of pumpkin leaves mixed with sardines and a little rice; but we had to reduce even these articles. Those same men who at first would not eat the leaves because, as they said, they lay like a lump in the stomach, soon had to be restrained to prevent them from going out to the trenches and devouring those leaves raw, sprouts and all, without waiting for them to grow.

For the mornings we had in place of coffee a decoction of orange leaves, which we gathered from the trees that were in front of the church. So great was our hunger, in fact, that if a dog came within our reach, a dog was eaten; if a cat, a cat; if reptiles, reptiles; if crows, crows. A certain kind of snail was abundant. The natives loathed them, but it was soon apparent that they were disappearing. All around the church there was an abundance of leafy shrubbery, and it was all stripped, the men not being deterred by the risk, not improbable, of eating some poisonous plant.

Yet the impulse of patriotism persisted in that glorious band of heroes. Witness:

The weather, the enemy's bullets, and the hurricane had badly torn the flag which was always flying at the top of the tower. To put it in good condition was one of our greatest desires, which some might perhaps call Quixotic; but to do so I had to sharpen my ingenuity. Fortunately, the cassocks that had been used to cover the images were red. I had a yellow mosquito bar. All this served perfectly in making the substitute. And one night, when we thought the time had come to renew it, we went up into the tower, and with real enthusiasm (God knows, indeed, that I say it without boasting) we changed that venerable banner, which, on the next day, waved still more proudly, appearing to challenge the besiegers and at the same time to bless us.

Certain it is that we did not add thus a handful of rice to our stores, nor one cartridge more to our ammunition; but it is no less certain that the change warmed up our spirits, and that the sight of that venerable banner waving over us under the vault of heaven inspired us with the thought that all Spain was regarding us and was encouraging us with the promise of its gratitude, if we should do our duty as good men. I say it so seemed to us, because I remember the feeling for myself, and it shone in the eyes, filled at times, of those men who were dying under my orders.

An attack on the church made with unusual force and persistency was repulsed at every point about this time and the Filipinos left eighteen dead when they fled. An officer of the insurgents renewed the proposition of capitulation but Captain Cerezo would not listen and made plans for a desperate escape from the church into the forest. While he was preparing most elaborately for this attempt which, he knew, would involve terrible sufferings and probable death for his starving, sick and wounded men, he looked over some newspapers which had been left with him during a parley. He had regarded these papers as clever forgeries, printed as a ruse to hasten his surrender, and in the following curious fashion he was at last convinced of their genuineness and of the truth of all he had heard about Spain's downfall in the islands:

On the following morning, when it was scarcely light, I picked up the newspapers again. Throughout the night the strange fact that they had been made to resemble the genuine ones in a most remarkable manner had possessed my mind, and something instinctively counseled me to read them. Without any expectation, then, that my suspicions would disappear, I began to glance over their columns, marveling at the ingenuity that had been wasted in the attempt to deceive us and to make us surrender.

I was still admiring, my mind more and more struck with the skillfulness of the work, when a small article of only two lines caused me to tremble with astonishment. It was the simple notice that a lieutenant of the Infantry Reserve, Don Francisco Diaz Navarro, was ordered to take station at Malaga. But that officer had been my companion and intimate friend in the Bourbon Regiment; it had fallen to his lot to go to Cuba; and I knew very well that he had resolved to ask for station at Malaga, where his family and his sweetheart lived.

That could not have been invented. Those papers were therefore Spanish, and all they said was true. It was then not false that the colonies had been lost, that we had been rudely despoiled, that this little bit of the earth that we had defended even to madness was not now our own; and, as Senor Aguilar said, there was no reason for our obstinacy in defending it.

There was now nothing to do but surrender and articles of capitulation were immediately drawn up and agreed to. The besieged were to lay down their arms and were to be escorted in safety to a point where they might join the evacuating Spanish troops. It is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of this little band of heroes further. They had a rough time of it on their way to Manila, what with the treachery and cruelty of their Filipino escort, but when they arrived in Spain they were welcomed in a fashion such as had never before been equalled. This review cannot better end than with the following editorial which appeared in a Madrid paper when an American force at Baler was erroneously reported to have surrendered to the Filipinos in the subsequent trouble between the insurgents and the American forces:

"A Reminder

"A telegram from the Philippines states that the North American forces stationed in Baler have surrendered to the Insurrectos.

"The surrender of these forces in the same place where a poor Spanish Detachment, without munitions, without rations,

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without hope of succor, withstood an enormous force of the enemy for many months, is a consoling contrast for Spain.

"The Spartan abnegation of that handful of heroes, almost naked, hungry, but indomitable, inspiring forces a hundred times more numerous with terror and respect, writing in the history of the country one of its most wonderful pages, now appears doubly great, doubly glorious.

"Baler was consecrated by the blood of martyrs and heroes, and such achievements as theirs are not to be paralleled, cannot be boasted of by any other nation. Haughty North America may have immense riches, extensive possessions, but she has no Siege of Baler, and she never will have one.

"After long months of fierce strife, of resistance to the climate, to the afflictions of fever and hunger, and of repelling vigorous and terrible attacks, the Spanish Detachment came out of Baler with colors flying, victorious, invincible.

"It was a Detachment of dying men, of cadaverous faces, of bodies devoured by fever. But under those ragged uniforms, in those breasts trembling with the fever-cold, the heart of the Mother Country was beating, formidable and unconquerable, capable, as always, of astonishing the world by its supreme valor.

"They have despoiled us of lands and blood. It is fitting that this reminder, revived by the surrender of the North Americans at Baler, cause us to turn our eyes, still filled with tears, from defeat to those sons who yonder accomplished so gallant a defense.

"That can never be torn from Spain. She may suffer calamity, but her Sieges of Baler have gained for her and will gain for her the respect of the world."

La Bretonne

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Well, some day, if you're a good girl, and go to sleep nicely, perhaps she will."

"Oh! Then I'll go to sleep, and then perhaps she'll bring me some tomorrow."

Silence. Light and regular breathing. The child dropped off to sleep, her mother likewise. Only La Bretonne could not close her eyes. Her heart was wrung by a feeling at once piercing and tender. Never before had the current of her thoughts set so strongly towards the baby-boy whom she had strangled so long ago. It lasted until the first glimmer of dawn.

When the day broke, La Fleuriotte and her child were sunk deep in slumber. La Bretonne slipped stealthily out of the hut. She walked hurriedly toward Auberive, and did not slacken speed until she reached the first houses. Arrived there she went slowly up the one street, scanning the signs over the shop doors. At length one of these appeared to fix her attention. She rapped on the shutters, and some one came and opened the door.

It was a small draper's, where there were also for sale a few children's toys; poor toys with the freshness off: some pasteboard dolls, a Noah's Ark, a sheepfold. La Bretonne bought them all, to the amazement of the shop-woman, paid for them, and went out.

She was retracing her steps towards La Fleuriotte's dwelling when a hand was laid upon her shoulder. She turned, and shivered as she found herself face to face with a police officer. The hapless woman had forgotten that liberated prisoners were forbidden to remain in the neighborhood of the Central.

"You ought to be at Langres, not hanging about here," said the policeman sternly. "Come, be off!"

She tried to explain. It was lost labor. In the twinkling of an eye he had requisitioned a cart. She saw herself bundled into it, in charge of a policeman. He took the reins. Crack! went the whip.

The cart jolted over the frozen road. With a broken-hearted countenance the poor woman sat, grasping between her benumbed fingers her parcel of toys. As they turned a corner she recognized the part of the road that ran through the wood, and her heart leapt. She implored the policeman to stop; she had been doing an errand for La Fleuriotte, the woman who lived just beyond there. She entreated so earnestly that the man, a good fellow at heart, allowed himself to be persuaded. They tied the horse to a tree, and went up the by-path.

Before the hovel La Fleuriotte was chopping sticks for her fire. She stopped short when she saw her late visitor in the company of a policeman, and stood open-mouthed, her arms hanging slackly.

"Hush!" said La Bretonne. "Is your little girl still asleep?"

"Yes, but—"

"Take these toys in and put them softly on her bed, and tell her St. Catherine sent them. I went back to Auberive to get them, but it seems I had no right to go, and they are taking me away to Langres."

"Holy Mother of God!" cried La Fleuriotte.

"Hush!"

They entered the hut, and approached the bed. La Bretonne closely followed her escort, scattered about the bedclothes the dolls, the Noah's Ark, and the sheepfold; stooped and kissed the sleeping child's bare arm, and turned to the policeman, who was rubbing his eyes:

"We can go now," she said.

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Auto Notes

While it is quite common for original purchasers to compare prices of cars, it does not occur to the inexperienced buyer to obtain a comparison of the cost of extra parts of the automobile which he may select. Charles T. Jeffrey of Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, says that he has recently made a comparison of the prices of parts of various cars and finds the cost of parts of the New Rambler are one-half to two-thirds lower than the parts of other cars. It is part of the Rambler policy not to endeavor to make a buyer believe that a car that lasts for five or six years and perhaps may meet with an accident will never require an extra part. Every part of the New Rambler is made in the Rambler factory and duplicate parts of every car ever manufactured are ready for shipment on twenty-four hours' notice. Instead of having to wait for parts, as do the owners of cars assembled from many different factories, the New Rambler owner may procure any necessary part immediately and at a very reasonable cost.

Some striking tendencies, new to the automobile industry, and even contrary to announcements made within the year, by numerous makers, have developed during the past few weeks, which will not only limit the production of automobiles during the next few years and influence the price of many cars, but will guarantee to users cars of better quality. Three months ago it was the habit of new makers to announce in stupendous figures, estimates of large outputs for the coming year. These estimates ran as high as fifty thousand cars. Recently there has developed a contrary policy, and makers generally are now claiming smaller outputs, asserting that more time will be spent in the production of the car, and more attention given to the matter of quality. The production of one or two of the very high priced cars has always been limited because of the limited demand, but the Rambler maker, Thomas B. Jeffery, was the first among the builders of medium priced cars to announce the limitation of the Rambler output to 2500 cars for 1910. The Rambler idea is that it is impossible to build a good car to sell at an extremely low price, and build it carefully. Therefore, although the Rambler factory is about the largest of its kind in the world, only 2500 cars will be built, and each one more carefully than before.

The fame of Nobby Treads, which have taken San Francisco so by storm (no pun) has evidently spread. Weinstock Nichols & Co. has just shipped a large cargo of the anti-skids to Honolulu.

"Nobby Treads" is getting to be one of the common topics of conversation among auto enthusiasts. C. S. Cole declares that from all reports "they must be the thing." Consequently he has had his Packard equipped with them.

C. R. Zacharias, Modesto agent for the Pioneer Automobile Company, was among the out of town auto men who visited the city during the past week. Zacharias is enthusiastic over automobile prospects for the coming spring. He took a 30 horsepower Chalmers back to Modesto with him.

Arthur Hertz, at present with the Oakland branch of the Kohler & Chase Co., has just purchased a Hudson runabout for business purposes. Hertz was formerly a salesman with the Pioneer Automobile Company.

Miss Henrietta Schultz, who drives a handsomely equipped touring car, is one of the city's fairest auto enthusiasts. She, as have many other car owners, realizes the advisability of owning a small car as well as a limousine. Consequently she has just purchased a fully equipped Hupmobile delivery of which was made by S. G. Chapman.

J. R. Wallace of San Jose came to town last week intent on automobiles. After looking over the situation he purchased a Hupmobile delivery of which has been made by S. G. Chapman.

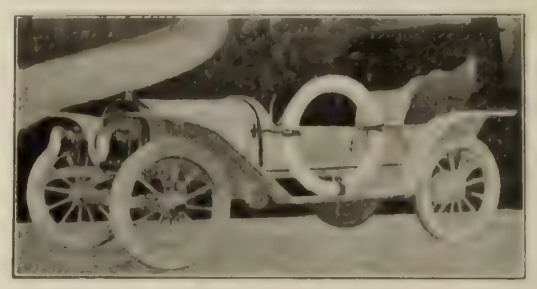
J. A. Litzenberg who came to town recently and purchased an Oakland Forty Roadster drove his machine back to his home at Betteravia. He has just written to S. G. Chapman from whom he bought the machine a letter telling something of his trip. In part it reads: "To begin with the run was most successful, due somewhat, no doubt, to the roads which were in very good condition. But I must say that in all my experience I never saw a machine perform, especially on hills, as that Oakland did. It simply eats them up on the direct gear. In fact I am so delighted with the car that I want you to consider placing the agency for this territory in my hands. I am sure of being able to dispose of a number here in the Santa Maria Valley so soon as they get a demonstration."

Harry H. Scott, treasurer of the Pacific Manifold Co. of San Francisco, Cal., is one of the most ardent Hudson enthusiasts in the field. This firm has been equipping its country salesmen with Hudson runabouts, to cover both the regular valley and mountain territory. These machines are proving most successful and economical in their work. One of the first trips taken was through the Southern Mines District, and any man who has been over that territory back of Stockton and around Tuolumne and Sonora, knows that there is no more severe country to travel the whole State over. Mr. Snelling, who took this car out, had never driven an automobile up to two days before he made the trip, and he accomplished it with an absolutely perfect score, covering 1,350 miles with the greatest ease and without even a puncture. The only time he had to lift the hood of the engine was to oil the car. This speaks volumes for the durability of the car, as well as the precision with which the designers have figured out the tire equipment, and Mr. Snelling now says he would not take twice the price paid for his car, if he had to cover his territory without it.

With the opening of the spring trade the White continues one of the most popular cars in the East. H. E. Doty, assistant coast manager of the White Company, has just received word from J. H. Toole, manager of the Missouri Valley Automobile Company, stating that at the recent Kansas City show his firm sold 31 "0-0" White Steam cars.

Dr. Bertam Stone, the well known physician and automobile owner, has just purchased a 1910 30 horsepower touring Autocar. The sale was made through Walter C. Morris, the coast representative of the Autocar Company.

In a competitive test just held for a prospective purchaser a White Gasoline 3 ton truck made the run from Chicago to Evanston via Lake Shore route in 55 minutes as against 1 hour and 10 minutes made by the next fastest competitor. The whole distance was run through snow. The White was the machine purchased.



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All Surface Cars and Fifth Ave. Motor Busses Pass or Transfer to Door
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All Modern Improvements. Excellent Service. Fine Music.

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A. E. LATTIMORE
Exclusive Auto Painting and Trimming
Blair Auto Top Holder Fine Mohair and Mackintosh Seat Covers
Auto Tops Hood Covers Lamp Covers Upholsterings
GARAGE BUILDING, Upstairs, MARKET ST. AT VAN NESS AVE.

Letters

"The Full Glory of Diantha"

There appears to be an idea that Mrs. Mighels' heroine of "The Full Glory of Diantha" belongs to that reprehensible class known as "husband-hunters," but nothing is further from the truth. Diantha differs from the ordinary girl of fiction, though not of fact, only in being willing to speak out where others hint. She wants to marry because she believes marriage and motherhood are the fulfilling of the law, but she is not going to accept anything that offers in the male line. She has decided ideas, and means to secure as her mate a man who is mentally and morally her equal, physically fit, and one, moreover, who is not reformed, but who has kept himself what a man should be out of principle, not the accidental lack of sufficient temptation. Diantha was from Canada originally, but had reached New York via New England. She was a Chartered Public Accountant, successful in her chosen calling, with a comfortable bank account and a good position as bookkeeper in the business office of a lumber firm whose base was in the west. The junior partner of the concern proposed marriage to the bookkeeper but she refused him somewhat scornfully, actuated partly by pique at the form of his declaration and partly by a portion of a conversation which she overheard in which he seemed to have expressed a preference for a sophisticated widow rather than an untried girl. In the course of her refusal, Diantha waxed didactic, and outlined the kind of a man she would be willing to accept, incidentally stating that since she had found none to her liking in either north or east, she was ready to try west and south. Advanced as she was in her ideas, she did not believe it the woman's place to propose, but saw only practical common sense in placing herself in the way of a proposal when the right man was found. Simultaneously with this conversation there came an urgent demand for a competent bookkeeper at the mill in California and Diantha applied for the appointment. Mr. Junior Partner bantered her on the probability of discovering her man and promised her a thousand dollars if she succeeded, five thousand if the chosen one should please his own taste and likewise survive the ordeal of transplantation to the east. Diantha went west, found her primitive man in the person of the mill engineer and thought she would be willing to inhabit a cave in the wilderness with him alone. Circumstances sent Mr. Junior Partner west likewise, where he acquitted himself so well beside the men of the open that a comparison between him and Caspar Rhodes asserted itself. Rhodes was now transported to New York, Diantha having relinquished her western position, but singular to say, though Mr. Junior Partner and the other men with whom he was thrown into contact were eminently satisfied, it was Diantha who began to discover blemishes. For all that she had wanted a primitive man, Rhodes was altogether too primitive. He bought a straw hat two days after the closed season, used his napkin in conformity with the etiquette of the days of his grandfather, thought promiscuous public bathing and roof garden shows vulgar and did not at all approve of the charming deceptions practiced by femininity. Then, his views were so radical. He would not agree to permit his wife to retain her own name nor could he see how or why she was to remain eternally a Canadian in spite of American law, and most tyrannical of all, he would neither espouse the doctrines of Henry George nor agree to let his wife proselytize for them. In a brief word, Diantha discovered that like most women, she did not know what she wanted until she had it and then, whatever it happened to be, she was certain she didn't want that. So Rhodes was quietly passed over to some one else while she became Mrs. Junior Partner, and our last view of her is after she has attained her full glory of motherhood, and her small son is clasping his arms about her neck in perfect confidence and understanding. It is well that Mrs. Mighels has seen fit to stop right there, for most of us of an age to read the book have encountered these theorists who know precisely why other women's children are faulty and how to remedy or prevent the ill, but who, when their own time comes, bow down abjectly before their young tyrants and wonder how any one can be so cruel as to doubt their absolute perfection. Diantha has ideas on the subject of prenatality, and asserts that ninety-eight per cent of the criminals are born of respectable parents, but the mothers, being deprived of freedom—probably consenting to accept their husbands' names, nationalities and political doctrines—the children are born anarchists. Another authoress has asserted that children inherit the suppressed inclinations of their mothers and if the two statements go hand in hand it is a poor argument for the enfranchisement of women, since their criminal tendencies appear to be the ones held in check. As to Diantha's views that a woman is justified in going where she thinks it most likely she will find her true mate, what else is the whole scheme of society but a glorified marriage mart? Our duchesses and dowagers are shocked when they read of the peasant fairs of Europe where eligible damsels place themselves on view before possible suitors and where the maids who fail to "make a market" are upbraided when they return to the parental roof, but the more refined system of parading girls at balls and receptions is the same in principle and not greatly different in practice, and when the maids must silently sit and wait for some man to choose them as partners, or retire in tears when their slighting is made too obvious—when, too, girls who have made the successive rounds of summer and winter resorts and country house parties and are still unmarried, even the ordinarily complacent American parent has been known to lose temper and express opinions more emphatic than polite. In the Latin countries where the preliminaries are arranged between the parents and the question of family consent is considered before instead of after opportunity for courtship is given, girls are shielded from much of the humiliation which they must bear when, with greater freedom, they settle their own fate without guidance or counsel. If Diantha had had a managing mamma she would have had no occasion to formulate theories of her own, or at any rate, to give expression to them, for all that would have been neatly carried through without the necessity for her knowing anything about it. As it is, she did nothing more than any other girl in any walk of life who does not immure herself behind convent walls lest some horrid man carry her off, and if she had not said anything about her desire for mating but had just proceeded to do it, breaking off not one engagement but several, until she either found her ideal or contented herself with the nearest substitute available, "The Full Glory of Diantha" would have been achieved without so much critical commentary.

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Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Law. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes. It Soothes.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, Deceased—No. 9009.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Esq., Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, Southeast Corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased.

ORA PRENTICE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Zachariah H. Prentice, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased—No. 9132, N. S., Dept. No. ——.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Mary A. Farren, Administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, Esquire, Room 545, Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased.

MARY A. FARREN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Farren, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, A. D. 1910.

NEAL POWER, ESQUIRE, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Room 545, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "P."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By M. P. BRETON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

UNION LUMBER COMPANY

Redwood and Pine Lumber

Railroad Ties, Telegraph Poles, Shingles, Split Shakes, etc

CROCKER BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Yards and Planing Mills—6th and Channel Streets

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE RENEWED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5272, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN LYNCH, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition of MICHAEL COSTELLO, Administrator of the Estate of John Lynch, deceased, praying for an order for leave to re-mortgage certain real property belonging to the said estate that it is for the best interest of the said estate that the said real estate should be re-mortgaged.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Wednesday, the 6th day of April, 1910, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be made for the re-mortgage of the said real estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court on the 2nd day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 2, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COSTELLO & COSTELLO, Attorneys for Administrator. 3-5-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, Deceased—No. 9065, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the underisgned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased.

JOHNSON HARDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Millie Rice Tait, also known as Millie S. J. Tait, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made on the 28th day of February, 1910, in the matter of the estate of said deceased, the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, Gold Coin of the United States, subject to confirmation of sale by said Court, on, or after the 28th day of March, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of said HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that her said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise acquired, other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to the following described real property, namely:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the Northern line of Clay Street, distant thereon Seventy-seven (77) feet and Six (6) inches from the Western line of Battery Street; thence Westerly Twenty (20) feet; thence at a right angle Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Twenty (20) feet; and thence at a right angle Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Point of commencement.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, 10 per cent thereof to be paid at the time of the acceptance of the bid, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court; deeds and abstracts at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Wm. R. Geary, Attorney for said Administratrix with the will annexed at Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, California, or may be filed in the Clerk's office of said Court, or delivered to the undersigned personally at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, March 12th, 1910. MARY N. HUSSEY,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Hannah S. Crane, Deceased.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Bldg., Oakland. 3-12-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys at Law, Room 1029 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased.

SARAH BELLE BLOCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of Andrew Block, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1029 Mills Bldg., Bush and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GRACE SYMON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of H. M. Anthony, Number 374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased.

SAMUEL C. SYMON,
Administrator of the Estate of Grace Symon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

H. M. ANTHONY, Attorney for Administrator,
374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK KIRBY, Deceased—No. 9057, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PATRICK KIRBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PATRICK KIRBY, deceased.

BRIDGET MANNION,
Administratrix of the Estate of Patrick Kirby, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1910.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE DOWNING, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600 to 604, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased.

JAMES A. DEVOTO and
ALBERT J. CASWELL,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of George Downing, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executors,
Rooms 600 to 604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Chas. L. Thompson, 909 Pacific Building, Corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

ELLA G. BOYNTON,
Administratrix of the Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Administratrix,
909 Pacific Building, Market and Fourth Sts., San Francisco. 3-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, Deceased—No. 9067, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the will of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-706 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Post, Montgomery and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased.

GEORGE M. AHRENS,
Executor of the Will of Cathrine Weihmann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,
Rooms 701-706 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Depart No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased.

Emily R. Ferrenbach, the Administratrix of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 11th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the city and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, OTTO FERRENBACH, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, March 1st, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed March 1, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St. opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 3-5-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet. and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER and FERDINAND A. LORENZ, the Executors of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 17th day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the courtroom of said Superior Court, at the Grant Building, corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell at private or public sale the whole of the real estate of the said deceased. And that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, February 4th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for Petitioners. 2-12-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, (also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN), deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, (also known as William G. Farren), John W. Farren, (also known as John W. Farren Jr.), Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. McLCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, (also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr.), deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, (also known as William G. Farren), John W. Farren, (also known as John W. Farren Jr.), Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. McLCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of A. Comte, jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased. ALBINA AVY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Angelique M. Avy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of RAFFAELLO TARDELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of Jos. F. Cavagnaro in house No. 604 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate. AGOSTINA TARDELLI,
Administratrix of the Estate of Raffaello Tardelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO, Attorney for Administratrix,
House No. 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of E. J. Talbott, Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased.
SAMUEL L. GREENBAUM.
ABRAHAM MAYER.
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Rosalia Greenbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1910.

E. J. TALBOTT, Attorney for Executors,
Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED TO THE EXECUTOR FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5260, Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the Estate of TERESA MURPHY, Deceased.

Valentine J. Smyth, as the Executor of the Last Will and Testament of TERESA MURPHY, deceased, having this day presented to this Court a verified petition praying for an Order authorizing and directing him to sell, as a whole or in parcels, and at either public or private sale, the real property and the whole thereof belonging to the Estate of said decedent, which is in said petition particularly described, and it appearing to this Court, from such petition, that it is necessary to sell the real estate and the whole thereof belonging to said estate for the purpose of paying the debts against said estate and the expenses and charges of administration, and it also appearing from said petition that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate, and those interested therein, to sell the said real estate and the whole thereof, for the purposes and reasons set forth in said petition; and this Court having thereupon and now and here directed that said petition be filed herein, and the same now having been filed accordingly, and being now on file herein:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court at the Courtroom of Department Number 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, at the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 15th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executor for the sale of the real estate, and for the sale of the whole thereof, and for the sale of the same at either public or private sale, as said Executor shall judge to be most beneficial for the said Estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the said 15th day of March, 1910, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., this 7th day of February, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

T. J CROWLEY, Attorney for Executor,
509-510-511 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) ....., Clerk.
By.....Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4630, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELLEN BRUCE, Deceased.

JOHN H. GRADY, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN BRUCE, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Executor, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon Sixty-five (65) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Twentieth Street and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Howard Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northerly Thirty (30) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches to the Easterly line of Howard Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission Block No. 56.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 22nd day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Three Thousand ($3,000.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, February 16th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Executor,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased.

MOSES STERN,
Executor of the Estate of Frank Ignaz Sauter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19, 1910.

FROHMAN & JACOBS, Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 11th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Estate of LOUIS D. RADGESKY, deceased, the undersigned, GERTRUDE H. RADGESKY, the Executrix of the will of said Louis R. Radgesky, deceased, will sell at Private Sale to the highest and best bidder in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 7th day of March, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Executrix, Number 908 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said LOUIS D. RADGESKY, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Louis D. Radgesky, deceased, at the time of his death in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Haight Street, distant eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches Westerly thereon from the Westerly line of Broderick Street and running thence Westerly along said line of Haight Street fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly fifty-five (55) feet, and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said Northerly line of Haight Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 523.

2.—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, with the Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, thence running Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly along said Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Block No. 347 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

3.—Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, distant thereon fifty (50) feet Southwesterly from the Southwesterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Sumatra Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly and parallel with Susquehanna Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lot No. 3 in Block No. 347 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

4.—Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, formerly N Street, with the Northeasterly line of Sumatra Street, formerly 17th Avenue, running thence Southeasterly along said Northeasterly line of Sumatra Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet to the Southeasterly line of Susquehanna Street, and thence at right angles Southwesterly along said last named line one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being Lot No. 50 in Block No. 330 of the Case Tract in South San Francisco.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross. Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at expense of purchaser.

Dated: February 19th, 1910. GERTRUDE H. RADGESKY,
Executrix of the Will of Louis D. Radgesky, Deceased.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, and WM. M. MADDEN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased.

LUIGI VALSANGIACOMO,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Valsangiacomo, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,115, Department No. 4.

In the Matter of the Application of JOSEPH KASIMER JANKOWSKY to Change Name.

It appearing from the written application filed in the above entitled Court on the 17th day of February, 1910, by the above named Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky praying for an order that he be permitted to change his present name, to-wit: Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky to that of Joseph Kasimer John, and that he is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California: and,

Good cause appearing to me therefore, it is ordered that all persons interested in the above entitled matter are hereby directed to be and appear before the above entitled Court in Department No. 4 thereof at its Courtroom in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. and then and there show cause if any they have why the application of Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky for change of his name to Joseph Kasimer John should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which the above Court finds to be the one most likely to give notice to the parties interested in the hearing of said petition and the granting thereof.

JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Dated, February 21st, 1910.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Petitioner,
No. 948 Market St., Mechanic's Savings Bank Bldg., S. F. 2-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, 509 Chronicle Bldg., City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased.

MICHAEL T. GERAGHTY, and
WILLIAM H. GERAGHTY,
Executors of the Estate of Catherine Geraghty, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 5th, 1910.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executors,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-5-5

Ancient Perfumes

It is difficult to realize how universal was the knowledge and use of scent in ancient times. Greek tradition avers that perfume came direct from Venus' toilet, and receipts for essences were inscribed on marble tablets all about the temples of the goddess. Egypt was a great mart for all kinds of perfumes. Women made themselves beautiful through the use of essences, and guests were received in chambers strewn with flowers. Even the dead were not forgotten, for the embalmed mummy was saturated with perfumes and spices, and sweet scents were burned before their statues. Those who could not afford this, painted scent bottles on their tombs.

The ancients thought certain perfumes had medicinal value. Pliny mentions 85 remedies derived from rue, 32 from the rose, 41 from mint, 21 from the lily and 17 from the violet. Thyme has a tonic quality and lavender is soothing. Patchouli is stimulating jasmine is cheering, while heliotrope is an irritant, unless used in small quantities. There are those in our day who think sandal a tonic, and its virtues were known to the Greeks, who anointed themselves with it for the Olympian games.

The Jew's love of perfume was so great that morning and night they burned sweet incense of myrrh, and beds were perfumed with aloes and cinnamon. So indispensable were scents considered for the bridal toilet, that one-twelfth of the bridal dowry was set apart for their purchase. The famous Balm of Gilead was distilled from a bush which formerly covered the mountains of Gilead, but has of late become so scarce that only the Sultan can be supplied. The trade in perfumes was enormous in Greece. Like the Egyptians, they understood the fascination of flowers, and an Athenian not only perfumed his house, but scented his drinking vessels with myrrh, the gum of a tree which grows in Arabia. To such an extent was the love of perfumes carried that each part of the body had its peculiar ungent; the hair required sweet marjoram, the neck and knees wild thyme; the arms, balsam; the cheeks and breast, palm oil; and the feet and legs, sweet ointment. Indeed, the perfumers' shops in Athens were the rendezvous of the beaux to discuss politics and intrigue. The love of perfumery among the Greeks spread into Rome, and soon the Roman perfumers became so famous that a bunch of sage indicated their shops. A Roman lady frequently kept one slave to sprinkle her hair. Nero was so lavish in perfume that he had a rare device of ivory leaves to shed sweet scents over his guests.

Perfumes were never richer than in Queen Elizabeth's time. This qeen was very fastidious as to her choice of scents, and her ladies in waiting could concoct sweet essences from their favorite flowers. Civet, a perfume taken from the civet cat, and musk, are frequently mentioned in Elizabethan literature. In these times perfumed gloves were so popular that the queen had her picture taken in them. Even her shoes were made of leather steeped in scented oils, which permeated the skin, just as now the smell of Russia leather is due to the oil in the birch with which it is cured. Boxes of bergamot and scented beans perfumed the dressers, and the scent called fragipani, after a noble Roman of that name, was so popular and enduring it was called "the eternal perfume." Elizabeth and her ladies also delighted themselves with pomanders, balls of ambergris, benzoin and spices formed into beads of which chaplets and rosaries were strung.

Catherine de Medicis knew as much of perfumes as she did of poisons, and the court at Versailles had a special perfume for each day with a Louis XIV to superintend the making.

Best Part of the Game

George William Sellers, a well-known American cricketer, described in Chicago his attempt to teach cricket to the men on his Indiana estate.

"Cricket is, of course, a more leisurely game than football," said Mr. Sellers. "We played it on my place in the proper leisurely manner, and all my men seemed pleased. Our first match was with Concord.

"One of my men—his name is John—seemed particularly pleased. John did full justice before the match to the lunch served in the marquee on the lawn. He enjoyed, too, the meat tea that pleasantly interrupted the afternoon's play. At each time he was on hand when the drinks and cigars and sandwiches were passed round.

"During the open-air dinner that wound up the first day's play I turned to John and said:

"'Well, old man, what do you think of cricket?'

"'Mr. Sellers,' said he, 'it would be a grand game if it wasn't for all this here fieldin' and runnin' about between meals.'"

Taking No Chances

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets of Boston not long ago, and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is to inform the surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit, not appendicitis. My appendix has already been taken out twice."

"My son, there is always more pleasure in giving than in receiving."

"I know, mother, especially in spanking."

Emil Steinegger

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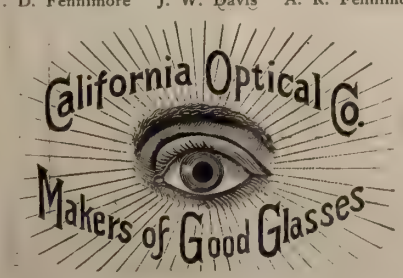

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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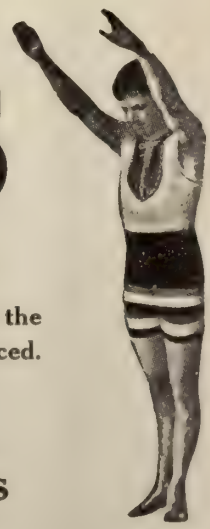

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, March 19, 1910 | No. 916

MADAME MAURICIA MORICHINI,

Prima Donna, Manhattan Grand Opera House, New York, and Theatre Chatelet, Paris, who will begin an engagement this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

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A Case of Inconsistency

In Congress the other day the Hon. Richard Wayne Parker of the Seventh New Jersey district exposed himself to the charge of inconsistency, and instantly it was leveled at him, but it failed to crimson his cheeks with blushes. Having voted against a provision of the army appropriation bill to retire five Brigadier-Generals with the rank and pay of Major-General, following a sentimental precedent by which others had profited, he was reminded that he had voted for a similar measure a few years ago and asked why he was hostile to the proposition under discussion. "Because," he said, "I repented the moment I voted for that other bill." It is refreshing to find a man in public life who is not afraid to be inconsistent. We know of no fallacy more absurd and pernicious than that consistency is one of the most admirable of virtues. Somebody once upon a time pronounced consistency a jewel, thus giving birth to an aphorism that has done a good deal of harm in the world. The objection to all aphorisms is that they are very seldom exactly true. What they enunciate unqualifiedly cannot safely be taken for guidance with the mind's eye closed. Consistency is often a jewel, but on the other hand as another epigrammatist has said, inconsistency is the bugbear of little minds. As we are far from infallible and as circumstances are always changing, to be consistent is either to be too obtuse to perceive our errors or too obstinate to own them. The average man that makes consistency a rule of conduct has no receptiveness to new ideas. He is like a stagnant pool that does not even reflect the light that falls upon it. In politics consistency is often the root of a blind and intolerant partisanship. Men have a bias given to their thoughts before they have established what may be called a belief founded on reason. They become attached to a party or a cause before they have had time to study principles or purposes. In time they learn that they are identified with something that ordinarily would repel their sympathies, but the dread of having inconsistency interpreted as dishonesty or regarded as evidence of instability restrains them from following the truth as they see it. They prefer to reconcile differences, to drug their conscience and even to compromise with cant and hypocrisy. They are men of little minds to whom inconsistency is a hobgoblin.

The Call for Peary's Data

Now it's up to Lieutenant Peary to produce proof of his discovery of the pole. By Congress the sentiment has been embodied in a resolution that the famous Arctic explorer before receiving honor or emolument from the Government should make it clear to experts that he is laboring under no hallucination with respect to his achievements. Thus the prospect unfolds of a reopening of the pole controversy. Upon this subject there is a great deal of misapprehension. By many people it is supposed that Dr. Cook has been utterly repudiated in scientific circles and that credence is everywhere given to Peary. This is far from the truth. Dr. Cook still has the confidence of many explorers and scientists who have no difficulty in accounting for the things that seemed to justify the scepticism of his enemies, and whose faith in him has not been shaken by his eccentricities of conduct. Even the people of Denmark, according to Minister Egan, still believe that Dr. Cook discovered the pole, and many of them are expecting him to return with complete records showing that he accomplished the feat which brought him before the eyes of the world. There are Arctic explorers who believe that Dr. Cook has been the victim of enormous injustice. They sympathize with him because they are sensible of the terrible strain that was put upon his weakened constitution immediately upon his return from the North, where he endured hardships that are beyond the conception of anybody who has not experienced them. To spend months in that desolate region, to experience the tension that is put upon the nerves and upon the mind of the wanderer amid fields of ice where all is barren waste and bleak monotony relieved only by terrifying incidents of daily occurrence, and then to undergo a quick, bewildering transition into the hurly-burly of a great city, to be feted for a brief moment, by the world acclaimed a hero, and then plunged into the storm of a violent controversy involving the most vital consequences—all this is certainly enough to play havoc with mental faculties of the strongest fiber, and all this is but a feeble description of what happened to Dr. Cook. Now there are scientists who have scrutinized his data, analyzed his statements, minutely examined every circumstance relating to his journey and to his conduct, and they have affirmed that there is more reason to believe in him than to believe in Peary. So far Peary has not submitted any data save the reports of his soundings which take him within five miles of the pole. These he made to the Geodetic Survey. His reason for not producing other data is that he wants to use the materials in lectures, magazine articles and books. His critics add that he wants also to get his evidence in shape for the examination to which eventually it will be subjected. What he has said so far has been corroborative of what Dr. Cook said before the controversy was opened, and in this connection it is worth while reflecting on the curious circumstance, known only to those who have kept in touch with the controversy, that every officer and man aboard Lieutenant Peary's ship was in ignorance of his alleged achievement until after he reached the settlement where he was told of Dr. Cook's success. Up to that time, so far as Peary's men knew, they would be asked to accompany him on another voyage. So, perhaps, it is well that Congress has decided upon having Peary's claim substantiated before yielding to the pull of his powerful friends.

A Speedy Writer

From a press notice rich in terms of eulogy we learn that Hall Caine is among other things "one of the readiest writers in contemporary literature"; also that he "dashes off his sentences with marvelous speed." Not often are press notices dealing with popular novelists so frank as this one. Usually the information that publishers vouchsafe about the traits and characteristics of the men and women whose products they market is of a kind that puts a tax on credulity. But to be told that Hall Caine's typewriter has speed is about the same as to be told that Marie Corelli has no sense of humor, or that the sun gives light. It is like receiving assurance of the obviousness of the obvious. That Hall Caine is a ready and speedy writer is evident not only from the abundance of his output but also from the style of his work-

manship. It would be unjust to Hall Caine to suupose that his sentences are produced with great labor, that he wastes time in fruitless effort to give distinction to his writings. It is hardly to be supposed that he expects his novels to be bound in rich-scented Russian and set in nooks of honor in the library book-case. Writing for the masses, he does not bother about polish or any of the elements of style. Far be it from him to sweat over his work after the manner of Balzac who once made the humiliating confession that he wrote with such difficulty that he must need turn and twist a sentence a hundred ways before he was quit of it. Balzac had the old fashioned idea, common among the slaves of literature, that next to the matter of a book the gravest consideration is the manner of treatment. His methods of working upon proof-sheets corrected fifteen or sixteen times, with a little army of exasperated compositors at his beck and call, became stock Parisian anecdotage. But Balzac lived before the automobile era. He had not been seized with the speed lust.

What Conservation Means

It gives us great pleasure to answer the following communication and enlighten its author:

Editor Town Talk: Speaking of Mr. Pinchot you say that the people have approved his conservation policy without knowing what conservation means. Do you suppose they do not know what is meant by the thwarting of the Guggenheims in their efforts to get control of the Alaskan coal fields?

—Louis V. Bacon.

This is precisely what we suppose. Nay, it is something more than a supposition that we harbor with reference to the people's misapprehension of conditions generally in Alaska. We are convinced that the people are as ignorant about Alaskan affairs as they are about most everything that concerns them deeply. From the signs of the times, which are not hard to read, it is evident the people have come to the conclusion that capital is one of the non-essentials of industrial development. Influenced in their modes of thought by the new philosophy of a wonderful press the people have come to regard all manifestations of energy and enterprise on the part of capital as symptoms of a cancerous growth in the body politic. Otherwise Mr. Gifford Pinchot could not have become a popular hero by his achievements in furtherance of a policy of hostility toward all persons and syndicates that are bent upon developing the resources of the country. The people suppose that had it not been for Pinchot the Guggenheims would have obtained a monopoly of all the coal in Alaska, and they have yet to learn that the fortunes of thousands of comparatively poor men are dependent upon the capital which the Guggenheims stand ready to spend. The muckrakers have intimated that the Guggenheims were on the point of getting a monopoly of the coal fields when Pinchot appeared on the scene, and the muckrakers have the ear and confidence of the people. Now the fact is that the Guggenheims have but a half interest in the Cunningham claims which comprise only 5,280 acres. The muckrakers have not taken the pains to indicate what proportion these claims bear to the total Alaskan coal deposits. Not by them has it been made known that in the same district with the Cunningham claims are five hundred and seventeen other claims, or that in the Matanuska district are three hundred and fifty claims, all awaiting development by their owners, who are individual claimants of over 140,000 acres. The Pinchot partisans have not explained that not one of these individuals claims can be developed until machinery and transportation are at hand, nor that the only capitalists who have been found willing to advance the money and brains to open up the territory and render a now useless commodity available for commercial purposes are the millionaires whose unholy passion for the accumulation of money has rendered them objects of hatred to a people self-styled the most enlightened on the surface of this sublunary planet. Does our correspondent know what the thwarting of the Guggenheims means? Does he know that there are ten thousand people directly interested in the Alaskan coal fields and that by preventing the acquirement of 5000 acres of coal lands in a territory containing 500,000,000 tons of coal of a gross value of $900,000,000 by the only interests that will make development possible at this time, the entire coal district of Alaska has been temporarily rendered worthless. We are of the opinion that of these things our correspondent, who is perhaps an average citizen, is utterly ignorant. We assume that in his opinion whatever measure restrains the rich from growing richer automatically serves to keep the poor from growing poorer. We doubt that it has ever occurred to him that conservation for the benefit of posterity is robbery of the present generation. While we are saving for posterity coal that can be produced for less than $2 a ton we are paying from $12 to $14 a ton for coal for the use of our Pacific fleet, which consumes 400,000 tons of coal annually. This coal we import from Cardiff in foreign bottoms, and therefore in our zeal for the interests of posterity we are enriching foreign mine owners and foreign ship owners while depriving hundreds of thousands of potential American wage earners of employment. Nevertheless conservation is the paramount policy of the hour.

King Cotton on His Throne

How few of us appreciate the glory and greatness of cotton! Seen through the eyes of the Hon. Thomas Heflin, member of Congress from Alabama, cotton like music is a heavenly gift. When we consider, with the guidance of Mr. Heflin, the manifold uses to which cotton is put it awakens in us a certain reverence. From the Congressional Record, a sprightly journal, in which

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there is always something to beguile one, we have learned much that is worth knowing about cotton. The information is supplied by the Hon. Thomas Heflin thus:

It was behind cotton bales at New Orleans that Jackson won the victory over the British. Wherever the American soldier goes the white fibre of the cotton field goes with him, and wherever he strikes camp the field is dotted with white tents made of cotton.

The flying sails of the ships at sea come from the snowy cotton fields of the South. The cord that rings the bell on the train and puts on the emergency brake in time of danger is made of cotton. In the spring time when the agricultural army is in motion cotton enters into the paraphernalia of the mule, a cotton backband gauges the depth that the plough shall go, whether shallow or deep, and cotton ploughlines constitute the strong cords that guide and control the stubborn mule.

In traveling through the cotton belt on a warm day there is nothing more refreshing than a deep draught of water from the "old oaken bucket that hangs in the well," and here the cotton rope is the kindly agent that brings it from the cool, dark depths below.

If while strolling through the cotton belt you should find a swarm of mosquitoes conspiring to disturb your rest at night, there is the mosquito bar made of cotton spreading its white wings above your head, hovering about you while you sleep." (Applause on the Democratic side.)

So we see that cotton has in it the essence of poetic inspiration, that when a man in whose soul there is music and color thinks of cotton a wild delight runs through him, akin to that which thrills the cotton speculator who finds the market shaping itself to vindicate the wisdom of his ventures.

The Best the Simplest

Life's simplest things are love and kindly friends,
Nature's sweet charm of earth and sea and sky,
Gladness of soul that with right living blends,
Home's dear content, so cheap that all may buy.
—Ripley Saunders.

Perspective Impressions

The triumph of today is often the humiliation of tomorrow.

When fools rush in 'tis the part of wisdom to kick them out.

Folk of Missouri is said to be Democracy's best asset. If so Democracy is broke.

The palladiums of our liberties have won another glorious victory. They have struck terror to the hearts of our Supervisors and as a consequence the horse cars will remain on Market street to remind us of the days when the refreshing waters of the bay laved the eastern edge of Montgomery street. Let us celebrate.

Though Mr. Carnegie professes to be disinclined to die a rich man the size of his tips indicates that he is also fearful of going to the poorhouse.

The Examiner is again boasting of its circulation. It has certainly improved since it recovered from the case of cold feet superinduced by the crack that Haas gave Heney in the vital part of him—his jaw.

The Hon. Hiram Johnson isn't the only candidate that's making a sacrifice. "Me too," says the Hon. Theodore Bell. The young patriot from Napa is said to be sacrificing a law practice that nets him enough to pay office rent and installments on a set of "The World's Best Oratory."

A TERRIFLE THREAT

—Houston Post.

A FAMILIAR PAIR

—New York World.

"Atmosphere" of San Diego

Being an Attempt to Convey to the Cold Imagination of the Conservative North a Few Faint Gleams of the Glamor That Pervades the Perennial Summer of the Sun-Kissed South

By Democritus

After long wandering in strange and familiar places I have come to rest at last in San Diego. There are probably better places out of Eden than San Diego; but none, I am sure, where the "atmosphere" is more congenial. It is the atmosphere of San Diego that casts its detaining spell upon me—the atmosphere climatic, artistic, spiritual and physical. I feel in this environment as if I were on the ground floor of a glorious future; and I wonder why this corner of California, literally "cursed with natural advantages," has not until within the past five years lured captains of industry as it has lured poets and artists and impractical persons of vivid and restless imaginations. The only captain of industry who has thus far discovered San Diego is John D. Spreckels. Other captains of industry, like Lyman J. Gage and A. G. Spalding and E. W. Scripps, have taken up their abode in San Diego as I have, for the salubrity of its atmosphere and the serenity of its climate. But Mr. Spreckels is not yet in the retired class of millionaires and San Diego is for him an oyster which he opens with his bank account. He has financed the climate and he has capitalized the atmosphere.

Just now San Diego is in the throes of a vaulting ambition. She is planning a Panama-California exposition for 1915. I know it is heresy to even mention this San Diego aspiration in San Francisco, but it is a heresy that San Francisco must endure and she might as well submit to the affliction now as later. There was a time when San Francisco would have treated a matter of this kind as San Francisco might think it deserved—with a sneer of derision commensurate with the absurdity of it all. There was a time, not so long ago, when San Francisco could sit "serene, indifferent to fate" beside her Golden Gate like patience on a monument smiling at grief. That, however, was before Los Angeles planted a Hesperidean garden in the desert and opened the gates to a hundred thousand tourists who annually contribute $5,000,000 to the permanent inhabitants; it was before Seattle climbed the north porch and stole the golden trade of the Klondike which afterwards became the golden trade of Alaska and the Northwest. San Francisco's term of occupancy in the seat of the scorner has passed and she now regrets that she was not more forehanded with her opportunity to hold her monopoly of trade with the Orient and the Latin republics of the south and the isles of the Pacific. Now she is trying to retrieve her past errors of arrogance and business judgment. She will probably succeed in part; but she will never again enjoy the old time monopoly. She is "serene" no longer, and her "indifference" has fallen from her like a mantle that never fitted. San Francisco profited by her lesson, and it is good for her.

I have heard that the finance committee of the San Francisco Panama-Pacific Exposition threatened to "resign in a body" if John D. Spreckels would not contribute at least $25,000 to the fund of the San Francisco show; and I have also heard that Spreckels "called the bluff" by informing the committee that his most vital interests were in San Diego, that he was one of the vice-presidents of the San Diego exposition, and that any money he might have to spare would, therefore, be used to assist the success of the San Diego enterprise. Mr. Spreckels has invested $100,000 in the San Diego exposition and the finance committee of the San Francisco exposition have not deserted their colors. Another tale that is told in the lemon groves of Chula Vista and La Mesa is to the effect that San Francisco has exerted every effort and resorted to the most subtle diplomacy to seduce Los Angeles from her natural allegiance to San Diego in this exposition matter. The San Diego boosters do not like to think that the big city of the sun-washed South ever wavered in her loyalty to the land of which she is the capital, and there is no direct evidence that she did; but the further gossip of the olive groves and the orange orchards is to the effect that in after dark conferences with the emissaries of the San Francisco exposition the Angelic host proposed as a compromise that both San Francisco and San Diego abandon their hearts' desire and unite upon Los Angeles as the place where the big show shall be held. Now what do you think of that? But isn't it a characteristic sample of Los Angeles assurance? However, I suppose cities are like fatted parvenus—the more prosperous they grow the more arrogant and domineering they become.

I am free to admit (and this is much from one who is steadily saturating himself with the atmosphere of San Diego) that San Diego is guilty of a few venial sins—sins of omission and of commission. Among these may be mentioned her hotel and her harbor projects. She has built a hotel to rival the St. Francis or the Fairmont, and for lack of a paltry $100,000 to furnish it, the millionaires of San Diego are apparently content to let the "no admittance" signs decorate the entrances of the incipiently sumptuous caravanserai. This may be described as a knock in the house of our friends. Then there is the proposition to improve the superb harbor of San Diego so that it may be fit for the traffic of the Panama Canal—that little matter has been placed in cold storage by the Chamber of Commerce until it can be decided whether the improvement shall be made by the municipality or by a private corporation under conditions that will transfer it to the city on payment of the cost. Still, breathing this wonderfully energizing and buoyant atmosphere, I cannot help believing that the hotel will be furnished at any cost and that the harbor will be improved at every hazard. A city that has increased its population from 20,000 to 55,000 in five years and is still growing "by leaps and bounds" will not permit the mossback, the silurian and the descendants of the pilgrims who came in with Cabrillo to hobble the hoofs of the spirited steeds that are trying to drag San Diego's chariot of progress into the dusty arena there to compete with San Francisco for the prizes that will be hung up for the victors when the Panama Canal shall realize the dreams of Balboa gazing upon the vast wonder of the Pacific from that peak in Darien.

I have spoken of San Diego's "atmosphere." It is, indeed, the real thing. There is inspiration in it, and the peace that passeth understanding. It has lured the hearts of all who have breathed it, and the annals of the Green Dragon of La Jolla are an epitome of the enthusiam of such idealists as Modjeska and Irving and Terry and minor poets without number; and today, at Grossmont the glad songs of Schumann-Heink and Carreno are praising it to the accompaniment of an obligato furnished by the building contractor and the landscape gardener; it was here that Beatrice Harridan saw her ships that pass in the night and wrote a famous best seller concerning them; and only the other night Rose Hardwicke Thorpe recited once more her far flung ballad insisting that "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." It is an atmosphere, you will observe, capable of the most diverse effect upon those who inhale it. Here the mocking bird wakes you from slumber with his medley of acquired melodies, greeting the rising sun with more than Memnonic fervor, perched like some sweet-voiced muezzin on the topmost bough of cedar or palm; here the gurgling lullaby of the golden-throated meadow lark woos you to sleep when the moon hangs like a crescent diadem over the Silver Gate and the stars of our sea are clearer and brighter than those that glitter "when the blue wave rolls nightly o'er deep Gallilee." I am no prophet, but my afflatus is all right and I know an "atmosphere" when I breathe it.

The Snare

By Paul Bourget (From the French)

When the great social magnet of Nice had drawn me there, last winter, I found everyone talking of the insolent good luck of a Russian prince who was winning a fortune at baccarat. He had "lifted," as they say, more than half a million francs from the members of the club. So there were gloomy faces about the green cloth, in spite of the clear weather and the carnival.

One man among the unlucky players interested me from the first evening by an ill-concealed joy. He was, and still is, one of the brilliant citizens of that wandering Cosmopolis who follow the "season," with its society, dinners and gambling, from Aix-les-Bains to London, Rome, Monaco, Cairo. He was called Robert Darcy, to the great joy of those who believe in predestination by names. Robert Darcy! Hasn't that a piquant taste of scandal and elegance? He had the features of his class, seemed any age between a dissipated thirty-five and a well-preserved fifty-five and was thin and arrogant as a grand seigneur—or a speculator, polite as a diplomat—or a grafter. His horrible profession was hidden beneath social splendor.

It was strange that such an old habitue of casinos should persist in playing against such luck. They said that he lent money at exorbitant rates, and that he was snob enough to boast before new-comers. I heard him say, "I was playing at the club with Boris today. Lord, how I lost! What, don't know Boris? Cousin of the Grand Duchess Vera." And the titles fairly buzzed. In spite of my quarter of a century on the Bourse and the Boulevard, I had foolishly supposed that his reason was that of most of the idle existences in the Engadine or the Riviera—the vanity of relations with princes. But I learned the real state of affairs almost immediately. Among the people I knew about the baccarat table was Rene X., a fine young chap, the son of one of my old business associates. Unlike others, he was playing banknotes instead of louis. At each succeeding trump card of the banker his face showed an increasing evil humor which became almost violent rage when there remained before him only one more of those precious blue papers. He pushed his chair away from the table and could not restrain an exclamation when the inevitable rake of the dealer seized that last stake. I dreaded the results of his excitement and managed to get in his way as he left the table.

"Sixteen stakes in succession yesterday, and nineteen today! I'm in for thirty thousand francs in two evenings!" he groaned to me, without showing the least astonishment at our meeting or asking for any news about myself or his father.

"You've lost thirty thousand in playing against that luck?"

"Twenty thousand," he said, "but I had to play. Why, there have never been nineteen stakes lost in succession, never! Ten thousand francs yesterday and ten thousand just now. I said thirty thousand, because to get the ten thousand francs which was to assure my revenge I had to sign IOU's for double the amount. Oh, money's dear in Nice!"

"Rather high rate, it strikes me," I answered.

"It was Darcy who lent it," he said, "for it's to that mucker that I had to go." He pointed out to me the elegant gambler with the end of his cigar, but carefully, with a gesture in which there was the strangest mingling of bitterness and respect, of indignation and deference. Even the most wrathful loser sees in the hardest usurer a possible recourse for the new trial. He continued in a low voice, drawing me farther away: "The shark stays here to gut his other victims. He looks like a gambler, but he's merely keeping an eye on his prey. Do you know that he commenced that infamous speculating of his only ten years ago, with a capital of ten thousand francs, and now he is four times a millionaire? His plan is simple. He lends on signature, only to people like myself, who are certain to pay. He exacts a pledge from the others. For example, he lends money to women only on some jewel. He advanced money on a magnificent house on the rue de la Paix. Everyone here knows what to think about him, and everyone pretends to ignore the fact that he is a vile usurer—myself the first of all. Oh, if I ever succeed in curing myself of cards, I promise you that he'll never see any courtesies from me again. Meanwhile, I've got to hurry to Paris and get the wherewithal to have my signature honored. Darcy demands two hundred per cent instead of one hundred, if I don't make a payment on my note."

Three days after this conversation I happened to be in the same hall at the same hour. Darcy was there and still playing. This time the keen look in his brown eyes had its real signification for me. Boyard, the banker, was losing continually, no matter what hand he played. Tomorrow, or in an hour perhaps, he, too, would have recourse to the implacable lender. At the same rate as that child Rene he would borrow, not ten thousand francs or a hundred thousand, but two hundred thousand. I read in Darcy's eyes the certainty that he was near to a big strike, though he continued to play calmly.

My interest in that little drama of customs was so lively that I could not help taking into my confidence my companion of that evening, who happened to be Leon Bordin, the painter. You know that he possesses a gift of caricature which is, if possible, even greater than his talent as a painter of portraits. In calling his attention to the usurer I had some vague idea of avenging Rene and the other victims by inciting Bordin to one of those sketches of his which stigmatize the soul's deformities through those of the features.

"They told me about this Darcy," he exclaimed, "but I couldn't believe it. So it's true? And just see that head, those jaws, those eyes, now when he isn't looking!"

After a moment of silence, in which he remained motionless, as if he were photographing the fellow mentally, he added:

"You say that he likes to lend money on jewels? That makes me want to try on him a trick of which I've read in the curious memoirs of a certain Monsieur d'Estromel, which has always made me regret that I am fairly honest. Here's certainly a chance for it. No, I won't tell you the plan. I want it to be a surprise. Will you promise not to ask me any questions, in the first place, and to help me, in the second? I promise you that in a few days I'll be able to return to Rene X. the interest that this beast has had the infamy to wring out of him. He can pay what he really owes Darcy. But I warn you that the farce will be rather severe."

"Severe? With a brigand like that? Go ahead, and count on me. I'll do as you wish."

"And you won't preach any moral to me after it's over?"

"I promise," said I, laughing.

You may have seen Bordin play an old man, in amateur theatricals. He excels in the part. He has Polish blood in his veins, and his grandmother was no less a person than the Countess Gorka. To that ancestry he owes his talent for imitating and the pleasure it gives him.

At lunch next day I saw him again.

"I've been working hard," he smiled. "This morning I got myself presented to Darcy, on the Promenade des Anglais. Oh, no, I'm not particularly proud of that.

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Spectator

The Adulation of Carnegie

It was a fascinating sight and easily worth the price of admission to see Andrew Carnegie radiating sweetness and light at the Chamber of Commerce banquet last Saturday night. Such a spectacle of self-proclaimed beatitude is not often presented to the eyes of the admiring throng and it was only proper that our foremost citizens should be on hand to gape, stare and be impressed, if not edified. Whenever a man of many millions comes to town the pregnant hinges of servility are bent fawningly before him, the fervor of this adulation being in proportion to the number of his millions and having absolutely nothing to do with the method by which he accumulated them. As Andrew Carnegie has still more millions to his credit—at the bankers, for they are in no otherwise creditable—than he has ever succeeded in giving away, it was fitting that all the ceremonies of the sacred rite of Mammon should be performed in his behalf. And believe me, they were. A roomful of men consumed food and drink in his presence, dodging this way and that between courses to obtain an unobstructed view of his tremendous countenance. Some favored individuals were allowed to speak before him in order that the adulation of the throng might have verbal expression. There was a great deal in those speeches to soothe the soul of Andrew Carnegie and if one might judge feeling by looks, his soul was soothed. The incensed vapor of compliment is very sweet in the Carnegie nostrils; it was easy to see that. And the speakers were prodigal of their fragrant offerings. Of course in all their wordy expeditions they kept clear of the armor with blow-holes sold to our navy; there was no skeleton visible at that feast.

The Gospel According to St. Andrew

Impressive as were the speeches leveled at Carnegie the speech with which he countered overtopped them all and remains as the chief achievement of the evening. 'Twas indeed a choice bit of oratory and none enjoyed it more than Carnegie himself. As he rolled the periods into the protruded ears of his eager listeners his face glowed, his whiskers were electric with happiness, and when each sentence was dutifully punctuated with applause the smile of gratification broadened and deepened until his countenance was all delight. And why not? When have we heard such a speech from such a man before? He came to us in the likeness of an apostle preaching the Christlike gospel of peace on earth and good will to all men. With a wave of the hand and a quaver of the voice he bade the war drum throb no longer and the battle flags be furled, and in a nicely balanced sentence he conjured our dear old friend, the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. He made it quite plain that the universe, no doubt including Homestead, should have no more strife, no more spilling of blood. Instead of killing, 'tis to be man's joy to uplift, to save, to diffuse happiness even as Carnegie is diffusing it and as for the pursuit of money, why, dear me, 'tis to be henceforth a discredited passion, an ignoble survival from those savage years when Carnegie was piling millions on millions and spilling some little blood of his fellows in the process.

A Very Funny Sight

To see the members of the Chamber of Commerce loudly applauding Carnegie when he declared that wealth was no longer the prime consideration with the millionaires of today was a spectacle to make a holy hermit chortle and kick his heels in the air. To see the solemn demeanor which they preserved when he enumerated some of the high-minded railroad presidents and bankers and life insurance men who care naught for filthy lucre but seek it merely for the uplift of their fellows, was to study an artistic triumph of facial control. I put it that way because I hesitate to say that these ridiculous pretensions voiced by Carnegie were received with hypocritical dissimulation. I do not like to call anybody a hypocrite. I prefer to think that in all that gathering of intelligent men there were few who did not mentally puncture the oratorical bubbles which Carnegie blew from the depth of his self-deception. But the stolid calm of countenance which was maintained while the hero of Homestead was pouring his soothing syrup of words over an irritated conscience had a comic aspect which I shall never forget. I sometimes think that the reason why men like Carnegie and Rockefeller fail to realize the moral enormities of which they have been guilty is that there is ever ready a crowd of toadies to applaud their self-justification and to flatter their vanity by the glorification of their good deeds. But that is neither here nor there. The point is that men who thirst for gold can, under the genial influence of wine and good food and a glib talker, imagine themselves disinterested benefactors of humanity; that merchants who would welcome war as a fillip to business can glow with enthusiasm over the Parliament of man; that financiers who grind the widow and the orphan can grow tender over the fate of the poor; and that Andrew Carnegie can smile like a saint in heaven when he declares that if he went into business again he would want all his dear workingmen to be his partners. It is the dominant weakness of present day life, self-deception. We are all trained to forget the Homestead incidents in our lives and to talk instead of repenting.

As to the Banquet Itself

I did not think much of the banquet given to Carnegie. It was a representative gathering but the affair lacked distinction. Nobody said anything that amounted to anything. Governor Gillett was forceful as usual, but Judge Morrow was very, very prosy. Larry Harris was too much the village cutup, getting laughs with local allusions which the guest could not appreciate. Carnegie's speech read like a Christmas editorial in the Scientific American. The music was poor and whoever was cruel enough to limit Sir Henry Heyman to six or eight pieces took an unfair advantage of that capable musician. Is the Chamber of Commerce waxing economical? By the way, it was interesting to see that wittiest of local Scots, Gavin McNab, sitting with Percy Long, the city attorney, far from the speakers' table. I'll wager

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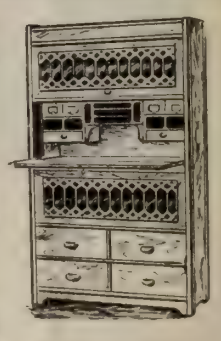

that when next Mayor McCarthy takes a fall out of Long, the city attorney will be primed with Gavinisms that will make good reading.

A Conservative Reply

Mr. Horace G. Platt, who is known to be a bachelor beyond regeneration, was called up on the phone the other day and addressed in a sweet, feminine voice.

"Are you the father of Mr. Leopold Platt?" he was asked.

"Not that I am aware of, madam," said Mr. Platt. And the lady didn't stop to say good-bye.

In Memoriam, Captain Barnes

It is always difficult to speak of the beloved dead without seeming to overstep that intangible boundary line at which public utterance must stop short if it would obey the dictate of taste. When a man has been warmly loved by his fellows the very intimacy of the feeling makes expression difficult; it is so easy to profane sacred memories and so hard to tell what may be told without seeming to make a parade of friendship and a spectacle of grief. The late William S. Barnes, among many noble qualities, was distinguished for a simple modesty, an unaffected avoidance of all reference to himself which should be respected by those whose love for him impels them to pay tribute to his memory. This fragrant trait, exceedingly rare in men of the world, raised a barrier between the world and his inner life which very few were privileged to pass. Even those who enjoyed his confidence seldom heard from him any details of his life and as for his achievements, he never spoke of them willingly and manifested great distaste whenever the subject was broached in his presence. It is needless to say that it was not for his achievements that Captain Barnes was loved; it was for the goodness, the kindness, the charity that flowed unceasingly from his big heart. He had known the world familiarly in many of its most unusual aspects, yet he never became cynical. In his profession he was brought closely in contact with the vices, the weaknesses and the meannesses of humanity, yet he preserved to the last a firm faith in his fellowman. Endowed with a natural wit which he had sharpened by experience and directed by wide reading, he was never known to say a word that would hurt the deserving and his impulse was always to help rather than reprove where reproof was justified.

His Gentle Influence

His influence upon those who enjoyed his friendship cannot be overestimated, for he moved and had his being in an atmosphere of peace and gentleness that was diffused around him. Contention, bickering or ill-will died in his presence; he taught by his example the great lesson of tolerance. The passing of years ripened and mellowed him but left no tincture of bitterness; they revealed to him the meaning of life, as it was best for him to understand it. He was a philosopher who could spur youthful ambition, for he had known and satisfied high ambition himself; but experience had taught him that the highest ambition was dross if it led away from truth and friendship and loving kindness. The joy of living was strong in the breast of Captain Barnes; like all true men he loved good and beautiful women, found an artist's delight in fine music, fine pictures and literature and was far from despising a rare wine or a good dinner. These were part of life to him and he had no reason for putting them aside, because he knew how not to abuse them. Yet when death came to him he expressed no regret. Still a young man he turned his back on this world with smiling courage, happy in the memory of many friends and in the knowledge that he would be cherished in their frequent thoughts.

Some Stories About Barnes

If there was one subject which Captain Barnes disliked to hear mentioned, it was the Durrant case. Yet the memory of that famous trial and of the ability which he displayed in prosecuting Durrant were constantly brought up in his presence. One day Barnes was walking along Merchant street with a friend when a stranger accosted him. "I beg your pardon," said the stranger; "are you Captain Barnes who prosecuted Theodore Durrant?" "Yes," answered Barnes with a note of impatience in his voice. "Then I would like to shake hands with you and tell you—." Barnes shook the proferred hand and hurried on before the speech was completed. "Who was that, Billy?" queried Barnes' friend as they made their escape. "I don't know his name," answered Barnes in deep disgust, "but he's the brother of the fellow who slaps me on the back and says, 'Hello, Jack Falstaff!'" It was my privilege once to see Captain Barnes' ruddy countenance suffused by a blush that would have done credit to a bashful schoolboy. It was the night that the Press Club, temporarily domiciled in the old Withrow home in Pine street, was entertaining Lillian Russell. That was one of the gayest entertainments given by the Press Club after the earthquake and fire and much of its success was due to Captain Barnes who was an inimitable sire. Miss Russell was very fond of Captain Barnes and when she was leaving the club about three o'clock in the morning she bade him a cordial good night. The captain, with a courtly bow, carried her hand to his lips and kissed it. Miss Russell looked at the hand and then at the captain and with a quizzical smile asked: "Captain, is that the best you can do?" And Captain Barnes blushed.

A Strange Murder Case

Of all his clubs Captain Barnes loved the Press Club best. He liked to sit in a comfortable chair there of an afternoon and discuss passing events with the newsgatherers. Once I heard him refer to himself humorously as a "hanger-on of newspaperdom" and the phrase is eloquent of his modest personality. Many a cub reporter struggling to make ends meet on "space and detail" received a valuable tip for a good story from the captain, for his acquaintance was large and he was in touch with numerous currents of important news. In the Press Club Captain Barnes occasionally waxed reminiscent and these very rare occasions were thoroughly enjoyed by his hearers. One of his stories made a deep impression on those who heard it. It concerned a miner who came to this city and met in a Mission lodging house

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a young man to whom he confided his success in the gold fields. The avarice of the youth was aroused to a high pitch when the miner told him that a large diamond he wore in his scarf was worth a fortune in itself. He lured the miner to the beach, killed him and buried the body in the sand. Having forged an order on the landlady for the miner's effects he secured all his belongings and disappeared. The miner was a stranger and was not missed, but some boys playing on the beach, saw a human foot protruding from the sand and uncovered the body. The only clew in the possession of the police was a poor description of the young man who had taken away the miner's property. All the pawnshops were visited and finally one pawnbroker shed a little light on the crime. He told how a young man had come to him with a large diamond which he wished to sell. "Did you buy it?" asked the detectives. "No," answered the pawnbroker; "but I offered to sell him one just as good for fifty cents." A foolish lie about a paste gawd had cost the miner his life and for the crime the young man died on the gallows, Captain Barnes as district attorney prosecuting him.

Barnes as a Versifier

Captain Barnes was not merely an inimitable raconteur; he was also a graceful writer in prose and verse. A warm fancy joined to a gift of language not only made him the ideal sire for a high or low jinks, but also lent distinction to his occasional experiments in metre. Of all his verses "The Ballad of Steam Beer" is best liked by his old friends of the Press Club, probably because it breathes the sentiment of that elusive bohemianism which is known to newspapermen and to few besides. It is well worth reprinting here:

THE BALLAD OF STEAM BEER

You may talk of your Moet and Chandon,
And all the cuvees of Champagne,
Of Burgundy, ruby and royal
From Romanee's storied demesne,
Of Lafitte and of Lachrimae Christi
Or the warm blushing vintage that grows
Where Yquem and the premier cru Grand Vins
Gush forth from the hills of Bordeaux,
Of crusty old Port and Madeira
And all of the sherries of Spain,
All the liqueurs of castle and convent
That ever came over the main;
But I chant out a hymn to Gambrinus,
The God of Small Change and Good Cheer
For I sing you the Song of the Nickel
That buys the big glass of Steam Beer.

A fig for straw-covered chianti
Or brandy a century old,
For foaming and splashing spumante
That sparkles and glitters like gold;
Benedictine and opaline absinthe
That gourmets and viveurs adore
And the life-blood of amorous grape-vines
That cluster along the Cote d'Or.
Not for me burn the molten sun-kisses
Upon the warm vineyards of France,
Not for me weave the chaplets of Bacchus,
Nor call satyrs and nymphs to the dance;
I care not for these classical pleasures,
They are, for my income, too dear;
But still I can compass the nickel
That buys me my Schooner of Beer.

No flagons or wassail cups fill me,
Of vintages priceless and rare,
Away with a stoup or a beaker
And I scorn an effete petit verre;
My chalice is glittering crystal
Full bosomed, deep chested, divine,
With the glorious crown of the hoplands
That mocks at the glory of wine.
Come! drink of the soft flowing amber,
Come! lave in its somnolent streams!
Come! taste of the foam-flecked Nepenthe
That flows from the Kingdom of Dreams!
And sing, as afloat on its tideway
We gently and drowsily steer:
"Here's a health to the Nickel of Commerce
That buys me my Schooner of Beer!"

One of His Impromptus

Captain Barnes was happy in impromptu verses and frequently amused his friends by his graceful conceits dashed off at a minute's notice. One of them I remember. Some years ago when Maude Amber was one of the reigning favorites at Fischer's Theatre she decided that she would free herself from the marital bonds that joined her to Puerl (pronounced Pearl) Wilkerson. The operation involved the naming of one Myrtle Rosedale, a chorus girl at Fischer's, as co-respondent. The case was heard by Judge Murasky and received considerable notice in the press. Captain Barnes was in the courtroom one day while the divorce trial was in progress and after listening to the spicy testimony for a few minutes, scribbled these lines and handed them to a friend who was sitting next to him;

Puerl and Myrtle, Myrtle and Puerl,
The manager brave, the gay chorus girl;
Now the Myrtle is faded,
The Puerl has a flaw,
The Amber is cracked;
So they've all got to law.

Indignant Female—Don't preach to me about the duties of motherhood. I haven't any children.
Social Philosopher—Well, I'm not to blame.

Our Parochial Spirit

From my friend Democritus I learn that San Diego is laughing in her sleeve at San Francisco. Our little Southern neighbor is getting a world of glee and advertising out of the shrewd maneuvering by which she has contrived to appear before the world as a rival of the metropolis of the State. But something more than the success of her soaring pretensions has filled San Diego with glee. While she is conscious of the fact that physically she is little more than a village she regards it as quite evident that in spirit San Francisco is still distinctly parochial. This is what appeals to her sense of humor. Speaking frankly the other day, but not

Milo

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not get a box of "MILO." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with the richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and its just this that makes the Perfect Cigarette. You'll find it in No Other.

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to be quoted for publication, one of her citizens observed, "Of course there isn't the slightest likelihood of our getting the Fair, but it does neither us nor you any harm for us to ask for it. If you fail to get it, which is more than likely, it will not be on account of butting in but because of the enemies you are making for yourselves all over the country. We believe the Fair will go to New Orleans not merely on the strength of the united pull of the Gulf States but by reason of the failure of San Francisco to have herself taken seriously anywhere beyond the city limits." Asked to explain, the man from San Diego rattled on: "San Francisco is always making a spectacle of herself. The impression the whole State has of San Francisco is that of a house divided against itself. It seems to be impossible for the factions in the metropolis to assuage their animosities for the advancement of the interests of the whole community. The washing of your soiled linen in public is a continuous performance. Here you are again bringing odium on your municipal government because your officials seem disinclined to kow-tow to a few municipal ownership cranks. Your merchants, who certainly have the interest of the city at heart, your leading financiers and all your men of affairs are petitioning and praying for the removal of the horse cars from Market street, but your demagogic press, hitting below the belt of reason as usual, have been demanding that they be kept there until the railroad company forfeits a right that cannot be taken away from it. The company is acting the same as any private individual would act. No man will open the way to competition so long as he can prevent it. Why should a corporation do so? If I am not mistaken your late unlamented reformers were driven out of office because of their attitude on this horse car squabble, yet the officials now in office are denounced for not following their example. The men and papers that are denouncing them are the same that exhausted the patience of H. E. Huntington and drove him to Los Angeles where he is idolized by the people."

A Few More Breezy Comments

The man from San Diego was full of his subject. He went on to say that the voice of labor appears to be regarded by the San Francisco press as the voice of God. "Not the slightest attention," he said, "is paid to the voice of your mercantile interests. The situation is really laughable. In the Call of last Monday I found running across the top of the whole second page this headline—'Labor Calls to Labor In The Fight For Labor's Rights'—and I found that it meant that the labor council and the building trades council had decided to champion the Hetch-Hetchy water system. Now wouldn't that rasp you? Do you call that metropolitan journalism? Isn't it distinctly parochial—this puerile truckling to labor? It has been said that a people gets the kind of government it deserves. It is equally true that a people gets the kind of newspapers it deserves. Here in San Francisco your newspapers are always swelling the arrogance of labor unions, flattering the mob and ignoring the substantial interests of the community. Your substantial interests—your bankers and merchants—deserve this kind of treatment. It seems to be grateful to them. At any rate they do not resent it. Now coming back to the subject of the Fair. I read an editorial in the Bulletin one night complaining that M. H. De Young was scheming to have the Fair held on land contiguous to his private property. This is another illustration of San Francisco's parochial spirit. Everybody is watching his neighbor, filled with apprehension the while lest somebody should improve his fortune; and ready to set up a howl against anything and everything either on general principles or because of a private grudge. I don't see why you people want a World's Fair; you have a Kilkenny fair here all the year round."

The Men That Do Things

There is another side to the story. Our parochial spirit in its divers manifestations is certainly ludicrous enough to excite the ribald laughter of smaller, and perhaps saner, communities, but there is another spirit in this city, one that asserts itself whenever a sufficiently important occasion arises. This is the spirit of the men who took hold of things after our historic calamity, and who are now handling the Fair project. This is the spirit that will prevail despite the claims of New Orleans and the precocious pretensions of San Diego. These men are now raising the money which is to serve as a guaranty of the earnestness of our intentions. As a result of their energies $3,000,000 has been already subscribed, and the rest is in sight. Forty men have subscribed for $25,000 each and two hundred have subscribed for $10,000 each. The five thousand and one thousand dollar subscriptions have not yet been called for. The only newspaper publisher among the forty big subscribers is Mr. M. H. De Young of the Chronicle. Among the forty also is Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, the last to put his name to the list. Mr. Phelan heard the committee coming and folded his tent and silently stole away to be gone about a year. Nowhere on any list of subscribers or prospective subscribers is to be found the name of any of the representative citizens who have been howling horrendously for municipal ownership or protesting against running the Sutter street electric cars to the ferry on the rails that are maintained under a franchise. Curiously enough the man upon whose shoulders rests the burden of financing the Fair project is the president of one of our execrated public service corporations. His name is William B. Bourn. That he should occupy so prominent a position in this civic affair is said to be galling to Mr. Max Popper, who is in favor of substituting E. P. E. Troy.

"Has she a past?"

"No, but her passion for joyriding is such that she is bound to have one."

Curry's Spirited Campaign

The politicians have begun to sit up and take notice of Charley Curry's whirlwind campaign for Governor. At first the politicians, especially those in touch with the plans and designs, the predispositions and aversions of the men that discover and groom talent for office, believed that Curry's vaulting ambition was essaying a hurdle far beyond his capacity. They conceded his popularity; they owned that as Secretary of State he had conducted himself most shrewdly and successfully with a view to the acquisition of a powerful personal following; they affirmed that as a candidate for the office he now holds he could not be beaten, but—well there is a vast difference between Secretary of State and Governor of the

State, and without either the support of the machine or the support of anti-machine Republicans Curry was bound to go down to defeat. That's the way the wise politicians were talking two months ago. Now they have another viewpoint. They are amazed at the enthusiasm Curry has aroused. They know that he has not yet succeeded in making any machine or other combination, yet it is evident to them that he is amassing blocks of votes in all parts of the State. They have begun to realize that Curry has a peculiar individuality which captivates that fragment of the sovereign people by which questions of State are settled at the crossroads and under the awnings of country stores.

A Candidate's Individuality

Curry has an air about him that impresses favorably the bucolic voter. Yet the city dweller, who is quick at interpreting types, might take the tall, gaunt Secretary of State for a bad man from Kansas. His slouch hat is eloquent of a rakish disposition, his address is that of a connoisseur of the arts of the quick-firing backwoodsman. The average amateur of physiognomy would size him up as a man ready for any kind of game from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. But Curry improves on acquaintance. As a matter of fact he is as mild a mannered man as ever laughed at one of his own stories, and his forte is that of the raconteur. The farmers love him not only for his amiability and his unremitting attention to them in public office, but also for the yarns that he spins. They know that the emotions which are to be read in his clothes are not those beneath the surface, for the Secretary of State is reputed to be a good Christian. He is one of the pillars of a church in Sacramento. So, though the long-haired element in politics may not approve him he is certainly persona grata to the religious element. And at present there is no element that he is neglecting.

The Barrel

What amazes the politicians more than anything else with reference to the Curry campaign is the volume of money that is already being spent in his behalf. His emissaries are in every nook and corner of the State getting signatures to his petitions, and they do not stop after the requisite number is obtained. Apparently Curry's plan is to get the endorsement of as many people as possible and thus make a showing that will impress the machine politicians and make it seem expedient to them to get behind his bandwagon. Where the money is coming from with which this Curry campaign is being financed is a matter of animated speculation. It is evident from the copious flow of coin that a large barrel has been broached. Rumor has it that this barrel was formerly filled with cement and imported by the Spreckels brothers—John D. and Adolph—who were on friendly terms with Curry when he was engaged in politics in this city.

He—Money doesn't buy happiness, dear.
She—No, but it buys an Easter hat.

Exit the League of Justice

It is my unpleasant duty to announce that the League of Justice is in process of dissolution. This is an unpleasant duty because the League of Justice has been a source of perennial delight to my laughter-loving soul and I hate to see it perish. But, to be accurate, perish is not precisely the word; metamorphosis is an exacter term. The League of Justice is to be metamorphosed into—what do you think?—a lunch club. By the mustachios of Professor Boke, 'tis the truth. The mighty weapon which was wont to coerce public opinion is to degenerate into a bit of cutlery and aid in the mastication of chops and fried potatoes. No more startling revolution could be imagined than this. What more humiliating descent than from the pinnacles of self-confessed righteousness to the base uses of appetite could be predicated of the league by its bitterest enemy? Certainly none. Yet is the League of Justice to disappear at the magic incantation of Professor Boke and in its stead, presto! behold a lunch club. What the name of the lunch club will be I do not know, for I am not in the confidence of Professor Boke and have no desire to be. But this I have been told by those having authority to speak, that the new association of reformers will be modeled on the lines of the City Club of Los Angeles. Fortnightly or monthly the pale prophets of reform with Professor Boke at their head will sit them down to consomme and hamburger steak in some restaurant and will remedy the abuses of our beloved community with windy discussion. 'Twill be a fine sight to see the jaws of reform masticating luncheon and reforming the town at one and the same time. I almost wish that I might be invited to this Boke feeding club, but I realize that I am not worthy.

Prefessor Boke as a Financier

When Professor Gayley in elephantine English declared that Professor Boke, by interfering in local politics, had bowed before the Idol of Parade, he missed the point of the professor's activities. The guardian angel of the League of Justice is not so much a politician as a financier. Professor Boke, be it known, is an adept, a bird in the fine art of feathering his own nest. For him reform has been a paying dispensation, an ideal combination of regeneration and remuneration. Professor Boke has not read his Shakespeare in vain. Unless I am misinformed he has taken Iago's tip; he has put money in his purse. It is an interesting bit of information, this mercenary fact about the League of Justice. Justice, of

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course, could not be safeguarded in the house of her friends without money. When the League was founded certain enthusiasts in the cause subscribed the wherewithal and one of the first things which Professor Boke did was to sequestrate $500 for his salary. Now some of the knockers in his own camp are saying that the professor had an excellent appreciation of the value of his own services. They declare that his services were all out of proportion to those rendered by other workers of the League. The treasurer, one W. H. Payson of Berkeley, got only $50 a month; a stenographer received the usual pay for stenographers; and a newspaperman of indifferent attainments was paid indifferently for writing The Liberator, the organ of the League. It will be observed that money was economically disbursed by the professor and there was reason for that. In all the days of the League of Justice the professor handled a fund of $18,000 and it is said that he took care to look out for his own honorarium. Arithmeticians have figured out that Boke corralled just half of this fund for his salary in the eighteen months of prosperity.

Where the Money Came From

It would be interesting to know the names of those who contributed to this fund of $18,000. Part of it I have heard accounted for in a fashion which nearly took my breath away, yet I have the utmost confidence in the reliability of those who have told me about it. It seems that when the League was started Professor Boke was a member of the executive committee of Isidor Jacobs' Good Government League. Recognizing the superior possibilities—regenerative and remunerative—of the new league Boke promptly folded it under his protecting wing. That was in the spring of 1908 and the Goo Goos were engaged in gathering subscription to a campaign fund. Professor Boke was in a position to learn the names of the subscribers to the Good Government League fund and with the swift action of a born financier he sent out his collectors and induced them to subscribe for the League of Justice. That is why the League of Justice started so auspiciously; also why the Goo Goos were crippled in their intended activities by the lack of their customary campaign fund. If Professor Gayley had known of this affair I am quite positive that he would not have set Boke up as an idol of parade. The Boke brain works for more substantial results than mere ostentation. Professor Boke believes that a reformer is worthy of his hire. Now that the League has fallen into innocuous desuetude and The Liberator has dwindled to an insignificant dodger, it will be interesting to see how much Professor Boke will make out of the new lunch club he is about to launch.

Jones—Where do you go from Blingum after the relaxation of Lent, Miss Highflyer?

Miss Highflyer—Papa hasn't decided whether to send me to a hospital or a sanitarium.

Mrs. Mighels Discusses Her Story

Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels has addressed to this office a very interesting letter in which she expresses her appreciation for the review of her novel, "The Full Glory of Diantha," published in this journal last week, and discusses the motive of the story and the source of some of its characters. "I knew those girls in New York city who kept house together," writes Mrs. Mighels, "and used to tremble for them when they expressed those wild theories of theirs. I told them that my Pioneer Mother used to maintain that the best children came from mothers who were allowed to be free by their husbands rather than from men of renown or of greatness; and that I had lived to see that she had had the right idea on this most important subject. The most successful of these girls asked me to write a book of a girl like herself and how she picked out the man she wanted and married him, not to be supported, not to be kept from starving to death, but just because she wanted to do as her mother had done before her—to have a brood of children about her knees, only she wanted them to be the finest and the best that could be had. I took her dare and it took six years to produce the book according to the ideas which my Pioneer Mother gave me."

Her Estimate of the Sexes

Mrs. Mighels says further that a brilliant man or woman, reading her book, realizes that she is laughing in her sleeve at men and women generally. The real theme of her book, she says, is: "All men are alike, only some are better actors. Woman is spirit but man is earth. And God has joined them together." She declares that "there is nothing in heaven above or in earth below so stupid as an innocent girl, no matter how much she may play at being sophisticated." Of such was Mrs. Mighels' daughter, she writes, and she was used in drawing the "Vivian" of the story. "Caspar," she says, "stands for the dominating man—that is the kind I myself prefer and adore. In our extreme youth we want to be dominated. But later on the excitement wears off and we long for peace." Mrs. Mighels concludes by saying that in all her work she is guided by the cry: "Let us save the innocent."

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An English Translation of Ade

George Ade, I have discovered, is something more than a humorist; he is an educator. Through the medium of his farce, "The College Widow," he has been educating the benighted people of England, making known to them something of the growth of their language and of the color that has been imparted to it on this side of the Atlantic. In England there are many people that are pleased to regard their language as dead and, therefore, as a classic language, and whenever a new idiom crosses the ocean it is regarded as a species of irreverence. English as it is spoken in America is to them a foreign tongue. In proof whereof I submit the following, which, according to a friend who sent me a printed copy, was given to everybody that attended the performance of "The College Widow" at one of the London theatres:

GLOSSARY OF UNFAMILIAR TERMS AND PHRASES
in
"THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

ACT I.

"Put up a Holler" - - - Indignantly protested
"Pinkest Collection of Farm Hands" Dullest lot of creatures
"A Couple of Husky Ones" - Couple of enormous men
"Prexy" - - - Nickname for College President
"A Corker" - - - - - - A champion
"Burning a Student's Lamp" - - Smoking a cigarette
"The Campus" - - - The College Lawn
"Kappa Delt" - - - - College Secret Societies
"Sigma Theta"
"The Way She Strings Them" The way she leads them on
"The Rush Line" - - The forwards in football
"A Jerk-Water Railroad" - - A little branch line
"The Rockfeller Stunt" - - Endowing Colleges
"A Squab" - - - - - - A Booby
"Cutting up Didoes" - - Playing pranks
"Old Side Partner" - - Old croney or "pal"

ACT II.

"Angel Food" - - - - - A kind of cake
"Foundered" - - - - - - Overfed
"Bucking the Line" - Football slang, meaning breaking through the line

ACT III.

"Quitters" - Men who give up in a fight. Cowards
"Rattled" - - - - - Confused
"A Dead-head Telegram" One that is sent free. Franked
"To Rub Dope on" - - To rub liniment on

ACT IV.

"A Web-footed Rube An uncouth countryman
"A Jim-crow School" - An inferior school
"The Tall Grass" - - The country. The far West
"Pin-head" - - - A man of inferior capacity
"Easy Money" - Money found or obtained easily
"A Gasolene Runabout" - - A motor-car
"A Tintype" - - A photograph taken on tin
"Sicked the Widow on Him" Urged the Widow to flirt with and fascinate him

As funny as Mr. Ade is he is certainly not a bit more amusing than the unconscious humorist by whom he has been translated into the language of Chaucer, Shakespeare et al.

The Merry Widow at the Beach

The principals of the "Merry Widow" company paid a visit to the joyous resorts whose lights twinkle along the beach on last Saturday night and the wee sma' hours were wee and sma' indeed before they reluctantly climbed into their machines and sped townward. The players found the hospitality of Dibble's particularly attractive and lingered there for a couple of hours. Sweet voices were lifted in song while the corks popped their siren chorus and the merriment reached its climax when Miss Wilber, the Merry Widow herself, danced the waltz which has made the Lehar opera famous. That the players, men and women, enjoyed themselves thoroughly

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Estate of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at Room 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, at the Southeast Corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which the executor selects as the place for the transaction of the business of the estate of said deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 19th, 1910.

W. G. MUNTZ,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Isabella Van Winkle, Deceased.
PAGE, McCUTCHEN & KNIGHT, Attorneys for Executor.
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

there can be no doubt. They proved themselves good fellows in the best sense of that much abused term and the late sojourners in the ocean taverns counted themselves fortunate in being the spectators of their revelry.

Bryan Helped Charles D. Lane

The announcement that Charles D. Lane, once the most active of mining promoters but now aged and blind, has once more rehabilitated his wrecked fortune, reminds me that William Jennings Bryan came to his assistance just before Lane went broke for the last time. Lane was an ardent silver man and put $100,000 into the first Bryan campaign. Whatever Bryan is he is not ungrateful to his friends and he promised Lane that he would await the opportunity to repay this big favor. The time came. Lane's Alaska mining claims were purchased from the aliens who were sent to Alaska with the government reindeer and who discovered some of the richest spots in the gold district. There was a cloud on Lane's title and legislation was threatened at Washington which would deprive him of his holdings. Bryan was in this city at the time Lane's fortune hung in the balance and he came to the promoter's assistance. Every influence which he could command in Congress and in Washington political circles was exerted to prevent the adverse legislation. But it was no use. Bryan was not strong enough and Lane's fortune slipped through his fingers.

If Wheeler Had Been There

I heard a shrewd appraiser of men and things declare the other day that if Benjamin Ide Wheeler had only been in California during Carnegie's visit to the University of California, that institution would today be richer by at least a quarter of a million dollars. The statement is a very plausible one. The prime function of a university president, as we all know, is to coax the shekels from the vaults of millionaires. A university president who could not separate a philanthropic Croesus from a few hundred thousands would not hold his job very long, no matter how great his scholarship. The interesting little prexy of the university across the bay has had considerable success in these financial operations upon the plethoric purses of the rich. His method of extraction is painless; warranted, in fact, to give the patient pleasure. So perhaps it was a misfortune that he was hobnobbing with kings and queens when Andrew Carnegie visited Berkeley. And yet I am not so sure. I remember that Prex Wheeler failed to extract a nickel from Harriman although he acted as his valet one memorable summer in Bohemian Grove.

Platt and Harrison

Thomas Collier Platt, Republican leader of New York for a score of years, whose death occurred last week, was probably the shrewdest practical politician this country has produced. His start in politics was made as the organizer of a glee club for the Fremont campaign. He used to sing with the club between speeches at rallies of his party. He began to be prominent in the politics of New York in the 60's. He soon became the friend and ally of Roscoe Conkling. When Hayes was elected President Conkling urged that Platt be made Postmaster-General. But Hayes listened to Blaine and Garfield who suggested that it was time to turn down Conkling and Platt in the Empire State, and Hayes carried out their wishes. It was by Conkling and Platt that Hayes was beaten for renomination. Since Platt's death there has come to light a letter in which he relates that President Harrison entered into an ante-election compact with him

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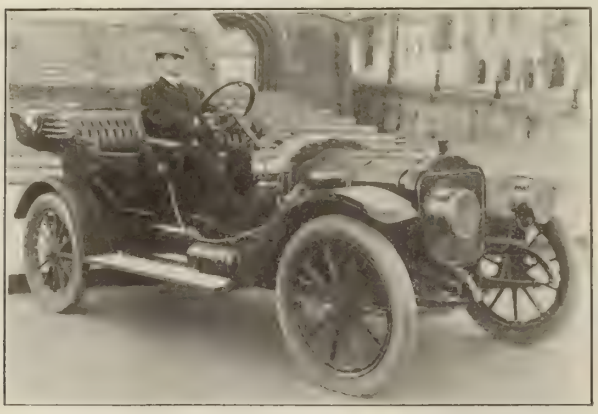
by which he was to be made Secretary of the Treasury. This is denied by Senator Elkins who is said to have acted as the "go-between." Though the story may not be true it is certain that Platt was a candidate for the Cabinet position and that Harrison sought to take a middle course by making Platt's boyhood friend, Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy. About that time an amusing story was in circulation to the effect that during a conference with President Harrison Platt asked the question, "Who do you think made you President?" With characteristic solemnity of manner Harrison replied, "God made me President, sir." Filled with disgust Platt walked out of the White House and on the steps he met Bob Ingersoll to whom he related what had just occurred.

"Well," said Ingersoll, "God has been held accountable for a good many things, but this is the toughest yet."

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

An announcement much regretted by all connected with automobile affairs is that C. A. Hawkins has resigned his position as Pacific Coast manager of The White Company. Mr. Hawkins, who is the dean of the automobile fraternity on the Pacific Coast, has won the respect of all colleagues and competitors, who have been associated with him in laying the foundations of the automobile business in this section of the country. Mr. Hawkins' personal business has grown to such an extent that he



H. E. DOTY AT THE WHEEL OF A 1910 GASOLINE CAR

has found it incumbent upon him to retire from the services of The White Company, with whom he has been continuously associated for the past twenty-one years. His resignation was placed before the home office some time ago but was only accepted after repeated requests that he continue in the service and that the resignation be withdrawn.

While not actively associated with the company, Mr. Hawkins continues an enthusiastic supporter of the White policies and a firm believer in the superiority of their output. He has purchased two White cars, one a Steam and the other the new Gasoline machine for his own use.

Mr. Hawkins is succeeded by H. E. Doty, who has been associated with him for some time in the middle west territory, and more recently as assistant manager on the coast. Mr. Doty, although he came but recently from Chicago has already made his presence felt in western automobile affairs. He is a type of that aggressive automobile business man, who has come as a result of the marvelous growth in motor affairs during the last few years.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There has been little or no change of record in the financial or Wall street situation in the recent week. The security market has been quite devoid of interest, in that the variation of prices has been highly irregular and without definite trend. The continuance of the Philadelphia strike, and a tendency at the close this week to spread to other industrial lines, has been a somewhat unfortunate factor in the matter of news and events affecting the financial district here. We believe firmly that capital and labor will meet amicably ere long, and that satisfactory conditions will eventually prevail, and that securities will receive a great bull impetus during the late spring months in anticipation of not only bountiful crops, but the adjournment of Congress and the Supreme Court of the United States, which have contributed much to the recent great uncertainty of events.

Wheat—Legitimate and speculative conditions in the wheat trade appear to be somewhat evenly adjusted. At the moment, to be sure, there is a slow call for cash wheat, and there has been a liberal run of marketings from the interior, but both these conditions appear to be on the eve of a change. Against this expected change lies the fact that the crop damage claims are getting a little threadbare, despite the talent, and persistency displayed in exploiting them. The trade is also facing the fact that the new crop level is adjusted on an entirely domestic basis, leaving this country entirely out of the export situation for another year. The official report Tuesday, of farm reserves on March 1 shows that either there has been about 20,000,000 bushels more wheat used by consumers than ordinarily, or that this extra quantity is in wheat or flour, held by mills or in transit. Either view is plausible and in line with common trade reports. To offset the 20,000,000 bushels less wheat on the farms March 1 than expected, the government official reports also show that at the same time this country had exported over 27,000,000 bushels less wheat and flour, as wheat, or the equivalent of 69,186,000 bushels, as compared with 96,483,000 bushels for the corresponding eight months of the preceding crop year. Primary market receipts meanwhile were 16,000,000 bushels larger than for the first eight months of 1908-09 crop year, thus pretty accurately checking off the 20,000,000 to 27,000,000 bushels unaccounted for. The crop actually harvested last year proved a little larger than the previous December's promise, or 446,366,000 bushels, and the finally revised acreage, as per the official report of December 15 last, was 28,330,000 acres.

Corn—Corn has been working into a better position in the last week. The source of initial supply, the producer, has quit marketing corn in any volume since the recent demoralization in cash prices began. This has enabled railroads, drying establishments, distributors and consumers to make some impression on the stocks which are now so ample and well distributed.

Cotton—The week just passed was one in which the influence of the moment largely dominated the markets, and ultimate consequences were left to take care of themselves. Finally, the rally to the 15 cent mark again, in the May option, followed the clever action of the old bulls in taking up cotton tendered on March, and shipping it abroad. The situation at the end of the season will be so tense, and the world will be so nervous, as to the next crop that we advise great caution in taking any determined stand. There is a growing confidence that the market is in for fire-works some time before May 31, and that prices in these near months will be very much higher. In passing, it may be stated that there are a few of the old guard who believe that the shortage in supply will yet bring 17 cents in the scramble which the spinners must enter into to get enough to keep them partly employed during the remainder of the season. Then again, many well informed people who were at one time very bullish, have now reached the conclusion that the time has passed when very much higher prices can be obtained, and that if a substantial advance comes, it must result from injury to the next crop, and we repeat, this new crop is the dominating influence, and each phase—the increased acreage, the growing use of the fertilizer, the absence or prevalence of the boll weevil, as well as the weather reports—must be watched and well considered. It is, therefore, advisable for the present, to avail one's self of the numerous opportunities to scalp the market on short turns.

Copper—The market for copper has been more active this week and the spot prices firmer. The surplus of the metal in this country is now only what the mines must have on hand under normal conditions and a gradual reduction of surplus abroad is looked for. It is now the opinion of big interests that the consumption abroad is increasing and that the world is consuming more copper than it is producing. This is not equivalent to saying that the world is consuming more than it can produce. The curtailment is just beginning to have its influence and will be reflected in the statement made by the producers' association figures during the next two or three months. The reduced output of the Butte mines or those of Nevada and Arizona has not been felt yet. This reduction, however, will be shown in the next two or three statements and if this policy of curtailment is continued it will not be long before the surplus abroad is brought to a normal figure. Since the time preceding the panic of 1907 the copper market has not been in a more firmly intrenched position than at present. The approach of spring is very favorable for the copper industry as the outdoor building operations always bring a larger demand. It is the general opinion among those who are posted that copper will advance. As we have heretofore contended, we believe that copper metal will go to 15 cents in April and will be maintained there by the curtailment policy. While it is too much to expect the copper stock market to go forward from now on without recessions, still we expect to see a steady hardening of prices; and in the good standard issues a gradual advance to higher levels, particularly of the Lake Copper Company and such stocks as the Butte Coalition,

Telephone DOUGLAS 2487 R. E. MULCAHY, Manager

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Local Securities—The local market for stocks and bonds continues rather quiet, although the general list shows a remarkable steadiness in values. The chief stock trading is confined to Spring Valley, Associated Oil, Hawaiian Sugars and Alaska Packers. The former issue seems to be temporarily pegged at around $50, but when buying of any size is in force, it is noticeably for inside accounts. Associated Oil experiences a little flurry every now and then but from week to week does not show any great change. On a sharp advance in the New York raw sugar market, Hawaiian stocks all made forward strides last week but have since softened to some extent. At that, there are still strong spots on the sugar list, which include Hawaiian Commercial, Honokaa and Union, the latter selling at $70, its high record price. After a rather long period of inactivity which was attended by more or less of a decline, Alaska Packers has lately become popular and is fastly recovering its losses.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

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Deposits	23,244,581.84
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Polo Hero-Worship at Blingum

Polo at Burlingame has developed a new variety of the matinee hero species. Naturally there are no scented mash notes for the handsome members of the Meadowbrook team but they have been politely rushed, and adored by the debutantes. Peninsula hostesses compete for the honor of dining them. Polo undoubtedly gives rare possibilities for hero-worship. There is something in the danger of the game that stimulates feminine interest, much as foot-ball did in other days. Now, however, foot-ball worship is old-fashioned and the adoration of the matinee idol really died out in select circles with the passing of the youth of John Drew; so the polo hero reigns alone. One thing that may account for the popularity of the Meadowbrook men is the dearth of romantic material on the Burlingame team. Most of the members are married. Frank Carolan, Tom Driscoll, Walter Hobart, and Peter Martin, all are benedicks, which practically leaves John Lawson, the "Bachelor of Burlingame," to monopolize attention. The English players are a charming set of men who have been entertained to the limit, but as "heroes" the Meadowbrook men have clearly won out. At the Burlingame Club an interesting story of one of the Meadowbrook's English experiences last year, was recently told. In the game against Kingsbury, J. M. Waterbury of the American team was given a mount whose merits were carefully pointed out to him by Harry Rich of the English team. At the end of the game Waterbury purchased the pony for $2500. Subsequently it transpired that Mr. Rich was a horse-dealer and that the pony had been sent to him by an English army officer with the expressed hope that he might sell it to one of the Americans. Since that incident occurred it has been proved that polo in England is largely in the hands of so-called "gentlemen" horse-dealers who are more or less unscrupulous in their methods of mixing business and sport. Raneleigh, the club to which the English players now at Burlingame belong, is said to be the only club in England that is free from this form of grafting. There is small danger as yet of a polo scandal in America. The game is not popularized in this country where the only men with leisure to play belong to the millionaire class which would scorn to graft in polo.

Why Miss Sears Scores

Co-equal in importance with the polo game last Sunday was Eleanor Sears, the Boston heiress, who was watched by the big crowd as if she and not the splendid English sportsmen, were the main thing, and the lesser belles came almost to open mutiny, so mortified and wounded were they at the frank homage paid to the independent young woman who applauded with all the frenzied glee of a kid at a Sunday baseball game. Most of the town girls were there, and not a few of them were attired as if for some gala garden fete, but Miss Sears, who more than any of them knows the value and the worthlessness of vanity's glad rags, for she can have the pick of the finest the world has, came to the polo field dressed the simplest of all, wearing a dullish cheviot tailor frock, made with a short skirt, showing natty, low-heeled walking boots, and her hat was a small, boyish affair of soft felt that looked as if it could withstand wind and rain. But for all this severe simplicity, she looked smart. Absolutely unconscious of self, completely absorbed in the game, following every move of the riders with the trained scrutiny of the expert—she plays polo herself—Miss Sears by her attitude showed her disdain of the frivols and fuss that belittle the horizon of the average girl in her position. Clothes and doo-dads do not own this independent young woman from Boston, which is probably one reason why she has such a rollicking good time everywhere.

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS FLORENCE PLUMMER

The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Plummer of Alameda, whose engagement to Joseph McIlroy of this city was announced recently. The Plummer family is one of the oldest in Alameda.

Everybody Was There

Everybody was at the game. The field was surrounded with a hedge eight deep of men, women and children.

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There were handsome coaches, limousines, phaetons, drags, and traps of every conceivable description. The Charles W. Clarks drove over in a coach and four, and with them were Mrs. Raoul Du Val, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin and Miss Sears. The Burlingame crowd, which still feels a bit sore over the unfriendliness shown when the San Mateo Club folks posted up a card "for members only," effectively debarring the other set from partaking of its muffins and tea after the practice games, showed their resentment by lining up on the opposite side of the field, directly across from the little club-house. The Blingumites kept disdainfully aloof from the San Mateo Club house, notwithstanding their own had just burned down a few hours before. The San Mateo Club is a small, unpretentious building, and looked smaller than ever with the big crowd surrounding it and almost dwarfing it, but small as it was, it was at no time crowded. Enid Gregg was there, with the ever-faithful Charley de Young in attendance. She looks prettier than ever, the result of her visit to New York being shown in the handsome new frocks she is wearing these afternoons. Her friends declare that an important announcement is to be made soon, but Miss Enid merely smiles roguishly and flits on blithely.

They Were Tailored in London

Whether it was in delicate flattery to the Britishers or merely a coincidence, one could not say, but certainly a majority of the new frocks bore the impress of the handiwork of the British tailor. Black and white checks, looking London all over them, were worn by nearly every other woman at the game. Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mrs. Walter Martin and several others wore gowns just now the rage in London. Mrs. Baldwin Wood, blonde and pink like an English lassie, wore a natty norfolk in typical English plaid check which was one of the smartest little dresses seen at the field.

Ever since Miss Eliza McMullin received the present of a handsome traveling bag full of silver articles engraved with her monogram, her friends have been expecting the announcement of her engagement to Mr. John Gallois, the gallant youth who thus remembered her in his foreign wanderings.

Miss Sears and Captain Gill

When Captain Gill, the dashing British polo player, was in Burlingame last year he fell a victim to the charms of Miss Eleanor Sears who was then the guest of the Hobarts. It may be a mere coincidence that with Captain Gill's return for another whirl at the cup Miss Sears has once more put in an appearance, this time as the guest of the Carolans. Those who have watched the demeanor of the handsome captain are of the opinion that the presence of Miss Sears has filled his mind with thoughts of another game than polo. That his devotion is reciprocated there is no external evidence, for the athletic Miss Sears accords him no particular attention, being much more engrossed with her horses and her cross-country walks at daybreak. There has been a rumor that Miss Sears is going to marry Harold Vanderbilt, so Captain Gill is measuring his strength against a formidable suitor.

Miss Crocker's Mexican Party

When Miss Jennie Crocker took a party to old Mexico she was very anxious that Miss Sears should go along, as she is very fond of the clever Boston girl, but there was no attraction in the land of manana sufficient to tear Miss Sears away from polo. Out of that Mexican trip, by the way, may come a brace of romances. I say "may," with the accent decidedly on the conditional verb. Harry Simpkins made one of the party and there have been signs of a feeling warmer than mere friendship between him and Miss Crocker. Then again Miss Helene Irwin and Templeton Crocker have been linked together in the gossip of the bavardes and there is much speculation as to the result of propinquity in the sleepy sentimental atmosphere of pueblo land. All this gossip, however, is rather futile. Miss Crocker and Miss Irwin are two young ladies who have mastered the fine art of concealing their feelings from the inspection of the vulgar and in all probability nobody will know that they have turned their thoughts toward hymeneal bliss until they see fit to make formal announcements.

Photo, Mauter MISS VARINA MORROW

An Oakland belle whose engagement to Mr. Ralph Merritt was recently announced. The wedding will take place in June.

Tale of a Wife and a Widow

Trust a clever woman to take care of her affairs without resorting to the fuss of calling in outside help. I advise the following modus operandi for troubled young wives with recalcitrant husbands. As the story was told me in the most confidential secrecy, it is impossible to give the names, but they are well known not only here but all over the State. The lady in the case had been away visiting, and during her absence her one-time intimate friend, a wealthy young widow, took so much compassion on the lonesome husband of her absent friend that she had him dining with her nightly, following this with drives, theatre parties, little suppers, always tete-a-tete, and when the absent wife returned

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from her visits, the widow, a tall, somewhat florid woman of the picturesque type, kept up the attentions or the husband kept them up, just as you please. As the wife was herself a busy society woman, constantly entertaining or being entertained, her friends remarked on these little tete-a-tetes between the husband and the widow, for they were dining at the Palace, teaing at the St. Francis and otherwise finding each other's society so pleasant that they made no pretense of veiling this Platonic attraction. Finally, the wife again left town, for reflection and contemplation, so she told her friends.

A Warning Letter

The sojourn at a southern resort was just the thing, for with second thought came a relieving sense of humor. What was the use of crying her eyes out, making herself old and ugly, while the widow was being so lavishly entertained. Snatching up a pen, she wrote something like this to the widow: "If you are not through entertaining my husband or vice versa, please hasten to do so at once, as I am about to return home and shall need the attentions of my husband myself. I too, enjoy dining at the Palace with him, and the next time you fancy you need the solace of his companionship, you might at least ask my permission. I assure you I shall not be niggard about it, but I would prefer to know about these little tete-a-tetes, since everyone else in town seems to. I will be home on Monday, and trust you will not invite him to your home for that evening." The letter proved a perfect cure. The widow was furious, taking the letter to the man in the case and upbraiding him so thoroughly that, in her fury at his amusement, she threatened to take the letter to her lawyer. In the meantime the wife is enjoying a second honeymoon and what at first threatened ugly complications is smoothed out beautifully.

Miss Minnie Houghton was hostess at an elaborate "bachelor maid" dinner recently. Among her guests were Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Linda Cadwalader and Miss Emily Carolan.

The American Lady Cunard

Few American women have passed Lady Bache Cunard on the social ladder in England. Lady Cunard who just missed being Princess Poniatowski is well remembered as Miss Maud Burke in this city. Her last visit to California was during the Poniatowski courtship which was conducted on approved continental methods and ended in a difference over the dowry with Colonel Carpenter, who was Miss Burke's guardian. Shortly after the engagement was broken, the heiress returned to Europe and her marriage followed. Sir Bache Cunard's title is a new one and his rank is several degrees below that of the Polish prince, but his fortune is imposing. Lady Cunard recently entertained a house party of celebrities at her Leicestershire estate "Nevill-Holt." Among them were George Moore, the novelist, Arthur J. Balfour, the Duke and Duchess of Pontaud with their daughter Lady Violet Manners, and the Marquis of Granby, son of the Duke of Rutland who is at present the greatest catch in London society.

Riding, the Lenten Diversion

Riding is the popular diversion of Lent this year, due probably to the present polo craze. Nearly every morning a group of well-known girls may be seen cantering through the park. Two of the cleverest equestriennes in society are Miss Edith Cheeseborough and Miss Margaret Coffin who frequently go out together. They ride astride and both wear the trim mannish costumes with breeches and high boots which, so I am told, Mrs. Vesta Bruguiere introduced in California. There was a sensation on the piazza at Del Monte one morning when she made her first appearance attired like a jockey. The Newhall girls really set the fashion here two years ago and Miss Eleanor Sears later succeeded in convincing the most prejudiced at Burlingame of its advantages. In spite of these, however, a number of women still cling to the hampering skirts of the side saddle fashion. Miss Agnes Tillman rides in the old fashioned way. Miss Frances Newhall and Miss Florence Cluff also succeed in taking hurdles on side saddles.

Mrs. George T. Marye and her little daughter Miss Helen will spend the summer in California.

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Mrs. Atherton to Return in April

Mrs. Atherton informs me by letter from New York that the story of her forthcoming European tour with a party including the Spencer Eddys is erroneous as she has no intention of going to Europe till the autumn and has not the pleasure of knowing the Eddys. She says that she intended to return to this city during this month but that she will delay in the metropolis long enough to enjoy the Whistler exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, Parsifal and the opening of Mrs. Fiske, after which she will come back to San Francisco for work. New York Mrs. Atherton does not regard as an appropriate place for literary endeavor; during her stay she has only written three articles, devoting most of her time to the opera, the theatre, concerts and study of the suffrage movement. "People spoil New York," says Mrs. Atherton. Her preference for San Francisco as a place for work is very complimentary and her friends here will be glad to learn of her speedy return. Mrs. Atherton's latest book, "Tower of Ivory," is already in its second edition and is quite the rage of New York. It is natural that Mrs. Atherton should be much feted by those who rejoice in her latest success and a great many entertainments have been given in her honor. Miss Elizabeth Jordan gave a dinner in her honor at Delmonico's, among the guests being William Dean Howells, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, David Graham Phillips, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Mr. and Mrs. Cass Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Alden.

A Coward at the Princess

Commend me to an earthquake for bringing out the real man that ordinarily lies hidden beneath a veneer of gentility. When the temblor comes nature asserts herself and if the natural instincts are mean and despicable, it is impossible to conceal them as on normal occasions. I was thrown into this strain of moralizing by a little incident which happened at the Princess Theatre on the night of the recent little temblor. There was a great deal of excitement in the audience when the building was shaken. Many women rushed for the exits, some were on the verge of hysterics. This of course happened in all the theatres and was not limited to the Princess. But there was one incident at the Princess which, I am glad to say, was not duplicated in any other theatre. In one of the boxes sat a young man of prepossessing countenance, well groomed, to all appearances a gentleman. When the earthquake started this young man jumped up, pushed aside the women who sat in the box, vaulted over the rail and raced pell-mell for the door. One of the women who obstructed his way to the rail of the box was "straight-armed" so vigorously by this courageous individual that she was thrown from her chair to the floor. I have been wondering how this gallant person will ever have the nerve to face the members of that box party again but I suppose that such a being is callous to self-reproach.

St. Patrick's Day Luncheon at the Cliff House

In accordance with a custom which has been observed faithfully for many years the surviving members of a party of sixty-five pioneers who crossed the plains to California in 1848 met on St. Patrick's Day. Of this historic party only P. Evarts and Steven Gage remain and these gentlemen, with their wives and a few close relatives, celebrated the annual reunion this year with a luncheon at the Cliff House. Of all the affairs by which the great feast day of Irishmen was signalized in this city none was more interesting or more significant than that luncheon at the Cliff House.

It is whispered over the tea cups that the reason why Miss Anna Peters looks so happy these days is the presence in town of Lieutenant Jackson of the South Dakota.

Luncheon at the Palace

The luncheon hour at the Palace presents a very gay and brilliant spectacle. With the main restaurant and the mens' grill both filled to overflowing the tables are set in the corridors of the Court itself and sometimes, as on last Saturday, even in the center of it. To lunch or dine thus in the Court, with its delightful out of door effect, with music and life and laughter, is to enjoy the very best that San Francisco has to offer. Among those who were seen lunching informally at the Palace were

NEIGHBORLINESS

Who is your Neighbor in San Francisco? Tom---Dick---Harry? If you live in a flat or in an apartment, you probably don't know---haven't a ghost of an idea. You are a stranger in your own block---even in the building in which you live. Far different is it in the **CROCKER TRACT, PIEDMONT.** There every house, set amid its own spacious gardens and lawns, is flanked on either side by other gardens---bounded villas of **PEOPLE YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.** They belong to your own class. There children are desirable playmates for your own. They are neighbors---acquaintances---friends. People you want at your garden parties---in to dinner---out on jaunts with you. Build your new home in the **CROCKER TRACT**---the most distinguished and beautiful place-of-homes in California. Let us show you some of these villa sites for homes to cost $15,000 to $50,000---our motors are in continual attendance.

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Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Frances Stewart and Miss Natalie Fore, accompanied by Mr. Charles de Young. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Virginia Jolliffe and Thornwell Mullally made up a jolly party at another table, while at another, Mrs. C. Fred Kohl entertained a half dozen of her friends. Other hostesses at the Palace during the week were Miss Maud Bourn, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, the Misses Morrison of San Jose, Princess Kawanakoa, Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. E. Winship, Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Mrs. H. Moffitt.

Great Oratorio at St. Dominic's

On this Sunday evening (Palm Sunday), commencing at 7:30 o'clock, Duboc's inspiring and devotional oratorio, "The Seven Last Words of Christ," will be rendered at St. Dominic's Church, Pierce street between Bush and Pine, by an augmented choir, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart. This is universally considered one of the most sublime compositions of sacred music ever written. In order that all may appreciate the full significance of the oratorio, a short instruction before each word will be given by Very Rev. A. L. McMahon, O. P. The following are the soloists: Soprano, Mrs. B. Apple; contralto, Miss Leola S. Stone; tenor, Mr. Frank Onslow; basso, Mr. Wilfrid Glenn; organist and director of the choir, Dr. H. J. Stewart. The offertory will be "O Thou Afflicted," Benedict. The oratorio will be followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament: "O Salatoris Hostia," Gounod; "Tantum Ergo," Faure.

Aviation Meet at Del Monte

Frank Johnson, the millionaire clubman and social leader of San Rafael who has always been identified with out-of-door sports and who has the distinction of being the first Californian to purchase and fly in a flying machine, will exhibit his new Curtiss biplane at Del Monte today and tomorrow. The exhibition will take place on the Del Monte race track which has been the scene of so many out-of-door events. Johnson's machine is a Curtiss biplane, equipped with every device. He has made a number of spectacular flights and expects to do his prettiest before the social crowd which will unquestionably flock to the popular resort. The usual Saturday to Monday rate of $4.00 which is in effect over the Southern Pacific lines will enable a great many people to see this exhibition. A special rate of a fare and a third has been made from all the surroundings towns, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Kings City, San Jose and will unquestionably bring out a large crowd. Reservations may be telegraphed to Manager Warner at the hotel.

FOR EASTER

An early selection is advised while the varieties are complete. Bunny buntings, fluffy chicks, Easter eggs, egg-shaped boxes and imported novelties. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG, Administrator of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 15th day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

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An Artist from Holland

By Theodore Bonnet

A song bird of a species unknown to the Far West fluttered into our midst last Sunday and conquested a little bunch of ardent lovers of the vocal art. This exotic vocalist was introduced to us as a Dutch contralto. Her name is Tillie Koenen. Neither the terms of introduction, nor the name appealed to us. There was a time when much art came out of Holland, but not in recent years have we looked to the Dutch for anything of beauty save windmills. And even though we had conceived it possible for the contemporary Dutch to contribute something worth while to the concert stage we should hardly have expected it to come labeled as "Tillie Koenen." What a name to conjure with! It might serve admirably for a vaudeville contortionist or for a lady of the chorus, but when attached to an exponent of the higher reaches of the vocal art it approximates a solecism. After all, there is a great deal in a name—when bill-boards are taken into consideration. Tillie Koenen, for example, has to sing down her name. And she does it. When she appeared at the Garrick Theatre last Sunday there were not three hundred people in the house. That was as many as could be found in San Francisco willing to take a chance. But well did the hazard profit them; for Tillie Koenen is an artist, a past-mistress of the technique of song interpretation, a singer with an almost perfect mastery of her heaven-born instrument. She comes to us modestly heralded as a contralto. Now that is enough for any singer to be, especially in this age of innumerable pseudo-contraltos who are in reality a cross between a contralto and a mezzo soprano. Miss Koenen is unique inasmuch as she can sing in either voice, having the two separate, distinct qualities. This statement, if it does not induce an arching of highbrow, may at least produce the impression that the lady from Holland is a freak; not, however, without doing her injustice. There is nothing suggestive of vocal acrobatics about Miss Koenen. She does not belong to the awful Ellen Beach Yaw school. She does nothing eccentric or inartistic, unless it be an occasional slight tendency to emit as the climax of her crescendos something akin to that famous church choir yowl with which dear old Lillian Nordica used to evoke the bravas! of the groundlings. Miss Koenen is above all things artistic. Though possessed unquestionably of two qualities of voice she is never guilty of a failure to blend her registers. When she employs the contralto quality her tones are as true as Schumann-Heink's. But in some songs the quality is distinctly the mezzo-soprano brand. Now this is not a question of range. It is entirely a question of quality, and it is certainly unique. The program rendered by Miss Koenen on her first appearance here was one of infinite variety, affording her opportunity in a single concert to vindicate not only the breadth of her artistry but also the depth of her temperament, the perfection of her technique and the high quality of her intelligence. Especially pleasing is her enunciation, one essential of the vocal art that is very much neglected nowadays. To her credit be it said the smallness of her audience had no perceptible effect on her enthusiasm. Doubtless she realized that as a stranger in a strange land the attention she commanded must have been that of people with a sense of art and that the hearty expression of their approval was no idle tribute of deference to reputation such as is often uncarned and undeserved.

Two Vaudeville Shows

By Edward F. O'Day

Although "Wine, Woman and Song," the week's attraction at the Savoy, is announced as a "satirical farcical musical review," it may do just as well to dispense with all these adjectives and regard it merely as a vaudeville show. Thus considering it, it will be found that the manager with not unusual vaudeville perversity has chosen the wrong performer for his "bill-topper." Bonita may be the most beautiful woman in Columbus circle, though I doubt it, but she would not be able to complete one tour of the circuits as a ragtime singer; she doesn't take her syncopated tunes seriously enough. As a beauty she shines by comparison, for the chorus girls by whom she is surrounded were surely not selected for their pulchritude and as for their figures, nothing need be said, for they have none. The merit of "Wine, Woman and Song" abides in the men and Miss Mamie Walker. Miss Walker is a toe dancer of considerable ability and grace; she enlivens her abstruse science with steps that are characteristically American. She is the Querita Vincent of toe dancers. As for the men, I liked James Mullen best. He has absorbed somewhere the traditions of the old-time burlesquers and whether as a comic Richard III or as a silly comedian, he is a continuous cause of laughter. David Jones is a versatile comedian who can play an Italian and a Hungarian Jew as well as give an excellent imitation of David Warfield. Lew Hearn is a very capable foil for James Mullen, being as small as Mullen is large, and shines as a village constable and as an Irishman. With these three comedians must be mentioned Alan Coogan, a very soft shoe dancer. The specialties provided by these performers would be just as enjoyable if they were presented in vaudeville fashion; perhaps more so. There is a lot of time wasted in "Wine, Woman and Song" in the various efforts to insinuate different plots for which nobody cares a rap. And then, if these performers were in vaudeville the collection of chunky and skinny legs which does duty for a chorus might be disbanded. Some of those girls would surely win prizes in one of Professor Puckett's marathon dances; others only exist to illustrate what "attenuated" means.

The Orpheum has a very capable actress who has not been seen here since the days of the Morosco stock company in Miss Lottie Williams. Miss Williams plays the character of a "hashslinger" in Pell street and plays it for all the slang and sentiment there is in it. Edmund Day has provided her a vehicle called "On Stony Ground" which is plotted with extreme obviousness, no doubt to accentuate the character part. Miss Williams is so good an actress that Mr. Day might have written less obviously without taxing her capacity. Miss Elsie Faye of the rolling eyes and the insinuating voice cannot come to the Orpheum too often for some of us who remember the time, not so far back, when vaudeville had more of her singing and dancing kind. While I would hate to be mistaken for a mere praiser of the days gone by, I must say that Miss Faye with her sidekickers, Joe Miller and Sam Weston, belong to the class of vaudeville elect who are less in evidence on the circuit than they used to be. I would much rather see Miss Faye dance and make play with her saucery eyes and hear her sing—everything she does is instinct with the intelligence that shines in her face—than listen to Miss Violet King play the piano with one hand and the violin with the other or to Miss Lily Charlene hammering at the xylophone. Not that I dislike the piano, violin or xylophone; it is merely a question of a vaudeville taste trained by many critical years in the old Orpheum gallery where you went early to get

a good ten cent seat. Once the xylophone player was a novelty; it is a novelty no more. The same is true of the spectacular lighting effects which La Loie Fuller and Papinta used to combine with dancing. Miss Ida Fuller has eliminated the dancing and her spectacular effects are so beautiful that I suppose she had reason to protect them, as announced in the program, by United States patent number 643,493. When it comes to protection by patent, Miss Marie Glazier would probably be at a loss what to protect, for she has nothing except her association with Arthur Dunn who has a quiet cleverness sui generis and is in no danger of being imitated. Talking of patents, if the Ahearns should ever decide to patent the ridiculously funny contrivances on which they cycle, I will be willing to pay a visit to Washington just to look them over and laugh at them again; but of course they would not be nearly as comic away from the Ahearns, one of whom in particular is a rare low comedian. The feminine Ahearn is a peach. Mr. William Gould, it seems, is not only a popular raconteur with original compositions but also a favorite here and abroad. That being the case it would be superfluous to praise and besides nothing I could say would add to the evident high esteem in which Mr. Gould holds himself. I was very much taken by Mr. Gould's Nile green cuff links which matched his Nile green shirt studs which in turn matched the Nile green buttons of his waistcoat. There is a freshness about Nile green which is in strong contrast with the weather-beaten color of some of Mr. Gould's "original" jokes.

Stage

"The Round-Up" at the Columbia

After a number of weeks of musical offerings, the Columbia Theatre will, on Monday night, present a dramatic attraction calculated to command the undivided attention of the theatregoers of this city. The announcements already made that Klaw and Erlanger's massive production, "The Round-Up," will be seen commencing Monday night have awakened more than usual interest, for the news of this success reached here some time ago. The company is headed by Maclyn Arbuckle who made a big success in the original production of the Edmund Day play. This powerful spectacular melodrama of life in southwestern Arizona when General Crook was chasing Conchise, the famous Apache renegade and his band of red-skins back to their reservation, has made a remarkable appeal to theatregoers. Twenty genuine Apache Indians appear in the play with their war ponies. The cast includes besides Maclyn Arbuckle, Albert Phillips, Joseph M. Lothian, Sidney Cushing, Elmer Grandin, William Conklin, S. L. Richardson, James Asburn, Jacques Martin, Ogden Crane, Fred R. Stanton, "Texas" Cooper, Grace Benham, Marie Taylor and Paula Gloy. Matinees will be given on Saturdays only.

Tilly Koenen's Farewell Concert

For her farewell concert at the Garrick Theatre this Sunday afternoon, March 20, Tilly Koenen has prepared a program which will contain a number of works by well known composers that have never been sung in this city. Books of the words in English and German will be distributed gratis. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's until Saturday evening and on Sunday the box office will open at the Garrick at 9:30 a. m.

"The Red Mill" at the Savoy

The last performances of "Wine, Woman and Song," with Bonita and her company of burlesquers, will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and commencing at the Sunday matinee "The Red Mill" will begin an engagement limited to one week. "The Red Mill" is one of the best musical offerings of the decade and boasts of a year's run at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, four months in Boston and two months in Philadelphia. It is by those necromancers of stage composition, Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. In seeking a novel setting for the action Mr. Blossom happily hit upon the country of Holland. The characters in the piece, with one or two exceptions, are all Dutch, and their quaint and brightly colored costumes, exhibited in a frame work of whirling windmills and Delft decorations, form some novel and pretty stage pictures. In the company are some clever players and a chorus of fifty. The usual bargain matinee will be given on Thursday. "As the Sun Went Down," a comedy-drama of unusual interest and with that favorite actress, Estha Williams, in the leading role, will follow "The Red Mill" at the Savoy.

Maud Allan, the Dancer

Managers Will L. Greenbaum and Martin Beck announce that in order to prevent speculators from procuring the best seats for the appearances of Maud Allan, the classic dancer, they will open a mail order sale, a method that proved satisfactory in the Sembrich and Schumann-Heink engagements. The entertainments will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, April 5, 7 and 8, and Sunday afternoon, April 10. Seats will be $2.50 and $2.00 downstairs and $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 upstairs. Mail orders will receive prompt attention in the order received, if accompanied by check or money order and addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co., corner of Kearny and Sutter streets. The public sale of seats will open Wednesday, March 30, at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

MAUD POWELL

The greatest living woman violinist who will give concerts at the Garrick Theatre.

"Are You a Mason?" at the Alcazar

Ever since "Are You a Mason?" attained its celebrity as a mirthmaker the Alcazar management has utilized it as their offering during the last week of Lent, and this year there will be no deviation from that rule. The famous farce is announced to be started on its tenth annual run next Monday evening. William Desmond will have the role of the young benedick who gets himself and other folk into all sorts of ridiculous situations by

informing his trusting wife that his nocturnal absences from home were necessitated by his attendance at lodge meetings, and Evelyn Vaughan will be seen as the deceived one. Burt Wesner is cast for the part of her father, who has also been deluding his helpmate into belief that he is a member of the society. William Garwood will be well suited as the accommodating youth who obliges his friend by masquerading as a modiste and thus leads him into many mishaps. So will Louis Bennison as the "rube" who is put to severe physical and mental tests to prove his eligibility to enter Masonic brotherhood. Howard Hickman will again be seen as the unscrupulous faker who takes advantage of every chance to profit at the expense of those who trust him; and Adele Belgarde as the jealous matron who regards Masonry as a protector of the domestic hearth. Bessie Barriscale, Will R. Walling, Grace Travers and all the other Alcazar favorites will be nicely disposed in one of the funniest plays that was ever written.

The Bill at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be headed by Madame Mauricia Morichini, prima donna of the Manhattan Grand Opera House, New York, Theatre Chatelet, Paris, and many other famous European opera houses. Two years ago she aroused great interest in local musical circles and her reappearance should be enthusiastically welcomed. She will be heard in a repertoire of songs in Italian, French, Spanish and English. Direct from Europe comes Berg's Six Merry Girls. Their offering which is in three sections is as follows (a) Going to the ball, (b) Acrobatic maidens, (c) Parisian musical clowns on parade. "The Devil, the Servant and the Man" is the title of a sketch to be presented in which "The Devil" and "The Servant in the House" are thrown together to form a dramatic incident that carries a moral. Dan Avery and Charles Hart, the Sunny Comedians, will appear in an entirely new act. During their engagement they will introduce two of their own compositions, "Down Among the Sugar Cane" and "Gee, You're Getting Too Sweet to Live." Next week will close the engagements of Elsie Faye, Joe Miller and Sam Weston; Billy Gould; Violet King; and Arthur Dunn and Marie Glazier in "The Messenger Boy."

The Maud Powell Concerts

Maud Powell, the great violinist, will make her first appearance in this city at the Garrick Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 27, and will play the following exceptional program: "Concerto" (first movement), Tschaikowsky, "Duo" for violin and piano by Schubert, two Bach "Preludes" and a Fiorillo "Prelude" and numbers by Couperin, Beethoven, Chopin, Sarasate and Wieniawski. At the second concert, Thursday night, March 31, Caesar Franck's beautiful "Sonata" for violin and piano, the Vieuxtemp "Concerto" and works by Massenet, Mozart, Dvorak and the brilliant Tartini work, "Trill of the Devil," are among the good things promised. For the farewell concert on Sunday afternoon the Mendelssohn "Concerto" and Locatelli "Sonata" are on the list. Complete programs may be had at Sherman, Clay & Co's where the sale of seats opens next Wednesday.

"The Eternal City" for Liberty Patrons

Following a highly successful week with "The Girl of the Golden West," the Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, will on next Monday evening present "The Eternal City," considered by many the best of the plays Hall Caine has made from his own novels. "The Christian," by that prolific author, is a fine conception, but "The Eternal City" is a more lofty and ennobling theme. It tells the story of Rossi, the leader of the Roman people, and of his love for Donna Roma, the sculptress and ward of the Prime Minister. Their undying love, which remains steadfast through trials that shake the foundation of church and state, their triumph at last, and his elevation to the position of Dictator of Rome, form a powerful drama that one never forgets. The scenes are laid in and near Rome and are supposed to occur at some future date, and afford exceptional opportunities for a display of the scene-painter's art, while the cast is not only a long one but one containing many excellent acting roles. In them will be seen all the well established favorites of the company, with Sydney Ayres and Elizabeth Stewart as Rossi and Donna Roma respectively. After one week of "The Eternal City," "Cameo Kirby" will be given as the attraction for Easter Week.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues

"Our Own Hawaii," "Old Japan Today," "New Japan Today," "Java" and "More About Paris" will be the subjects of the five Travelogues of the Burton Holmes Series to be given at the Garrick Theatre commencing Monday night, April 11. The three courses will be so arranged that subscribers need go but twice a week for two weeks and once the third week in order to hear all the interesting subjects. A special matinee course will be given also in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Mr. Beck Promises Prize for Playlet

Martin Beck, general manager of the Orpheum Circuit, and promoter of the newly organized international circuit, announces a unique contest by which he says he expects to procure the best one-act play ever written, for the coming Actors' Fund Fair. Unlike the other contests this provides for two tests. First, the six most

ALBERT PHILLIPS and GRACE BENHAM

As Jack Payson and Echo Allen in "The Round Up" at the Columbia Theatre

promising plays will be selected from those submitted. These will then be produced at the Fair by Mr. Beck, the entire proceeds going to charity. After all have been presented he will award a prize of $250 to the author of the play voted most successful. In entering the contest no author loses the right to royalties, says Mr. Beck. "I will put the prize winner on our circuit and, of course, pay the winner the usual weekly percentage. If any of the remaining five plays grip the audience sufficiently, I will take them under the same conditions. Never have the conditions for new authors been so auspicious. The plays will be acted at the Fair by the best actors and actresses in America, from both the vaudeville and regular theatres. The only requirements that the plays must fulfill are that they be clean and not last over thirty minutes. The act may be a comedy, farce, musical sketch or tragedy." The contest closes April 1, to allow time for the selection and preparation of the plays, the first of which will be presented on the opening day of the Fair, May 9. All manuscripts must be typewritten and sent to E. L. Sheldon, Actors' Fund Fair, 1432 Broadway. Mr. Beck has invited the following well-known critics to act as judges: Matthew J. White Jr., dramatic editor of Munsey's; Adolph Klauber, dramatic editor of the Times; Louis V. DeFoe, dramatic editor of the World; Sam McKee, vaudeville editor of The Morning Telegraph, and Acton Davies, dramatic editor of the Evening Sun.

Bobby North Belascoized

Bobby North whose Hebraic impersonations are well remembered by San Franciscans has passed under the spell of David Belasco. North was playing a near-Broadway engagement when Belasco engaged him for a character part in "Just a Wife," Eugene Walter's latest drama. He has made a distinct hit and is enamored of legitimate acting. But before all else he is hypnotised by the Belasco personality. To an interviewer North spoke recently in awed tones of "the decree of fate" which brought him "to know this really great man." This is how North estimates the value of a Belasco training: "It's like going to college. No day closes without learning something new. Mr. Belasco has the power to tell you in one or two words exactly what he wants, and has also the ability to portray each character himself. I would like to say through your paper that I consider Mr. Belasco the greatest of stage directors, and I consider it a privilege to be associated with him. This is my first step in the dramatic field." This is part of the formula which all the Belasco players use in discussing their chief. Mrs. Leslie Carter used to employ it; so did Blanche Bates. David Warfield still talks in this strain; and little Frances Starr harps enthusiastically on the same key. Nance O'Neil has only been a Belasco player for a short time, but she has acquired the patter too. There is no doubt that Belasco possesses a wonderful power of impressing his players with his greatness; probably that is one reason why he gets such results out of them.

Clara—Did Mr. Coalinga propose passionately?
Maud—No, but his manner had the right ring to it.

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Odd Things in the World

Some striking indications of the German workingmen's prosperity are contained in the Prussian savings bank statistics. The deposits in the kingdom, which comprises only two-third of the empire, totalled $2,393,250,000 at the end of 1908. Deposits during that year were $112,500,000 more than in 1907, and the excess of deposits over withdrawals amounted to $30,000,000. The greatest increase of deposits over withdrawals was registered in the heart of industrial Germany, the Rhine province and Westphalia contributing $19,750,000 and $15,000,000 respectively. There are rather more than thirty savings bank accounts to every 100 persons of the population of Prussia, while the total number of accounts have increased twice as fast as the rate of increase of the population. Experts predict that 1910 will bring the total Prussian savings bank deposits to $2,500,000,000. The amount due to depositors in the British post office savings bank in 1908 was $803,241,070. The increase in 1908 was only $15,740,685.

An ingenious method of smuggling saccharin has been detected at Bregenz, Austria, where seven men were arrested for importing large quantities of contraband. When the Geneva-Munich express arrived at Bregenz the station master had a coach containing seven travelers uncoupled from the express and detained for examination. He had been warned by telegraph from Zurich that seven smugglers of Geneva were in the train with a large quantity of saccharin. After an exhaustive search the officials failed to find any contraband and were about to apologize to the seven travelers for their detention when one customs inspector accidentally kicked a hot water pipe in a first class compartment and the secret was revealed. All the hot water pipes in the carriage were in duplicate, differing in no detail as to length, breadth and color, but one set was of metal and the other set made of papier mache containing saccharin, which is about nine times as expensive in Austria as in Switzerland.

One of the curiosities in natural history in the colony of Queensland is the provision by nature of a supply of water in the roots of certain trees. On these roots the aborigines formerly depended for their water supply for several months of the year. There are several kinds of trees in Queensland from which water can be obtained, including three species of eucalyptus, and the kurrajong. The eucalypti consist of a gum, which is the largest of the back country trees, a box, and mallee. The first named is the most preferred, as yielding the greatest quantity. This tree resembles the red gum in appearance, the leaves being a little narrower and of a silvery color. It grows chiefly on sandy or light loamy soil and throws out numerous lateral roots at a depth of about nine inches from the surface of the ground. The position of these roots was ascertained by the blacks by repeatedly jabbing the points of a spear or sharpened stick in the soft earth at a distance of about six or eight feet from the trunk of the tree. The soil was then removed with a wooden shovel for some twenty feet or more and the root cut off at either end. This was then cut up into lengths of about eighteen inches, the bark knocked off and the lengths stood on end in some receptacle to contain the water. In many cases the blacks used a bag made of the entire skin of the male wallaby. As soon as all these pieces were placed on end the operator, beginning with the first placed, put the end in his mouth, and by a vigorous puff expelled the remaining water. The size of the roots chosen was, with the bark on, about the thickness of a man's wrist. The larger ones, being more woody and less porous, contain little or no water. The water is beautifully clear, cool and free from any unpleasant taste or smell.

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The Snare

(Continued from Page 8.)

We're already the best friends imaginable. I confided to him my fear of games of chance, particularly of trente et quarante, which, I told him, has already scorched me. That's only too true! And I told him of my taste for whist. I had secured a little information. Darcy comes to the club every afternoon at five and plays whist till seven. And he'll play with us today, if you're willing."

"You aren't going to propose to pluck him to get Rene his ten thousand, I hope," I laughed.

"What about your promise not to ask questions?" he returned, with a very serious air. "Play just as you desire. Only, toward the middle of the game, I want you to say to me, 'I've never seen that ring before, Bordin.' And you must beg me to let you examine the ruby which I shall wear on my little finger."

He had drawn from his pocket an old ring, in which was set a stone of admirable size and purity.

"It came to me from my Polish grandmother," he told me, while I was examining it. "The good woman, a genuine Slav, had a passion for jewels in her day. I disposed of nearly all we inherited from her jewel-boxes, in my days of need, before I began to get orders for portraits. But I kept this ruby for a rainy day. I'm jolly well glad I didn't sell it. I've been offered forty thousand francs for it. And since we've begun to talk money, would you mind counting these notes, to see if there are ten of one thousand francs each?"

He gave me an envelope, whose contents I verified.

Bordin continued: "Here's the most delicate detail of your share in the plot. You must carry this ten thousand francs to Darcy this very afternoon. Tell him that you have been requested by Rene's father to discharge part of the debt immediately."

"I don't understand," I answered, after a mental debate of some seconds, in which curiosity conquered my repugnance to lying, even to Darcy. "But I promise. I'll do it."

Through his profession the usurer was accustomed to arrangements of this sort. The hasty and indirect manner of payment did not seem to astonish him. If any scruples had remained in my mind, I would have lost them, for I heard him say, while he gave me back the IOU's for ten thousand:

"Tell Monsieur X. that I have let the money to his son only to prevent his falling into the hands of certain sharks. I was quite willing to give him time, all the time he wished, and I'll let the little balance run as long as he likes."

His was the tone of an amiable and easy-going man whom the companionship at a feast makes indulgent to the follies of youth. That hypocrisy of his gave me such horror that I passionately desired the success of the "rather severe farce" proposed by Bordin. So it was without the least hesitation that I made the remark we had agreed upon, regarding the ring, as we sat at the whist table some hours later. Everything had gone as the painter had announced. We had found Darcy at the club and we had made up a whist party with him and another.

"That's a family jewel," Bordin answered, laughing. "It's a very cheap one. I carry the ring only when I'm playing, as a fetish. It's too conspicuous for ordinary occasions. But don't go into ecstasies over the stone. It's an imitation."

"Imitation?" cried Darcy, almost involuntarily. "With such a gleam as that? It surely isn't possible—"

I simply couldn't see through my friend's plan. Why did he, contrary to all evidence and the truth itself, cheapen the stone whose value he had told me himself? Anyway, if he had wished to arouse the curiosity of the usurer, as well as mine, he had succeeded.

"Yes, an imitation," Bordin repeated, with the phlegmatic air of the imperturbable comedian. "Absolutely false."

He had taken the ring from his finger and handed it to me. In turn I handed it to Darcy, whose eyes had gained the peculiar expression they had the day before, when he looked on at the financial downfall of Boyard.

"This ruby is mounted in a remarkable way, for an imitation stone," said Darcy.

"That's why my father always thought it must have been repaired by some scoundrelly jeweler who substituted a false stone for the genuine. As you see, the mounting is not of French workmanship. My father was greatly astonished when he found a false ruby of such a size among the trinkets, after my grandmother's death. The will left us no doubt, however, as to its being an imitation."

"Indeed," responded Darcy, after he had inspected the ring closely and from all sides. "The work was done by a clever artist. Mighty clever," he repeated, as he handed back the ring and the whist continued.

But the carelessness of the usurer showed how preoccupied he was. Over what? His continual glances toward the ruby said enough. Bordin seemed not to notice him. But I, who had some idea of his plans, observed that he handled his ring as a lark hunter does his mirrors. His moving hands kept showing that ruby, now at one angle, now at another, and the stone flashed so that one might have thought it a talisman, conscious of its task of vengeance. When we had risen from the table the charm had worked, for Darcy approached the painter with an embarrassment which was explained to me ten minutes later.

"It's taking," my friend said to me with a merry laugh. "That d'Estourmel didn't lie. Darcy came to ask me if I'd lend him the ring for twenty-four hours. He wanted to examine the mounting."

"You lent it to him? Then it's' true, the ruby is an imitation?"

"No, it's genuine. I've already told you I was offered forty thousand for it."

"I'm on. He's going to carry it to a jeweler. They'll tell him its value. Tomorrow he'll return to you and tell you that it's lost, persuaded that you won't howl over a stone which you think an imitation. You'll threaten to have him arrested, and profit by his terror to get from him the notes which Rene has signed."

"Nobly done," grinned Bordin, with an irony which did not anger me, so interested was I by the enigma. "You must dispense with an answer from me," he continued. "That's our agreement. But I want you to be very exact in getting to the club at half after four. Darcy will be there. I shall arrive at five. He'll use the thirty minutes in asking questions about me. You will tell him from what family I come, and who the Gorkis are, if he happens not to know. He'll ask you if I'm rich. You'll tell him that I have been, but that I live expensively and that gambling costs me dear, very dear. In short, make him think that I'm in need."

You may be sure that I did not fail to be at the rendezvous. Darcy was already there. I wondered hom my comrade could have guessed with such correctness the questions which would be put to me by the usurer, evidently burning with a fiery desire

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to purchase that stone, which he knew to be genuine and which he believed the owner considered false. The greatness of the gain had put him in a fever of impatience.

"You are quite sure that your friend will be here today?" he ended, after he had looked at his watch several times.

"Quite sure," I answered; "we dine together."

He drew the ruby from his pocket, his temptation evident.

"A false stone of such beauty is certainly a curiosity," he said. "And such a mounting! I repeat what I said yesterday—it's a marvel. That Countess Gorka must have been rich to amuse herself with fantasies so costly and so useless. I have known Monsieur Bordin as a painter; I did not know him as a millionaire."

I repeated my lines about his terrible prodigality, pretending to be rather ashamed of gossiping about my friend. As Bordin came in he quite justified my tale, with his sombre appearance and his nervous glance.

"Ah, so you have brought back my ring, monsieur," he said, after a salutation with very little politeness to it. "I was wrong to lend it to you. I didn't have it, and it's the ring that always makes me win. It is grotesque," he added, addressing me. "After lunch I went to hear a little music at Monte Carlo. One has only to open his eyes when he's there to convince himself that he ought not to gamble. Who has paid for this tremendous wealth of buildings, terraces, flowers? Who? Those who lose on the green cloth! Well, you see one of them. I played, and I lost. Don't ask me how much. I'm so disgusted with myself—"

While he was lamenting he approached the fire, putting on his finger the ring which Darcy had given back to him. With his back to the flames and his hands in his back pockets, he commenced to warm the soles of his shoes, lifting his feet one after the other, without seeming to pay any attention to Darcy or myself.

The usurer had to his lips words which he did not dare to pronounce. He lighted a cigar, to give himself an appearance of ease, just as young Rene had done in a neighboring apartment a few evenings before; and, still like Rene, he drew me aside, to speak to me, in a low tone:

"Monsieur Bordin seems very much out of sorts," he said. "If he needs a little loan, I happen to be in funds. I happened to have a little luck lately at baccarat. I admire his painting tremendously—Indeed, I should be delighted—Coome to think of it, I am making a collection of old rings. I would buy that one of his very gladly."

"It's done," thought I to myself, "but the devil take me if I see where we get off!" Aloud, I said, "Why don't you ask him?" Bordin raised his head, as though he knew we were speaking of him, and I continued: "Monsieur Darcy was speaking of your ring. He would like it for his collection. He wants to know if he could possibly get it from you."

"What? Sell my ring?" asked the painter, raising his hand and looking at the ruby. On his expressive face he had the astonishment of a loser who suddenly perceives a new chance which he had not expected. There was a little knitting of his eyebrows, a trembling of his lips—the remorse of the prodigal son before some sacred relic. Ah, what a wonderful actor! Turning toward Darcy, he said: "But you know very well that the ring has no value at all, since the stone is an imitation. Oh, I know; there's the mounting. But what you would give me for it would be insignificant in comparison with the memories which the trinket carries."

"I am a collector, monsieur," the usurer said simply. This other and less harmless actor assumed the good-humored smile of the man with a hobby who is going to do some foolish thing of which he is perfectly aware. "Consequently," he continued, "that ring with its false stone has for me, merely in its style, as much value as it has for you—perhaps more. You have other family jewels, while this mounting is unique. What would you say if I should offer you," and he hesitated, "four thousand francs?"

"Four thousand francs?" repeated Bordin, as though overcome by the size of the amount. He looked at the ring again, and exclaimed, raising his head: "No. That's ten times as much as it's worth. But what could I do with four thousand? I couldn't begin to play with that. And then, this ring is not merely a token. As I've told you, it's my mascot."

"Five thousand, then?" insisted Darcy.

"Five thousand?" the painter repeated, and looked at the ring again. Again his brows were knit, his lips trembled, his fist was clenched—in all an astonishing imitation of the signs of a debate of the conscience. Chopping his words, he growled out: "Then you want the ring as much as all that? If you wish to pay a perfectly absurd price, I consent to sell it to you. It will be ten thousand francs or nothing. Give it to me, and this imitation ruby is yours. I, too, value this ring, greatly. But ten thousand may be worth the pain of parting with it."

While he was making this offer he had wildly drawn the ring from his hand, turning away his eyes. Without saying a word, but with intense emotion hinted in his face, Darcy drew from his pocket his portfolio and took out some bank-notes—no doubt the same I had given him to redeem my young friend's notes. He held out the package to Bordin, who gave him the ring. Then, as though he were ashamed of this shameful bartering, the grandson of the Countess Gorka seized my arm and dragged me away, with a step like that of the victim of the green cloth who is hastening to get his revenge.

We had scarcely left the building when he burst into merry laughter, then heralded solemnly: "Make way for the king's judge!" Then, to me: "Do you understand now?"

He drew from his pocket a ring exactly like the one I had just seen him give to Darcy for the ten thousand. "Here's the ring I let him take home—to be examined by the jeweler. The Countess Gorka had an exact imitation made to protect the real stone—and you heard me say 'Give me the ten thousand and this imitation ruby is yours." Now you may consider the ten thousand I advanced as Rene's, for this refunds me. With it he has paid Darcy his usurious interest."

"You changed the real stone for the imitation while your hands were in your pockets, as you stood before the fire?" I asked.

Bordin nodded, and again he laughed like a boy, chuckling: "And the best of it is that you and the fourth hand we had at whist yesterday heard me say that the stone was a false one. So Darcy thought I was one of those fool scions who wouldn't think of having a family jewel appraised—and tried to cheat me!"

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Letters

"Tower of Ivory" by Mrs. Atherton

Mrs. Atherton's new novel, "Tower of Ivory," so far surpasses all her previous work that even her second-best must be rated as only pretty good in comparison. It was scarcely necessary for the publishers to issue a warning that it "is NOT a novel of divorce, politics, finance, muck-raking, capital and labor, woman suffrage, international marriages (save incidentally), New York society, the Tenderloin, New England, the South, Alaska, Bohemia, a new Balkan Estate, the negro, mysticism, symbolism, or any sort of sermon," for, whatever else the author may have been guilty of, she has never used her talents in the propagation of tracts. The reader who has become more or less inured to the pill in the jam may begin to wonder what "Tower of Ivory" is, and he may be assured that it is just plain story, not designed for misses in short skirts and masters in knickerbockers, not an exploitation of unsavory incidents set forth to "teach a moral," but for those who have sound literary digestion and philosophy enough to accept the facts of life as they are, not as they might be in an ideal world. a novel which will bear more than one reading and plenty of pondering over. The character which holds the center of the stage throughout is a woman, a great dramatic soprano, the most realistic interpreter of the Wagnerian roles. She is under the protection of the mad King Leopold of Bavaria but knows him only as her patron. Though she must appear when he commands, and give performances to him alone when and where he wills, she has never met him face to face. There is, of course, plenty of gossip but Margarethe Styr remains something of a mystery. She ignores society, makes few friends and no intimates and is apparently all artiste, with the woman eliminated. The truth is that Margarethe Styr, great singer and Bavarian countess, is a recrudescence of a very different character. Born a waif in a Pennsylvania coal mine, orphaned at birth of her mother, and never having had any knowledge of a father, she lived the first fifteen years of her life in squalor and did not so much as know there was an alphabet. Possessed of some good looks and no morals whatever, it is not difficult to surmise her first step outward if not upward. Thirteen years of a career too black to be checkered found her at the end of that time thoroughly sated with the life, and the sole survivor of a Pacific Coast wreck in which all the other members of the cheap theatrical company with which she was traveling were lost, she was able to lose her identity as Margaret Hill. Having discovered that she possessed a voice and a mind she set to work, determined to cultivate both and here we find her in Bavaria, the favorite of the mad king Leopold, and the premiere of the opera house. Margarethe simply ignored her past. She pretended to herself no remorse for anything she had done, but accepted it as experience which enabled her to be what she was. John Ordham, the young Englishman on whose career Margarethe Styr was destined to have so great an influence, is an unusual type, at least in fiction. He was the second son of a peer now deceased, the title having fallen with the estate, to his elder half-brother. Ordham was destined by his natural ability, his family influence and his lack of other means of subsistence, for a diplomatic career, but he was inordinately idle and self-indulgent and likely to let the time slip by in social enjoyment until he had passed the limit at which he was eligible to examination. He was born to be managed but not controlled by women. Handsome, graceful, and with a look of eternal youth, he was petted and indulged by all and several until in many regards he was only a big infant. It was his good fortune to meet Margarethe Styr and to be made the rare exception and admitted to an intimate friendship with her. She had a thorough American contempt for a helpless idler and managed to let Ordham see himself as he was, as far as practical ability went, no better off than the loathsome degenerates of aristocracy who prowled about the cafes at night. Under her guidance he set himself seriously to work and in a short time mastered the required subjects and was ready to pass his examinations. It had been determined by both friends and family that Ordham must marry wealth. He was not the type of fortune hunter so often met in both fact and fiction, vicious, impoverished and degenerate, but on the contrary, whether considered mentally or physically, a desirable youth, and it was not long before the eligible match presented itself in the person of Mabel Cutting, an American heiress, young and beautiful enough to please the most fastidious, and, moreover, very much in love with him. Ordham imagined that he had chosen the girl for himself, directly in opposition to his mother and prevailing against her own initial indifference. In reality he was managed into it by a clever trio, his mother who, knowing his disposition, had planned the plot, Mrs. Cutting, who was not only willing but anxious, and Mabel herself who had been carefully coached for the part she was to play. So successfully was the scheme conceived that it needed only a fortnight of opportunity and all was ready for a speedy marriage. The one serious mistake was made by the poor girl who did not realize that she was cast for a continuous performance, but dropped her role as soon as the trap was sprung. Almost immediately Ordham discovered that his bride had no interest whatever in his career. She was determined not to live on the continent where the cooking would ruin her complexion and she would have to take a place inferior to the "old frumps" in the service, but had decided on a career for herself as an English beauty presiding over house parties and entertaining royalties. Very soon he found himself acting as host to a succession of brilliant gatherings but without a suspicion that he was being managed again and that the same clever trio who had impounded him before was now intent on placing obstacles in his way until, disgusted by his lack of enthusiasm, his name would be dropped from the Foreign Office rolls and his chance of a career ended. It was Margarethe Styr who became again his guardian angel. She had no intention of "coming between" husband and wife in vulgar fashion, but was determined that his ambition should not fail, so consummate actress that she was, she reopened a correspondence with him and subtly suggested the truth. Despite his soft and yielding exterior Ordham had a skeleton of iron and once his suspicions were aroused he determined to free himself from bondage. One's sympathies are divided between the girl wife, so unfitted in every respect to be the wife of a diplomat, so affectionate as to be silly, and so young and inexperienced, and the man who must either set himself in opposition to her and fight for his life if he is to be a man or degenerate into the tame cat, the husband of a rich wife whose exactions would increase by indulgence of her whims. Mrs. Cutting, the mother, is an interesting study. An excellent woman after her kind, she was yet a poor specimen of a wife, living chiefly abroad for the benefit of her only child's education, and forgetting or ignoring her husband in every respect save as a source of supply. It was her attitude when, Margarethe Styr having come to London for a brief operatic season, she flatly refused to accede to Ordham's desire to repay some part of the courtesy shown him in Munich, which brought family affairs to a crisis. Mrs. Cutting stood firmly for "the purity of the home," and Ordham, with his characteristic obstinacy when any attempt was made to drive him, saw far more of his good friend than he otherwise would have, and entered upon a new stage of intimacy with her. Hitherto their companionship had been altogether mental but now they were brought to realize that there might be more, and when Mabel brought to bear her petty jealousy and her gift of crying beautifully it is scarcely to be wondered that Ordham was driven by exasperation to the verge of brutality. It was anything for an excuse to escape, a few breaths of fresh air. Though put in cold print his conversation with his mother-in-law when he left, ostensibly for the bedside of his brother, may strike the reader as crudely selfish, nevertheless it is plainly true and probably represents accurately enough the average masculine sentiment. It has been often questioned whether an author has the right to invoke death as an aid when a situation becomes too complicated. Inconvenient people in the real world have a bad habit of lingering on the scene no matter how strong the temptation to banish them. At any rate, Mrs. Atherton has had no hesitation, and not only does the expected heir, but the tearful wife, bewailing her youth and beauty and untried opportunities and the superfluous elder brother die within a few days of each other leaving Ordham, at twenty-six, free, with means enough to gratify his every wish and a title and social position as a peer into the bargain. In a way he owes this emancipation to Margarethe as well as his earlier success, and, not unnaturally, it comes to him that after a decent season of mourning their lives shall be united. Here arises a new and unforseen coil, for Ordham is perfectly well aware that if he marries Margarethe the story of her past will rise up and make a diplomatic career an impossibility. If he settles down on his estates in England future generations may point with pride to her as an ancestress but what of the children of such a union? How can they hold their heads up? Again, has he any right to ask her to abandon her career, and if not, can he have his wife maintaining a position as a public entertainer, artiste though she is? On Margarethe's part there are likewise unanswerable questions. Suppose she accepts his sacrifice and lets him abandon his career, will neither of them regret it thereafter? Suppose she gives up her own and discovers that after all she is more artiste than woman? The manner in which she solves the enigma is unique and leaves no opportunity for reconsideration. It is not inconsistent with her character and by means of it she still holds her influence over Ordham's career, making of him what perhaps he would never have made of himself alone. There are some remarkably fine bits of description in "Tower of Ivory," notably that of the last performance of the Gotterdamerung in the darkened, empty Hof, the only audience being the mad king and the solitary Ordham; the notable performance of Tristan and Isolde, the village of Obermmeergau, the streets and gardens of Munich. And there is philosophy enough, and humor a-plenty. "Tower of Ivory" will take its place amongst the musical novels, though it will prove a disappointment to those who have been anticipating biographical revelations on the supposition that its heroine must be some of the well known singers of Wagnerian roles. It is a big book and decidedly the best thing Mrs. Atherton has yet done. It is only a little while ago that she avowed her repudiation of much of her earlier work. Given time enough, she may draw another line and wish to eliminate from our memories all that antedates this. From the Macmillan Company.

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Auto Notes

Dr. E. W. Westphal has taken delivery of his Stevens-Duryea. It is a very handsome Brewster Green car with a broad white stripe.

The Pacific Motor Car Company received at their warehouse in Oakland sixteen E-M-F cars which they are delivering about as fast as they arrive. This week they shipped two to the Vallejo Carriage Works at Vallejo; one to Mr. George F. Bell at Paso Robles; one to Owners' Garage at Bakersfield; two to Ward Bros. at Fort Bragg; six to Newman & Company at Newman; two cars to Mr. A. B. Mires at Modesto; two to Sweet Company at Visalia.

The new Light Six Stevens-Duryea car that went to Mr. A. W. Jackson has been very much admired. It is painted English Purple Lake, which is a color a little out of the ordinary.

The Pacific Motor Car Co. has received the following telegram:

Detroit, Mich., March 10, 1910.

To Pacific Motor Car Co.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Sale to J. P. Morgan and Company makes E-M-F Company larger and stronger financially. There will be no change in its policy. Same management as heretofore will continue and dealers' interests will be protected.

—Walter E. Flanders.

An interesting trip over the northern part of the State has just been completed by Ivan L. deJongh, manager of the Standard Motor Car Company. In speaking of his trip the well known local automobile man said: "The conditions in the northern part of the State for automobile trade are better than I have ever seen them. Practically everybody is anxious to own an automobile and during my short trip I received more inquiries about the Ford and Velie cars than I could take care of and as a result I arranged with Mr. G. A. Scott of Fort Bragg to represent the Standard Motor Car Company, with the Ford and Velie cars in the territory. The road conditions in the vicinity of Fort Bragg are about as bad as any part of the State, the thoroughfares being cut up and very rough owing to the recent storms, but not withstanding the conditions of the roads I had no diffculty in driving in my Ford car and in fact the sales I made on my trip were partly due to the good showing made by the machine over such roads. I expect to send a great many cars to the vicinity of Fort Bragg within the next two months, the first of these being shipped from the factory immediately."

Mr. R. S. Breck of Seattle thinks there is nothing like the Diamond Mountain Tread Tire. He writes that during continuous use on his Packard car covering trips from Los Angeles to Seattle through mountainous country, he has covered 7,000 miles with absolutely no tire trouble.

Mr. C. E. Nickerson of Seattle has just written The Diamond Rubber Co. of this city a very warm letter of recommendation in which he states that at the time of writing four Diamond Tires on his Reo car had given 12,000 miles service and look as though they would deliver several hundred miles more.

Greene & Griffin, real estate people in Phoenix, Ariz., are strong boosters of the Diamond line. On a car which they use in their business, Diamond Tires have given 11,000 miles service on the front wheels and an average of 6,000 miles service on the rear wheels.

Among the many recent purchasers of the Diamond Grip Tires this week are The Woodlawn Auto Co., Letchers Garage, Jas. Toler of San Leandro and H. L. Requa of Berkeley.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co., is in receipt of advices from their Los Angeles branch that the combined licensed and unlicensed auto shows held at that point, gave a total of 271 cars, 101 of which were equipped with Diamond Tires or 38 per cent of the total. This is a remarkable showing and indicates the strong hold Diamond Tires have in Southern California.

J. Henry Zitt, president of the San Diego Consolidated Brewing Co., is a very strong advocate of Diamond Tires. He writes that on his Dorris touring car he has covered over until after he had passed the 9,000 mile mark on all four tires.

William Kolb is starring in a new one. This, however, is not theatrical. Kolb's latest appearance is in a brand new Chalmers "30" pony tonneau. While the larger part of our good townsman is devoted to comic opera, a good share of what is left is automobile enthusiasm. Kolb always plays the lead and this, perhaps is why he has long since deposed his chauffeur and drives his car himself. The equipment and general appearance of his new Chalmers proves that Kolb's connoiseurship is not alone limited to song's and skips and prospective chorus girls, but extends as well to the automobile world.

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lubricated the winning Thomas car in the famous New York to Paris race, also the Protos and Zust cars which ran second and third. Zerolene proved its perfect lubricating and non-carbonizing qualities, and its zero-working ability in the most severe tests to which a lubricating oil has ever been put.

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The earliest mode of transportation in this country was that which the Pilgrim Fathers found the Indians using when the ponies of the latter dragged two long poles upon which were tied the red man's tepees and provisions.

From this down through the periods of the ox-cart, the two-wheeled chaise, of which the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sings so eloquently, to the Brewster buggy and the automobile, seems but a hurried step in the great process of transportation evolution.

In this procession of marvelous development some one car must necessarily blaze the way, and it is not speaking disparagingly of the others to refer to them as "trailers."

As the records of electric car performances plainly point, the "Babcock" is the car which has led the van from every standpoint of efficiency, safety, luxury and economy. It combines the grace, elegance and luxury of this type of vehicle with the comfort and wear-resisting qualities which warrant the purchaser in pinning his faith to this particular make of "electric."

The purchaser should not be asked to buy "claims," but be offered only results accomplished by a car of standard equipment and stock battery.

In some instances, there have been foisted upon the public results gained by the use of specially prepared batteries and freak cars, and manufacturers were not honest enough to tell this fact. It is in this, perhaps, that the "Babcock" has won its meed of confidence at the hands of the public, for almost every record-making test has been accomplished by just the same kind of a car you would purchase if you choose from the Pioneer Automobile Company.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, Deceased—No. 9067, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the will of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-706 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Post, Montgomery and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased.

GEORGE M. AHRENS,
Executor of the Will of Cathrine Weihmann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,
Rooms 701-706 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased—No. 9132, N. S., Dept. No. ——.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Mary A. Farren, Administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Neal Power, Esquire, Room 545, Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, deceased.

MARY A. FARREN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Farren, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, A. D. 1910.

NEAL POWER, ESQUIRE, Attorney for Said Administratrix,
Room 545, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased. to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased.

ALBINA AVY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Angelique M. Avy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, Deceased—No. 9009.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Esq., Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Building, Southeast Corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ZACHARIAH H. PRENTICE, deceased.

ORA PRENTICE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Zachariah H. Prentice, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 615 and 616 Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK KIRBY, Deceased—No. 9057, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of PATRICK KIRBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Sullivan & Sullivan and Theo. J. Roche, Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Building, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said PATRICK KIRBY, deceased.

BRIDGET MANNION,
Administratrix of the Estate of Patrick Kirby, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12, 1910.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1108 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK IGNAZ SAUTER, deceased.

MOSES STERN,
Executor of the Estate of Frank Ignaz Sauter, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19, 1910.

FROHMAN & JACOBS, Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GRACE SYMON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of H. M. Anthony, Number 374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GRACE SYMON, deceased.

SAMUEL C. SYMON,
Administrator of the Estate of Grace Symon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 19th, 1910.

H. M. ANTHONY, Attorney for Administrator,
374 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Depart No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased.

Emily R. Ferrenbach, the Administratrix of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 11th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the city and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, OTTO FERRENBACH, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, March 1st, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed March 1, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St. opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 3-5-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk ' newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, (also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN), deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, (also known as William G. Farren), John W. Farren, (also known as John W. Farren Jr.), Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, (also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr.), deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, (also known as William G. Farren), John W. Farren, (also known as John W. Farren Jr.), Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE DOWNING, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600 to 604, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased. JAMES A. DEVOTO and
ALBERT J. CASWELL,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of George Downing, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executors,
Rooms 600 to 604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of E. J. Talbott, Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased.
SAMUEL L. GREENBAUM,
ABRAHAM MAYER,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Rosalia Greenbaum, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1910.

E. J. TALBOTT, Attorney for Executors,
Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. S. RIPLEY, administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to said H. S. RIPLEY, at the office of HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Esq., Room 900 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate. H. S. RIPLEY,

Administrator of the Estate of George W. Baker, also known as James Baker, Deceased.
Dated, March 12th, A. D. 1910.

HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Attorney for Administrator,
900 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys at Law, Room 1029 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased.
SARAH BELLE BLOCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of Andrew Block, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1029 Mills Bldg., Bush and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 3-5-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) ..... Clerk.
By .....Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 4630, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELLEN BRUCE, Deceased.

JOHN H. GRADY, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN BRUCE, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for an order authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Executor, to mortgage certain real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, which real property is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon Sixty-five (65) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Twentieth Street and running thence Southerly and along said Easterly line of Howard Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northerly Thirty (30) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet Six (6) inches to the Easterly line of Howard Street and point of commencement; being a portion of Mission Block No. 56.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 22nd day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast Corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why the real property herein described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit, the sum of Three Thousand ($3,000.00) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; and reference for further particulars is hereby made to the said petition on file herein.

Dated, February 16th, 1910. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Executor,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, 509 Chronicle Bldg., City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased.

MICHAEL T. GERAGHTY, and
WILLIAM H. GERAGHTY,
Executors of the Estate of Catherine Geraghty, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 5th, 1910.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executors,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, Deceased—No. 9065, Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Edward J. Lynch, in the Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the underisgned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MILLIE RICE TAIT, also known as MILLIE S. J. TAIT, deceased.

JOHNSON HARDY,
Administrator of the Estate of Millie Rice Tait, also known as Millie S. J. Tait, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal 2 12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, Deceased—No. 9067, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the will of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Morrison & Brobeck, Rooms 701-706 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Post, Montgomery and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHRINE WEIHMANN, deceased. GEORGE M. AHRENS,
Executor of the Will of Cathrine Weihmann, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 12th, 1910.

MORRISON & BROBECK, Attorneys for Executor,
Rooms 701-706 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased.

LUIGI VALSANGIACOMO,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Valsangiacomo, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,115, Department No. 4.

In the Matter of the Application of JOSEPH KASIMER JANKOWSKY to Change Name.

It appearing from the written application filed in the above entitled Court on the 17th day of February, 1910, by the above named Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky praying for an order that he be permitted to change his present name, to-wit: Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky to that of Joseph Kasimer John, and that he is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California: and,

Good cause appearing to me therefore, it is ordered that all persons interested in the above entitled matter are hereby directed to be and appear before the above entitled Court in Department No. 4 thereof at its Courtroom in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. and then and there show cause if any they have why the application of Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky for change of his name to Joseph Kasimer John should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which the above Court finds to be the one most likely to give notice to the parties interested in the hearing of said petition and the granting thereof. JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Dated, February 21st, 1910.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Petitioner,
No. 948 Market St., Mechanic's Savings Bank Bldg., S. F. 2-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Chas. L. Thompson, 909 Pacific Building, Corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

ELLA G. BOYNTON,
Administratrix of the Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Administratrix,
909 Pacific Building, Market and Fourth Sts., San Francisco. 3-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE RENEWED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5272, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN LYNCH, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition of MICHAEL COSTELLO, Administrator of the Estate of John Lynch, deceased, praying for an order for leave to re-mortgage certain real property belonging to the said estate that it is for the best interest of the said estate that the said real estate should be re-mortgaged.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Wednesday, the 6th day of April, 1910, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be made for the re-mortgage of the said real estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court on the 2nd day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 2, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COSTELLO & COSTELLO, Attorneys for Administrator. 3-5-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made on the 28th day of February, 1910, in the matter of the estate of said deceased, the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, Gold Coin of the United States, subject to confirmation of sale by said Court, on, or after the 28th day of March, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of said HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that her said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise acquired, other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to the following described real property, namely:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the Northern line of Clay Street, distant thereon Seventy-seven (77) feet and Six (6) inches from the Western line of Battery Street; thence Westerly Twenty (20) feet; thence at a right angle Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Twenty (20) feet; and thence at a right angle Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Point of commencement.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, 10 per cent thereof to be paid at the time of the acceptance of the bid, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court; deeds and abstracts at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Wm. R. Geary, Attorney for said Administratrix with the will annexed at Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, California, or may be filed in the Clerk's office of said Court, or delivered to the undersigned personally at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, March 12th, 1910. MARY N. HUSSEY,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Hannah S. Crane, Deceased.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Bldg., Oakland. 3-12-3

The Best Age for Writing

The old discussion concerning the age at which the best literary work is done recalls the story of the ambitious writer who proved to his own satisfaction that the full fruition of human brain-power was reached in that year which used to be called the grand climacteric. Accordingly he wrote his great book at the proper time only to have it received with contempt. What to him was a mystery was solved when he discovered that his birth certificate had by mistake been two years post-dated, so that in reality he had allowed his best year to pass. From the debate which has long gone on upon the subject, emerges the conclusion that while no law can be discovered as to writing in general, authors of fiction have generally done their work in maturity. De Foe was fifty-eight when he wrote Robinson Crusoe, Richardson fifty-one when Pamela appeared, Fielding wrote Tom Jones in his forty-second and forty-third years. George Eliot was forty-three when Romola appeared, and Thackeray thirty-six when Vanity Fair was published. Trollope began his work late in life, the first of his successful novels appearing in his forty-first year, Scott was forty-three when in 1814 he wrote Waverley—though he was famous as a poet at the age of thirty-four. Swift was fifty-nine when he wrote Gulliver's Travels. Apparent exceptions are found in Victor Hugo who wrote Hans of Iceland and Bug-Jargol when very young; he was capable of Les Miserables only at the age of sixty. Balzac produced only inferior work until he had passed thirty. The reason of course is obvious: activity of imagination, rhetorical power and general information, all of which may be possessed in comparative youth, will equip any writer but a novelist; he must have in addition to these that which ordinarily comes only with actual length of years—wide experience and observation of human life. The real exception is of course Charles Dickens, who, at the age of twenty-four, published a book, Pickwick Papers, which revealed fully developed every characteristic of his genius. Not merely was Pickwick Papers an unparalleled youthful success but its characteristics remained those of its author's later work. The fact is that through the abnormal experiences of his childhood, Dickens was at twenty-four what men usually become at twice the age. In his childhood Dickens was a man in many things. It is equally true that in his manhood he remained a child in many things.

—The Book Lover.

Ancient Appetite

We may theorize on food nowadays with much astuteness; but what theory will give us back the appetites enjoyed in the good old days of yore? Our modern cooking is more refined; all manners of high flavors excite our appetite; and yet we cannot eat as they were wont to eat. It is a melancholy fact, to think of which makes us sad at heart. Here are, for instance, a few extracts from a certain household book, or diary, written by the Earl of Surrey in 1523. On the 6th of August in that year the earl, as was his habit, dined in "his lady's chamber." This was but an ordinary dinner, consisting of two messes, at one of which all the servants partook. The guests were few in number. This was the simple but substantial fare: "First course—Capons boiled, and a breast of mutton and a piece of beef, chevels, a swan and a pig, a breast of veal, roast capons, and a custard. Second course—Chickens, quails, pigeons, a pasty of venison and several tarts." But perhaps the most conclusive evidence that we can give of the good appetites prevalent in those days is the active part enacted by the ladies at table. On October 24th, we find it related in the same diary that two ladies were served for their breakfast as follows: "To my lady and my Lady Wyndham, a peyse of beyf, a gooyse, a breste of veyle rost, a capon." This is decidedly good fare, we would consider, for breakfast only.

—The Family Doctor.

Where the Laugh Comes in

The following table details some of the times at which a vaudeville audience regularly laughs:

When a comedian walks with a mincing step and speaks in a falsetto voice.

When a German comedian opens his coat and discloses a green waistcoat.

When a comedy acrobat falls down repeatedly.

When a performer asks the orchestra leader if he is a married man.

When a black-face comedian says something about chickens.

When a performer starts to rise from a chair and the drummer pulls a resined piece of cord so that the performer thinks his clothes have ripped.

When the drummer suddenly beats the drum during a comedian's song, and the latter stops and looks in his direction.

When a tramp comedian turns around and discloses a purple patch, or several pearl buttons, or a target sewed on the seat of his trousers.

When the funny member of a troupe of instrumentalists interrupts the progress of a melody by sounding a discordant note on his trombone.

When the clown of a team of acrobats poises himself to do a presumably difficult feat, and suddenly changes his mind and walks away without doing it

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3. For Heaven's sake draw no lines about it, within or without.
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5. Nor scribble on the margins.
6. All the ink required is already on the pages; do not defile them with more.
7. Let your book marker be of perfectly clean paper.
8. The volume is not to be lent to any one else on any consideration.
9. Keep mouse, worm, moth and fly away from it.
10. Let no oil, fire, dust, or filth come near it.
10. In a word, use; don't abuse the book.
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14. See that the binding and cover are as they were when you received them.

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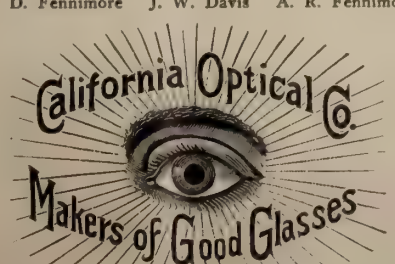

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SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK

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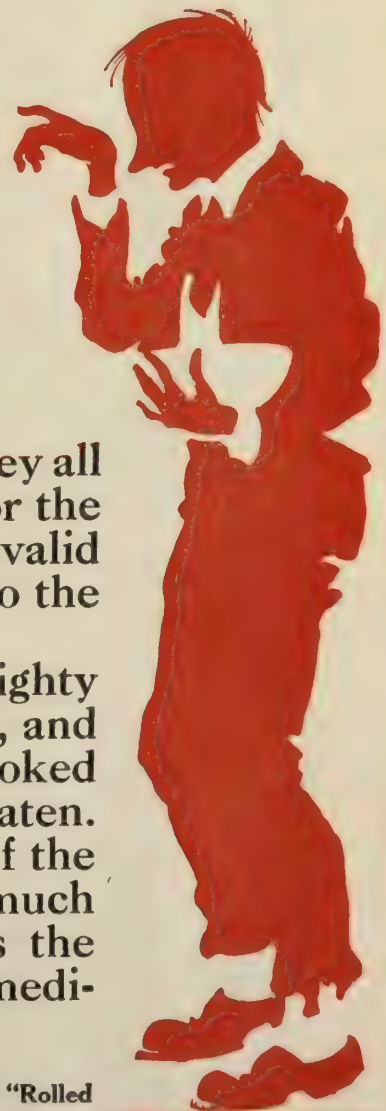

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XVIII | San Francisco, March 26, 1910 | No. 917

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The Insurgent Victory

That was a curious drama that was enacted in Washington last week. A crisis threatened, the sky lowered, the earth trembled, and then when suspense was at its highest point, when everybody was filled with expectation, the whole thing fizzled out. For lo! these many months the insurgents have been going up and down the land raging against "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the grand old man of the Republican party; they have been besmearing him with vituperation and affirming that nothing could soothe their patriotic souls save his removal from the Speakership and his banishment to private life; we were told that his influence was evil, that he incarnated the Satanic "interests" and opposed everything that honest and progressive legislators stood for; yet when it came to a crucial point at which his enemies could have easily vindicated their sincerity their passion subsided and they contented themselves with a measly compromise. Now as a consequence of the pyrotechnic display at Washington the people have glimpsed the truth; they have learned that the bitter execration to which Speaker Cannon has been subjected by venomous, self-seeking politicians is without justification; they have perceived that this old man was made the victim of wholesale abuse by soreheads who well understood that his performance of his duties was in accord with honored partisan policy and principle. It is clear not only that Speaker Cannon was upheld and approved by the majority of the representatives of his party but that to deprive him of the slightest vestige of his prerogative the insurgents did not scruple to desert their colors and enlist under the banner of Democracy. They have gained a victory that is not to be celebrated or psalmodied. They have triumphed not over Cannon but over a system which has been approved in our Federal legislature for nearly half a century, and which has been acknowledged to be essential to efficient workmanship on the part of the majority. Representing the dominant party in the Congress, the party that was made supreme by the voice of the people, the insurgents for no other purpose than that of obstruction entered upon a coalition which cannot be regarded as anything else but a species of treachery. The fact is that the Democrats joined the insurgents for no other purpose than to effect the disruption of the Republican party. There has been no dissembling on the part of the Democrats. As soon as the fight was over Champ Clark gave utterance to a note of exultation, exclaiming, "The Republicans are on the toboggan slide, and if Democrats outside of Congress will get together as the Democrats in the House have got together, our victories in this year and in 1912 will be as sweeping as those of 1890 and 1892." Champ Clark is no rainbow chaser. He is a veteran politician, an astute leader, and he is always working in the interest of his party. Doubtless, though he scorns the insurgents as renegades, he will always be ready to make use of them. But it may be questioned whether by the blow to Cannonism they have proved more serviceable to his party than to the regular Republicans. Developments may prove that it was a tactical blunder to bring the burning issue to a head. Great were the potentialities of Cannonism for crusading purposes. It was an excellent peg to hang glittering generalities upon. As a postulate for noisy indignation, a pretext for heartfelt emotion it was hard to beat. But now as an issue it is no more. It has vanished in the smoke and thunder of parliamentary debate.

Taft and the Insurgents

From the sentiments expressed by President Taft in his St. Patrick's Day speech in Chicago it may be inferred that he is not in a mood to conciliate the insurgents or to recede from the position which he has assumed toward the politicians who have made it clear that they have resolved to rule or ruin the Republican organization. And obviously the course which he has resolved to take is the only one that he can follow with sincerity and with dignity. To attempt to compromise with the insurgents would be pusillanimous. President Taft cannot seek to satisfy them without being untrue to himself, without forswearing the principles of a lifetime, without throwing down the gauntlet that was taken up in the cause of verity and embracing what may be deemed expedient in preference to what his judgment tells him is right. Temperamentally President Taft can have no sympathy with politicians whose chief purpose is to flatter the prejudices of the multitude. Nor would it avail him anything to attempt to conciliate the insurgents. These Marplots and regenerators are not to be pacified. They do not conceive it to be to their interest to acquiesce in anything. Their aim is to keep themselves before the people as the champions of the people, and to do this they must always be dissatisfied. Nothing must be permitted to please their fastidious tastes. To keep their ill-humor and troublesome officiousness in constant exercise they must unremittingly abuse the government.

When Teddy Returns

The insurgents are looking forward with intense anxiety to the return of Theodore Roosevelt. It is in his power, as they are well aware, to justify their insurgency or convert their high hope into blank despair. They have constituted him the Apostle of the Gentiles. It is for him to determine whether orthodoxy demands circumcision or uncircumcision. Recognizing him as the darling oracle of their cult, for the true dogma they consult his epistles to the Congress, and from their interpretation of those mountains of words they have concluded that President Taft and all his disciples have wandered from the true faith. But it remains for Mr. Roosevelt to clarify the atmosphere that is now thick with confusion and doubt. It is far from being a foregone conclusion that the insurgents and the soreheads of the Tennis Cabinet and the muckrakers have construed Mr. Roosevelt literally and according to the spirit. Their gospel is yet to be pronounced canonical. Mr. Roosevelt may not be at all in sympathy with the sansculotism of the mob coddlers. When he returns to his native land and finds his party disrupted as a result of a pretended adherence to his policies; when he finds that Cleons of the La Follette type have been waging war against the man to whom he bequeathed his mantle; when after a comprehensive view of the turbulent situation he apprehends the spirit of revolt and perceives the inevitable consequences; when, we say, Mr. Roosevelt becomes cognizant of all that has happened in his absence and all that is likely to happen and to be imputed

to his teachings and example, perhaps he will take occasion to utter himself in a manner far from favorable to the plans and policies of the enemies of the Administration. The fate of the insurgent cause is virtually in Mr. Roosevelt's hands.

The Coming Campaign

Meanwhile great preparations are being made for the Congressional fall election. The campaign is to be waged by the Republican organization along lines of strict regularity, and the plans that have been formed have received the approval of President Taft. All the literature to be prepared for circulation in the coming campaign and all the speeches delivered under the auspices of the organization will advocate straight Republican doctrine as distinguished from Democratic policies and principles advocated by the Republican insurgents in the Senate and in the House. In view of this arrangement the insurgents who opposed the tariff bill and who have denounced Cannonism can expect little help from the Republican Congressional Committee in their campaign for re-election. It is understood that the campaign will be the most vigorous ever waged by the Republicans. The battle ground will be in the Middle West, and an army of spellbinders will be sent into that section as soon as Congress adjourns and kept in action until the polls close in November. The Chautauqua circuit will not be neglected. From platforms where La Follette, Cummins and Dolliver have exhorted their followers to be true to Roosevelt and abominate swollen fortunes wherever they are to be found, regular Republicans will discuss the policies of the Administration in terms encomiastic and pray for loyalty to the man whose qualities of mind and heart were guaranteed by no less a prophet than Theodore Roosevelt. And all the while a stream of literature breathing old time Republican doctrine will pour its tide along from one end of the country to the other. There is a hot time in the offing.

Religion and Finance in France

The French character is distinguished particularly for economy and religious feeling. This statement may seem improbable to those for whom Paris with its show of riotous extravagance and its atheistic indifference to or active persecution of Christianity is the typical French city. Even setting aside the fact that the Paris which the tourist sees is not the real Paris of Frenchmen, it may still be proved that in many respects Paris is not the typical French city and that in the capitals of the French provinces the two distinguishing traits of which we have made mention flourish apace. Religious feeling, it is true, has been weakened by the tremendous assaults made upon it in the last generation of the Republic, but the French talent for economy has never ceased to be strongly in evidence. So much so is this the case that it has sometimes been said of certain classes in France that they are economical to the verge of avarice. Being economical in their private affairs Frenchmen demand economy of the men who are running their government and when they find that it has not been practiced, they are swift to punish. It was the extravagance of Marie Antoinette which precipitated the Revolution and at a later date it was the disclosure of the criminal extravagance of the directors of the Panama Canal operations which precipitated a crisis on account of which some men still living are incapacitated from returning to public life. France is today in the throes of another scandal similar to the De Lesseps affair and the national sense of economy is in revolt against the public officers who are responsible. The discovery that enormous peculations were committed by the liquidators of ecclesiastical property has burst upon the heads of the ministerial party like a bomb and there is not the least doubt that the French people will hold them severely to account for all the millions that have been stolen. It is a curious situation. The measures which made these great stealings possible were directed against the Catholic church, the church of the great majority of Frenchmen, and in carrying them out the national religious sense was outraged. In spite of that the irreligious party has managed to maintain its supremacy up to the present time and now it seems surely toppling to a fall. The outrage to religion was stomached, but the outrage to the ingrained sense of economy of the French people will not be borne in patience. Acute observers see in the situation now unfolding the possibility, not only of a return to strict honesty of expenditure in French government, but also to that dogmatic morality of Catholicism which the French have passively seen deprived of its official sanction. It is a curiously knit pattern, the French character, and it would be surprising but not inexplicable if the exposure of peculation should lead the nation as a nation back to religion. In what other country would one look for a causal relation between finance and dogma?

The Superwoman in Court

How familiar are the sentiments that are expressed nowadays by women to whom wedlock has proved distasteful! How easy to trace the source of their inspiration. Take for example these sentiments taken from the records of one of our Superior Courts: "Marriage should be like street cars—a system of transfers"; "The only justification for marriage in these modern days is the ease with which it is possible for a woman to get rid of a man if she wants to." Neat paraphrases, these, of the Barnum of contemporary English literature, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. It has been said that a little learning is a dangerous thing; and of this aphorism illustrations are of common occurrence in our divorce courts which are kept busy by women who are addicted to the current fashion of absorbing mental polish from the works of the half-baked disciples of Friedrich Nietzsche. Among

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women these days the appetite for culturine is insatiable, and the brand of mental pabulum most grateful to them is that which comes directly or indirectly from the morbid apostle of Zarathustra or the crazy author of "Marriage of Heaven and Hell." Now this is a most deplorable tendency on the part of the "terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind." It is not to disparage them to say that their minds are not so constituted as to enable them to apprehend the intricacies of metaphysical discussion. Women have imagination, enthusiasm and intuition, qualities that do not aid in the unfolding of a didactic process, but they have not the faculty of combining a multitude of facts, ideas and arguments into complex unity. They should be fed, therefore, with what St. Paul terms the sincere milk of the word rather than with doubtful disputations. Yet today we find the most nimble minded of them feasting on the shallow emanations of the Nietzsche school, accepting passionate affirmations as solemn truths, plausible aphorisms as the final words on the science of life. This school is doing incalculable harm in the world by the dissemination of such glittering epigrams as these:

The secret of joyful life is to live dangerously

Everything that suffereth wanteth to live in order to become ripe and gay and longing.

In order that a sanctuary may be created a sanctuary must be broken down.

Only where there are graves there are resurrections.

As long as genius dwells within us we are bold; nay, reckless of life, health and honor.

If anything in me is virtue it is that I had no fear in the presence of any prohibition.

Myself I sacrifice unto my love—and my neighbor as myself.

The foregoing are samples of the philosophy of a man whose disciples proudly pronounce him the greatest immoralist the world has seen, a man who attacked the foundations of Christian morality chiefly by means of epigrams. Friedrich Nietzsche set his whole mind on the task of destroying morality root and branch. He was not only immoral—he aimed at being unmoral. The Superman was his ideal, and today the world is full of culturines who believe that to vindicate their superwomanhood they must stifle their maternal instincts, cultivate an hallucinatory delirium and marry on the transfer plan.

We Never Know

Love may be joy unspeakable, and love
May be a woe too deep for moans and tears;
Love may be chrism of blessing poured above
The quiet days of uneventful years,
And love may sometimes be, just patience, spent
In trying how to find and keep content.

—Margaret Sangster.

Perspective Impressions

Mayor McCarthy's new broom is a durable instrument.

Fragrant blossoms proclaim the birth of spring. Now let us hear from the poets.

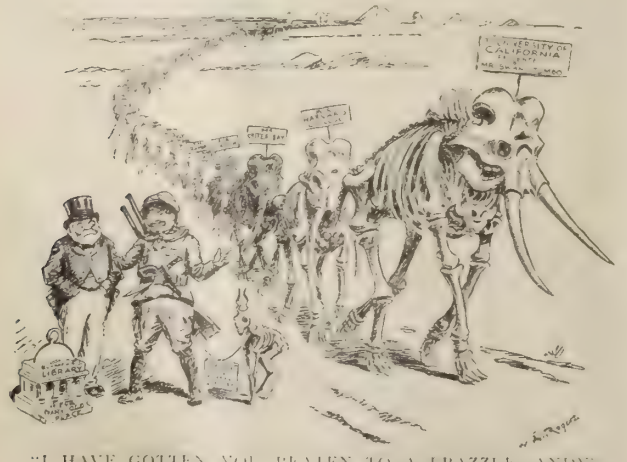
The insurgents apparently are in doubt as to whether they are to go down in history as vanquishers or vanquished.

President Wheeler confesses that he learned nothing abroad that can be applied to the advantage of the State University. It appears that in lieu of ideas he brought back an autographed photograph of the Kaiser. So his cup of bliss is full to the brim.

Some people will never be able to learn that there are tyrannies of nature that even moral societies with auxiliary female attachment cannot overthrow.

The Mad Mullah is again off the reservation and dancing. But there is compensation in the unprecedented tranquillity of Mr. Roosevelt.

Even the records of the divorce courts indicate that this is a day of specialists, for we learn therefrom that oftentimes when a married man is preoccupied with making a living some unmarried man is absorbed in the task of keeping a wife amused.



"I HAVE GOTTEN YOU HEAVEN TO A FRAZZLE, ANDY"
New York Herald

FATHER PENN "WHAT HAVE I DONE?"
Philadelphia Record

The Last Days of Oscar Wilde

After More Than Nine Years During Which all Sorts of Fables Have Been Invented, the Poet's Truest Friend and Literary Executor Makes Public an Authoritative Account of the End in Paris.

By Robert Ross

On Tuesday, October 9, 1900, I wrote to Oscar from whom I had not heard for a considerable length of time, that I would come to Paris on October 18 for a few days, and that I hoped to see him there. On Thursday, October 11, I received the following telegram from him: "I was operated on yesterday—come as soon as possible." I telegraphed to him, inquiring after his health. In reply came a telegram from him saying: "Terrible weak—please come." I left for Paris on Tuesday evening, October 16. On Wednesday morning at about half-past ten I went up to see him. He was in a good mood, though he assured us that he was suffering dreadfully; he laughed at the same time quite heartily, and related some stories at the expense of his physicians as well as at his own expense. I remained with him until half-past twelve, and then I came back at half-past four, and Oscar started to talk again of his troubles with Frank Harris. I visited Oscar every day until my departure from Paris. Reggie and I had dinner or supper sometimes in his bedroom. Oscar was always talkative, even when he appeared to be very sick. On October 25 my brother Alex came to him, and Oscar felt particularly well on that day. His sister-in-law, the wife of his brother Willie, and her husband, Teixeira, were at the time in Paris on their honeymoon, and visited him. On October 29 Oscar got up to dinner, and after supper he insisted upon going out. He assured me that his physician allowed him to go out, and he would not be dissuaded. We went to a small cafe in the Quartier Latin, where he insisted on drinking absinthe. He walked there and back, with some difficulty, though he appeared to be well. But it seemed to me as though his face had suddenly grown older, and on the following day I pointed out to Reggie how his appearance had changed when he got up and dressed. In bed he looked comparatively well. I noticed for the first time that his hair was beginning to tinge with gray. I had observed that the color of his hair had never changed; while he was in Reading his hair retained its soft, brown gloss. You must remember the joke he used to tell about this; he used to amuse his wardens by telling them that his hair was entirely white. On the next day I was not surprised when I heard that he had caught cold and was suffering from a painful earache. Dr. Tucker said, nevertheless, that he could go out again, and on the following afternoon—it was a very mild day—we went to Bois. Oscar felt much better, but he complained of dizziness. At half-past four we returned. On Sunday morning I met Dr. Tucker. He is a simple, kind, splendid man. His opinion was that Oscar should write more, that he was feeling much better, that his condition would become serious in the event of his going about and loafing too much. I begged him to hide nothing from me. He promised to ask Oscar whether he could speak to me frankly about his health. We agreed to meet on the following Tuesday. When I came up to Oscar later in the day, I found him in a very agitated state of mind. He said that he did not care to know what the doctor had told me, that it was immaterial to him whether he had but a short time to live, and then he began to speak of his debts, which, I believe, amounted to a little more than four hundred pounds. He asked me to take care that a portion of them be paid after his death if I should be in a position to do it; some of his creditors caused him pangs of conscience. Shortly after this Reggie came in. Oscar told us that he had a terrible dream the night before—he had feasted with the dead. Reggie gave him an adequate answer: "My dear Oscar, you must have brought life into that company." He was delighted with this; he was once more in a happy mood and became almost hysterical. On November 2—All Souls' Day—I went to Pere Lachaise; Oscar took a great interest in this, and asked me whether I had found a burial place for him; he talked to me lightly about epitaphs, and I never dreamed at that time that he was so very near death. On Monday, November 12, I went with Reggie to Hotel d'Alsace for the purpose of bidding him farewell, as I wanted to go to the Riviera on the following day. It was late in the evening, after supper. Oscar started to speak about his financial straits. He had just received a letter from Harris about Smithers' claims, and he was very much agitated. It seemed to me that he spoke with some difficulty, but he had taken morphine during the previous night, and he drank too much champagne in the course of the day. He knew that I had come to bid him farewell, but he seemed to pay little attention when I entered the room, which made upon me a strange impression at the time. He directed all his remarks to Reggie. While we were chatting the post brought a neat letter from Alfred Douglas, containing a check. Oscar cried a little, but mastered himself shortly. Then we all conversed in a friendly manner; Oscar walked up and down the room, declaiming excitedly. At about half-past ten I rose, and was about to leave. Suddenly Oscar asked the attendant and Reggie to leave the room for a while, as he wished to bid me good-by. He wandered off at first and spoke of his debts in Paris, then he implored me not to go away, for he felt that a great change would come within a few days. I assumed a rather strict attitude, as I really thought that Oscar was simply hysterical, although I suspected that he took my departure to heart. Suddenly he burst out sobbing, and said that he would never see me again, for he felt that it was all over. This painful incident lasted three-quarters of an hour. He spoke of different things which I can hardly repeat.

Although it was heartrending, I did not yield to the excitement of poor Oscar, as I should have done, especially after he said, while I was about to leave the room: "Look up a small place in the mountain near Nice, where I could come when things improve with me, and where you could visit me frequently." These were the last intelligible words he addressed to me. Next evening (November 13) I left for Nice.

During my absence Reggie visited Oscar every day and sent me brief reports every other day. Oscar went out with him several times, and it seemed that he was feeling better. In a letter, dated November 26, 1900, Reginald Turner wrote to me, saying, among other things: "The physicians at the consultation yesterday held out very little hope for Oscar; he does not know of anything that you can do; he does not know that you are not in Paris. As for Oscar, he does not know anything that is said about him. He takes no notice of anything; he is dreaming and sleeping. This is partly the result of the morphine that was injected into him. But he must have no more of it, so the physicians make believe that they are giving him injections of morphine. He greeted me heartily today, and was glad at my coming. We had a talk during one of his clear moments; then he sank back into a state of dimness, and as he spoke he seemed to be in a delirium."

This is part of a letter written to me on November 27: "Today he asked for paraffin—finally we learned that he

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A Russian Woman's Living Martyrdom

At the Age of Sixty-seven Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya, a Woman of High Birth, Has Been Sentenced to Fourteen Years' Exile in Siberia Where She Has Already Spent Eighteen Years, Part of the Time at Hard Labor in the Silver Mines

By Robert McTavish

Somebody has said that "the Russians know how to die but do not know how to live" and the phrase has been caught up, as catch-phrases usually are, and repeated so frequently that many people have come to believe it. For these unthinking people the heroic career of Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya should be an inspiring study, for it shows the manner in which many Russians of the present day are living in the cause of emancipation from Russian autocratic rule. The career of Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya will, in all human probability, come to an early close, for she has just been sentenced in St. Petersburg to fourteen years of exile in Siberia and at the age of sixty-seven a woman, no matter how inured to hardship, no matter how brave she may be, cannot be expected to last long in the terrible country to which she has just been consigned. Her career has certainly been one of unusual bravery and unusual hardships, else there would not be such inspiration for her countrymen in these words of hers: "We may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last."

One of the founders of the Socialist Revolutionary party, the Russians have come to know her lovingly as "the babushka" or grandma and her work is so highly regarded by disinterested lovers of liberty outside of her native land that when she was at last brought to trial after languishing for more than two years in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, prominent and influential men and women in England and the United States appealed to Premier Stolypin for fairness and justice in her judges. Whether their appeals were heeded who shall say? She was tried behind closed doors, a most unusual proceeding, and convicted of belonging to "an illegal party."

Madame Breshkovskaya was born in one of the provinces of Little Russia, the daughter of a noble who possessed a large estate and several hundred serfs. In her early years she knew the luxury and gayety of which the Russian nobility is so inordinately fond. She was educated in the women's colleges of her own country and at Zurich in Switzerland, became an accomplished musician and mastered French, German and English. From the tender age of eight she began to take an interest in the lives of the unfortunates who were bound to the soil of her father's estate and what she saw at that time determined the course of her future life.

"They worked everywhere and always," she has declared. "They were scolded, they were whipped, they were exiled to Siberia, at the whim of their master, for the least fault. Their wives and daughters were taken to serve the master or his sons as mistresses; their children were carried off without their consent, to be trained as servants or to serve in the house. The men would come to the master begging bread for which their families were famishing; the women would come weeping, demanding their children of whom they had been robbed. How many times, stupefied and shocked, I have been the witness of such humiliating, degrading, excruciating things. How many times I have thrown myself at the feet of my father to implore pardon for a so-called guilty person, whose sole fault perhaps consisted in having fallen asleep while herding the sheep!"

The girl's father was a judge of the Court of Arbitration, the special task of which is to settle disputes between the peasants and the nobility, so she had unusual opportunities for studying the misery of the serfs. Being of a kindly disposition and having received an education which taught her piety and self-denial, she made many sacrifices in those early years in order to alleviate distress. When she was eighteen the serfs were emancipated and she made a study of the new laws. Traveling about with her father she witnessed the uprisings which took place when the illiterate peasants sought to protest against the new hard conditions and she likewise saw these uprisings put down by the bayonets and knouts of the soldiers. Madame Breshkovskaya perceived that education was necessary for the improvement of the peasant conditions, so she devoted herself to the village schools. The education movement was watched by the government with jealous eyes and the schools for the poor were gradually closed. This was about 1870 when Madame Breshkovskaya had made the acquaintance of innumerable men and women who were attempting the same work as herself in other parts of the Empire. Two thousand of these patriots resolved to defie the government by persisting in their efforts. "We resolved," she has explained, "to go right to the people and tell them the whole truth. It was one of the finest movements in the history of the country. The most elevated among her children flung themselves into the arms of the people to share with them their own moral and intellectual riches." As a result they were all arrested on charges of treason. The news was received with an outburst of indignation throughout Europe and the majority were set free, but a few hundred, including Madame Breshkovskaya, were held for trial. More than a hundred died miserably in prison and the rest were exiled to Siberia. Madame Breshkovskaya was regarded as particularly dangerous, and after two years in a St. Petersburg cell 5x7x9 feet in size, she was condemned to hard labor in the Kara silver mines, being the first woman to undergo this punishment. After a few months at the mines she was restored to comparative liberty in an exile colony on Lake Baikal. With four other exiles she made an audacious attempt to escape, was captured and sentenced to four more years in the mines. In 1882 she was released from the mines, but she still had fourteen years of exile to endure. These long years were spent in the Transbaikal region of Eastern Siberia where George Kennan met her and thus described her: "With a strong, intelligent, but not handsome face, a frank, unreserved manner, and sympathies that seemed to be warm, impulsive and generous. Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick dark wavy hair, which had been cut short in prison in the mines, was streaked here and there with gray; but neither hardship, nor exile, nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honor or duty."

In 1896 her exile ended and she returned to her home. Her mother and father were dead, her old friends dead, scattered or estranged. She plunged again into her lifework and helped to organize the Socialist Revolutionary party which soon had its circles in every part of Russia. Underground printing offices were set up, radical literature was distributed broadcast and "the babushka" traveled everywhere, studying conditions and exhorting the peasants to hope for better days. That work of course is still going on. In 1899 one of the printing stations was discovered and the government took particular pains to shadow Madame Breshkovskaya. She

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merely adopted a peasant disguise and continued her work. When the government issued a proclamation ordering her arrest she escaped into Switzerland. In 1904 she came to this country and one who met her wrote: "To look upon the face of this silver-haired apostle is like receiving a benediction. Her outward and inward calm are superb. Her hands are beautiful in their delicacy, despite the years in Siberia. Her voice is low and sweet, her smile winning and childlike. Only her eyes betray the sufferings of the years. In repose her face is strong like iron. The shadows of her eyes speak of deepest pathos."

Afterwards she returned to Russia and continued her work until August, 1907, when she was betrayed by the spy Azeff. For more than two years the government did not dare to try her, but at last they invented the charge of "belonging to an illegal party" and as a result, "the Babushka" is now on her way to Siberia once more. Who will say that a Russian does not know how to live as well as how to die?

Ilya and the Nightingales

A Russian Folk-Story

It was Easter morn, and strong young Ilya of Murom, the son of the peasant Ivan, stood with many, praying in the great church. And amongst Ilya's solemn Easter vows were these: First that he would sing at the High Mass that same Easter day in Royal Kiev; second, that he would go to Royal Kiev by the straight road. And then Ilya vowed besides that on the way he would stain neither hand nor sword with wretched Tatar blood; nor would he shoot a single fiery dart before he got to Kiev. So he hastened from the great church and saddled his rough bay horse, the staunch, good Clouddrop, and decked him richly and gaily to ride to the worshipful feasts of Royal Kiev, where the Fair Red Sun Prince Vladimir so gladly kept his Easter. All Murom came forth to watch Ilya depart. But as soon as he mounted the good Clouddrop, he was gone beyond sight. His flight was like a wraith of thin fine snow driven along the steppe by the whirling winter wind. Staunch good Clouddrop swimmed over steppe and plain; the brave horse jumped from mountain to mountain; and sprang lustily from one hill to another. And when they paused, rider and horse—young Ilya hewed a forest to the ground, and he raised a sacred cross, and on it he left the words, written clear and bold: Ilya of Murom, the Kazak, rides to Royal Kiev on a hero's quest.

It was after this that Ilya met a vast swarm of Tatars, so vast that the hare might not course, nor the falcon fly round about them; and the steam from their horses' flanks rose up so dense, that it hid the brightness of sun and of moon. Ilya bethought him of his Easter vows. "Every man may take an oath," he said, "but how indeed shall he always keep it?" With that he bent quickly in his saddle, and pulled up a sturdy oak tree from the damp earth; and as he rode through the horde of forty thousand wretched Tatars, he waved the great tree and swung it with all his might. The Tatars fell like a field of sickled corn, and Clouddrop trampled them down, and not one was left to continue their breed. This happened on the way, outside the city of Chernigov. When the merchants and soldier-maidens and heroes of this city saw the deed of Ilya, they besought and prayed him to be their Tsar, their King, or at any rate their general.

"I have well earned my rights, I know," said Ilya of Murom, "yet I want them not. I leave you as you were. Show me only the straight road to Royal Kiev."

"The straight road," answered the merchants, "is but five hundred versts, and the way round a full thousand; it is wiser though to journey by the way round. In the straight road lie the barriers of the lofty mountains and the wide river Smorodina, with its black dogs, and there too Nightingale the robber, the Wizard Bird, has his nest built upon seven spreading oaks. When Nightingale whistles, the forest is bowed down, leaves and grass wither, and horses and riders shrink and die at the blast. Therefore, young Ilya of Murom, go not by this straight road."

Now this was the very way that Ilya chose. Clouddrop scaled the lofty mountains, and soared like a hawk over the tall, dreaming forests, and at the river Smorodina the staunch good beast cleared it with the swiftest bound. But when Nightingale the robber, the Wizard Bird, thrust his iron beak from the great seven-oaked nest and whistled and hissed, at last Clouddrop was daunted and fell trembling and quivering on his knees.

"Grass-bag, food for a wolf," jeered Ilya, "hast never yet heard the pipe of a nightingale, nor the hiss of a snake?" At this Clouddrop rose sharp and staggered to his four feet, and Ilya fondled the staunch good horse. Then he bethought him of his other vow, that he would shoot no fiery dart before he reached Royal Kiev. So he quickly plucked a twig from a near-by willow, and fitting it in his bow he shot it straight at Robber Nightingale's left eye. Down fell the Wizard Bird to the damp earth, like a heap of winnowed grain. Ilya joyously fastened him by the beak to his stirrup, and quietly rode on till he came to the robber's court, planted round about with green gardens and fair orchards, all gay with blossom and bloom.

"Ai! ai! Lady Mother. Look, look!" cried the children, "our father brings us a man and a horse to peck at and devour."

"Nay," said Elena, Nightingale's witch daughter, "it's strong young Ilya of Murom, and he it is who has our father fast."

Nightingale's children swelled and shook with rage at their sister's words. "Let us turn ourselves to ravens," they shrieked and crowed, "and tear this peasant with our iron beaks, and throw the pieces of his soft white body to rot in river and bog."

"Nightingale robber," shouted young Ilya, "shouldst thou offer me the whole wide world's full measure of riches I would not set thee free, bad old rascal and thief that thou art. But to Royal Kiev come thou, and there, mayhap, in the city of the Fair Red Sun Vladimir, shalt thou find pardon for thy sins this glad Eastertide. At least, if true penitence and sorrow be thine."

Staunch Clouddrop pranced gaily, and the Wizard Bird at Ilya's stirrup had to dance and hop along nimly whether he would or no; and thus they rode into Royal Kiev. Prince Vladimir, with his generals, was already in God's church at the high Easter Mass. So Clouddrop was left to guard Nightingale in the fair prince's courtyard while Ilya hastened to the church. When Mass was over, Prince Vladimer kindly bade the young stranger to his worshipful feast, and asked whence he came and who he might well be.

"I am only the son of peasants," replied Ilya. "This morn I stood in Murom church, and early Mass was just ended when I started hither by the straight road." At this the heroes round the royal board and the Fair Red Sun Vladimir himself all looked amiss.

"What is this bragging and lying on Easter day?" asked Vladimir. "By the straight road no man has ventured here for a whole long lifetime. For there are the

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The Spectator

Devlin and His Nemesis

Somewhat remarkable is the situation that United States District Attorney "Bob" Devlin finds himself in as a result of the conscientious performance of his duties and the untiring vindictiveness of Dr. Perrin of land fraud notoriety. Devlin served as district attorney under the Roosevelt Administration, and he was reappointed by President Taft, but his confirmation has been hanging fire for months. He is eager to resign from the office in order to take up private practice, but naturally he is averse to resigning while the matter of his confirmation is pending. Dr. Perrin is responsible for the complications that have arisen. Dr. Perrin is a Southern gentleman, the scion of an old Southern family, and he has worked his Southern pull in Washington with the skill of a subtle strategist. Posing in Washington as the victim of a conspiracy that was inspired by President Roosevelt and executed by Detective Burns and Attorney Devlin, his plausibility is surpassed only by his impudence. That he is not in jail instead of in Washington is due entirely to the influence of his kind friends; for though he was found guilty of a land fraud perpetrated with the assistance of the notorious land grabber, Benson, he is at liberty as a result of executive clemency and not by virtue of judicial process. His innocence has never been established. Indeed there is no question of his participation in the crime for which Benson, his accomplice, is now paying the penalty. It was a pretty tough crime, too, and yet Dr. Perrin can say nothing in his own behalf except that he was ignorant of the law. This he says, though it is a severe tax on credulity to insist that any man should believe that another could have been half so ignorant as Dr. Perrin must have been were he innocent of intentional wrongdoing when he collaborated with Benson.

The Winning of Borah

As soon as Dr. Perrin escaped from the clutches of the law through the back door, instead of going into executive session with himself and salving his wounds in seclusion he took himself to Washington to lobby against the confirmation of the man who obtained his conviction at the hands of a jury of his peers. On his arrival there he met with a cordial reception from Senator Borah; for that gentleman had been maliciously prosecuted for land frauds, and when Perrin represented himself as a martyr to perverted official zeal he at once enlisted the sympathy of the outraged statesman. According to Perrin his prosecution was conducted for the glorification of the Roosevelt Administration. He said that Detective Burns procured his indictment by telling the grand jury that Mr. Roosevelt wanted him indicted. It is said that certain grand jurors have made affidavit to that effect. Furthermore it is said that Devlin failed to instruct the grand jurors that they should disregard the wishes of the President. Now the fact is that Devlin never heard anything about the remark attributed to Burns until after Perrin went to Washington. Devlin took no part in the prosecution of Perrin until the case came to trial. He had intended to let one of his assistants conduct the trial, but one day Mr. Ballinger, now Secretary of the Interior, came to him with a letter which he had received from Secretary Garfield with reference to the Perrin case. In this letter Garfield complained that Devlin was not giving his personal attention to the Perrin case. He said that as it was an important case it should be personally conducted by the District Attorney. So Devlin got busy. But he treated Perrin with the utmost fairness and even showed him considerable courtesy.

His Prosecution of Gardener

Senator Borah is not the only statesman whose sympathies have been enlisted by Dr. Perrin. Several representatives of the South, among them Senator Tillman, have opposed Devlin's confirmation. These gentlemen, it is said, have been prejudiced against Devlin by the report that he exhibited more zeal than was necessary in the prosecution of a young sailor named Gardener from Kentucky, who was charged with the murder of a negro. Now this is misrepresentation of the grossest kind. As Gardener comes from a distinguished Kentucky family Southern people took a deep interest in his case. They attended the trial, and without a dissenting voice it was agreed that Devlin did nothing more than his duty. The fact is, however, that he did much more than the average prosecuting officer would do, for he employed the machinery of the Federal government to compel the presence of a witness for the defense whom the defense had no power to reach. This, however, was but characteristic of Devlin. He conceives it to be the duty of a prosecuting officer to see that every man gets a fair trial and that no man shall be at a disadvantage. Gardener was acquitted chiefly for the reason that sentiment played a prominent part in the trial. The point was harped upon that the defendant was raised in the South and that he did nothing more than resent the insult of a negro. It has since been learned that the dead man was not a negro, that there was no negro blood in his veins, that as a matter of fact he was a Portuguese. Devlin's friends are of the opinion that Gardener's friends owe him a debt of gratitude, not because he lost the case, but because by his conscientious conduct he made it possible for special counsel from Kentucky to win. And they think it rather queer that the section of the country which boasts of its chivalry should suffer itself to be imposed upon by such a man as Perrin, and by him persuaded to be unjust to a man of the character of "Bob" Devlin.

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Cudahy's Victim

Now that the public knows just what happened, or rather, just what didn't happen, to Mrs. "Jack" Cudahy's bosom friend, the scandal that at first blush appeared to have some of the elements of a cause celebre has been reduced to the level of the commonplace. The first sensational story that came over the wires wherein Cudahy was pictured in the act of converting his home into a shambles and thus exemplifying the call of the butcher's block, was altogether too sketchy and impressionistic to satisfy the popular taste for frank realism. So the Associated Press was called upon for more details. Readers of the dailies were clamoring for solid information and protesting against equivocation. Nothing vague or provocative of speculation would satisfy them. Their curiosity was not to be assuaged with hints and innuendoes. So the Associated Press called for more complete reports. And they came: "Lillis was convalescing; his wounds were healing; he would be around in a few days; nothing of a serious nature the matter with him, et cetera." But the readers of the dailies were not satisfied. They clamored for the naked truth, and finally after several attempts to enable them to see through a glass darkly, the burning question was plainly answered by a correspondent who was permitted to examine the wounded banker from head to toes. From his report it is clear enough that Lillis is far from being in a state of innocuous desuetude.

Some Impromptu Verses

Dashing off verses on the spur of the moment was one night last week the pastime of some golf enthusiasts between dances at the home of a prominent railroad official. One charming young matron made a hit with these lines:

A novice played, but his stroke was wild,
And he almost murdered a caddy child;
Though his play was slow and his look was mild,
And he tried to loft with his cleek, O.

From the pen of a club wit quickly issued the follow-in parody:

A novice played, but his stroke was wild,
And he smashed a maid where she wasn't tiled;
Though his play was slow, and his look was wild,
And she hasn't sat down for a week, O.

A Bit of Legal English

Having quite a wide acquaintance among all sorts of lawyers I have sometimes been constrained to speculate as to the amount of general education which it is necessary to possess in order to gain admission to the bar. There are any number of men practicing in this city who either did not have the benefit of a primary education or else passed through that ordeal unscathed by even the rudiments of knowledge. Wherefore these remarks at this time? For no other reason than that I have been examining casually a brief submitted to the Supreme Court of our State by Attorney J. Marion Brooks of Los Angeles. Mr. Brooks may be a good lawyer—as to that I have absolutely no information; but when it comes to defiling the well of English, I'll match this Angelic barrister against all comers north or south of the Tehachapi. Here is the sentence in the brief of Mr. Brooks which makes me so cocksure in the issuance of a challenge: "That the said improvements if made, was made at an instant of a tenant of this defendant or alleged tenant who as defendant alleges on information and belief of the fact to be that the said tenant when causing said improvements to be made, if said improvements were made and caused by her to be made, was laboring on a dillusion or insane and aberration, which the said plaintiff well knew that said work was unnecessary—." I think I have quoted enough.

Also a Little Editorial English

While Mr. Brooks of Los Angeles put himself outside the pale by his assault and battery upon venerable Gould Brown, the editorial writer of the Oakland Enquirer has been indulging in a literary flight which has carried him way beyond the rules of rhetoric. I do not know whether Mr. Dennison or Doctor Pardee is the person guilty of this latter offense; probably the medico, as the sentence smacks of his exuberant manner. "His ambition to become State senator," says the Enquirer writer, in an editorial telling why Frank Leavitt and not Edward J. Tyrrell should be sent to the State senate, "is one to be commended, but he should win his spurs in minor official capacities before he essays the turbulent waters of State politics with his inexperienced hand at the helm of his untried ship." This thing of embarking a man on turbulen.t waters with a pair of spurs is rather a mystifying proceeding, unless it is expected that he will use them in the cockpit or in subduing salt horse.

Old Skinnem—When I die, the business I have built up with so much care is sure to go to the devil.

Old Bluntee—Oh, then you have made arrangements to take it with you?

Henry Larsen's Violin

Henry Larsen, the violinist who died in Santa Monica last week, was at one time the best known musician in this city. He made his debut in old Platt's Hall at the age of fifteen and was acclaimed an infant prodigy. Senator Stanford sent him abroad for study, but his subsequent career in this city was checkered by misfortune and he joined that curious band of derelicts at the old City Hall known as professional jurymen. Larsen had a Stradivarius violin which once played a queer part in the jury room. The story is told by Porter Ashe. It was the case of Private Kelly who was on trial for murdering another soldier in the Presidio. Walter Hinkle, of district attorney Barnes' force, was the prosecutor, while Lieutenant Runcey and Porter Ashe defended Kelly. It was a case of circumstantial evidence and the contest before Judge Hunt was long and bitter. The jury had been out for several hours when, at one o'clock

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in the morning, the anxious attorneys heard weirdly beautiful sounds that seemed to come from the juryroom. Strange ghostly echoes floated down the bare dreary corridor of the City Hall, producing an effect upon the lawyers which they could not describe. Hastening toward the juryroom, the sounds became more distinct and they knew that somebody was playing a violin. It was Henry Larsen playing "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" on his Stradivarius. Just then the bailiff appeared to announce that the jury had reached an agreement. "They've convicted Kelly," guessed Ashe. "No, they've acquitted him," replied Runcey; "no man could be cold-blooded enough to play that music after voting to convict." And Runcey was right.

He—Tomorrow is my birthday.
She—I suppose you will take a day off.
He—I shall.
She—And how do you think I celebrate when I have a birthday?
He—Oh, I presume you take a year off.

The Calumination of Johnson

It is hard to believe the news from Santa Rosa where Dr. Willard P. Burke, a physician of evil repute, is fighting for his liberty. According to a press despatch of Tuesday, the Hon. Hiram Johnson who enjoys the distinction of being the doctor's attorney sought to have the indictments against his client dismissed on the ground that two members of the grand jury were not on the last assessment roll. This report I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing on behalf of the more than honorable Mr. Johnson a vicious, unmitigated campaign lie. There need be no inquiry into this matter. Mr. Johnson's record as a militant reformer at something inspiring per diem, as an exceptionally high toned representative of the bar, (the Dolbeer case to the contrary notwithstanding) in itself serves for the purpose of complete refutation of this ugly and flagitious slander. Mr. Johnson's exalted ethical principles are too well known to need exploitation here for the purpose of vindicating his hatred of such a practice as has been imputed to him. Everybody knows of the high ground that he occupied during the graft prosecution when certain conscienceless members of his profession had the effrontery to attack the validity of certain indictments against certain depraved higher-ups. Mr. Johnson, his mind basking in Virtue's beams far above the mists and storms of earth, viewed with scorn the efforts of professional rogues to defeat the ends of justice by means of petty, miserable technicalities. Now is it not a challenge to common sense to ask us to believe that this upright attorney, whose rectitude is an evergreen that defies Temptation's blasts would condescend to meet a moral issue in the manner set forth in the press despatches? He is represented as doing something even more reprehensible than the things that excited his honest indignation during the graft prosecution. He is represented as pleading for the dismissal of indictments not on the ground that a whole grand jury was an illegal body or that its deliberations were directed by a hired private prosecutor masked as a public official, but on the ground that two of its members were not on the assessment roll. Surely Mr. Johnson's political interests are not to be impaired by so transparent a calumny. Nevertheless the Lincoln-Roosevelt League should get busy and warn the voters of the State against the conspirators who would have us believe that the candidate of the only virtuous political body in California has some of the instincts of the pettifogger, some of the characteristics of the chameleon.

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An Auto-Portrait

Like all great men, like all divinely commissioned prophets, Mr. Johnson is a man of sublime modesty. He hates to speak of himself, but when occasion demands that he take the public into his confidence he does so with charming naivete. Where inherent diffidence and the scruples of a sensitive soul restrain, the overpowering sense of duty to mankind interposes and triumphs. As for instance, at Los Angeles last week, when Mr. Johnson was seized with the impulse to impress an authentic picture of himself on the hearts of his hearers. This is the job that he turned out:

> One day, as I was sitting on the porch of my modest little San Francisco home, looking out over our magnificent bay and thinking of the overtures which had been made to me, like a flash the situation became clear, and I said to myself, By the God above, this is my State and my children's State and no Southern Pacific machine—no Herrin—is going to own or control that State, and, God willing, I am going to try and put a stop to this whole nefarious system.

What further proof does anybody require of the absolute sincerity of the man? Have not his words the true ring of the pee-pul's champion? Are they not the words of a man capable of the most sublime self-renunciation, of a man who stands at a telescopic distance above the dross and vanity of the world? Mr. Johnson compels our admiration. No man of commonplace temperament after posing as a vehement disinterested patriot and being exposed as a sordid reformer-for-revenue-only could pull off the stunt that Mr. Johnson pulled off at Los Angeles.

A Forbidding Prospect

Some disquieting rumors are afloat regarding the Lincoln-Roosevelt League's candidates and leaders in the southland of sunshine and moonshine. Some of them are said to have a past that will not bear inspection, and as a consequence the stainless hearted Johnson will have a load to bear beyond the capacity of even a man of his invincible rectitude. If all that I hear be true the League will find itself in a most embarrassing predicament before the campaign is far advanced. As the League has adopted the Decalogue for a platform

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it cannot afford to appeal for the suffrage of the people in the interest of political blacklegs and common swindlers. The League's candidates must be above suspicion. They must be as pure as Chester Rowell himself.

The Program in Umbrage

The leaders of the regular Republican organization are still sawing wood. Their choice for Governor has not yet been indicated. The only thing that appears to be quite certain is that they will not help to inflate the Curry boom. Whether they are eventually to bestow their affections on Mr. Alden Anderson is a question that politicians in some sections of the State have already apparently resolved on their own judgment. Some of these politicians have been reported to be devoted to Mr. Curry's interests, and for a time the report seemed to be well founded, but now they are expatiating on the merits of Alden Anderson. In several instances the men that have switched were formerly handling Curry's fight in their respective sections of the State. The supposition is they have concluded that they were laboring under a misapprehension regarding the program.

Aladdin in Los Angeles

One of the classic stories of the Northwest relates how an enthusiastic Seattle man who had been away from home for half a day met another who had been away for a whole day and told him: "Jim, the city is so improved that you won't recognize it when you get back." That is considered a good joke in the north, but it is no joke in the busy little town of Los Angeles. Los Angeles has been taking itself with monumental seriousness so long that nobody who lives there laughs at a paragraph like this which appeared in a Los Angeles weekly last week:

> Still slightly limping, but otherwise in perfect physical form, my stalwart friend, C. C. Desmond, is back from a six weeks' stay at Arrowhead Springs, whither he went with Mrs. Desmond to try the efficacy of the baths for an attack of rheumatism. Needless to say, he was amazed at the changes that have taken place, in his absence from the city. Buildings that he supposed were good for ten or fifteen years of life, when he left, have been razed to the ground or are in process of demolition, and in their stead are rising modern ten and twelve-story structures of down-to-date construction. "I throw up my hands," he confessed, in discussing the big improvements planned and under way in the few weeks of his retirement; "this is surely the city of manifest destiny."

Six weeks, of course, is a lengthy period for Los Angeles where men who came west in the nineties are called pioneers, but there must be architectural and engineering wizards down there who would make poor old Aladdin throw away his lamp and discharge the genie.

How to Spend Rockefeller's Money

When John D. Rockefeller announced that he would incorporate an institution to spend for the benefit of humanity the millions made in Standard Oil, the New York Tribune asked a number of prominent people in New York to contribute their ideas as to the best manner of disbursing the money. Every man and woman interviewed made answer, as might have been expected, according to his hobby and there were as many hobbies as there were persons interviewed. Among others three Californians were consulted, Gertrude Atherton, Edwin Markham and Herman Scheffauer. Mrs. Atherton supplied the most original scheme of all, nothing less than pensions for impecunious but gifted poets. "In England," she said, "they have a pension fund in connection with the Authors' Society, of which George Meredith was president, and to which all authors contribute, to help or provide for gifted literary folks who are having a hard time. The real poet is born and not made. When we find one of these rare souls in our midst struggling for existence, we should care for him and encourage his art in a way that would not appear to be charity." Edwin Markham, himself something of a poet, though by no means impecunious and not particularly gifted, immediately saw poetic visions of a reformed industrial system: "The wisest use of such gifts to the people would be to use them for the discovery of an industrial system that will make all such donations unnecessary in future years. Let there be a resolute investigation into the cause of poverty, so that charity may forever disappear from life. The people must finally reach a ground not dependent upon the benefactions of the great masters of finance. A society built on charity is built on the sand."

What Scheffauer Suggested

Herman Scheffauer is not only a poet but a very gifted one and he possesses that charming idealism without which a true poet could not bear this workaday world. So he deplored the fact that so many great gifts of money are used for purely utilitarian purposes.

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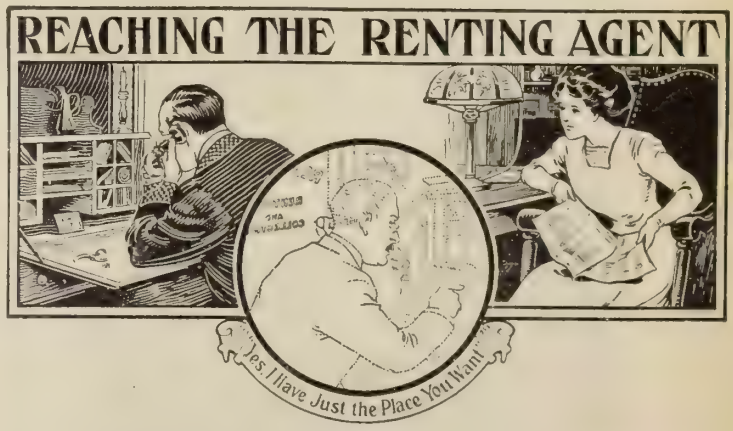

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He advocated the endowment of institutions that shall not merely further education, but also culture. "For instance," he said, "there is no magazine in the United States that maintains standards likely to foster a true native literature. What might not a proper periodical of high aims, made safe from the bondage of commercialism by endowment, do for the popular taste? Where is our Frederick Nobel? Where are the public or world honors that America bestows upon her great writers, thinkers and scientists? There are none, since art, culture and intellect have never yet been deemed of foremost importance in our nation. But the most splendid achievement of any nation must be summed up in its great men. Let a few millions be bestowed to foster the growth and development of these." That cry for an unbridled magazine will find a glad and sturdy echo when it goes moaning among the cliffs of wave-beaten Carmel-by-the-Sea. Down there are a group of seers and seeresses who have long had in mind just the project which Scheffauer has put into burning words. It irks those gentle souls to see their lucubrations published in magazines which also carry vulgar advertisements. Where is the Rockefeller who will make this dream come true?

Giglamps—Why do you dislike Bighead so much?
Gotrocks—Oh, he is one of those tiresome fellows who have only brains enough to be accurate.

Youthful Suicide in Russia

A friend who is traveling on the continent of Europe and who keeps me informed from time to time of interesting incidents significant in their bearing on manners and morals European, has just written to tell me of a most remarkable affair in St. Petersburg. The Countess Tipkevitch recently gave a children's ball and the youngsters of all the leading noble families were present. It was a very elaborate affair and was proceeding with great merriment when suddenly, above the music of a waltz, a scream was heard followed immediately by a revolver shot. It was found that in one of the corners of the ballroom a lad of fifteen belonging to the noble family of Barjatinsky had shot himself through the heart. The boy died immediately without throwing any more light on his shocking deed than was contained in the words: "I could not do otherwise." In the panic which followed a beautiful girl of fourteen, the Countess von Pahlen, swallowed a small pastille and in a few minutes she too was dead. The affair has created a tremendous sensation in St. Petersburg, but public curiosity as to the reason for the two suicides will not be satisfied. Whatever the families have discovered is being carefully withheld. My correspondent says that the suicide of young people of both sexes is every year becoming more frequent in Russia. These neurotic young moderns, brought up in the lap of luxury and in many instances free from any moral discipline seem to look upon life as an encumbrance and do not hesitate to rid themselves of it on the slightest provocation.

Our New Bank President

In financial circles it was felt that the expected happened when Mr. John S. Drum was elected to the presidency of the San Francisco Savings Union. Though a lawyer by profession and one of the leaders of the bar at the time he was prevailed upon to accept the position of vice-president of the bank he has proved himself peculiarly and exceptionally qualified for the executive work which he was called upon to perform. For many years, by reason of prudent management, the San Francisco Savings Union has been recognized as one of the most substantial of our financial institutions, but with the new blood that was infused into the concern with the acquisition of Mr. Drum its activity in monetary affairs became more pronounced. Its position among the financial institutions of the city is now of the foremost rank.

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A Poem to Breshkovskaya

No doubt McTavish's article on Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya covers the ground very well, but McTavish is not a poet and there is an aspect of the "babushka's" personality which only a poet can do justice to. So I think that it may be well to quote here a recent poem written by Elsa Barker, one of the best singers of this country. Taken in connection with McTavish's article it makes very good reading:

Breshkovskaya

How narrow seems the round of ladies' lives
And ladies' duties in their smiling world,
The day this Titan woman, gray with years,
Goes out across the void to prove her soul!
Brief are the pains of motherhood, that end
In motherhood's long joy; but she has borne
The age-long travail of a cause that lies
Still-born at last on History's cold lap.
And yet she rests not; yet she will not drink
The cup of peace held to her parching lips
By smug Dishonor's hand. Nay, forth she fares,
Old and alone, on exile's rocky road—
That well-worn road with snows incarnadined
By blood drops from her feet long years agone
Mother of power, my soul goes out to you
As a strong swimmer goes to meet the sea
Upon whose vastness he is like a leaf.
What are the ends and purposes of song,
Save as a bugle at the lips of Life
To sound reveille to a drowsing world
When some great deed is rising like the sun?

Where are those others whom your deeds inspired
To deeds and words that were themselves a deed?
Those who believed in death have gone with death
To the gray crags of immortality;
Those who believed in life have gone with life
To the red halls of spiritual death.

And you? But what is death or life to you?
Only a weapon in the hand of faith
To cleave a way for beings yet unborn
To a far freedom you will never share!
Freedom of body is an empty shell
Wherein men crawl whose souls are held with gyves;
For Freedom is a spirit, and she dwells
As often in a jail as on the hills.
In all the world this day there is no soul
Freer than you Breshkovskaya, as you stand
Facing the future in your narrow cell.
For you are free of self and free of fear,
Those twin-born shades that lie in wait for man
When he steps out upon the wind-blown road
That leads to human greatness and to pain.

Take in your hand once more the pilgrim's staff—
Your delicate hand misshapen from the nights
In Kara's mines; bind on your unbent back,
That long has borne the burdens of the race,
The exile's bundle, and upon your feet
Strap the worn sandals of a tireless faith

You are too great for pity. After you
We send not sobs, but songs; and all our days
We shall walk bravelier knowing where you are.

Miss Dinks—Why don't you marry Jack?
Miss Jinks—Because it is so much nicer to have him in love with me.

A New Women's Club Movement

From Mrs. Frona Wait Colburn, a clever and charming woman, I have just received information about the Classic Productions Alliance, to the organization of which she has recently devoted her principal activity. I am very much interested in the Classic Productions Alliance as an abstract idea and will study its gradual unfolding with real curiosity. Mrs. Colburn is attempting very ambitiously and it remains to be seen whether she will receive that intelligent and enthusiastic cooperation without which such a project as hers is doomed to failure. Briefly summarized, it is the intent of Mrs. Colburn to wield the Classic Productions Alliance as a reformatory weapon and as an educational ferule, so to speak. In her hands it is to do away with an abuse which has not hitherto received systematic treatment; it is also to call popular attention to an art-form which thus far has been confined to a very few, and those not necessarily of the elect. Concretely, Mrs. Colburn, through the Classic Productions Alliance, proposes to reform dramatic reading and to introduce to the public the poetry of the Bohemian grove plays.

What is Wrong with Dramatic Reading

Mrs. Colburn declares that a radical reform is needed in the art of reading the lines of a great classical play. The false and artificial methods of the elocutionists excite her righteous scorn. "They use salesroom instead of drawing room English," she declares with epigrammatic terseness; and she tells how they tire, bore and disgust by burring the "poor overworked letter r, the galley slave of the elocutionist's alphabet." The faults of the elocutionist, Mrs. Colburn opines, have destroyed the taste for standard poetry; the value of cadence, clarity of tone, enunciation and pronunciation have been forgotten. So there must be pioneers to retrace the well-nigh forgotten path back to the dramatic reading methods of Booth and Barrett and Lewis Morrison, to mention three dead actors for whom Mrs. Colburn professes great admiration. For "interpretation" she has but scant respect; "some of our elocutionists would interpret the Lord's Prayer, if given a chance," she de-

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clares with withering sarcasm. Back to the clearly enunciated word! might be one of the shibboleths of the new alliance.

As to the Grove Plays

Mrs. Colburn likewise opines that a great educational force is going to waste in the grove plays of the Bohemian Club. By no means does she insinuate that their sweetness and light is diffused in vain over the souls of the members of the club who assist at their production, but if she went that far there might possibly be many to approve the dictum. She does think however that the grove plays should not remain esoteric, but should be made known to the outer reading and theatre-going public. She indorses the opinion of "Eastern and European critics" who agree that these grove plays are the best things being done today for dramatic art, a flattery which should soothe the soul of Professor Morse Stephens, the author of the last of the series. "Licked into acting and reading shape" and so published "by a man like Robertson," Mrs. Colburn thinks they would be widely read, although she does not say who would be employed to do this "licking," evidently overlooked by the authors. Produced outdoors during our rainless summer evenings they would, she says, aid in the movement to bring the people back to the soil. "They glorify the white knighthood of myth and legend and tell anew the stories of reward for service and sacrifice for the good of humanity. May not the gospel of the grove play widely spread lead to a higher and better concept of living?" The best answer to Mrs. Colburn's question, of course, lies in a knowledge of the moral effect which these plays have wrought on the white knights of commerce who predominate in the Bohemian Club.

The Plans of the Alliance

The Classic Productions Alliance will be composed primarily of the literary, social and study clubs of the city, but no unattached enthusiast in the cause of the classics will be excluded. It is planned to secure the services of Ada Dow Currier, "the producer of Julia Marlowe and Robert Tabor, the teacher of Maude Adams and Norval MacGregor and the only protege Joseph Jefferson ever had." Madame Currier, I learn, is now in this city resting from one of her world tours on which she carried the traditions of the old school to South Africa, India, Siam, Australia and New Zealand. Mrs. Colburn hopes to have the help of the Bohemian, Loring and San Francisco Musical clubs in her endeavors and looks forward to the same success which she enjoyed in calling to the attention of the artists of California, "the manifold possibilities of the eucalyptus tree, the result of which has been the steadily growing vogue of this new motif." As if the primary ends of the movement were not sufficient there is also to be included "interpretative dancing, especially that which expresses a great truth in nature or exemplifies the mysteries of life and death; and high class pantomime, to take the place of the moving picture show." Here is an ambitious program. It is now in process of being carried out, Mrs. Colburn informs me. The process will be a most interesting one and we will all watch it with curiosity.

The Chief of Police Was There

A crystal palace of liquid joy with the inevitable adjunct of a cafe below stairs was opened in the Tenderloin last week. It was a gala occasion. All the somebodies of the night life were there, quaffing champagne, tossing paper ribbons, waving flags and applauding the music which did not by any means cease at one o'clock. The presence of the chief of police lent dignity to the opening. He sat at a table with a husky wine agent, a porter agent who gained distinction lately when Tex Rickard floored him in the St. Francis Hotel, the scion of a wholesale grocery house and others equally important. While the chief of police enjoyed the festivities he drank only water. The place swarmed with wine agents, beer promoters, mineral water boosters and even the iceman was on hand. It was a curious sight to see one wine agent tipping his brother who is a waiter in the new establishment. Gayest of all the feminine participants in this function was Miss Dorothy Russell who has been altogether too busy in the pursuit of joy to go to work as a singer in a rival establishment. Miss Russell has a large capacity for pleasure and finds this city an ideal place to satisfy it. By the way, it is surprising what a number of these cafes have been opened in the Tenderloin within the last few weeks. All of them have hardwood floors and hail the return of the dancers as the source of increased dividends. There is no doubt about it, San Francisco is rapidly becoming the Brussels of America.

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The Death of Oscar Wilde

The account of the death of Oscar Wilde written by Robert Ross and published in this issue of Town Talk, is a valuable and interesting contribution to literary biography. Hitherto an atmosphere of mystery has wrapped the events of those last days in Paris and it is well that the obscurity should be cleared away by one in whom admirers of Wilde place implicit confidence. Andre Gide and Ernest La Jeunesse wrote more or less legendary accounts of the closing months and Robert Sherard's narrative was scanty and unsatisfactory. Now all that need be known has been told. It is evident from this version that all that could be done for Wilde during his last illness was done for him by the few who remained true to him. Among these Reginald Turner, the novelist, now takes an honored place. It is seen now that the funeral was not the mean and hasty affair that has been so often described but a decent and reverend ceremonial. The manner in which it came to pass that Wilde died in the Catholic faith is described authoritatively and is very significant. Finally the account sets at rest forever the absurd legend that Wilde did not die at all and that the "Sebastian Melmoth" buried from the little hotel in the Beaux Arts was not the Oscar Wilde of literature.

How One Senator Voted

It was Charles James Fox, I believe, who said: "I have heard many speeches that caused me to change my mind but never a one that made me change my vote." Fox merely voiced the rule which has obtained among politicians in legislative bodies since legislation was a popular function. It is refreshing to note at least one exception to the rule and one has just been supplied by Colonel James Gordon of Mississippi, the gentle old confederate who sat in the United States Senate for a short time recently. "The very first time I voted," said Colonel Gordon, telling some of his senatorial experiences, "it was for a republican measure. When my colleagues on the democratic side told me that I had done so, I told them I was sorry to have made such a blunder, but I had listened to the speeches, and had found that the republican side sounded best to me, and so I followed them. I said if they wanted me to vote the other way in the future, they would have to find some better speakers." This has been taken as an evidence of Colonel Gordon's extreme simplicity, but it is the sort of simplicity which should not be discouraged in a sophisticated assembly like the United States Senate. An infusion of this spirit would make that body a much more refreshing gathering than it is at present. But it is safe to say that nobody will follow Colonel Gordon's example within the next decade.

Publicity Man for Anderson

Clovis A. Farnsworth, an experienced newspaperman of this city, has accepted the position of publicity agent for Alden Anderson during the gubernatorial campaign. He has organized an office force and is preparing to carry on the work of publicity all over the State. Farnsworth has an extensive acquaintance in all sections of California. During his journalistic career he has represented the Examiner at Stockton and Sacramento, has attended sessions of the legislature for the Call and Examiner and has written political news for the former paper. There is no doubt that he can do effective work for Anderson and that candidate is to be congratulated on having so valuable a man enlisted in his cause.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, calls the attention of the public to their Free Labor Bureaus located at No. 170 Turk St., San Francisco, and 804 Broadway, Oakland. All classes of male help furnished absolutely free both to employer and employee.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The trend of values in leading securities for the week has been toward betterment and has reflected a very strong position of stocks, technically speaking. The buying in the leading specialties has been of the substantial kind where developments are in progress to warrant higher prices for these issues eventually, and the general market has been sympathetic in tone. The annual steel report for 1909-10 could not have been more satisfactory, indicating 10½ per cent earned on common stock, with sums laid aside for extraordinary betterment accounts. This year's business will far surpass these figures. Norfolk and Western is being constantly absorbed by Pennsylvania Railroad interests and it is said that the bulk of this stock will disappear from the market as a result of these operations. As the earnings are running over 10 per cent on this stock, it would not be surprising to see the dividend raised to a o per cent basis later on. The Chesapeake & Ohio deal with the Hocking Valley property has been consummated on very favorable terms for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway whereby a large surplus earning power will revert to the Chesapeake & Ohio treasury. The merger of the Chesapeake & Ohio with other leading roads, we believe, is not yet completed and a great system will eventually be formed whereby Chesapeake & Ohio will be the particular beneficiary with dividend possibilities very much greater than at present. The raising of the Bank of England rate to 4 per cent has caused much discussion this week as to the future of the money market here and possible gold exports. Leading opinion is much mixed while trade figures are much against the United States. It is believed Europe will absorb heavily of new issues of securities this spring and thereby obviate the chances of heavy gold shipments at least.

Wheat—More damage to the growing wheat crop, more demand for the old, more general public interest upon the buying side of the market or more muscle on the part of the present owners of wheat, appear to be the need of the market. The wheat producer has not as yet become greatly excited over the losses and the miller apparently does not fear any shortage of the new crop and is more concerned with the difficulties and the problems of the old. Special and powerful support saved the September delivery last week, while near deliveries showed an unmistakable tendency to drift backward. With the earliest seeding in the northwest that has been known in many years there is a prospect that there will be plenty of new crop spring wheat left to fill contracts in September, even if the winter wheat crop should for any reason fail or be delayed beyond July.

Corn—Prices have been on the down grade all week with only small fractional recoveries due mostly to profit taking by the local professional element who have been arrayed on the bear side for the past sixty days. Trade at no time has been very large and in the absence of any cash demand what looked like small receipts have been a burden on the market and stocks are piling up again. Local sentiment is bearish to a man, but with navigation open April 1 it is to be expected that a good deal of corn will be shipped out of Chicago via the Lake route and a big decrease in local stocks will result which will give the bull a much firmer foundation to work on.

Cotton—The situation in the cotton market remains as perplexing as ever. Despairing of learning anything regarding the intentions of the big bulls in connection with the old crop, the outside public has largely withdrawn from the market, and the new crop just at present does not seem to be very interesting to either professionals or outsiders. There is a great deal of talk of much higher prices before the season ends, but our conviction is only so in regard to the old crop. We believe in a higher average level for cotton in the next few years. We believe that the staple is going to come into its own and will be placed on a permanently higher average basis, compared with the average of recent years. Such readjustment must however be gradual and result from economic rather than highly speculative or manipulative conditions. Meantime we think it will take some fresh influence, such as prospective scarcity for another year, to afford a legitimate basis for a new bull campaign. There seems to be no question of doubt but that a huge acreage has been planted and that this new crop under ordinary conditions will more than meet all requirements.

Copper—There has been little change in the copper metal situation. Consumers continue to follow a waiting policy and purchases of the metal for domestic accounts have been moderate. Exports for the last two months up to date have been comparatively small, but this fact is looked upon favorably in the trade, as it will, it is believed, be reflected in a firmer statistical position on the metal abroad. Producers show no disposition to press the metal for sale and the easier tendency noted at the close of last week was due largely to speculative selling in London which had a sympathetic effect on the local market here. The statement of the Copper Producers Association, issued last week, was not as favorable as was generally predicted. It was expected that a slight decrease in stocks would be shown as a result of a smaller output of the metal. The production however was comparatively large. The daily average output was 4,025,046 pounds, as compared with a daily production of 4,053,945 pounds, the average of last November which showed the largest daily output on record. An encouraging feature however was the heavy deliveries to domestic consumers. These showed a daily average of 2,340,000 pounds which compared favorably with those made in last January which were the largest on record. It must be remembered that the best months for the consumption of the year are yet to come and with this increase in consumption a better price for the metal must ensue and with this a greater demand for the stocks of the standard copper producing mines. We expect to see such stocks as Nevada Consolidated, Greene Cananea, Butte Coalition, Arizona Commercial, Cactus, Miami,

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Gila, Giroux as well as Chino do very much better and sell at higher prices in the near future.

Local Securities—There has been nothing of real importance in the local stock and bond market for the past week or so, outside of a decided display of strength throughout the general list. The chief dealings continue in Spring Valley, Associated Oil and Alaska Packers. Spring Valley Water, selling ex-dividend of 50 cents per share, has suffered a slight decline recently but not enough to point to any new developments in the company's affairs. Associated Oil has been active at times, fluctuating between $49 and $50, and Alaska Packers has had more trading of late with a slight upward movement. As to the balance of the stock list and also the bond list, attention has been well distributed along the line with but few changes. It is thought that the period of inactivity that the local securities are now passing through will continue for a while yet, but it is felt that as the summer approaches, the general list will have a livelier trade with another upward swing in the higher class issues.

ABELARD AND HELOISE

Abelard and Heloise—
Ne'er were lovers like to these:
Flying in the face of fate,
Ground beneath the heel of hate,
Constant to the latest breath,
With a faith defying death,
Deeper than unsounded seas—
Abelard and Heloise.

Abelard and Heloise
Drained Love's chalice to the lees,
Joyed and sorrowed, laughed and wept,
Tempest-torn, and passion-swept;
Now they dream away the days,
In the peaceful Pere la Chaise,
Sleeping there beneath the trees—
Abelard and Heloise.

—Robert Lovemann.

In an interview S. G. Chapman declared himself satisfied that the early sunshine is opening up the most prosperous automobile season that the west has yet experienced. In part, he said: "Basing my statements on my experience in placing both Oaklands and Hupmobiles so far this season I am ready to assert that prospects for the automobile industry were never quite so bright out here in California, as they are right now, The activity, understand, is not limited to San Francisco by any means. Already this season we have shipped cars, Hupmobiles in particular, to practically every county in the State and to some of the most remote counties we shave shipped numbers. The Eastern factories are admitting as they never admitted before that the supply of Western demand is one of their chief problems, and they are increasing their output accordingly. Last week we unloaded fourteen machines. At present we have fifty enroute and we have advance sales for many more. People in outlying territory are just beginning to realize the wonderful future of the auto business out here as is shown by the multitudinous applications we are now receiving for agencies.

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Reserve and Surplus	166,874.00
Total Resources	5,281,686.00

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES C. AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Charles C. Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Glad Lent is Over

From my inquiries among the very best people—best from the social viewpoint, naturally—I feel justified in saying that the ending of Lent is hailed with almost universal joy. I doubt if there is a single member of our most select circles who does not feel that the holy season has been a severe strain the relaxation of which is to be gladly acclaimed. I do not mean to insinuate that our worthy and esteemed exclusives are suffering physically from the contact of coarse sackcloth with their tenderly nurtured flesh or that the ashes of repentance have so stained their brows that they long for the rosewater of the post-Lentent season. Not at all. Sackcloth and ashes are far from fashionable in society. Any form of penance which disturbs the luxurious contentment of the body is frowned down in the best families. It is only among certain old-fashioned families which flout or pretend to flout the paramount importance of social leadership that the religious regulations imposed by the church for the Lenten period are rigidly observed. It is the more or less mental strain of Lent which society is glad to have relaxed. Hostesses, during the season of penitence, feel the necessity for conducting their bridge parties with an affectation of secrecy, of withholding the news of their jolly theatre excursions and their merry dances from the society reporters—in other words of maintaining what the vulgar who do not understand the mental processes of our exclusives would call an hypocritical attitude toward religion. This is a strain that recurs every year and that leads to particular embarrassment when one has a clergyman or two in the list of one's friends. Some of the clergy really think that society's doings should be subordinated to Lenten observance and I have known several who have had the hardihood to say so. Is it any wonder we are all glad Lent is over?

Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mahatma

A perusal of the Examiner has produced the impression that Mrs. Vanderbilt is a Mahatma. A Mahatma is a person capable of projecting his astral body to any selected spot. According to the Examiner Mrs. Vanderbilt spent last Saturday afternoon selling tags in the Crocker building and at the same time witnessed the polo game at Coronado, having arrived there that morning in her private car. At Coronado her companions were Seward Webb of New York and Robin Grey of this city, while in her tour of the Crocker building she was accompanied by Mrs. Kellogg. On this occasion she wore a costume of black and white checked cloth. At Coronado she was "an interested spectator" of events on the field. During Saturday evening in this city Mrs. Vanderbilt joined a supper party at the St. Francis with Mrs. Frank Carolan and at the same hour she was entertaining dinner guests at the Hotel del Coronado. The two detailed reports of her movements on Saturday were printed on pages 41 and 70 of last Sunday's Examiner. It was confusing until the Mahatma theory occurred to me.

There Will Be No Divorce

People who have wondered if Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt's stay in California is for the purpose of securing a divorce may be interested in the assurance that it is not. Mrs. Vanderbilt like her popular sister of the Fair family, is opposed to divorce. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs was never divorced though she spent her married life in New York while Herman Oelrichs lived in this city. William K. Jr. is a likable young man with more business capabality than the other members of his clan of this generation. His mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, is a brilliant woman although addicted to suffrage campaigning. The former Virginia Fair is several years older than her husband but she is still girlish in appearance with the piquant prettiness that has always distinguished her.

Our Exclusive Taggers

There were countless unrecorded incidents of Tag Day when the prettiest girls in society sold bits of paste board on the highways. For ten cents any one might

Photo. Scharz

MISS HELEN HILL

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barton Hill and the granddaughter of the celebrated Barton Hill of the California Theatre. Miss Hill is a student at the State University and has taken a creditable part in amateur theatricals

have the fair fingers of a Burlingame belle tie a tag in his button-hole and needless to say the Western equivalent of the Boulevardier seized his opportunity. The hotel corridors were crowded with specimens of the genus homo vulgarly known as "mashers." It was a shock to the vanity of some of them to find that their sole attraction lay in their dimes which when given up left them barren. I saw a prominent maid of the Burlingame set who was in a group directed by Mrs. Carolan cleverly dispose of one of these gentlemen. He was a fairly fine looking creature, well turned out, and he sauntered up

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to the prettiest girl in sight with a "see what's coming" manner. She sold him a tag and he requested that she tie it to the button of his coat. This she did, graciously. Then he gave her a dollar and she counted out the change from her silver chain bag. In the process of receiving it he carefully spilled it and there was time for a remark or two while gathering up the pieces. Elaborately he handed them back to the vendor as a donation and received her smiling thanks. Vastly encouraged he essayed further conversation, but the pretty girl had turned to speak to a companion. The "masher" executed a flank movement and once more was in her line of vision. Another bit of airy persiflage was tried. This

Photo, Bruguiere and Eisen

MRS. ALLAN GREEN

Formerly Miss Alice Doe who surprised society lately by her elopement and marriage.

time the Burlingame maid bestowed a preoccupied, unsmiling glance that went under and over him and entirely through him and left retreat his only course. Mrs. Carolan was conspicuous at the hotels and theatres where the taggers were stationed, in a smart black velvet walking suit. The coat was tight fitting and the skirt short enough to disclose patent leather shoes with deep tan uppers. She wore a huge black hat turned up on one side and carried an umbrella scarcely large enough to cover it. This was an extra touch, however, as Mrs. Carolan made the rounds in her limousine.

A Rumored Scandal

There is rumor of an impending domestic tragedy in our very highest social circles. It would be unnecessarily cruel to reveal the names of the two families involved, for there is always the possibility that a reconciliation may be effected and publicity avoided. The skeleton may be hidden away in the closet and the door carefully locked and in that event it is nobody's business what the facts of the tragedy are. But the rumors flying about persist in whispering into listening ears that the time for peaceful settlement has gone by and that there is to be at least one separation. I am sceptical about this. There are many reasons why no separation should be sought in this particular case and they will probably outweigh outraged feminine feelings.

Spokane's High Society

From a weekly paper published in Spokane I learn with considerable interest that the town on the northern inlet is aping the ways of real simon-pure blown-in-the-bottle metropolitan society. This is inspiring. May we look forward to the time when Spokane will vie with Newport in setting the pace for giddy gaiety? Perhaps

POLO AT THE HOPE RANCH, HOME OF THE POTTER COUNTRY CLUB

that is going too quickly but certainly the story told by the weekly paper indicates that Spokane may boast a society worthy to be spelled with a big S. It seems that a certain young matron of Spokane was anxious to break into what the weekly calls the "coveted cult" of the smart set. So she sent out invitations to a dinner party. "The list," I read, "included a few young married people and several of the prominent young men and maids who usually grace our exclusive social functions." The dinner proved to be principally a liquid function. There was "punch of herculean brew" and so many varieties of liquor on the dining room buffet that the guests referred to it as the bar. "The affair," says the chronicler, "took on the attributes of a bacchanalian revel, with more or less diffidence on the part of the girls, but every hospitable encouragement on the part of the hostess." Well, one young man fell down stairs, several others were put "out-of the running" and the girls were afraid to go home in the dark, as the married men were incapacitated for escort duty. So a few survivors took the ladies home by relays. The social arbiters of Spokane have decided that this method of breaking into their "coveeted cult" is not to be countenanced and perhaps they are right. But if the inland town wants to make good its title to a place on the social map and its right to

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spell its society with a big S, the members of its "coveted cult" will have to learn to carry their liquor more decorously. To fall down stairs is not only unconventional but decidedly bad form. Until Spokane has passed the experimental stage in social activity its dinner parties should be held on the ground floor.

Ernest Wiltsee in Town

Ernest Wiltsee spent several days at the St. Francis last week on his way to Bakersfield where he has oil interests. No one seemed to do anything about it, not even the daily chroniclers of social matters who once delighted to do him honor. Yet Mr. Wiltsee is now as prominent in New York and American Paris as he once was in San Francisco. His wife who did not accompany him to California is also known here where she spent her girlhood. She was Miss Emily Lorillard Taylor, daughter of the late Colonel Stuart Taylor who was a prominent figure in local club life. Mrs. Taylor was a Lorillard of New York. They lived here a number of years, finally going to Paris, where the present Mrs. Wiltsee had a brilliant social career under the chaperonage of her aunt. Everyone remembers handsome Wiltsee in his bachelor days and his friend Mr. Williams of South Africa. Mr. Williams whose other name I cannot recall, was a social rocket. He flared brightly for a while, and at the height was on the point of leading a prominent San Francisco belle to the altar. Just before this consummation occurred the slump caused by exposure of the fact that Mr. Williams had greatly overestimated his own fortune. Total social extinguishment and a broken engagement followed. To do Mr. Wiltsee justice he was as sadly shocked as anyone at the finale.

Society at Coronado

The Coronado polo tournament has been the magnet of social attraction during the week. The Hotel del Coronado has been the scenes of gayety not at all suggestive of the closing Lenten season and San Diego has swarmed with our fashionables. One of the earliest arrivals was Ned Greenway without whom a formal gathering of the exclusive clans would be a very dismal function. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark went from San Mateo in their private car, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Driscoll, Miss Eleanor Sears, Harry Simkins and R. M. Tobin. Another private car party was that of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott who brought with them Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, and Miss Helen Irwin. Then Miss Jennie Crocker was there with Templeton Crocker; Mrs. John McMullin with her niece Miss Anna Weller; Duane Hopkins, Buckley Wells, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton; the Carolans; Mr. and Mrs. Joheph S. Tobin and M. H. De Young.

Mrs. Astor's Innovation

I wonder how long it will be before our dancing hostesses will serve breakfast after their parties? This is an innovation introduced in London society by Mrs. Astor and enthusiastically welcomed by the hungry waltzers of the exclusive Mayfair set. After a recent dance Mrs. Astor regaled her guests at three in the morning with deviled kidneys and lager beer and the onslaught upon these solid refreshments was voracious in the extreme. As a result all the hostesses have taken to serving "a last refresher" before their weary guests depart and the West End caterers are devising all sorts of tempting menus for these occasions. Down in Burlingame where our aristocrats are blessed with healthy appetites and where the zest for good things to eat is never concealed beneath a pseudo-fashionable daintiness, as in less forthright circles, the "last refresher" is sure of a tumultuous welcome. Some of our dainty belles and beaux might be cursed with nightmare if they went to bed after a repast of deviled kidneys and beer, but not so the sturdy Blingumites. Most of them would rather eat than dance any time. Blessings on the ingenuity of Mrs. Astor!

Mrs. Richard Hartje, Miss Hartje and Miss M. E. McQuiston of Pittsburg are among the recent arrivals at the Potter.

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TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT
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In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Harold Sewell, Mrs. Norman MacLean and Miss Elizabeth Ashe, three of San Francisco's prominent society members, are at the Potter for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. William C. Irwin and her daughter Helene of San Francisco are expected at the Potter shortly for an extended stay. They have just returned from a tour in Mexico with the Miss Jennie Crocker party.

Mrs. Morris, of the Hotel Victoria in this city, will conduct Castle Crag during the coming summer season. Among those who have already made reservations there are Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. R. G. Hooker and Mrs. William Redding and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne arrived from New York during the week on a visit to their children. They will return to the metropolis on May 1 as Mr. Dunne has important law cases there which requires his presence.

Mrs. James C. Jordon, Miss Adelaide Kenny and Miss Jane Kenny of San Francisco, motored down to the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, in their car for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Pardee with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weelbye of Oakland, motored from Oakland to the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bracken, Mrs. C. M. Day and Miss A. M. Bancroft of Hopedale, Mass., are visiting San Jose for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Elena and Porter Robinson have taken a cottage in Santa Barbara for the summer months. In the fall Mrs. Robinson and family will go abroad where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. Daniel MacMasters has issued invitations for a bridge party on March 28 at her home, 2020 Washington street.

Mrs. H. H. McGowan of Paraiso Hot Springs has returned home after a week-end visit with Mrs. L. Terkelsen of Clayton street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Treadwell and daughter, accompanied by Mrs. T. O'Hara and friends, have been at Paraiso Hot Springs for a week's stay. They made excellent time in their Cadillac car from San Jose.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who was Miss Virginia Fair, arrived at Del Monte Sunday with her children, has taken an elaborate suite of rooms, and is planning to remain for the entire summer season.

Mr. E. W. Barron, a well-known club man of San Francisco, motored down last week for a week at Del Monte.

Among the many week-end parties of San Francisco people at Del Monte last week were Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Draper, who had with them Mrs. A. W. Foster and A. W. Foster Jr. of San Rafael; and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Miss Berenice Wilson, well known socially in the bay cities.

Miss Amy Brewer, one of the most charming girls of the San Mateo smart set, has been for several days the guest of Miss Genevieve Harvey at Del Monte. Miss Harvey and her guest are both expert golfers, and are to be seen on the links every fine day.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, who have been wintering at the Hotel Victoria, have returned to their home in San Rafael for the spring and summer.

Mrs. R. D. Sargent is a recent arrival from Seattle. She is registered at the Hotel Victoria.

William Donovan Jr. of Aberdeen, Wash., is a guest at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. McPherson of Portland are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McPherson at the Hotel Victoria.

A number of dinner parties have made the past week a busy one at the Hotel Victoria. Among those who entertained were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thoyer, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. C. M. Vance, Miss Laura Tervis and Miss Celia O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Smith had a series of small dinner parties during the week, a half dozen guests sharing their hospitality on each occasion.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. of New York who was a luncheon hostess at the Palace on Tag Day, joined in the fun and also sold tags. It is reported that she and some friends went through the Crocker building opposite the Palace and sold tags in every office.

H. H. Hunnewell and family of Boston have arrived at the Palace and are making a lengthy stay. Mr. Hunnewell is a millionaire and makes the trip to California each winter in his private car, stopping en route as his fancy dictates. He is the president of the National Kennel Club of America and during his visit to San Francisco the annual meeting of the association was held at the Palace.

George Barr McCutcheon of Indiana, author of "Brewster's Millions," "Graustark" and other fiction, has been the guest of the Palace for the past few days. Mr. McCutcheon is accompanied by Mrs. McCutcheon and is en route home to Chicago after a lengthy visit in the southern part of California.

H. C. Denson of the United States geological survey has been the guest of the Palace awaiting his steamer which will take him to new fields of labor in the Philippines. This is his second trip to the islands.

Among the well known men of science who recently stopped at the Fairmont was Professor Ferdinand Ellerman of the Carnegie Solar Observatory on Mt. Wilson. He is on his way to the Hawaiian Islands where he purposes taking a series of photographs of the Halley comet and making a careful observation of its progress during his stay of nearly two months. Professor Ellerman was accompanied by Mrs. Ellerman and Miss Ellerman who will make the journey with him.

The Fairmont Hotel is in receipt of a cable from London asking for the reservation of one hundred rooms during the week of July Fourth when the great pugilistic encounter is to take place. One hundred of the well known men about town of London have decided to visit California for the event and have made their reservations thus far in advance.

Mrs. Charles G. Hickox of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the most prominent society matrons of that city, is in San Francisco for a month's visit. Mrs. Hickox is a guest at the Hotel Victoria, where she will spend her time during her stay in town.

When Rome Was Young

---so history records---her nobility and indeed all her citizens of wealth and culture found their greatest pleasures in the building and ornamentation of villas which embowered in gardens, looked down from the hillslopes on the Roman Campagna, or upon the bay of Naples. In this Californian climate, so like Italy's, it is no wonder that history repeats itself and that to-day people of wealth and culture seek the hills for their home. Only now the villa homes---those of the Crocker Tract, for example---look down upon both bay and plain, and electric transportation puts each man's vine-covered, rose-encircled residence within easy reach of office and shop. Why not live the life of the villa home---the ideal life from Roman times down to our own?

WICKHAM HAVENS INCORPORATED, 1212 Broadway, Oakland, California

Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, accompanied by Mrs. Osborn, was a recent arrival at the Fairmont. He is a professor of zoology at the Columbia University of New York and is also associated with the American Museum of Natural History of the same city. He has been making a tour of investigation of the ancient cliff dwellings in Arizona and the fossil beds of Southern California. While in this part of the State he made a visit to the Yosemite in company with John Muir who came in from the valley to meet him.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included A. K. Brewer, J. B. Hyde-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKee, Mrs. John McMullin, Miss Anna Weller, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bauer, George W. Harrison, W. F. Hargaard, E. V. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Wright, H. J. Flynn, J. B. McCarger, E. Preston, Thomas F. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burnham and Dr. and Mrs. George K. Frink.

Dr. J. Auburn Wiborn and Mrs. Wiborn have returned to their apartments at the Hotel Victoria, after an absence of six weeks or more in the East.

Mrs. John Russ and Mrs. Charles D. Pierce have also reestablished themselves at the Hotel Victoria, after several months in the South. They were guests for a part of the winter at the Hotel del Coronado.

The "Service Set" at the Fairmont lost a goodly number of its members when the Pacific Squadron went to target practice at Santa Barbara, many of the "Navy widows" following the ships to the Southland, but the number was increased again by the arrival of other officers from the Orient or from the East en route to their stations in the islands. Among the latest arrivals were Paymaster and Mrs. R. Nicholson, Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Chester Wells, Captain and Mrs. E. B. Underwood, J. B. Olding and Mrs. Olding, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight A. Jones, Mrs. Frederick Remsen Hutton, wife of Professor Hutton who occupies the chair of mechanical engineering at Columbia University and is an author of note, Miss Isabel E. Foote and Miss Gladys Dwight Jones comprise a party from New York who have arrived in Santa Barbara in their private car and are guests at the Potter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Scofield of Tacoma are spending a few days at the Potter. Mr. Scofield is a member of the firm and manager of Savage, Scofield & Co., wholesale dealers in building material.

Mr. Lew Guernsey, a former newspaper man of Santa Barbara and later of the Los Angeles Record, arrived at the Potter during the week with E. G. Vail of New York City.

Among the motor parties of Del Monte last week were Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton and Miss Holton, who motored down from the city and will be at Del Monte for several days; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wishon, Miss Wishon, Miss Ethel Shaver of Fresno, who will also be here for some time: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Green, who are touring the State and will remain long enough to "do" the peninsula very thoroughly; Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Dalton, Miss Snyder, Edgar Nelson and Miss Wollenbach, who motored over from Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Southerland entertained at dinner recently Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stuart Fonda, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Hill, Mrs. Sue Merriman and Captain Creary, U. S. A.

The Palace is the favored rendezvous of the travelers from British Columbia and prominent among those registered from there recently were Mr. and Mrs. W. McNeill, Miss McNeill and Master McNeill of Vancouver, B. C., and Mrs. E. J. McFeeley of the same city. From Victoria came Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gillispie, A. E. Todd, Mrs. J. H. Todd, W. H. Trewarth-James, Mrs. E. V. Bodwell and Miss Carolyn Bodwell.

B. L. Smith of Chicago, president of the Western Banking Company and a director in a number of railroad enterprises, has been at the Palace recently. Mr. Smith is accompanied by Mrs. Smith and family and came to the coast over the Santa Fe in President Ripley's private car. Mr. Smith and family saled for the Orient for an extended visit.

Capt. Chas. B. Hinde, president of the Spreckels Bros. Commercial Company of San Diego, has been at the Palace during his stay in San Francisco. He is accompanied by J. B. Alexander of Los Angeles.

Mrs. John P. Jones and her daughter, Miss Georgiana Jones, have arrived in Paris where they intend to remain until after the wedding of Miss Alice Jones and Artist McMonnies which will take place within a few weeks.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. George Shreve and a number of others have taken cottages for the summer season at Castle Crag.

The resort is to be managed this summer by Mrs. W. F. Morris of the Hotel Victoria, and the announcement that she will assume charge of it is one of the most interesting bits of resort news. Mrs. Morris has had extensive experience in similar work, and under her management the Castle Crag resort will claim a generous patronage from the society folk of this and other bay cities.

FOR SALE

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Fred H. Jung, Room 528 Butler Building, 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of KATE AIGELTINGER, deceased.

ELLA MAY AIGELTINGER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Kate Aigeltinger, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

FRED H. JUNG, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 528 Butler Bldg., 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. 3-26-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 7806, Dept. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH S. NORTON, Deceased.

EDWARD S. NORTON, administrator of the estate of Sarah S. Norton, also known as Sarah Saxe Norton, having presented to this Court and filed herein his duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing the said administrator to sell, at private sale, an undivided one-quarter interest in certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches Southeasterly from the corner formed by the point of intersection of the Southeasterly line of Howard Street with the Southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence Southeasterly and along said Southwesterly line of Spear Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle Southwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Northwesterly forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches, and thence at a right angle Northeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lot No. 752.

And good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said estate show cause, if any they have, before this Court on Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock a. m. at the Courtroom of this Court, Department 9 thereof, in the Grant Building at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing a copy of this order in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in this City and County, for four successive weeks next before the hearing of said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 23rd, 1910.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 23rd, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor. 3-26-5

The Vanishing Seal Herd

From a gentleman who has just returned from Alaska I learn that the seal herd is in danger of annihilation and that what was once an important industry may soon be no more. So rapidly are the seals being killed that unless something is done their practical extinction will be the work of but a few years. By direction of Congress an official survey was made in 1874. The herd was then reported as numbering 4,700,000. Another official survey, made in 1891, reported the number as then reduced to 1,000,000. In 1900 the United States Fish Commission reported a further reduction to 360,000. In 1906 there were about 180,000, and W. T. Hornaday estimates the present number at not more than 30,000. This rapid diminution of the herd has gone on in spite of the fact that during the last twenty years the Government has spent nearly $5,500,000 for its protection. The Bering Sea tribunal, which sat in Paris in 1893, established a close season and provided other regulations assumed to be reasonably effective. A law passed by Congress in December, 1897, prohibited American citizens and vessels from pelagic sealing in Bering Sea or in the Pacific Ocean north of the 35th parallel of north latitude. The Paris decision of 1893 limited the activities of Canadian sealers, but the matter has been a cause of frequent and serious friction. The operations of American citizens have been kept fairly well within legal limits, but the laws of this country do not equally bind the Canadians and do not at all bind the Japanese, who were not party to the Paris treaty of 1893 and who recognize no law outside the generally established three mile limit. The Japanese have been active in their operations in Bering Sea since 1901, and it is largely to the wasteful, unscientific and even brutal methods of Japanese hunters in the open sea that the swift destruction of the herd is properly attributable. It is in the open sea that most of the evil work is done. The islands of St. Paul and St. George are now the principal breeding grounds, and on them the right of killing is held under lease from the Government by the North American Commercial Company of this city. The company operates under officially prescribed regulations and pays to the Government a royalty on all skins taken and shipped. The lease, made in 1890, will expire next spring.

—The Naturalist.

FOR EASTER

An early selection is advised while the varieties are complete. Bunny buntings, fluffy chicks, Easter eggs, egg-shaped boxes and imported novelties. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

Piedmont, March 22, 1910

Dearest Bess:—

I suppose it's very much needed, this rain of the last week, but it has not made me any too amiable for I have not been able to spend ten seconds in my adorable garden.

Yesterday, however, it was semi-clear long enough for me to make the rounds, almost repeating the behavior of the small child, pulling the plants up to see if they were growing in my eagerness to see my garden in full bloom.

Oh, these hills, these hills—one lovely carpet of green with vivid patches of orange and yellow! Spring is really here underfoot, but not so much overhead. The Crocker Tract I cannot help but tell you of every time I write, for it grows more beautiful daily—the Boston Ivy is just uncurling its beautiful glossy leaves over the houses making them look as gloriously fresh and springlike as the hills themselves, and the larks are fairly outdoing themselves in their morning carols.

We are deep in plans. The Spanish hacienda type for mine, and it's just the thing for our lot which is a small crest, sloping gently into an oak-filled canyon. I'm crazy, absolutely crazy, to get at it, and we only now wait the stopping of the rains to begin. In the meantime, however, the garden goes merrily on, and will be a beautiful setting for the house which will be there as soon as human skill can accomplish it.

I'll expect you as soon as a sunny day temps you forth.

Yours,

—Claire.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Twohy of Portland, Ore., are visiting Mrs. John Twohy at the Vendome.

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Maclyn Arbuckle in "The Round-up"

By Edward F. O'Day

Not since William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes" extracted the charge from Moriarity's revolver by an imperceptible movement have we seen so interesting a gun play as that of Maclyn Arbuckle in the character of "Slim" Hoover, the sheriff of Pinal County. It is a thrilling situation. "Buck" McKee, a thoroughly bad sort of bad landsman, has the drop on the sheriff and reminds him that he is very quick on the draw. The sheriff drawlingly acknowledges McKee's cleverness in that sinister particular and slowly, good-naturedly, as becomes a fat man, lifts up his hands. For all intents and purposes his hands are still in the air when he takes out of the upper pocket of his blouse a sack of durham. Now here is a situation which takes "Buck" McKee off his guard. "Buck" has not drawn his weapon; his hand is at the holster, but he is watching the sheriff alertly. As the sheriff's hands are really in the air why should "Buck" object to his rolling a cigarette? Having opened the little sack it is quite natural that he should reach for a paper and presto! with a mighty roar the sheriff has one big revolver trained on "Buck" and another covering "Buck's" gang of bad men. It is a great trick and the eye is not quick enough to see just where those big guns come from. Hidden somewhere on his capacious breast they have been awaiting the proper moment and then they leap to the sheriff's hands for the humiliation of "Buck" McKee. Those who delighted in Gillette's dexterity in unloading Moriarity's pistol never could show patience with those who insisted that the cigar trick in the great gas chamber scene was a better bit of work. That was one of those arguments which could never be settled, like a religious or political dispute. I remember having espoused the cause of the pistol trick with incredible warmth. Similarly there is bound to be a dispute between those who insist that Arbuckle's greatest scene in "The Round-Up" is that which I have just described and those who aver with equal positiveness that it is that in which he rolls a cigarette with one hand while striking a match with the other. Now I never thought there was much room for argument in the Gillette controversy; I was too much of a partisan for that. But I do see where both sides to the Arbuckle dispute have good roomy ground to stand on. The rolling of that cigarette is wonderful; it is a work of art, inasmuch as it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Of course it is not new; we have seen Arbuckle do it before, just as we have heard him utter that piteous lament about the lovelessness of fat men. That lament, by the way, is one of the most egregiously false statements I have ever heard on the stage. Fat men are invariably loved; it is the thin fellows whom the women neglect, as every thin man will testify with his attenuated arm lifted solemnly to high heaven. Although the remark which the sheriff makes is false, the cigarette which he rolls is a good one and the rolling of it is an action of which we will never tire. Still I must say that I prefer the gun play which cows the exultant spirit of bad "Buck" McKee. The gun play and the rolling of the cigarette are the two best things in "The Round-Up," of course; but there are other tidbits of an entrancing deliciousness. The fight with the Indians in the third act gave me one of the sweetest sensations that I have had since I ceased reading Harry Castleman and Fennimore Cooper. I would like to have seen the combat more evenly balanced, but that is a small matter. The Indians never have much of a chance in melodrama and in this instance I believe they only succeed in bowling over one white man. By great good chance that white man was a disturbing factor in the play and his death came in the nick of time to save the plot from a miserable ending. As it is the play ends happily, even "Buck" McKee manifesting a native chivalry which softens the hearts of the audience and brings a pang of regret when he staggers off to die of a stab. I have my own ideas about the ingenue accepting that hangdog fellow "Bud" Lane. It may be very well for the purpose of the play to show the sheriff as an unsuccessful suitor, but I am convinced that nothing of the sort happened. Ingenues are not supposed to be partial to fat men on the stage; they always marry handsome and ridiculous boys; but in real life it is very different. Everybody, including ingenues, loves a fat man and Maclyn Arbuckle is a peculiarly lovable compound of sinew and good nature, of humor and adipose.

Here is the kindly fashion in which Mr. Walkley of the London Times receives "The Climax" which made such a deep impression in New York: "The play serves up just that kind of homely, obvious humor, saccharine sentiment and cheap science which you find in so many American plays and in every popular American magazine. Incidentally it dwells on the contrast between some half-baked, unsophisticated, puritanical Azalea, Ohio, and the esthetic-intellectual emancipation of New York—which is not perhaps quite so far ahead of Azalea as it fondly supposes."

ESTHA WILLIAMS

The favorite Californian actress, who returns in "As the Sun Went Down" at the Savoy Theatre.

Stage

The Maud Allan Dances

With the assistance of a magnificent symphony orchestra of forty-five of our leading musicians under Paul Steindorff and personally organized by Will Greenbaum, Miss Maud Allan will interpret for us such works as Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite," Schumann's "Papillons," Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," Chopin's "Funeral March," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and works by Bach, Mozart, Tschaikowsky and of course her wonderful creation, "The Vision of Salome" inspired by the music of Richard Strauss. The performances will be given under the joint direction of Martin Beck and Will Greenbaum at the Garrick Theatre on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, April 5, 7 and 8, and on Sunday afternoon, April 10. The sale of seats will open next Thursday morning, March 31, at Sherman, Clay & Co's and mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum with check or money order enclosed. Manager Bishop of Ye Liberty Playhouse has been induced to lay off his entire stock production on Wednesday night, April 6, in order that the people of Alameda County may have the opportunity of witnessing the beautiful work of Miss Allan and her grand symphony orchestra. Seats for the Oakland performance will be on sale at Ye Liberty box office next Thursday and mail orders should be addressed to H. W. Bishop.

"The Round-Up" Again Next Week

The Columbia Theatre will offer Klaw and Erlanger's big production of "The Round-Up" for a second and last week commencing with Monday night, March 28. The performance has attracted big audiences during the past week. Otis Skinner, direct from New York, will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, offering his latest comedy success entitled "Your Humble Servant." The new play will probably prove to the star's many local admirers a decided departure from the previous lines of characterization which he has recently essayed here. Izetta Jewell, who is quite a favorite here, plays the leading feminine role in the production.

"As the Sun Went Down" at the Savoy

The last performances of "The Red Mill" will be given at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the matinee Sunday, "As the Sun Went Down" will begin an engagement limited to one week. "As the Sun Went Down," which will be seen for the first time in this city, is a new play from the pen of George D. Baker and it should receive more than usual attention for the reason that it will be produced under the personal direction of Arthur C. Aiston, a manager who has given to the public excellent plays like "Tennessee's Pardner," "At the Old Cross Roads" and "Pretty Peggy." "As the Sun Went Down" has received praise in every city where it has been played. The story is one of California in the early days and is full of the Bret Harte atmosphere. The company is one of merit headed by Estha Williams, a Californian. In her support are Edwin Walter, W. A. Whitecar, Victory Bateman, Arthur E. Chatterton, Arthur W. Bentley, Flora Byam, R. F. Sullivan, Margaret Millar, W. A. Cleveland, William D. Taylor and others. The usual bargain matinee will be given on Thursday.

The Maud Powell Concerts

Maud Powell, an American woman who stands in the foremost ranks of the world's great musicians and who is considered by such men as Ysaye, Kreisler, Caesar Thomson and Kubelik as a "brother artist," will give her first concert at the Garrick Theatre this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m., offering a program of quite a different style and calibre from any heard here since Ysaye played at the old Baldwin with Lachaume. Her pianist, Waldemar Liachowsky, toured several seasons in Europe with Mischa Elman and in addition to his abilities as an accompanist is celebrated as an ensemble player. On Thursday night another great program will be given. A great farewell program is promised for Sunday afternoon, April 3. Complete programs and tickets for all the concerts are to be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Next Friday afternoon, April 1, Maud Powell will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the great program of Thursday night. On Tuesday night this artist and Mary Le Grand Reed, a dramatic soprano, will furnish the program at the fifth concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

Double Bill at Benefit Matinee

Mr. Paul Gerson and his associate players in Shakespeare's comedy "The Taming of the Shrew" and the one act drama "The Old Guard" are to be seen at the charity performance for the Bush Street Synagogue arranged to take place at the Van Ness Theatre, Sunday afternoon, April 3. Mr. Gerson has not been seen on the stage in eight years. Petruchio is the character he will essay in the Shakespearean comedy, while in "The Old Guard" he is cast for the role of old Havresack. A large supporting cast will be seen including many who have made friends by their acting on numerous occasions in this city. Mr. Charles David of the Columbia Theatre is taking great interest in this affair. It was at his suggestion that the benefit was planned and to judge from present indications, it will be very successful.

MAUD ALLAN
The famous classic dancer

NONETTE

The gifted musician and soloist who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

John Ince Returns

"Salvation Nell" and the reappearance of John Ince as the leading man are the magnets which the Alcazar will offer during the coming week, commencing Monday evening. The play is well known in San Francisco as Mrs. Fiske's latest success, and those who are acquainted with Mr. Ince's acting need not be told that as Jim Platt, the Bowery "tough," he will be extremely effective. Evelyn Vaughan will have the title role, and the other speaking parts, fifty-eight in number, will be distributed among the regular members of the stock company and as many extra people as are necessary. For several weeks the Alcazar's artists and mechanics have been constructing the scenic accessories of the play, and they are most realistic. This will be the first presentation of "Salvation Nell" by a stock company, and the Alcazar management has spared neither money nor pains to make it a memorable event.

The Travelogue Season

The Burton Holmes Travelogue season will open at the Garrick Theatre on Monday night, April 11, and three courses will be given, so that subscribers can attend all the subjects without going more than twice a week. A matinee course will be given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons after school hours. Season tickets will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co's April 4 and single seats the following Thursday. A complete course will be given on Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 3:30 at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, commencing Tuesday, April 11.

Good Bill at the Orpheum

"La Petite Gosse" which is to be presented for the first time in this city at the Orpheum next week is the newest form of character pantomimic dance, taking the place of the famous Apache dance which was the rage of Europe for several years. It is given in two scenes; the first an exterior in the Latin Quarter and the second the interior of a drinking place. The characters belong to the "under-world" of Paris and their pantomime illustrates a story of love, hatred and conspiracy. The principal role of "Ma Gosse" is performed by Mlle. M. Corio who danced the Apache dance in Paris, London and New York. Stelling and Revell are horizontal bar experts. "Max Witt's Girls from Melody Lane" who are also new to us are a quartette of attractive song birds. Ada Adair, the leading soprano, has been associated with many of the big concerts given by famous conductors; Eleanor Elliot, the mezzo, has distinguished herself in comic opera; Anna Hathaway, the alto, has found fame in grand opera; Nina Barbour, the contralto, is the possessor of a remarkably deep voice which has made her a favorite in the East. Nonette is the nom de theatre of a sweet young musician who was formerly the special feature with "The Vassar Girls." She will introduce selections on the violin and vocal numbers. "His Last Appearance," an original dramatic sketch, will be presented for the first time here by Walter McCullough, Ralph Evans Smith and Grenville James. Next week will terminate the engagements of Berg's Six Merry Girls, Avery and Hart and Madame Morichini.

"Cameo Kirby" at Ye Liberty

The Bishop players at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, have an attraction of rare promise for Easter Week in "Cameo Kirby," the piece in which Dustin Farnum, McKee Rankin, May Buckley and a notable cast were seen last season. "Cameo Kirby" is a four-act comedy-drama by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson with scenes laid in New Orleans about eighty years ago. It can readily be imagined that much has been made of that interesting time and place. Sydney Ayres will appear in the title role of Eugene Kirby, an adventurous

SCENE FROM "THE ROUNDUP"

At the Columbia Theatre

Mississippi river gambler, and Elizabeth Stewart has the leading feminine role of the planter's daughter with whom he falls in love. The usual sumptuous scenic surroundings will be shown.

Harry Lauder's Generosity

Some of the stories which are told of Harry Lauder's "nearness" are already regarded as classics, but the canny little Scot, it seems, goes right on making contributions to the anecdotage of stinginess. It is worth while embalming the very latest here. Not long before he sailed home the little Scot became acquainted with a young woman who did him sundry good turns and numerous favors. The day before he departed Harry addressed the young woman politely: "I hae been much beholden tae ye," said Mr. Lauder. "Ye hae done much for baith Mrs. Lauder an' mesel', and I canna' forget it. Tomorrow ye shall receive a bonny present, Miss; a bonny present that shall make ye remember Harry Lauder aye an' ever!" Naturally the young woman expected a locket set in diamonds, or a bracelet or some other bit of jewelry. When she met Mr. Lauder about an hour before he sailed she was delighted with the friendliness that beamed from his expressive Caledonian eyes. With much impressiveness Harry drew forth the present and handed it to her with this accompanying remark: "It is na often, lassie, that I gie yin o' these tae anybody, but ye hae been richt guid tae me an' tae Mrs. Lauder forbye, sae ye shall hae it, lassie, ye shall hae it!" The present? Mr. Lauder's photo, with his autograph written large across the back.

Auto Items

Wallace Bros. of San Jose have just been delivered two more Hupmobiles. They report that the Hups are immensely popular throughout the Santa Clara Valley, and that the demand is increasing every day.

Mr. Alvan Macauley has resigned as general manager of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company to become general manager of the Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit, succeeding Mr. S. D. Waldon, who has been elected vice-president of the Packard Company. This addition to the administrative staff of the Packard Company is the natural result of the steady and remarkable growth of that company, and the increased need of assistance for President H. B. Joy and Mr. Waldon in the conduct of the company's business. The selection of Mr. Macauley to occupy this position is particularly fitting, owing to the fact that he has been instrumental in building up a business which is almost parallel to that of the Packard Company in its growth during the last several years. Mr. Macauley has been general manager of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company for eight and one-half years and was one of the men associated with Mr. Joseph Boyer, directly responsible for bringing the Burroughs plant to Detroit. Under his management the Burroughs business multiplied six times in volume.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
Cor. Geary and Mason Streets
Gottlob, Marx & Co., Mgrs.
Phones, Franklin 150, C 5783

Every Night, including Sunday. Matinee Saturday Only
Second and Last Week Begins Monday, March 28,
KLAW & ERLANGER'S Massive Production

THE ROUND-UP
With MACLYN ARBUCKLE

134 People—20 Horses. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50 and $2.
Monday, April 4—Direct from New York, OTIS SKINNER in his latest success, "Your Humble Servant."

The Garrick
FORMER ORPHEUM
ELLIS AT FILLMORE
PHONE - WEST 1194
ELLIS ST. AT FILLMORE
Direction Will Greenbaum

MAUD POWELL
VIOLINIST
Assisted by Waldemar Liachowsky—Pianist
This Sunday Afternoon, March 27; Thursday Evening, March 31, and Sunday Afternoon, April 3.
Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman,Clay & Co's

POWELL IN OAKLAND
Friday Afternoon, April 1 at 3:15—Ye Liberty

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY!!!

MAUD ALLAN
THE FAMOUS CLASSIC DANCER
And her Grand Symphony Orchestra of Forty-five
Paul Steindorff, Conductor
FOUR PERFORMANCES ONLY
Tuesday, Thursday and Friday Nights, April 5, 7, 8, and Sunday Afternoon, April 10
Seats, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Box Seats $3.00.

Box office opens Thursday, March 31 at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Mail Orders must be accompanied by check or money order payable to Will L. Greenbaum.

MAUD ALLAN IN OAKLAND
Wednesday Night, April 6, at Ye Liberty

BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES
"Hawaii," "Old Japan," "New Japan," "Java," and "More About Paris"
Commence Monday, April 11

OAKLAND COURSE Tuesday and Friday Afternoons
Ye Liberty Playhouse

Soon—WALTER DAMROSCH and New York Symphony Orchestra.

Savoy
THE THEATRE COZY
McAllister Street, near Market
Phones, Market 130 and J 2822

This Saturday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "The Red Mill."

Starting Sunday Matinee, March 27—Other Matinees Thursday and Saturday
Arthur C. Aiston Presents

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN
With ESTHA WILLIAMS and a Capable Cast, including Edwin Water.
A Story of the West, with a Bret Harte Atmosphere.
Prices, 25c to $1.50. Bargain Matinee, Thursday, 25c to 75c. Seats on Sale at the Theatre and Emporium.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
Corner Sutter and Steiner Streets
Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs.
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Monday Evening, March 28, and Throughout the Week
Mrs. Fiske's Latest and Greatest Success

SALVATION NELL
Edward Sheldon's Realistic Drama of the New York Slums
Reappearance of JOHN ince as Leading Man
Prices—Nights, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

NEW ORPHEUM
O'Farrell St. bet. Stockton and Powell
Safest and most magnificent theatre in America.
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE
"LA PETITE GOSSE," a Pantomimic Dance of the Parisian Underworld with Mlle. M. Corio; STELLING and REVELL; WITT'S GIRLS FROM MELODY LANE; NONETTE; "HIS LAST APPEARANCE," a Dramatic Incident; BERG'S SIX MERRY GIRLS; AVERY and HART; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of the Gifted Young Prima Donna MADAME MAURICIA MORICHINI who will be heard in an entirely New Repertoire of Songs.
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c and 50c.

MACDONOUGH THEATRE
14th & Broadway, Oakland
H. H. Campbell, Mgr.
Phone Oakland 87

ROBERT MANTELL
Friday, March 25, "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
Saturday Matinee, March 26, "AS YOU LIKE IT"
Saturday Night, March 26, "MACBETH"
Commencing Sunday and all Week, "THE MERRY WIDOW"

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
OAKLAND
Direction H. W. Bishop

Week of Monday, March 28, Every Evening, Matinees Saturday and Sunday
BISHOP'S PLAYERS in the First Western Stock Presentation of
CAMEO KIRBY
As Played Last Season by Dustin Farnum
Next "A Message from Mars."

BISMARCK CAFE
Grand Opera features and other interesting novelties by Europe's foremost artists, every evening 8:00 to 10:30 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. to 1:00 a. m. Matinees daily 3:15 to 5:00 p. m., Sundays excepted. Herr Ferdinand Stark's orchestra
Pacific Building, Market and Fourth Sts.

The Editor in His Anecdotage

The Lady and the Bird

"The story from the State Agricultural College at Ithaca about feeding dyestuff to hens and producing red, green or blue chickens at will reminds me of the woman who purchased a white crested touraco here," said a bird dealer.

"The touraco is imported from South Africa and is a fine bird as a house ornament. It is about twice the size of our bluejay, is green on the head and breast, deep blue on the tail and rump and has bright red feathers under the wings. This coloring is remarkable, because it is the only known instance in which metallic copper enters into the color scheme of birds. You can get an 8 per cent copper solution from the touraco's red feathers. When caught in a rain the red color is washed away and the feathers become gray.

"This woman left the bird out in the rain one day and when she noticed the effect she came to me and said: 'What kind of dye do you put on your birds? If you are going to cheat your customers by painting the birds I should think you would use fast colors and not have the fraud disclosed by the first rain.'

"She was mad all right, but I explained that the red color would come back in a short time and she afterward came in to apologize."

Justice Brewer's Story

Justice Brewer once told a friend of mine a story of an Indiana Justice of the Peace, who owned a farm. One line of his fence formed the boundary of the States of Indiana and Ohio. Like others in rural districts who hold that office, he had an abnormal appreciation of the responsibility of the office, and never lost an opportunity to exercise his prerogative of demanding that the peace be preserved. One day his son and his hired man got to fighting on a stretch of the farm near the boundary fence, and the Justice of the Peace rushed out and mounted the fence. Then, with head cocked high and the air of one who has but to command, he shouted: "In the name of the State of Indiana I demand the preservation of the peace!" Just then the fence gave way under his weight, and and as he went down with the fence toppling over to the Ohio side, he shouted to his son: "Give him the mischief, Jim; I've lost my jurisdiction!"

Music Hath Charms

Music is the inspiration of the battle-field, of the church, of the lover, and of the solitary student. When Luther was fatigued by prolonged studies, he would take his flute or guitar, and play a lively piece in his garden, and find his mind refreshed. "Music," said Luther, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only thing which, like theology, can calm the troubled soul and put the devil to flight." This happy influence of music makes it a most important though greatly neglected therapeutic agent; for that which powerfully affects the soul necessarily affects the body in a similar manner. His biographer says that David, the famous musical composer, when on earth, cured a man of fever with the pianoforte, and when the fever was disposed to return, he readily drove it away in the same manner. In a hospital in Havana a soldier named Martin was under treatment for catalepsy, but absolutely in vain, for fifteen months; but one day the doctors ordered a bagpipe played near his bed, and he recovered almost immediately. The medical profession has neglected this powerful agent.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Action No. 20,653

MARY E. NORMAN, Plaintiff, vs
All Persons Claiming any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MARY E. NORMAN, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL. Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street, distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Sanchez Street, thence running Easterly and along said Southerly line of Twenty-fourth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly ninety (90) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

SECOND PARCEL.—Commencing at the point of the intersection of the lines of the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, thence running along the South side of Twenty-fourth Street in an Easterly direction fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles in a Southerly direction parallel with Vicksburg Street ninety (90) feet; thence at right angles in a Westerly direction running parallel with Twenty-fourth Street fifty (50) feet; thence along Vicksburg Street Northerly ninety (90) feet to the point of commencement.

THIRD PARCEL.—Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street, distant thereon ninety (90) feet Southerly from the Southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Vicksburg Streets, and running thence Southerly along the said Easterly line of Vicksburg Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly and parallel with Vicksburg Street twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Twenty-fourth Street seventy-five (75) feet to the Easterly line of Vicksburg Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Horner's Addition Block No. 88.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that the title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at his office Room No. 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN B. FAYARD, also known as J. B. FAYARD, also known as JOHN B. FAYARD, deceased.

P. J. MULLER,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jean B. Fayard, also known as J. B. Fayard, also known as John B. Fayard, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, March 26th, 1910.

PAGE, McCUTCHEN & KNIGHT, Attorneys for Executor,
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

The Last Days of Oscar Wilde

(Continued from Page 7.)

meant Patrie. And when he got the newspaper he was overjoyed to see the picture of Kruger in a fur coat. He mispronounces certain words now. It is very hard to tend him, and he refuses to obey the doctors' orders. He said that I should have become a physician, for I always wanted people to do that which they didn't want to do. I had asked him to take nourishment and to leave off smoking, as the physicians had forbidden him to smoke. Then he suddenly remarked: 'The Jews have no profound philosophy of life, but they are sympathetic.' Perhaps he thought of me at the time or of Strangman. I shall sleep here tonight in this hotel so that I may be up at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning and give him the necessary medicines." On November 28 he wrote: "Please inform me at once who should be notified when Oscar dies. Also be prepared to send out the telegrams. I have lost my mind. Tucker has telegraphed to me saying that I should inform Oscar's family about his condition; he told me that he might die at any moment, and that he had already lost consciousness. When I came over to Oscar I found him feeling better, clear-minded, and able to speak, but he spoke with difficulty, and his look was disquieting. * * * I shall sleep tonight at the Hotel d'Alsace and shall do so as long as his condition remains dangerous. * * * You should write to the guardian of his children if you know his address. The physicians are very nervous, for they fear that they may be taken to account. In this country the physicians bear a great responsibility, but I told Tucker that he need have no fear. He wants to write a report about the consultation, seal it, and submit it to you. * * * When Oscar dies Harris will have to give some money to you or some other responsible person, so that the people who have been so kind to Oscar and who have advanced him money may be repaid. It is very hard to treat him; he creates scenes and does not allow anybody to put the mustard plasters on his feet. His head lies in ice all the time. He takes hardly any nourishment. * * * Oscar has not asked for any one, and I believe he does not realize that he is in a dangerous condition; he is too ill and his head is too weak. Sometimes he is talking about books. Shall he have a priest or a Protestant minister if his condition grows worse? Tucker wants him to have one by all means. My opinion is that he should not have any if he does not ask for one. But I should rather have your decision in this matter. I should like to know: 1. The necessary addresses; 2. Whether a priest be called in case Oscar is dying; 3. In the event of death, general instructions. If necessary, I will telegraph to you. If the end should approach, will you come to Paris?" In a second letter, dated November 28, Mr. Turner wrote: "I am afraid it is all over with Oscar. He has been in a delirium for two or three days, and he is growing worse. This morning a consultation of the physicians, after which I telegraphed to you. Tomorrow another consultation. If he will not improve within three or four days he will be dead. I sat with him this morning until half-past five. He talked nonsense all the time, now English, now French. * * * From my telegram you will have seen that if it is possible for you to come to Paris, you have no time to lose. Just at this moment Oscar seems to feel somewhat relieved. After I had kept an ice-bag on his head for three-quarters of an hour he said to me: 'You dear little Jew, don't you think that I have had enough of it now.'"

I decided to take my mother on the following Friday to Mentone and then go to Paris on Saturday, but on Wednesday evening, November 28, at half-past five, I received a telegram from Reggie saying: "Almost hopeless." I caught the express train for Paris and arrived there on November 29 at 10:40 in the morning. Dr. Tucker and Dr. Kleiss, a specialist, were there. They informed me that Oscar could live but two days more. His appearance was very painful, he was emaciated, and he breathed with difficulty. I made an effort to speak. He was conscious that people were in the room, and he raised his hand high when I asked him whether he understood what we were saying. He shook our hands. I then went out in quest of a priest, and after considerable difficulty I found Father Cuthbert Dunn. He came immediately and performed the baptism and the extreme unction—but Oscar was unable to partake of the Lord's Supper. * * * I sent telegrams to Frank Harris, to Holman, (that he may put himself in touch with Adrian Hope), and to Douglas. Dr. Tucker came later again and said that Oscar may last for a few days longer. A garde-malade was engaged, for the attendant was exhausted. Reggie and I slept that night in a room above at the Hotel d'Alsace. We were called twice by the attendant, who believed that Oscar was already dead. At about half-past five in the morning a complete change set in; the features of Oscar's face assumed a different expression, and that which is known as the death-rattle commenced. I had never heard anything like it. * * * Exactly at ten minutes of two o'clock in the afternoon of November 30 he passed away.

Dupoirier, the hotel keeper, kind-natured though he was, complicated the funeral arrangements by making a secret of Oscar's name, for he was registered at the hotel under the name of Melmoth. I had to see the police commissioner several times that day. Then I went to the funeral director for the English Embassy, to whom Father Cuthbert had sent me. After that I started out looking for a few nuns to watch over Oscar's body. It was only after the greatest efforts that I found two Franciscans. Gesling, the undertaker, notified me in the evening that

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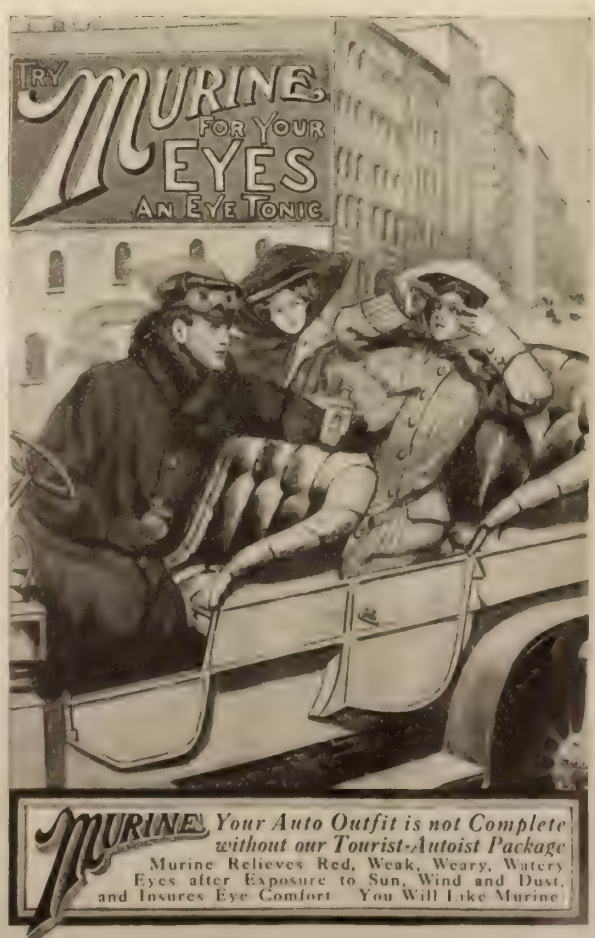

owing to the fact that Oscar had used as assumed name, and since his identity would have to be established, the authorities may insist upon transferring Oscar's body to the morgue. I was, of course, shocked at this. It seemed, indeed, to be the climax of all horrors. After the physician had examined the body and cross-examined each and every one at the hotel, and after a series of drinks and inappropriate jokes and a fair-sized tip he signed the death certificate. In the meantime several other officials came in and wanted to know how many collars Oscar had, and what the price of his umbrella was. This is absolutely true, without the slightest exaggeration. Then different poets and authors sent in their cards: Raymond de la Tailhade, Tardieu, Charles Sibleigh, Jehan Rictus, Robert d'Humieres, Georges Sinclair, and a number of Englishmen who gave fictitious names. Also two veiled ladies. They all had to register their names before seeing the body. Gesling, the funeral director, told me that in the interest of the hotel keeper there should be no secrecy, so that no impression should be made as though something was to be concealed. I am glad to be able to say that dear Oscar looked calm and dignified, just as he looked at the time he had left the prison. * * * About his neck lay a wreath of roses given to me, and on his breast a memorial coin which a Franciscan woman had given to me. There were also a few flowers, which I placed upon him, and some flowers brought by an anonymous friend in the name of the children, although the children could not have known yet that their father was dead. * * * At my request Maurice Gilbert photographed Oscar, but the photograph turned out unsuccessful. Henri Davray came in just at the time the cover was being placed on the coffin; he was kind and friendly. On the following day—it was Sunday—Alfred Douglas arrived, and a number of people I did not know came in to make inquiries, presumably they were journalists. On Monday, December 3, at 9 o'clock in the morning, the funeral procession started from the hotel. We all walked behind the bier to the church of St. Germain-des-Pres; Alfred Douglas, Reggie Turner, I. Dupoirier, (the hotel keeper), Henri, (the attendant), Jules, (the servant), Hennion, and Maurice Gilbert, with two others whom I did not know. After a quiet mass at the altar by the vicar, Father Cuthbert Dunn completed the funeral ceremony. The porter said that fifty-six people were present at the funeral, among them five women in deep mourning: Mme. Stuart Merrill, Countess de Bremont, her maid, an old servant girl of Oscar Wilde's wife, and another woman, whose name I do not know. I had ordered three carriages. Twenty-four wreaths were sent, several of them anonymously. The hotel keeper sent one with the inscription: "A mon locataire," another one came from "La service de l'Hotel." There were wreaths there from Alfred Douglas, More Adey, Reginald Turner, Miss Schuster, Arthur Clifton, Mercure de France, Louis Wilkinson, Harold Mellor, Teixeira de Mattos and wife, Maurice Gilbert and Dr. Tucker. At the head of the coffin I placed a wreath with the following inscription: "A tribute to his literary achievements and distinction." Upon the wreath I inscribed the following names of the people who showed a friendly attitude to Wilde during his imprisonment and after: Arthur Humphreys, Dal Young, Mrs. Leverson, More Adey, Alfred Douglas, Reginald Turner, Frank Harris, Louis Wilkinson, Mellor, Miss Schuster, Roland Strong, and "C. B." upon the special request of a friend who wished to be so mentioned. I can hardly praise enough the magnanimity, kind-heartedness, and charitableness of Jean Dupoirier, the owner of the Hotel d'Alsace. * * * Reggie Turner had to undergo the worst hardships of all in many respects. Those who liked Oscar will recall with a sense of ease that during his last days he had such a man as Reggie near him as long as he was conscious.

Ilya and the Nightingale

(Continued from Page 9.)

cursed Tatar hordes and the lofty mountains, and the wide uncrossable river, Smorodina, in the midst of bog and forest. There too is the Robber Nightingale, with nine fierce sons and his witch daughter Elena."

"If I may answer thee truly, Fair Red Sun Vladimir, Prince of Royal Kiev," retorted young Ilya, "by just that very way I came. And at this moment Robber Nightingale sits bound fast by his iron beak to my staunch good Clouddrop's stirrup in the courtyard." When the Prince and his courtiers and generals heard this marvel they outran each other to the courtyard, stumbling in their haste. Surely there he brooded. Nightingale the Robber, wicked and wise, with one eye on Kiev, and the other on Chernigov.

"Now whistle and hiss, evil bird, that we may know thee," cried Vladimir. "Yes, whistle and hiss," commanded Ilya the hero, "but see that thou doest it gently, gently, that no harm be done in Royal Kiev this glad Eastertide."

Nightingale opened his iron beak. To be gentle he knew not how; and why forsooth should he spare Royal Kiev? So he whistled and hissed with his whole full force. At his cry those who died were too many to number; the city trembled and tottered, and although Ilya had shielded Vladimir under his arm, yet the Fair Red Sun Prince lay as if dead for hours.

"For thee can be no holy pardon; this I tell thee plainly, evil, evil bird," roared strong young Ilya of Murom. Then Clouddrop galloped gallantly with his brave rider far out into the open steppe, with Nightingale at his stirrup; and there it was that Ilya shot the burning, fiery dart from his bow sharp into the robber's breast. It must be told too that before Ilya rode further he chopped the Wizard Bird's beak to atoms, and in his anger he scattered his bones in powder on the steppe, where it spread like a dust of poppy seeds. From much evil, though, can come much good, else the world must have died long ago; and from those seeds of darkness and night, strangely enough, so say our peasant fathers—whether it be true or no, who of us can tell?—behold there came forth that summer time a myriad of those gentle little nightingales who fill our southern Russian land with their full-voiced song, neither sad nor glad, but sweet, sweet beyond all compare.

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Auto Notes

The announcement on the part of the White Company that none of their cars would be entered in this year's hill climb on Nineteenth avenue, came as a surprise to the local automobile public. In the past the White has competed, and always with success, in similar contests. When approached for reasons H. E. Doty, Pacific Coast manager of The White Company, said, "Yes it is true that we have always been represented in this sort of thing formerly. Only last year in this identical contest we carried off the honors of the day, making faster time than any competing car; but we realize that the day for all such races, hill climbs and similar competitions is past. The public fully realizes now that any number of factories turn out a few cars each year designed only for this sort of business and carefully reserved for it. The achievements of these cars furnish absolutely no index to the real worth of the general stock cars put out by the same factories. It is ridiculous nowadays to display a line of racing cups to a prospective purchaser if you assume that he has even the slightest idea of automobile affairs. It takes a salesman of either little experience or monumental courage to attempt such a thing with any hopes of success. What the buyer wants to know is what the cars are doing and what the identical car he is buying can do. Demonstrations made with that car count. Show him its hill climbing capabilities, have him along when you make the tests, then you are showing him something that tells the tale of maximum service at a minimum cost. That is what your buyer is after and it's on that that we intend to concentrate our future endeavors."

"In inviting the school children to visit our salesroom and hear a lecture by an expert on automobile construction and see the Chalmers exhibit which has been attracting so much attention, we do not expect to derive any monetary benefit," says Calvin C. Eib of the Pioneer Automobile Co., local dealers in Chalmers cars. "It is our belief, however, and the belief of the Chalmers Motor Co., that the public should have a more general knowledge of automobile construction and operation. The automobile is the most wonderful piece of machinery in the world. Already the principal colleges of the country have taken up its study in their engineering departments. The time is not far distant when the principles of the automobile will be studied in the high and technical schools just as the principles of the locomotive, the telegraph instrument and the electric battery are now studied."

W. R. Spalding, president of the W. R. Spalding Lumber Co. of Visalia, is a strong favorer of Diamond Tires. He writes that one of the tires on his car has given 12,237 miles while another has covered some 9,000 miles, these two tires outlasting four of other makes.

Dr. George F. Reinhardt of Berkeley, who was until recently president of the board of health in the transbay city, and the official physician for the University of California, is now in Europe. Dr. Reinhardt was the first automobilist on the coast to receive delivery of a White Gasoline Car. He is now using the machine in touring the Old World. Just before leaving for Europe the doctor was married and his bride is now accompanying him on his European tour which is in the nature of a honeymoon. Their many friends located about the bay receive frequent letters from the couple in which they voice the high satisfaction they are experiencing with their car. Writing from a little village in France, the doctor declares that he is scorching the best roads in the world with a car that can have no better. "I am enjoying this auto tour," he writes, "to its fullest extent."

S. G. Chapman did a record business the past week and incidently had his record day so far this season. He received seven orders in the one day for Oakland and Hupmobiles cars. The orders came from all sections of the State by long distance wire. Chapman has, also, just unloaded another carload of Hupmobiles all of which will soon go out on delivery. Business in this make of car is particularly brisk this season, and especially so in the mountainious sections of the State.

So insistent has become the demand for Hudson cars and so urgent are the requests for early delivery, that the management has been compelled to lease two additional Detroit factories in their effort to more nearly meet the demand and care for the spring trade. The two factories will give double the present floor space. This arrangement is only temporary, as the Hudson Company has already completed plans for the new $500,000 Hudson factory to be built in Fairview, and the building of which will commence this month. The Hudson people will expect to be occupying their new factory by midsummer. The present Hudson output is now 400 cars a month. The additional floor space afforded by these two factories will practically double production.

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There is a certain real satisfaction which comes through the possession of an article which is, in every respect, thoroughly up to date. In fact, almost all "shopping" consists of a search for the goods of latest pattern and embodying the latest ideas. In purchasing a motor car, it is particularly important to secure the latest design, because the art has been advancing so rapidly that those cars, the design of which dates back two or three years, do not possess many of the desirable features which the present state of the art makes possible.

The owner of a White gasoline car has the satisfaction of knowing that the design of his car is at least one year in advance of any other American machine and that he will see the features which he **now** has in his car adopted by other makers next year and the year after. Among these up-to-date features are the "long-stroke" engine, the casting of the four cylinder en bloc with only about one-fourth the usual amount of piping, the four-speed transmission, etc.

The owner of a White gasoline car can be even more proud of its QUALITY than of its up-to-date design. There is no part of the car which could be made of any better material or could be constructed with more care, even if the selling price of the car were one thousand dollars greater.

THE WHITE STEAMER STILL STANDS PRE-EMINENT IN "A CLASS BY ITSELF." IT IS THE IDEAL CAR FOR A LADY TO DRIVE, THE IDEAL CAR FOR COMFORT. NO CRANKING, NO GEAR SHIFTING, NO NOISE, NO VIBRATION.

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WHITE COMPANY

Market Street at Van Ness Ave. San Francisco

Letters

"The Beauty" by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

"The Beauty" of whom Mrs. Woodrow Wilson writes was a Southern girl of good family with the usual bringing up of her class. Thrown on her own resources she went to New York confidently assured that her little parlor accomplishments would win her both fame and fortune, but she discovered, as many another has and will that earning a living—bare bread and butter and shelter—is no such easy matter, especially without training. Perdita Cary had one relative, a somewhat distant cousin whom she had known all her life, now a painter with some reputation. Eugene Gresham was an ideal lover, always ready with pretty compliments and witty speeches, but he stopped right there. Despite his air and attitude he said nothing definite, committed himself to nothing, but seemingly assumed that it was a case of he would and she wouldn't, that it was Perdita who had not accepted him, not he who had made her no definite proposition of marriage. Gresham went abroad and Perdita accepted a wealthy suitor, Creswell Hepworth. Hepworth had no relatives and one would naturally assume that the pair once married, would be left to work out their own destiny, but in lieu of relatives the middle aged Hepworth had a coterie of old acquaintances of both sexes who were not at all pleased by his marriage and who proceeded to work the mischief usually left for blood kin. They were sure that the matrimonial craft would come to wreck, some of them even going so far as to make wagers on the subject, and one may be sure they took no steps to prevent a catastrophe. Perdita Cary thought she was in love with Gresham. She knew she was not in love with her husband, and when Gresham returned she was already bored with wealth and the spending of it and took to flirting mildly with the artist, with the result that after a fit of bad temper Hepworth entered into a very modern agreement with his beautiful wife. It was, briefly, that they should separate and after a year's deliberation, if Perdita were still in love with her cousin, a divorce should follow, with a rearrangement of family ties. Perdita expected to dominate the situation and work it all out in her own way but Hepworth took the reins in his own hands and before she had time to formulate plans he left, ostensibly on a business trip of several months but really to domicile himself in Southern California, where, unexpectedly, he met an old friend who asked him to act as temporary guardian for "my little girl" who, as usual, proved to be a little girl only in the eyes of her admiring parent. Perdita, left alone in New York, suddenly develops a state of high mindedness which forbade her to live on an income provided by her husband. She really has artistic talent of a high order though she made such a dire failure of painting lamp shades and cotillion favors, and in partnership with a woman whom she has aided with her ideas, she sets up an establishment, not that of a fashionable modiste, but an adviser and designer of costumes for those rich enough to pay her prices. Meanwhile there is an abundance of gossip. Though unexpectedly discreet, the coterie of friends still keeps an eye on Perdita and Gresham and gossips and tattles as idle folks will. At the other end of the continent there is another stage setting and a new set of actors. Creswell Hepworth has taken a decided interest in Fuchsia Fleming, the daughter of his old friend. Fuchsia is an actress, a real one who, however, lacks the backing which she needs to place her prominently, and Hepworth has virtually promised to see her on Broadway, though in the sequel it proves that his assistance will not be needed since one of Fleming's own projects proves to be a gold mine. Newspaper enterprise ferrets out the intimacy and an automobile accident gives the yellows their opportunity to exploit it. Perdita really has some sense underneath her femininity. Of course she has long ago discovered that now the adorable Gresham is within reach she is by no means sure she wants him, while Hepworth proving elusive is really worth while, so, on the arrival of Fuchsia in New York she makes the first move and instead of showing up as the jealous wife or the termagant beauty, she calls with a proposition to design all the stage gowns, and the two women read each other's minds and become friends instead of enemies. Hepworth also returns intending to make but a brief stay and then go on to Europe. One of his fads has been the collecting of amulets and one of Perdita's few possessions is a curious bit of crystal, an heirloom credited with miraculous powers. It can never be sold nor bartered but if given with love all sorts of good fortune will accompany the gift. In addition the recipient will sooner or later disclose his own character. Gresham has had an almost superstitious confidence in the power of this family charm and has frequently begged it of Perdita who, however, has always refused the gift. It was his appropriation of the toy and evasion of its return which really

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From this down through the periods of the ox-cart, the two-wheeled chaise, of which the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sings so eloquently, to the Brewster buggy and the automobile, seems but a hurried step in the great process of transportation evolution.

In this procession of marvelous development some one car must necessarily blaze the way, and it is not speaking disparagingly of the others to refer to them as "trailers."

As the records of electric car performances plainly point, the "Babcock" is the car which has led the van from every standpoint of efficiency, safety, luxury and economy. It combines the grace, elegance and luxury of this type of vehicle with the comfort and wear-resisting qualities which warrant the purchaser in pinning his faith to this particular make of "electric."

The purchaser should not be asked to buy "claims," but be offered only results accomplished by a car of standard equipment and stock battery.

In some instances, there have been foisted upon the public results gained by the use of specially prepared batteries and freak cars, and manufacturers were not honest enough to tell this fact. It is in this, perhaps, that the "Babcock" has won its meed of confidence at the hands of the public, for almost every record-making test has been accomplished by just the same kind of a car you would purchase if you choose from the Pioneer Automobile Company.

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led to the scene between Hepworth and Perdita and all this time it has remained in his possession, with the good fortune it was supposed to influence showered upon him. Now, on Hepworth's return Perdita makes a final demand for it and Gresham brings it to her, apparently departing by one door as Hepworth enters by another, but really secreting himself in a small apartment where he listens to the conference between husband and wife on the subject of divorce settlement and hears Perdita refuse to accept alimony on the ground that she is making her own fortune and has no need of it even if there were any other reason why she should be dowered. After Hepworth leaves the house Gresham steps in to remonstrate with Perdita. He has been absolutely sure all the time that at the end of the year she would be only too greatly rejoiced to unite herself with him, and now he tells her quite plainly that they will need Hepworth's money since he, the Painter Prince, despite the big income he makes, needs every cent for himself and her business, though it pays such large dividends now, is only a passing fad for the plutocrats, who will desert her when something more novel presents itself. It is now that the second property of the amulet asserts itself, for, Perdita, idly toying with the charm while consulting with Hepworth, both seated with their backs to the portiere which concealed the hiding place of Gresham, had caught the reflection of his face in the crystal, revealing his disappointed greed. Like all handsome women Pordita had an idea that her beauty was the least of her endowments and she resented the idea that Hepworth had treated her like a beauty and not like a woman of profound business abilities. She was probably as much disappointed as pleased when, at their supposedly last meeting, he casually remarked that the world was full of beauties, many more beautiful than herself, and discussed his business affairs man-fashion with her. Most likely she would have been bored or resentful had he taken such an attitude in the early days of their marriage, but she was one of the rare few who succeeded in having her cake and eating it, being both bond and free at the same time, permitted to open her hand or close it at will, her bird never flitting to the bush. It is a pretty theory that beautiful women condemn beauty and crave brains but it is a certainty that there isn't one of them who will not do ten times more to preserve even an imaginary physical charm than she would to retain the brains of Minerva herself. Once in a way it may do for a Perdita to send her millionaire lord out into the highways and byways to gratify some theoretical whim but the other ninety and nine the chances are that he will not need to go far before he finds a comfortable lodge in the wilderness, and her charms, ungilded, will not bring her a high price in a new market. The story is readable and interesting and in its way a novelty, since there is really no intrigue, nothing vicious or unclean to be condoned or excused. Except for Fleming's "little girl," whom Hepworth was within an ace of providing with a doll, there isn't a child amongst all the characters. Possibly, if they had some domestic occupation besides that of pouring tea and fretting themselves over accumulating avoidupois they would have had less time, men and women, for watching their friends' affairs and gently, possibly inadvertently, blowing the coals just a little. From the Bobbs Merrill Co.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,088.

MARIA ROMEI, Plaintiff, vs.
GIUSEPPE ROMEI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Giuseppe Romei, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of February, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. S. RIPLEY, administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. BAKER, also known as JAMES BAKER, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to said H. S. RIPLEY, at the office of HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Esq., Room 900 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

H. S. RIPLEY,
Administrator of the Estate of George W. Baker, also known as James Paker, Deceased.

Dated, March 12th, A. D. 1910.

HENRY C. SCHAERTZER, Attorney for Administrator,
900 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Guardianship of the persons and estates of WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, the undersigned, RUBY McKAY (formerly Ruby Harvey), Guardian of the persons and estates of said WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder, in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of April, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day at the Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Guardian, Room No. 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of said WILLIAM HAMILTON HARVEY and JOSEPH BALENTINE HARVEY, Minors, in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Sutter Street with the Westerly line of Devisadero Street ;running thence Northerly along the said Westerly line of Devisadero Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Forty (40) feet to the Northerly line of Sutter Street, and thence at right angles Easterly along said Northerly line of Sutter Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. The same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Five Hundred and Three (503).

2.—Commencing at the Southwesterly Corner of Church and 16th Streets, running thence Westerly and along the Southerly line of 16th Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block No. 95.

3.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Thirty (30) feet to the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; thence at a right angle Westerly and along said Northerly line of Elm Avenue One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 78.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross.

Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at the expense of Purchaser.

Dated: March 26th, 1910.

RUBY McKAY (formerly Ruby Harvey),
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of William Hamilton Harvey and Joseph Balentine Harvey, Minors.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY. Attorneys for Guardian,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-3

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of January, 1910, in the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, the undersigned, NELLIE HARVEY, Guardian of the person and estate of said ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder in separate parcels for Cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of April, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, at the Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for said Guardian, Room 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, all of the right, title, interest and estate of the said ROBERT HARVEY, a Minor, in and to those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Sutter Street with the Westerly line of Devisadero Street; running thence Northerly along the said Westerly line of Devisadero Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Forty (40) feet to the Northerly line of Sutter Street, and thence at right angles Easterly along said Northerly line of Sutter Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. The same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Five Hundred and Three (503).

2.—Commencing at the Southwesterly Corner of Church and 16th Streets, running thence Westerly and along the Southerly line of 16th Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a part of Mission Block No. 95.

3.—Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; running thence Northerly and along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly One Hundred and Ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Thirty (30) feet to the Northerly line of Elm Avenue; thence at a right angle Westerly and along said Northerly line of Elm Avenue One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 78.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, payable in gross.

Bids or Offers must be in writing and will be received at the said Office of KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, 809 Crocker Building, Corner of Market and Post Streets, San Francisco, California, at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Deed and Search of Title at the expense of Purchaser.

Dated, March 26th, 1910. NELLIE HARVEY,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Robert Harvey, a Minor.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY, Attorneys for Guardian,
809 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of DORTHEA LARSEN, also known as and called by the name of DOROTHEA LARSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Leon E. Prescott, 307 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

SOFHUS LARSEN,
Administrator of the Estate of Dorthea Larsen, also known as and called by the name of Dorothea Larsen, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1910.

LEON E. PRESCOTT, Attorney for Administrator,
307 Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal 3-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of E. J. Talbott, Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROSALIA GREENBAUM, deceased.

SAMUEL L. GREENBAUM,
ABRAHAM MAYER,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Rosalia Greenbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26, 1910.

E. J. TALBOTT, Attorney for Executors,
Room 906 Mutual Savings Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,275, Dept. No. 2.

CHARLES LEVIS, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CHARLES LEVIS, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing on the Northerly line of Ellis Street at a point Twenty (20) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Ellis and Buchanan Streets, thence running Westerly along the Northerly line of Ellis Street Forty (40) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Easterly forty (40) feet, thence at right angles Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet to the Northerly line of Ellis Street and the place of beginning. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 278.

You are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint, to-wit, that said Court by its final judgment and decree may ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and may adjudge plaintiff to be the owner in fee and in possession of said lands and may quiet plaintiff's title thereto against all persons whomsoever claiming or to claim the same, and for such other relief as may be meet and equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff:

Name—City and County of San Francisco (a municipal corporation; Address—San Francisco, Cal.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.
909 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 20,654.

GEO. W. YOST, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of GEO. W. YOST, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Bright Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street); thence running northerly along said line of Bright Street fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle easterly, parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street), one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle southerly, and parallel with Bright Street, fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle westerly, and parallel with Garfield Street (formerly known as Sherman Street) one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lots numbers ten and eleven (10 and 11) in Block fifty-seven (57) upon a certain map entitled "Map of property of City Land Association," filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 17th day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

HUGH O'NEILL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JANE COSGROVE, Deceased—No. 9227, N. S., Dept. 10, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the executor of the last will and testament of the said JANE COSGROVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the proper vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his place of business, Room Number 504, in the Kohl Building, at the northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being by him designated as the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate. JOHN W. SMITH,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jane Cosgrove, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, California, this 26th day of March, A. D. 1910.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Attorney for Executor,
Room No. 504 Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-5

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 8799, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN MENGEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the Order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 17th day of March, A. D. 1910, in the matter of the estate of JOHN MENGEL, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHN MENGEL, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States of America and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on and after Wednesday, the 20th day of April, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said JOHN MENGEL at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said JOHN MENGEL at the time of his death in and to the following real estate described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Pierce Street eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches southerly from the southerly line of Eddy Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Pierce Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 432.

Bids or offers for said piece of real estate above described must be in writing and may be delivered for the said Executors at the office of GEORGE H. BAHRS, Esq., their Attorney, No. 604-6-8 Hibernia Building, No. 11 Jones Street, San Francisco, California, or left with the said Executors personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this Notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms and Conditions.—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase money to accompany the bid, balance to be paid on confirmation of the sale by said Superior Court. Search of title at expense of purchaser.

Dated, March 26th, A. D. 1910.

CHARLES C. ELSASSER,
FERDINAND A. LORENZ,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Mengel, Deceased.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Attorney for said Executors,
604-6-8 Hibernia Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-26-4

NOTICE OF TIME FIXED FOR HEARING PETITION TO TRANSFER PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright and Edward K. Clarke have filed in my office a verified petition for an order of said Superior Court authorizing and directing Charles G. Lyman, as executor of the last will and testament of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, deceased, to make, execute and deliver to said Edith A. E. Lyman, Charlotte H. Wright, and Edward K. Clarke, a conveyance of an undivided 279-1000 of that certain property designated on a certain map known as "Map of Fourth Avenue Park, Oakland, Cal., 1908," filed in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County, State of California, which property is situated in the County of Alameda, State of California, and is particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the most southern corner of that certain piece or parcel of land containing 32.56 acres heretofore conveyed by Chas. W. Leach to Elizabeth Leach by deed dated January 16, 1894, and recorded in Liber 527 of Deeds, page 360, Alameda County Records, said point being on the northern line of County Road No. 724; thence along the southwestern boundary line of said 32.56 acre tract North 51 degrees West 10.93 chains; thence North 25 degrees 35 minutes East 4.25 chains; thence North 49 degrees 50 minutes East 1.72 chains; thence North 72 degrees 40 minutes East 3.29 chains; thence South 69 degrees 15 minutes East 5.17 chains; thence North 52 degrees 15 minutes East 2.91 chains; thence North 79 degrees 30 minutes East 1.50 chains; thence South 60 degrees East 2.00 chains; thence South 79 degrees 45 minutes East 4.93 chains to the Northern boundary line of the said 32.56 acre tract; thence along said boundary line South 61 degrees East 4.74 chains to the aforesaid Northern line of County Road No. 724, and thence along said road line South 63 degrees 55 minutes West 13.22 chains South 59 degrees 45 minutes West 6.05 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 18.47 acres and being a portion of the aforesaid 32.56 acre tract.

Except the parcel described as follows:

Commencing at the intersection of the Southwestern boundary of the land conveyed by Wickham Havens et ux to Arthur H. Breed by deed dated September 12th, 1906, and recorded October 10th, 1906, in Liber 1239 of Deeds, page 73, Alameda County Records, with the northern line of 13th Avenue as widened to 100 feet in width and as shown on that certain map entitled "Map showing land to be taken for widening of Thirteenth Avenue or Walker Street from the center line of Hampel Street to the Northern property line of Arthur H. Breed" filed October 10th, 1907, in the office of the Recorder of Alameda County; and from said point of commencement running North 51 degrees 1 minute west along the Southwestern boundary line of said land conveyed by Havens to Breed 695.48 feet; thence North 25 degrees 24½ minutes East along the Northwestern boundary line of said land so conveyed by Havens to Breed 236.5 feet; thence South 32 degrees 14½ minutes East 101.6 feet; thence Southeasterly on the arc of a circle of 1332.69 feet radius concave to the left or Northeast and tangent to the last aforesaid course 524.2 feet; thence South 54 degrees 47 minutes East tangent to said arc 192.7 feet to said Northern line of said 13th Avenue as widened according to said Map; thence South 59 degrees 33 minutes West along said Northern line of said 13th Avenue 151.62 feet to the point of commencement. Containing 2.57 acres of land;

Also excepting a 25 foot strip of land along the Southeastern line of said property taken for the widening of 13th Avenue as shown on the Map of said widening hereinbefore referred to;

And that Monday, the 25th day of April, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of said Court, Department Ten thereof, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 23rd, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco. 3-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANGELIQUE M. AVY, deceased. ALBINA AVY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Angelique M. Avy, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 19,778, Depart. No. 12.

ANN COONEY, otherwise known as ANNA COONEY, otherwise known as HANNAH COONEY, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PIECE NO. 1

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Montgomery Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Filbert Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Filbert Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO. 2

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Calhoun Street; thence running Westerly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Union Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 3

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Union Street, distant thereon Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Montgomery Street; running thence Easterly and along the said Southerly line of Union Street Twenty-three (23) feet and Two (2) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Union Street Twenty three (23) feet and two (2) inches, and thence at right angles Northerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Southerly line of Union Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 45.

PIECE NO. 4

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Montgomery Street, distant thereon Seventy-three (73) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Filbert Street; running thence Southerly and along the said Westerly line of Montgomery Street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Twenty-three (23) feet, and thence at right angles Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westerly line of Montgomery Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 62.

PIECE NO 5

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Lyon Street; running thence Westerly and along the said Northerly line of Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet eleven and seven-eighths (11⅞) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly and parallel with Hayes Street Twenty-four (24) feet Eleven and Seven-eighths (11⅞) inches, and thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Hayes Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 608.

PIECE NO. 6

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Westerly line of Fillmore Street with the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue; running thence Northerly and along the said Westerly line of Fillmore Street Twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles Westerly and parallel with Laussat Avenue Eighty one (81) feet and Three (3) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-four (24) feet to the Northerly line of Laussat Avenue, and thence at right angles Easterly and along the said Northerly line of Laussat Avenue Eighty-one (81) feet and Three (3) inches to the Westerly line of Fillmore Street and point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 372.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, None; Addresses, None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. 1-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Depart No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, Deceased.

Emily R. Ferrenbach, the Administratrix of the Estate of OTTO FERRENBACH, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 11th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the city and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, OTTO FERRENBACH, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, March 1st, 1910.

Endorsed: Filed March 1, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. G. Benedict, Deputy Clerk.

CAMERON H. KING, Attorney for Administratrix,
Rooms 125-127, 1112 Market St. opp. Seventh, San Francisco. 3-5-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 26,821.

HARDA ZOIE, Plaintiff, vs.
NICHOLAS ZOIE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Nicholas Zoie, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff without any sufficient cause or reason and on the further ground of defendant's wilful failure and neglect to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life while having the ability so to do; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1909.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGUETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, Attorney for Plaintiff,
629-631 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 2-19-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Number 20,439, Department No. 4.

HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, vs.
All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of HELEN M. BONNET, Plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Sixth Avenue, distant thereon Three Hundred and Seventy-five (375) feet Northerly from the Northerly line of Lake Street, and running thence Northerly along said Westerly line of Sixth Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Land Block "B."

You are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By M. P. BRUTON, Deputy Clerk.

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Name, None; Addresses, None.

WALTER ROTHCHILD and JOSEPH H. MAYER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-12-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys at Law, Room 1029 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANDREW BLOCK, JR., deceased.

SARAH BELLE BLOCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of Andrew Block, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 1029 Mills Bldg., Bush and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of T. J. Crowley, Attorney at Law, 509 Chronicle Bldg., City and County of San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CATHERINE GERAGHTY, deceased.

MICHAEL T. GERAGHTY, and
WILLIAM H. GERAGHTY,
Executors of the Estate of Catherine Geraghty, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., March 5th, 1910.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Executors,
509 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE DOWNING, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Devoto, Richardson & Devoto, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, Rooms 600 to 604, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE DOWNING, deceased. JAMES A. DEVOTO and
ALBERT J. CASWELL,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of George Downing, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 5th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Executors,
Rooms 600 to 604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-5-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. FARREN, (also known as WILLIAM G. FARREN), deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, (also known as William G. Farren), John W. Farren, (also known as John W. Farren Jr.), Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an Order of the above entitled Court that the petition of Irving C. Ackerman for a decree authorizing and directing the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. FARREN, (also known as JOHN W. FARREN Jr.), deceased, to transfer to him the property hereinafter described in accordance with the terms and provisions of a certain contract made and entered into by William J. Farren, (also known as William G. Farren), John W. Farren, (also known as John W. Farren Jr.), Frank G. Farren, Mary A. Farren, and Agnes Farren, and the Chutes Company, and thereafter transferred to said Irving C. Ackerman by said Chutes Company, to convey said property, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1597, et seq. of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, will be heard on Monday, the 4th day of April, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That the property hereinabove referred to is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a corner formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street with the Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and running thence Westerly along said line of Cabrillo (formerly "C") Street Two Hundred and forty (240) feet to the Easterly line of Eleventh Avenue; thence at right angles Southerly along said line of Eleventh Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the Northerly line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street; thence at right angles Easterly along said line of Fulton (formerly "D") Street Two Hundred and Forty (240) feet to said Westerly line of Tenth Avenue, and thence at a right angle Northerly along said line of Tenth Avenue Six Hundred (600) feet to the point of beginning. Being a part of Outside Land Block, No. 390.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1910. H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal) By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney for Petitioner. 3-5-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 3110, New Series, Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Deceased.

LENDRUM ARMSTRONG, Administrator of the Estate of RICHARD ARMSTRONG, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial, and it appearing therefrom that such sale is necessary, for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth;

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased be, and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on Tuesday, the 19th day of April, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the Grant Building, Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator authorizing and directing him to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 15th day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 15, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Attorney for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of ISABELLA VAN WINKLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at the office of Messrs. Page, McCutchen & Knight, Room 1111 Merchants Exchange Building, at the Southeast Corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place for the transaction of the business of the estate of said deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 19th, 1910.

W. G. MUNTZ,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Isabella Van Winkle, Deceased.

PAGE, McCUTCHEN & KNIGHT, Attorneys for Executor.
1111 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal. 3-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY VALSANGIACOMO, deceased

LUIGI VALSANGIACOMO,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Valsangiacomo, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 26th, 1910.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., San Francisco. 3-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28,115, Department No. 4.

In the Matter of the Application of JOSEPH KASIMER JANKOWSKY to Change Name.

It appearing from the written application filed in the above entitled Court on the 17th day of February, 1910, by the above named Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky praying for an order that he be permitted to change his present name, to-wit: Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky to that of Joseph Kasimer John, and that he is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California: and,

Good cause appearing to me therefore, it is ordered that all persons interested in the above entitled matter are hereby directed to be and appear before the above entitled Court in Department No. 4 thereof at its Courtroom in the Grant Building at the Southeast Corner of Seventh and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 1st day of April, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. and then and there show cause if any they have why the application of Joseph Kasimer Jankowsky for change of his name to Joseph Kasimer John should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which the above Court finds to be the one most likely to give notice to the parties interested in the hearing of said petition and the granting thereof. JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Dated, February 21st, 1910.

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Petitioner,
No. 948 Market St., Mechanic's Savings Bank Bldg., S. F. 2-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Chas. L. Thompson, 909 Pacific Building, Corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

ELLA G. BOYNTON,
Administratrix of the Estate of John D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 12th, 1910.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, Attorney for Administratrix,
909 Pacific Building, Market and Fourth Sts., San Francisco. 3-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE RENEWED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 5272, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN LYNCH, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition of MICHAEL COSTELLO, Administrator of the Estate of John Lynch, deceased, praying for an order for leave to re-mortgage certain real property belonging to the said estate that it is for the best interest of the said estate that the said real estate should be re-mortgaged.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Wednesday, the 6th day of April, 1910, in the Courtroom of said Court in the Grant Building, at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the said City and County, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be made for the re-mortgage of the said real estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four consecutive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court on the 2nd day of March, 1910.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed March 2, 1910. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COSTELLO & COSTELLO, Attorneys for Administrator. 3-5-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.

In the Matter of the Estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made on the 28th day of February, 1910, in the matter of the estate of said deceased, the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, Gold Coin of the United States, subject to confirmation of sale by said Court, on, or after the 28th day of March, 1910, all the right, title, interest and estate of said HANNAH S. CRANE, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that her said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise acquired, other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to the following described real property, namely:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the Northern line of Clay Street, distant thereon Seventy-seven (77) feet and Six (6) inches from the Western line of Battery Street; thence Westerly Twenty (20) feet; thence at a right angle Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Twenty (20) feet; and thence at a right angle Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Point of commencement.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, 10 per cent thereof to be paid at the time of the acceptance of the bid, and the balance to be paid to the undersigned on confirmation of sale by said Court; deeds and abstracts at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Wm. R. Geary, Attorney for said Administratrix with the will annexed at Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, California, or may be filed in the Clerk's office of said Court, or delivered to the undersigned personally at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

Dated, March 12th, 1910. MARY N. HUSSEY,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Hannah S. Crane, Deceased.

WM. R. GEARY, Attorney for said Administratrix,
Rooms 501 and 502 Oakland Bank of Savings Bldg., Oakland. 3-12-3

A Lady Chapel

An interesting and novel feature in the Liverpool Cathedral is the new "Lady Chapel," in which commemoration is to be made of the noble qualities of women. The older forms of womanly distinction are to have their place, from Deborah, the leader in war, onwards; but far more interesting, because quite original, are the windows in the vestibule and staircase that commemorate the women of modern days. Mention is made of Queen Victoria and "all noble queens": Angela Burdett-Coutts, and "all almoners of the King of Heaven"; Grace Darling, and "all courageous maidens"; Mary Somerville, and "all earnest students"; Elizabeth Fry, and "all pitiful women"; Catherine Gladstone, and "all wives"; Christina Rossetti, and "all sweet singers"; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and "all who have seen the infinite in things"; Mary Rogers (the self-sacrificing stewardess, who went down with the ship Stella), and "all faithful servants"; and some others. The idea is a charming one.

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Talmud Wisdom

Do not live near a pious fool.

Culture in a woman is better than gold.

Attend no auctions if thou hast no money.

From vagrants chit-chat, from rags vermin.

Pride is a sign of the worst poverty-ignorance.

Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.

When the calf kicks, 'tis time to thrash the cows.

He that cherishes jealousy in his heart, his bones rot.

If the thief has no opportunity, he thinks himself honorable.

A woman is a shrewder observer of guests than a man.

Drink not from one cup with thine eyes fastened on another.

If thy friend is honey, do not lick him up altogether.

If thy wife is small, bend down to take her counsel.

When the woman slumbers, the work basket falls to the ground.

With the pious God is strict, even to a hair's breadth.

Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable.

Man is generally led the way which he is inclined to go.

Though thousands do thy friendship seek, to one alone thy secret speak.

Associate not with the wicked man, even if thou canst learn from him.

One inward contrition in the heart of man is better than many flagellations.

The noblest of all charities is in enabling the poor to earn a livelihood.

From the very spoon that the carver carved, he has to swallow hot mustard.

Let not your heart with cares be filled for care has many a victim killed.

A man should be careful not to afflict his wife, for God counts her tears.

If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter around thee.

Beautiful is the intellectual occupation, if combined with some practical work.

Do not confine your children to your own learning, for they were born in another time.

It is as difficult to effect suittable matrimonial matches as it was to divide the Red Sea.

When he was a puppy I fed him, and when he became a dog he bit me.

To be unmarried is to live without joy, without blessing, without kindness, without religion and without peace.

He who unjustly hands over one man's goods to another, he shall pay God for it with his own soul.

ing words.

All I weighed on scales, but found nothing lighter than bran; lighter than bran, however, is a son-in-law living in his father-in-law's house; lighter still, a guest introduced by another guest.

About Mme. Curie

Mme. Curie, the discoverer of that most wonderful substance, radium, has added a fresh leaf to her scientific laurels by isolating another new element, of the same nature, but immensely more powerful even than radium, to which, in honor of her native land, Poland, the scientist has given the name of "Polonium." When Mme. Curie discovered radium, she was the wife—she is now the widow—of Professor Curie. The newspapers are wont to attribute the discovery of radium to Mme. Curie and her late husband jointly, and probably the opportunity of talking over her experiments with her husband was of much value to her; but the discovery of that marvelous element, so full of possibilities to the world, was in reality the result solely of Mme. Curie's studies and experiments; and the late Professor Curie was so high-minded as to be anxious for this to be understood and admitted, and refused the Legion of Honor offered to him for the discovery, stating that it was Mme. Curie to whom the epoch-making discovery was due. The incident was pleasing, as evidence of the perfect sympathy and appreciation between the husband and wife. So the greatest discovery of this century, so far, was made by a woman, who was at one and the same time a scientific worker and a happy wife and a mother. May this be an augury for the future?

Take Off the Fat Where It Shows

Most women suffer much humiliation because of great quantities of fat, so located that, no matter how they dress, everybody sees that they are abnormal. This is the day of the slender figure, and fat women are simply not tolerated either in business or social affairs. Women may not know it, but men when they see a fat woman pass them on the street or in public places make all manner of sympathetic remarks about her. They do not mean to be unkind or to seem unmanly, but it is natural for a man to dislike fat on a woman. Where fat shows the most there is where it must be removed, and as quickly as possible. This season's dresses seem to be made for the fat woman's misery and the slender woman's delight. They expose all the charms of woman and her ugliness as well. Exercise and diet will not remove fat. This has been proved. The famous Marmola prescription which has met with such phenomenal success and has so many of our society women as its sponsors, is now being sold in tablet form to meet the demand of the public for this style of treatment. These little tablets go into your system just like food. They stop the stomach and digestive apparatus from producing fat and reduce the fat upon the body at the rate of from 12 to 15 ounces a day. They are harmless and can be carried in your purse and taken even after you have indulged in a hearty meal away from home. They are sold at all drug stores at 75 cents a case, or if you prefer you may write the Marmola Company, 1220 Farmer Building, Detroit, Mich.

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K 601 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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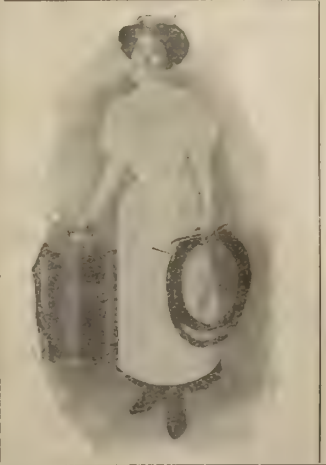

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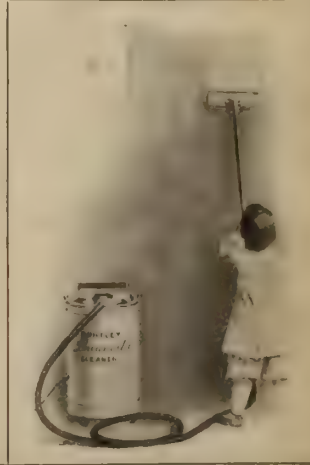
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